

**All's Well, that Ends Well from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies. — Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

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**ALL'S**

**Well, that Ends Well.**

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**Actus primus. Sc<sup>TM</sup>na Prima.**

*[Act 1, Scene 1]*

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

**Mother.**

In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a se cond husband.

**Ros.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Mo.**

What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

**Laf.**

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

**Mo.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Mo.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Ros.**

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

**Laf.**

A Fistula my Lord.

**Ros.**

I heard not of it before.

**Laf.**

I would it were not notorious. Was this Gen  
tlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

**Mo.**

His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my  
ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her  
education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which  
makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vnclane mind car  
ries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with  
pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are  
the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie, and atcheeues her goodnesse.

**Lafew.**

Your commendations Madam get from her  
teares.

**Mo.**

'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise  
in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her  
heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood  
from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no

more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then  
to haue□

**Hell.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Mo.**

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

**Ros.**

Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

**Laf.**

How vnderstand we that?

**Mo.**

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

**Laf.**

He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his loue.

**Mo.**

Heauen blesse him: Farwell *Bertram*.

**Ro.**

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

**Laf.**

Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the cre  
dit of your father.

**Hell.**

O were that all, I thinke not on my father,  
And these great teares grace his remembrance more  
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I haue forgott him. My imagination  
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*.  
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,  
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,  
That I should loue a bright particuler starre,  
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me  
In his bright radience and colaterall light,  
Must [\[Page 231\]](#)All's Well, that Ends Well

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

*Enter Parrolles.*

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

**Par.**

Saue you faire Queene.

**Hel.**

And you Monarch.

**Par.**

No.

**Hel.**

And no.

**Par.**

Are you meditating on virginitie?

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

Keepe him out.

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Hel.**

Blesse our poore Virginitie from vnderminers  
and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Vir  
gins might blow vp men?

**Par.**

Virginitie beeing blowne downe, Man will  
quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe  
agaïne, with the breach your selues made, you lose your  
Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of  
Nature, to preserue virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is

rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is met tall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Hel.**

Not my virginity yet:

There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,  
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,  
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,  
A guide, a Goddess, and a Soueraigne,  
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:  
His humble ambition, proud humility:  
His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:  
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world  
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:  
I know not what he shall, God send him well,  
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

**Par.**

What one ifaith?

**Hel.**

That I wish well, 'tis pittie.

**Par.**

What's pittie?

**Hel.**

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

*Enter Page.*

**Pag.**

Monsieur *Parrolles*,  
My Lord calls for you.

**Par.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

Vnder *Mars* I.

**Hel.**

I especially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

**Par.**

Why vnder *Mars*?

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

When he was predominant.

**Hel.**

When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

**Par.**

Why thinke you so?

**Hel.**

You go so much backward when you fight.

**Par.**

That's for aduantage.

**Hel.**

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

**Paroll.**

I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vn derstand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praier: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends: V2Get[Page 232]All's Well that Ends Well.

Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee: So farewell.

**Hel.**

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

*Exit*

[Act 1, Scene 2]

*Flourish Cornets.*

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

**King.**

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

**1. Lo. G.**

So tis reported sir.

**King.**

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

**1. Lo. G.**

His loue and wisdom  
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade  
For amplest credence.

**King.**

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

**2. Lo. E.**

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

**King.**

What's he comes heere.

*Enter Bertram, Lafen, and Parolles.*

**1. Lor. G.**

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

**King.**

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

**Ber.**

My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

**Kin.**

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

**Ber.**

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



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

**King.**

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

**L.2.E.**

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

**Kin.**

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

**Ber.**

Some six moneths since my Lord.

**Kin.**

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

**Ber.**

Thanke your Maiesty.

*Exit*

[*Act 1, Scene 3*]

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.*

**Coun.**

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

**Ste.**

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

**Coun.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Coun.**

Well sir.

**Clo.**

No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of [\[Page 233\]](#)All's Well that Ends  
Well [...]f the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships  
[...]ood will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the w  
[...]ill doe as we may.

**Coun.**

Wilt thou needes be a begger?

**Clo.**

I doe beg your good will in this case.

**Cou.**

In what case?

**Clo.**

In *Isbels* case and mine owne: seruice is no heri  
[...]ge,  
and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,  
[...]ll I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are bles  
[...]ngs

**Cou.**

Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

**Clo.**

My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen  
[...]n by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell  
[...]riues.

**Cou.**

Is this all your worships reason?

**Clo.**

Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as  
[...]ey are.

**Cou.**

May the world know them?

**Clo.**

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

**Cou.**

Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

**Clo.**

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

**Cou.**

Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

**Clo.**

Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the  
[...]naues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:  
[...]e that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee  
[...]eaeue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my  
[...]rudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of  
[...]y flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and  
[...]lood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh  
[...]nd blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my  
[...]riend: if men could be contented to be what they are,  
[...]here were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the  
Puritan, and old *Poyssam* the Papist, how somere their  
[...]earts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,  
[...]hey may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

**Cou.**

Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum  
[...]ious knaue?

**Clo.**

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

**Cou.**

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

**Stew.**

May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen*  
[...]ome to you, of her I am to speake.

**Cou.**

Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with  
[...]er, *Hellen* I meane.

**Clo.**

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

**Cou.**

What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song  
[...]irra.

**Clo.**

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

**Cou.**

Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command  
you?

**Clo.**

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

*Exit.*

**Cou.**

Well now.

**Stew.**

I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman  
intirely.

**Cou.**

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

**Stew.**

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

**Cou.**

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

*Exit Steward.*

*Enter Hellen.*

**Old. Cou.**

Euen so it vvas with me when I was yong:  
If euer vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne  
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong

Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,  
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,  
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,  
By our remembrances of daies forgon,  
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,  
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

**Hell.**

What is your pleasure Madam?

**Ol. Cou.**

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

**Hell.**

Mine honorable Mistris.

**Ol. Cou.**

Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I  
sed a mother  
Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,  
And put you in the Catalogue of those  
That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene  
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breedes  
A natie slip to vs from forraine seedes:  
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,  
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,  
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother? vvhats the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet?  
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The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?  
□ Why, that you are my daughter?

**Hell.**

That I am not.

**Old. Cou.**

I say I am your Mother.

**Hell.**

Pardon Madam.

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

**Ol. Cou.**

Nor I your Mother.

**Hell.**

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

**Old. Cou.**

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

**Hell.**

Good Madam pardon me.

**Cou.**

Do you loue my Sonne?

**Hell.**

Your pardon noble Mistris.

**Cou.**

Loue you my Sonne?

**Hell.**

Doe not you loue him Madam?

**Cou.**

Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond  
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:  
The state of your affection, for your passions  
Haue to the full appeach'd.

**Hell.**

Then I confesse

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

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,

Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,

Yet neuer know how that desert should be:

I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.

I still poure in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,  
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,  
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,  
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,  
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,  
Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*  
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie  
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;  
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,  
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

**Cou.**

Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,  
To goe to *Paris*?

**Hell.**

Madam I had.

**Cou.**

Wherefore? tell true.

**Hell.**

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

**Cou.**

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

**Hell.**

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

**Cou.**

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

**Hell.**

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

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

**Cou.**

Doo'st thou beleeeue't?

**Hell.**

I Madam knowingly.

**Cou.**

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

*Exeunt.*

**Actus Secundus.**

*[Act 2, Scene 1]*

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

**King.**

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

**Lord. G.**

'Tis our hope sir,  
After [\[Page 235\]](#) All's Well, that Ends Well.  
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: farewell yong Lords,  
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes  
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy  
(Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come  
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when  
The brauest questant shrinkes: finde what you seeke,  
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

**L. G.**

Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.

**King.**

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



**Bo.**

Our hearts receiue your warnings.

**King.**

Farewell, come hether to me.

**1. Lo. G.**

Oh my sweet Lord yt you wil stay behind vs.

**Parr.**

'Tis not his fault the spark.

**2. Lo. E.**

Oh 'tis braue warres.

**Parr.**

Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.

**Rossill.**

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

**Parr.**

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

**Rossill.**

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

**1. Lo. G.**

There's honour in the theft.

**Parr.**

Commit it Count.

**2. Lo. E.**

I am your accessary, and so farewell.

**Ros.**

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

**1. Lo. G.**

Farewell Captaine.

**2. Lo. E.**

Sweet Mounsier *Parolles*.

**Parr.**

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

**Lo. G.**

We shall noble Captaine.

**Parr.**

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

**Ross.**

Stay the King.

**Parr.**

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

**Ross.**

And I will doe so.

**Parr.**

Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most si newie sword-men.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lafew.*

**L. Laf.**

Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

(pardon,

**King.**

Ile see thee to stand vp.

**L. Laf.**

Then heres a man stands that has brought his

(pardon,

I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

**King.**

I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

**Laf.**

Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,

Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

**King.**

No.

**Laf.**

O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if

My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine

That's able to breath life into a stone,

Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari

With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch

Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen*, nay

To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand

And write to her a loue-line.

**King.**

What her is this?

**Laf.**

Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,

If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may conuay my thoughts

In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke

With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,

Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more  
Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?  
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?  
That done, laugh well at me.

**King.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**King.**

Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.

**Laf.**

Nay, come your waies.

*Enter Hellen.*

**King.**

This haste hath wings indeed.

**Laf.**

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

*Exit.*

**King.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

I knew him.

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

We thanke you maiden,  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and

The congregated Colledge haue concluded,  
That labouring Art can neuer ransome nature  
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not  
So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malladie  
To empericks, or to disseuer so  
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme  
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.

*Hel.* My

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All's Well that Ends Well.

**Hell.**

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

**King.**

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

**Hell.**

What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,  
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:  
He that of greatest workes is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,  
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne  
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried  
When Miracles haue by the great'st beene denied.  
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there  
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

**King.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

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

**Hel.**

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 slay  
In common sence, sence saues another way:  
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:  
Youth, beauty, wisdome, courage, all  
That happines and prime, can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,  
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,  
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

**Hel.**

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

**Kin.**

Make thy demand.

**Hel.**

But will you make it euen?

**Kin.**

I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

**Hel.**

Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand  
What husband in thy power I will command:  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state:  
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know  
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

**Kin.**

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

[*Act 2, Scene 2*]

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

**Lady.**

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

**Clown.**

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

**Lady.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Lady.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Lady.**

Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

**Clo.**

As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attu  
rney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as  
*Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-  
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,  
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a

wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth,  
nay as the pudding to his skin.

**Lady.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Lady.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Lady.**

To be young againe if we could: I will bee a  
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by you're an  
swer.

Lady

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All's Well that Ends Well.

**La.**

I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

**Clo.**

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

**La.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**La.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**La.**

You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

**Clo.**

O Lord sir, spare not me.

**La.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**La.**

I play the noble huswife with the time, to enter  
taine it so merrily with a foole.

**Clo.**

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

**La.**

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

**Clo.**

Not much commendation to them.

**La.**

Not much imployment for you, you vnder  
stand me.

**Clo.**

Most fruitfully, I am there, before my [legges].

**La.**

Hast you agen.

*Exeunt*

[*Act 2, Scene 3*]

*Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.*

**Ol. Laf.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Ros.**

And so 'tis.

**Ol. Laf.**

To be relinquisht of the Artists.

**Par.**

So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

**Ol. Laf.**

Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

**Par.**

Right so I say.

**Ol. Laf.**

That gaue him out incureable.

**Par.**

Why there 'tis, so say I too.

**Ol. Laf.**

Not to be help'd.

**Par.**

Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a□

**Ol. Laf.**



Vncertaine life, and sure death.

**Par.**

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

**Ol. Laf.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Ol. Laf.**

A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

**Par.**

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

**Ol. Laf.**

Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect□

**Par.**

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

**Ol. Laf.**

Very hand of heauen.

**Par.**

I, so I say.

**Ol. Laf.**

In a most weake□

**Par.**

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

**Old Laf.**

Generally thankfull.

*Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.*

**Par.**

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

**Ol. Laf.**

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

**Par.**

*Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

**Ol. Laf.**

Fore God I thinke so.

**King.**

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

*Enter 3 or 4 Lords.*

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

**Hel.**

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

**Old Laf.**

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

**King.**

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

*She addresses her to a Lord.*

**Hel.**

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

**All.**

We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**1. Lo.**

And grant it.

**Hel.**

Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

**Ol. Laf.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**2. Lo.**

No better if you please.

**Hel.**

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

**Ol. Laf.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Old Laf.**

These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue [\[Page 238\]](#)All's Well that Ends Well.  
haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the  
French nere got em.

**La.**

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

**4. Lord.**

Faire one, I thinke not so.

**Ol. Lord**

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

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**King.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**King.**

Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sick  
ly bed.

**Ber.**

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

**King.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**King.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**King.**

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

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

**Ber.**

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

**King.**

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

**Ber.**

I take her hand.

**Kin.**

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

*Exeunt*

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commen-  
ting of this wedding.*

**Laf.**

Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

**Par.**

Your pleasure sir.

**Laf.**

Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-  
cantation.

**Par.**

Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

**Laf.**

I: Is it not a Language I speake?

**Par.**

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

**Laf.**

Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion*?

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

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp on thee.

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

**Laf.**

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All's Well, that Ends Well

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

**Laf.**

Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not b [...]te thee a scruple.

**Par.**

Well, I shall be wiser.

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

My Lord you do me most insupportable vexati on.

**Laf.**

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

*Exit.*

**Par.**

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

*Enter Lafew.*

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Laf.**

Who? God.

**Par.**

I sir.

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

This is hard and vnderuaded measure my Lord.

**Laf.**

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

*Exit*

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

**Par.**

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

**Ros.**

Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

**Par.**

What's the matter sweet-heart?

**Rossill.**

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

**Par.**

What? what sweet heart?

**Ros.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Ros.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Ros.**

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

**Par.**

Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

**Ros.**

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

**Par.**

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

*Exit*

[*Act 2, Scene 4*]

*Enter Helena and Clowne.*

**Hel.**

My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

**Clo.**



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

**Hel.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Hel.**

What two things?

**Clo.**

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

*Enter Parolles.*

**Par.**

Blesse you my fortunate Ladie

**Hel.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

Why I say nothing.

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

Away, th'art a knaue.

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.  
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,  
A [\[Page 240\]](#)All's Well that Ends Well.  
A verie serrious businesse call's on him:  
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,  
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,  
And pleasure drowne the brim.

**Hel.**

What's his will else?

**Par.**

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

**Hel.**

What more commands hee?

**Par.**

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

**Hel.**

In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

**Par.**

I shall report it so.

*Exit Par.*

**Hel.**

I pray you come sirrah.

*Exit*

*[Act 2, Scene 5]*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

**Laf.**

But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a  
souldier.

**Ber.**

Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

**Laf.**

You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

**Ber.**

And by other warranted testimonie.

**Laf.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Laf.**

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

*Enter Parolles.*

**Par.**

These things shall be done sir.

**Laf.**

Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

**Par.**

Sir?

**Laf.**

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

**Ber.**

Is shee gone to the king?

**Par.**

Shee is.

**Ber.**

Will shee away to night?

**Par.**

As you'le haue her.

**Ber.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Ber.**

Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and [...]u Monsieur?

**Par.**

I know not how I haue deserued to run into my [...]ords displeasure.

**Laf.**

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

**Ber.**

It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

An idle Lord, I sweare.

**Ber.**

I thinke so.

**Par.**

Why do you not know him?

**Ber.**

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

*Enter Helena.*

**Hel.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Ber.**

Come, come, no more of that.

**Hel.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Hel.**

Pray sir your pardon.

**Ber.**

Well, what would you say?

**Hel.**

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

**Ber.**

What would you haue?

**Hel.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Hel.**

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

*Exit*

**Ber.**

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

**Par.**

Brauely, Coragio.

*[Act 3, Scene 1]*

**Actus Tertius.**

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

**Duke.**

So that from point to point, now haue you heard  
The [\[Page 241\]](#)All's Well, that Ends Well.  
The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

**1. Lord.**

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

**Duke.**

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

**French E.**

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

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

**Duke.**

Be it his pleasure.

**Fren. G.**

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

**Duke.**

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

*Flourish.*

[*Act 3, Scene 2*]

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

**Count.**

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

**Clo.**

By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve  
rie melancholly man.

**Count.**

By what obseruance I pray you.

**Clo.**

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

**Lad.**

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

**Clow.**

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

**Lad.**

What haue we heere?

**Clo.**

In that you haue there.

*exit*

*A Letter.*

*I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, sbee hath recovered the  
King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am*

*runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance.*

*My duty to you.*

*Your vnfortunate sonne,*

*Bertram.*

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

*Enter Clowne.*

**Clow.**

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

**La.**

What is the matter.

**Clo.**

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

**La.**

Why should he be kill'd?

**Clo.**

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

*Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.*

**French E.**

Saue you good Madam.

**Hel.**

Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

**French G.**

Do not say so.

**La.**

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

**Fren.G.**

Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo  
rence,

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

**Hel.**

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

*When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer  
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,*

*that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)*  
*I write a Nener.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

**La.**

Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

**1. G.**

I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie  
for our paines.

**Old La.**

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

**Fren.G.**

I Madam

**La.**

And to be a souldier.

**Fren.G.**

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

**La.**

Returne you thither.

**Fren.E.**

I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

**Hel.**

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

**La.**

Finde you that there?

**Hel.**

I Madame.

**Fren. E.**

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

**Lad.**

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

**Fren. E.**

A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: [which] I  
haue sometime knowne.

**La.**

*Parolles* was it not?

**Fren. E.**

I my good Ladie, hee.

**La.**

A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,



My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature  
With his inducement.

**Fren. E.**

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

**La.**

Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you  
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can  
neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate X you [\[Page 242\]](#)All's Well that  
Ends Well. you written to beare along.

**Fren. G.**

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

**La.**

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

*Exit.*

**Hel.**

*Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.*

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

[Act 3, Scene 3]

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

**Duke.**

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

**Ber.**

Sir it is

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

**Duke.**

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

**Ber.**

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

*Exeunt omnes*

[Act 3, Scene 4]

*Enter Countesse & Steward.*

**La.**

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

*Letter.*

*I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:  
Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon  
With sainted vow my faults to haue amended  
Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,  
My dearest Master your deare sonne, may hie,  
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,  
His name with zealous feruour sanctifie:  
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:  
I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,  
From Courthy friends, with Camping foes to liue,  
Where death and danger dogges the beeles of worth.  
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,  
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.*

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

**Ste.**

Pardon me Madam,

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

**La.**

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

*Exeunt*

[*Act 3, Scene 5*]

*A Tucket afarre off.  
Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta  
and Mariana, with other  
Citizens.*

**Widdow.**

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

**Diana.**

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

**Wid.**

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

**Maria.**

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

**Widdow.**

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

Maria

[\[Page 243\]](#)

All's Well that Ends Well.

**Maria.**

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

**Dia.**

You shall not neede to feare me.

*Enter Hellen.*

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

To S. *Iaques 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 vpon your leisure.

**Wid.**

you came I thinke from *France*?

**Hel.**

I did so.

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

His name I pray you?

**Dia.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Dia.**

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

**Hel.**

I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

**Dia.**

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

**Hel.**

What's his name?

**Dia.**

Monsieur *Parrolles*.

**Hel.**

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

**Dian.**

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

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Wid.**

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

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

**Mar.**

The goddes forbid else.

**Wid.**

So, now they come:

That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,  
That *Escalus*.

**Hel.**

Which is the Frenchman?

**Dia.**

Hee,

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

**Hel.**

I like him well.

**Di.**

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

**Hel.**

Which is he?

**Dia.**

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

**Hel.**

Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

**Par.**

Loose our drum? Well.

**Mar.**

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

**Wid.**

Marrie hang you.

**Mar.**

And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.

*Exit.*

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Both.**

Wee'l take your offer kindly.

*Exeunt.*

[*Act 3, Scene 6*]

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

On my life my Lord a bubble.

**Ber.**

Do you thinke I am so farre  
Deceiued in him.

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. G.**

None better then to let him fetch off his  
drumme, which you heare him so confidently vnder  
take to do.

**C. E.**

I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur  
X2 prize [\[Page 244\]](#)All's Well that Ends Well. prize him; such I will haue whom I am  
sure he knowes

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

**Cap. G.**

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

*Enter Parrolles.*

**Cap. E.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Par.**

It might haue beene recouered.

**Ber.**

It might, but it is not now.

**Par.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Par.**

By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

**Ber.**



But you must not now slumber in it.

**Par.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Par.**

I loue not many words.

*Exit*

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

You do not know him my Lord as we doe,  
certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fa  
uour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoue  
ries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer af  
ter

**Ber.**

Why do you thinke he will make no deede at  
all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addressse himself  
vnto?

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Ber.**

Your brother he shall go along with me.

**Cap. G.**

As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. E.**

But you say she's honest.

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. E.**

With all my heart my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

[*Act 3, Scene 7*]

*Enter Hellen, and Widdow.*

**Hel.**

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

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

Take this purse of Gold,  
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,  
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe  
When I haue found it. The Count he woos your  
daughter,  
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,  
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent  
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:  
Now his important blood will naught denie,

That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From [\[Page 245\]](#) All's Well, that Ends Well.  
From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue discents,  
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds  
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,  
How ere repented after.

**Wid.**

Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

**Hel.**

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

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Actus Quartus.**

*[Act 4, Scene 1]*

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

**1. Lord E.**

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

**1. Sol.**

Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

**Lor. E.**

Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not  
thy voice?

**1. Sol.**

No sir I warrant you.

**Lo. E.**

But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs  
again.

**1. Sol.**

E'n such as you speake to me.

**Lo. E.**

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

*Enter Parrolles.*

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

We cannot affoord you so.

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

'Twould not do.

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

Hardly serue.

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

How deepe?

**Par.**

Thirty fadome.

**Lo. E.**

Three great oathes would scarse make that be beleued.

**Par.**

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

**Lo. E.**

You shall heare one anon.

**Par.**

A drumme now of the enemies.

*Alarum within.*

**Lo. E.**

Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

**All.**

*Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

**Par.**

O ransome, ransome,  
Do not hide mine eyes.

**Inter.**

Boskos thromuldo boskos.

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

Oh.

**Inter.**

Oh pray, pray, pray,  
*Manka reuania dulce.*

**Lo. E.**

Oscorbidulchos voliuorco.

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Inter.**

But wilt thou faithfully?

**Par.**

If I do not, damne me.

**Inter.**

*Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou are granted space.

*Exit*

*A short Alarum within.*

Lo. E.

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All's Well that Ends Well

**L.E.**

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

**Sol.**

Captaine I will.

**L.E.**

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

**Sol.**

So I will sir.

**L.E.**

Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

*Exit*

*[Act 4, Scene 2]*

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called  
Diana.*

**Ber.**

They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

**Dia.**

No my good Lord, *Diana*.

**Ber.**

Titled Goddesses,  
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,  
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?  
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,

You are no Maiden but a monument  
When you are dead you should be such a one  
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet selfe was got.

**Dia.**

She then was honest.

**Ber.**

So should you be.

**Dia.**

No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)  
As you owe to your wife.

**Ber.**

No more a'that:

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

**Dia.**

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

**Ber.**

How haue I sworne.

**Dia.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Dia.**

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

**Ber.**

Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power

To giue it from me.

**Dia.**

Will you not my Lord?

**Ber.**

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

**Dian.**

Mine Honors such a Ring,  
My chastities the 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 wisdom  
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,  
Against your vaine assault.

**Ber.**

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

**Dia.**

When midnight comes, knocke at my cham  
ber window:

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

**Ber.**

A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

**Di.**

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

*Exit*



[Act 4, Scene 3]

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

**Cap. G.**

You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

That approaches apace: I would gladly haue  
him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a [\[Page 247\]](#)All's Well that Ends  
Well. a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously  
he had set this counterfeit.

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

**Cap. G.**

Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto  
gether of his councill.

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

Sir, his wife some two months since fledde  
from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to *Saint Ia  
ques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most au  
stere 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 heauen.

**Cap. E.**

How is this iustified?

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

Hath the Count all this intelligence?

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

How mightily sometimes, we make vs com  
forts of our losses.

**Cap. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,  
good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if

our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dis  
paire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? Where's your master?

**Ser.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

**Ber.**

They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart  
nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,  
i'st not after midnight?

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Ber.**

No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsur  
ping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

**Cap. E.**

I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The  
stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be  
vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her  
milke, he hath confest himselfe to Morgan, whom hee  
supposes to be a Friar, (frō) 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 beleeeue you  
are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

*Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.*

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. G.**

Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

**Inter.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

*Bosko Chimurcho.*

**Cap.**

*Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

And truly, as I hope to lieue.

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vn  
seruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Com  
manders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and  
credit, and as I hope to lieue.

**Int.**

Shall I set downe your answer so?

**Par.**

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

**Ber.**

What a past-sauing slaue is this?

**Cap. G.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Int.**

Well, that's set downe.

**Par.**

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

**Cap. G.**

He's very neere the truth in this.

**Ber.**

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

**Par.**

Poore rogues, I pray you say.

**Int.**

Well, that's set downe.

**Par.**

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

**Interp.**

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

**Par.**

By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie [\[Page 248\]](#)All's Well, that Ends Well. fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Uau mond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vppon my life amounts not to fif teene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake them selues to peeces.

**Ber.**

What shall be done to him?

**Cap. G.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

**Par.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

**Cap. G.**

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

**Int.**

What is his reputation with the Duke?

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

Marry we'll search.

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

I do not know if it be it or no.

**Ber.**

Our Interpreter do's it well.

**Cap. G.**

Excellently.

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

**Par.**

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

**Ber.**

Damnab! both-sides rogue.

**Int.**

*Let.*

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

*After he scores, he neuer payes the score:*

*Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,*

*He nere payes after-debts, take it before,*

*And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:*

*Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.*

*For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,*

*Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.*

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

*Parolles.*

**Ber.**

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

**Cap. E.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Cap. G.**

I begin to loue him for this.

**Ber.**

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

**Int.**

What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

**Par.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Cap. E.**

Why do's he aske him of me?

**Int.**

What's he?

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

**Par.**

Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition [\[Page 251\]](#)All's Well, that Ends Well.  
sition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run



into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an am bush where I was taken?

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Int.**

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

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

**Count.**

Good morrow noble Captaine.

**Lo. E.**

God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

**Cap. G.**

God saue you noble Captaine.

**Lo. E.**

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

**Cap. G.**

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

*Exeunt.*

**Int.**

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

**Par.**

Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

**Inter.**

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

*Exit*

**Par.**

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

There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.  
Ile after them.

*Exit.*

[*Act 4, Scene 4*]

*Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.*

**Hel.**

That you may well perceiue I haue not  
wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis 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 thanks. I duly am inform'd,  
His grace is at *Marcellæ*, to which place  
We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know  
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,  
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,  
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,  
Wee'l be before our welcome.

**Wid.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Dia.**

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

**Hel.**

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

What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

*Exeunt*

[*Act 4, Scene 5*]

*Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.*

**Laf.**

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

**La.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Clowne.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

Your distinction.

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Clo.**

At your seruice.

**Laf.**

No, no, no.

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

Whose that, a Frenchman?

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

What prince is that?

**Clo.**

The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke  
nesse, alias the diuell.

**Laf.**

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

Clow

[\[Page 252\]](#)

All's Well that Ends Well.

**Clo.**

I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued  
a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good  
fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his No  
bilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the  
narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to  
enter: some that humble themselues may, but the ma  
nie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the  
flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great  
fire.

**Laf.**

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

**Clo.**

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

*exit*

**Laf.**

A shrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

**Lady.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**La.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**La.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Lad.**

You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

**Laf.**

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

*Enter Clowne.*

**Clo.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Clo.**

But it is your carbinado'd face.

**Laf.**

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

**Clowne.**

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

*Exeunt*

**Actus Quintus.**

*[Act 5, Scene 1]*

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

**Hel.**

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

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*

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

**Gent.**

And you.

**Hel.**

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

**Gent.**

I haue beene sometimes there.

**Hel.**

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

**Gent.**

What's your will?

**Hel.**

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

**Gen.**

The Kings not heere.

**Hel.**

Not heere sir?

**Gen.**

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

**Wid.**

Lord how we loose our paines.

**Hel.**

All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

**Gent.**

Marric as I take it to *Rossillion*,  
Whither I am going.

**Hel.**

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

**Gent.**

This Ile do for you.

**Hel.**

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

*[Act 5, Scene 2]*

*Enter Clowne and Parrolles.*

**Par.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

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All's Well that Ends Well.

**Par.**

Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.

**Clo.**

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

*Enter Lafew.*

**Clo.**

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

**Par.**

My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruel  
[...]y scratch'd.

**Laf.**

And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too  
[...]ate to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played  
[...]he knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who  
[...]f her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues  
[...]hriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the  
[...]ustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other  
[...]usinesse.

**Par.**

I beseech your honour to heare mee one single  
word,

**Laf.**

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

**Par.**

My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

**Laf.**

You begge more then word then. Cox my pas  
[...]on, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

**Par.**

O my good Lord, you were the first that found  
[...]ee.

**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  
[...]or you did bring me out.

**Laf.**

Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee  
[...]t once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings  
[...]ee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings  
[...]omming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire fur  
[...]er after me, I had talke of you last night, though you  
[...]re a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

**Par.**

I praise God for you.

*[Act 5, Scene 3]*

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

**Kin.**



We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme  
[...]as made much poorer by it: but your sonne,  
[...]s mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know  
[...]er estimation home.

**Old La.**

'Tis past my Liege,  
[...]nd I beseech your Maiestie to make it  
[...]aturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,  
[...]hen oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,  
[...]re-beares it, and burnes on.

**Kin.**

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

**Laf.**

This I must say,  
[...]ut first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord  
[...]id to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,  
[...]ffence of mighty note; but to himselfe  
[...]he greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,  
[...]hose beauty did astonish the suruey  
[...]f richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue,  
[...]hose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,  
Humbly call'd Mistris.

**Kin.**

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

**Gent.**

I shall my Liege.

**Kin.**

What sayes he to your daughter,  
Haue you spoke?

**Laf.**

All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

**Kin.**

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

*Enter Count Bertram.*

**Laf.**

He lookes well on't.

**Kin.**

I am not a day of season,  
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile

In me at once: But to the brightest beames  
Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,  
The time is faire againe.

**Ber.**

My high repented blames  
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

**Kin.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Kin.**

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

**Laf.**

Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name  
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That [\[Page 252\]](#)All's Well that Ends Well.

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

**Ber.**

Hers it was not.

**King.**

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

**Ber.**

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

**Old La.**

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

**Laf.**

I am sure I saw her weare it.

**Ber.**

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

**Kin.**

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

**Ber.**

She neuer saw it.

**Kin.**

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

**Ber.**

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

*Enter a Gentleman.*

**King.**

I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

**Gen.**

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

*A Letter.*

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

Diana Capilet.

**Laf.**

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

**Kin.**

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

*Enter Bertram.*

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)

Was fowly snatcht.

**Old La.**

Now iustice on the doers.

**King.**

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

*Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.*

**Dia.**

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

**Wid.**

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

**King.**

Come hether Count, do you know these Wo  
men?

**Ber.**

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

**Dia.**

Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

**Ber.**

She's none of mine my Lord.

**Dia.**

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

**Laf.**

Your reputation comes too short for my daugh  
ter, you are no husband for her.

**Ber.**

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

**Kin.**

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

**Dian.**

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

**Kin.**

What saist thou to her?

**Ber.**

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

**Dia.**

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

Do [\[Page 253\]](#) All's Well, that Ends Well.

[...]o not beleue him. O behold this Ring,

[...]hose high respect and rich validitie

[...]id lacke a Paralell: yet for all that

[...]e gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe

[...] I be one.

**Coun.**

He blushes, and 'tis hit:

[...]f sixe preceding Ancestors that Iemme

[...]>onfer'd by testament to'th sequent issue

[...]ath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,

[...]hat Ring's a thousand proofes.

**King.**

Me thought you saide

[...]ou saw one heere in Court could witness it.

**Dia.**

I did my Lord, but loath am to produce

[...]o bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

**Laf.**

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

**Kin.**

Finde him, and bring him hether.

**Ros.**

What of him:

[...]e's quoted for a most perfidious slaue

[...]ith all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,

[...]hose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,

[...]m I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,

[...]hat will speake any thing.

**Kin.**

She hath that Ring of yours.

**Ros.**

I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,

[...]nd boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:

[...]he knew her distance, and did angle for mee,

[...]adding my eagernesse with her restraint,

[...]s all impediments in fancies course

[...]re motiues of more fancie, and in fine,

[...]er insuite comming with her moderne grace,

[...]ubdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,

[...]nd I had that which any inferiour might

[...]t Market price haue bought.

**Dia.**

I must be patient:  
[...]ou that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,  
Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)  
[...]end for your Ring, I will returne it home,  
[...]nd giue me mine againe.

**Ros.**

I haue it not.

**Kin.**

What Ring was yours I pray you?

**Dian.**

Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

**Kin.**

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

**Dia.**

And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

**Kin.**

The story then goes false, you threw it him  
[...]ut of a Casement.

**Dia.**

I haue spoke the truth.

*Enter Parolles.*

**Ros.**

My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

**Kin.**

You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:  
[...]s this the man you speake of?

**Dia.**

I, my Lord

**Kin.**

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

**Par.**

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

**Kin.**

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

**Par.**

Faith sir he did loue her, but how.

**Kin.**

How I pray you?

**Par.**

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

**Kin.**

How is that?

**Par.**

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

**Kin.**

As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equivoall Companion is this?

**Par.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**Dian.**

Do you know he promist me marriage?

**Par.**

Faith I know more then Ile speake.

**Kin.**

But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

**Par.**

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

**Kin.**

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

**Dia.**

I my good Lord.

**Kin.**

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

**Dia.**

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

**Kin.**

Who lent it you?

**Dia.**

It was not lent me neither.

**Kin.**

Where did you finde it then?

**Dia.**

I found it not.

**Kin.**

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

**Dia.**

I neuer gaue it him.

**Laf.**

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

**Kin.**



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

**Dia.**

It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

**Kin.**

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

**Dia.**

Ile neuer tell you.

**Kin.**

Take her away.

**Dia.**

Ile put in baile my liedge.

**Kin.**

I thinke thee now some common Customer.

**Dia.**

By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

**King.**

Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while.

**Dia.**

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

**Kin.**

She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

**Dia.**

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

*Enter Hellen and Widdow.*

**Kin.**

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

**Hel.**

No my good Lord,  
Y'Tis [\[Page 254\]](#)All's Well, that Ends Well.  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

**Ros.**

Both, both, O pardon.

**Hel.**

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

**Ros.**

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

**Hel.**

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

**Laf.**

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

**King.**

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

*Flourish.*

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

Exeunt. omn.

FINIS.