ALL'S  
Well, that Ends Well.

\textit{Actus primus. Scena Prima.}

Enter young Bertram Count of Kessilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafen, alien blacks.

Mother.

I delievering my fonne from me, I bury a second husband.

Laf. And I'm going Madam, weep ere my fathers death sweeney, but I must attend his maiesies command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in obedienc.

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 vesture to you, whose worthynesse would frite it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesies amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Pliſtions Madam, under whose praise he hath perfecuted time with hope, and finds no other advaunce in the proceffe, but onely the looking of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how fa fapage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honeffe, had it stretc'd fo far, would have made nature immorrall, and death should have play for lacke of workes. Would for the Kings sake heere were liuing, I think it would be the death of the Kings dishon.

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

Mo. He was famous upe in his profeffion, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narken.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very late spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skillfull enough to have liu'd filifie knowlidge could be fet vp against mortallitie.

Ref. What is is (my good Lord) the King languishtes of.

Laf. A filifie my Lord.

Ref. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narken?

Mo. His fole childre my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairest: for where an unequal mind carres verious qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are verious and trauitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicenete; she deries her honeffe, and attacheis her goodnature.

Lafen. Your commendations Madam get from her tears.

Mo. Tit the best brine a Maiden can feafon her prisse in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the stany of her forrowes takes all likehood from her checke. No more of this Helena, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a forrow then to have.

Hel. I do affect a forrow indeed, but I hate it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceffe gruefe the enemie to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemie to the greefe, the exceffe makes it loone mortall.

Ref. Madam I desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest Bertram, and succeed thy father in manners as in shape: thy blood and vesture Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnere Share with thy birth-rights. Love all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then we: and keep thy friend Vnder thy owne liues key. Be checkt for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and thy prayers plucke downe, Full on thy head. Farewell my Lord,

Tis an unfeall'd Courteisies, good my Lord Adouise him.

Laf. He cannot want the beft

That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen bleffe him: Farewell Bertram.

Ro. The beft wishes that can be fardg'd in your thoughts be terraunt to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Midris, and make much of her.

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

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

I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in't but Bertrams, I am vndone, there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. Were all one, That I should loue a bright particular fiacre, And think to wed it, he is fo aboue me In his bright radience and colaterall light,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake, and yet I know him a notorious liar. Think he a great way foole, folie a coward, yet the false false is fit to fit him, that they take place, when Vertues feele bones. Looks blacketh his cold wind; withall, full ofte we see, Cold wife donne everlasting and superstitious folks.

Par. Sure you faire Queene.

Hel. And how monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. It: you have some flame of foudrier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginity, how may we baracades it against him?

Par. Keep it out.

Hel. But she affaires, and our virginity though valid... in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some war-like resifance.

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

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginity from vnderminners and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgin's might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: many in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your felows made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Looke of Virginity, is raasonall encrease, and there was never Virgin geese, till Virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is mettle to make Virgin. Virginity, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, its euer lost: its too cold a companion: Away with't.

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

Par. There little can bee faileth in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginity, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible dishonestie. He that hangeth himselfe is a Virgin; Virginity murthereth is eftso, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified place, it is a desperate Offendrefle against Nature. Virginity breedes mites, much like a Cheele, coughtines is felte to the very pageing, and so dies with feeding his owne rottenске. Besides Virginity is pretend, proud, false, made of false base, which is the most infallible dishonesty in the Canons. Keep it not, you cannot choose but lose by it. Our withit within ten yeare it will make it feel two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal it felt not much the worse.

Away with't.

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

Hel. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that hee it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the glose with liking. The longer kept, the leefe worth: Off with't while'tis vndervisible. Answer the time of request, Virginity like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly fured, but finetable, soft like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheeks: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates daily, marry 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:

There shall your Master have a thousand loues, A Mother, and a Millistrefe, and a friend, A Phenix, Captain, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddeffe, and a Soueraine, A Counsellor, A Traitors, and a Daire; His humble ambition, proud humility: His jarring, concord: and his discord, dilet: His faith, his sweet disater: with a world Of pretty fond adventurish coffin-shoemes That blinking Cupid godfips. 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 faith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wilting well had not a body in't, Which might be felt, that we the poorer home, Whole daire dames do flour vp in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And shew what we alone must thinke, which never Returns vs thanks.

Enter Page.

Monseur Parolles,

My Lord caile for you,

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

Monseur Parolles, you were borne under a charitable starre.

Vnder Mars.

I especially thinke, vnder Mars.

Why vnder Mars?

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

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was regrado I thinkne rather.

Par. Thinke you me now?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So it running away.

When care propops the faeties.

But the composition that your valoure and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Parolles. I am so full of businesse, I cannot answere thee aceiti: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall be to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a Courtier's counsell, and understand what advice shall shuffly vpon thee, elle thou diest in thine vntthankfulnes and thine ignorance makes thee away farewell: When thou hast yeare, say thy prayers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends.
All's Well that ends Well.

Get thee a good husband, and live him as he vies thee; So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do ly, Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated skye Giveth vs free scope, onely doth backward pull Our owne device, when vs our selves are dull. What power is it, which moights my loue to lye, That makes me feeb, and cannot see meete mine eye? The mightie stond in fortune, Nature brings To ioynt like likes, and kills like naturall things. Impossible be strange attemptes to shooe That weigh their pains in fenes, and do suppose What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer threat To draine her meere, that did mishe her loue? (The King disease) my project may deceave me, But my intents are firt, and will not leave me.

Exit.

Flourish. 
Cornets.

Enter King with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florimelies and Senegos are by the ears, Have fowght with equall fortune, and continue A braving warre.

L. of G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we haue receiued it, A certaintie vouch'd from our Colen Rowsy, With caution, that the Florimelis will move vs For speecke aye, wherein our dearest friend Pretiudicates the businesse, and would seeke To haue vs make deniall.

L. of G. His loue and wifedome Approv'd so to your Majestie, may pleade For amplest credence.

King. He hath asked our answer, And Florimel is deni'd before he comes: Yet for our Gentlemen that meant to fee The Tuscan seruice, freely haue they leane To fland on either part.

L. of E. It well may serue A nurrie to our Gentrie, who are zicke For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes here.

Enter Bertram, Launcell, and Parale.

L. of G. It is the Count Repulling a good Lord, Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou hast thys Fathers face, Frankie Nature rather curious then in hait Hath well compos'd thee; Thy Fathers morall parts Mayth thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thnaknes and duty are your Majesties.

Kin. I would haue that corporall foundnesse now, As when thy father, and my felpe, in friendship First toide our feudsheiphe: he did looke faire Into the lenience of the time, and was Displeased of the brackett. He lifted long, But on vs both did haue sufficiently, And wroth vs out of fayr: it much repairs me: To talke of thy good father; in his youth He had the wit, which I can well obserue To day in our yng Lords: but they may lefe Till their owne forme returne to them vnnoced Else they can hide their leisuer, in honour:

So like a Courteier, contempt nor bittemess

Were in his pride, or sharpenesse; if they were, His equall had awak'd them, and his honour Clocke to it self, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speake: and at this time His tongue was in his hand. Who were below him, He was as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low rakes, Making them proud of his humilitie, In their poore praishe he humbled: Such a man Might be a copie to thes yngere 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 approoфе mutes not his Epipath, As in your royall speach.

King. Would I were with him he would alwayes say, (Me thinks I heare him now) his plaufe words He flatter'd not in cares, but graved them To growe there and to haue: Me not let, This his good melancholy oft began On the Catastrophe and heele of paftime When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee) After my flame lackes cyle, to be the snuffe Of yonger spirites, whose approhensive fencies All but new things dislaide; whose judgements are Measured of their owne garments: whose constancies Expire before their fashions: this lie wold't. I after him, do after him with too: Since I nor wox nor honie can bring home, I quickly were disfolued from my huse To give some Laboures roome,

L. of E. You'ls loved Sir, They that least lend it you, shall lacke you inst.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet. Lend me an arme: the rell have worn me out With feuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count, My fortune's no deseter.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Cleon.

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

St. Mammad the care I haue had to euem your content, I witt might be found in the Kalender of my paft endewours, for then we wound our Modeffe, and make foule the clereesse of our deluering, whenof our felues we publishe them.

Com. We desc'd this k snee here? Get you gone firra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not allo-leeue, 'tis my sloowesse that I do not: For I know you lacke not foly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours.

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

Com. Well Sir.

Clo. No maddam.

Clo. 'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
All's Well that ends Well.

Clio. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done, though homelife be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt, it will were the Surplus of humbleness out the blacke-Gowne of a bigger heart: I am going forthwith, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.

Coun. Well now.

Stein. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

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

Stein. Madam, I was very late more neere ther then I think thee wilst mee', alone free was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne ears, free thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not ane stranger fence, her matter was, free loued your Sonne, Fortune thee said was no goddesse, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might one side, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or ranseme afterward: This feeble ducate: in the most bitter touch of forrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaine in, which I held my dutie percyly to acquant thee withall, sitence in the loifie that may happen, it concernes thee something to know it.

Coun. You have discharged this homelife, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so cutting in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt: praise thee leave mee, stilt this in your boosome, and I thanke you for your homelife care: I will speake with you further an other time.

Enter Helen.

Old Coun. Even so it was with me when I was young: If euer we be arones, these are ours, this thorne Doth to our Roke of youth rightlie belong. Our bloud to vs, this to our bloud is borne, It is the show, and scule of natures truth, Where loues strong passion is imprefte in youth, By our remembrances of daies forgon, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none, Her eie is ticket ou, I oberef her now. Helen. What is your pleasurer Madam? Old Coun. You know Helen I am a mother to you. Helen. Mine honeroble Miftris. Old Coun. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother, That you start at it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enwombed mine, 'tis often fetne Adoption fruiues with nature, and chylde breederes A native flipp to vs from forraigne seedes: You were oppreffe me with a mothers groane, Yet I expresse to you a mothers care, (Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy bloud To say I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this distempered meffenger of wet?
The manie colour'd iris sounds thine eye:
Why, that thou art my daughter?
O! Cow. I say it am our Mother,
Held. Pardon Madam.
The Count: Rejoice cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note upon my Parent's, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His servan't lie, and will his vaI'flail die:
He muIt not be my brother.
O! Cow. Not I your Mother.
Held. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your fonne were not my brother,
Indee more any mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I do for heauen,
So I were not his sifter, can't no other,
But you daughter, he must be my brother.
O! Cow. Yes Hellen, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you means it not, daughter and mother
So situate upon your pulse! what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondness! now I see
The misfry of your louliness, and finde
Your face teares head, now to all fence 'tis groise:
You love my fonne, sixtention is afsam'd
Against the proclamatiom of thy passion
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheeks:
Confess it 'ton tooth to th'thother, and thine eies
See it for groisey throne in thy behauiorus,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely fonne
And hellish obfianace yee thy tonguer
That truth should be fulpcfed, speake, if so?
If it be so,you have wound a goodly clewe:
Sfit be not, forwasse'te how eee I charge thee,
As heaven shall worke in me for thine sake
To tell me truele.
Held. Good Madam pardon me.
Cow. Do you loue my Sonne?
Held. Your pardon noble Mistfri
Cow. Loue you my Sonne?
Held. Do not you loue him Madam?
Cow. Goonl about your loue hath in a bond
Whereof the world takes note:
Come, come, disclose:
The flaire of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full approache.
Held. Then I confess.
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next into high heaven, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so'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 suitie,
Nor would I loose him, till I doe delerue him,
Yet neuer know how that deler should be:
I know I love in vaine, situate against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Site.
I still pour in the waters of my loue
And lack not to loose full; thus indued like
Religious in mine errors, I adore
The Sunne that looks upon his worshippers,
But knows of him no more. My deereit Madam,
Let not your hate incouter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whole aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of loking,
With chaftly, and loue dearly, that your Dios
Was both her felle and love, O then gibe pietie
To her whole face is such, that cannot chuse
But lend and give where the is rare to looke;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like,lines sweetly where she dies.
Cow. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,
To goe to Paris?
Held. Madam I had.
Cow. Wherefore tell true.
Held. I will tell truth. by grace it selfe I swore:
You know my Father left me some precepts
Of rare and proud effectes, such as his reading
And manifest experience, hath collected
For general fouraeriontie: and that he will me
In heede full, it referuation to befew them,
As notes, whose faculties inclinmuere were,
More then they were in notes: Amongst the rest,
There is a remeide, approve'd, jet downne,
To cure the depreare languishings whereof
The King is render'd loffe.
Cow. This was your motие for Paris, was it? speake?
Held. My Lord, your fonne, made me to think of this:
Elle Paris, and the medicine; and the King,
Had from the consellation of my thoughts,
Happily become absent then.
Cow. But thinke you Hellen,
If you should render your suppose'ed aide,
He would receive it? He and his Phtifion
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help, how shall they credit
A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schools
Enbowed of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger so to false.
Held. There's something in't
More then my fathers skill, which was the great
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
By th' lucke stiff, stars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leaue to trie succeff, I'd venture
The weel lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an hour.
Cow. Doo't thou beleue't?
Held. I Madam knowingly,
Cow. Why Hellen thou shalt have my lease and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To th' hole of mine in Court, Ile sitte at home
And prayce Gods bleffing into thy attempts:
Begun to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not misse.

Albus Secundus.

Enter the King with dinner: yong Lords, taking leave for the Florentine warre : Count, Raffe, and Was both his parvelles, FloriJo Corners,
King. Farewell yong Lords, there are rules like principles
Do not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiv'd,
And is eunuch both.
Lords. 'Tis our hope sir,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

After well entered loudlier, to returne
And finde your grace in health,
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the malady.
That doth my life besege: farewell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be ye the formes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thoe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to woce honour, but to wed it, when
The brauest quefiant shrineske: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding bereue your Maisey.
King. Thoese girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Capt'iues
Before you bereue.
Bea. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1. L.G. Oh my sweet Lord, you will stay behind vs.
Parr. Tis not his fault the spark.
1. L.G. Oh tis brave warres.
Parr. Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.
Reffin. I am commanded here, and keepes a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and tis too early.
Parr. And thy mind flane too boy,
Steele away brately.
Reffin. I will stay here the for-horse to a snocke,
Creek my frooes on the plaine Malonny,
Till honour be bought vp, and no frowr worne
But one to dance with: by heaven, i fee steele away.
1. L.G. There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
3. L.G. I am your assyery, and so farewell.
1. Reff. I go to you, & our parling is a tortud's body.
Parr. Farewell Captaine.
5. L.G. Sweet Mounfier Pararre.
Parr. Noble Herre; my sword and yours be kinne,
good spackes and hafroux, a word good meralls.
You shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinnij, one Captaine
Sparr his fiewtice, with an Embalm of warre heere
On his finisher chocke; it was this very frowr entrench'd it:
saye to him I lieve, and obstrue his reports for me,
5. L.G. We shall noble Captaine.
Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will ye do?
Reff. Stay the King.
Parr. Vie a more spacios ceremong to the noble Lords,
you have refrains'd your felle within the Lif of
too cold an aduice: be more expressiue to then; for they
were themciles in the cap of the time, there do mutter
true gate; eat, speke, and moue under the influence of the most rescus'd starre, and though the deuil leade the measure,
Scho are to bee followd: after them, and take a
forese dilated farewell.
Reff. And I will doe so.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to profuse most fitt
newie sword-men.

Enter Lafon.

Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Hee fee thee to stand vp. (pardon)
Laf. Then heres a man standes that has brought his
you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
that at your bidding you could so stand vp.
King. I would had, so i had broke thy pate
And ask thee me mercy for't.
Laf. Goodefaire a-croos, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my roylall face?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My roylall face could reach them: I have beene a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone
Quicken a rooke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whole simple touch
Is powerfull to arraye King Diper, say
To guse great Charlemagne a pen in his hand
And write to her a lose-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why dother the: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
Seriously I may conyours my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I have spake
With one, that in her face, her yeeres, profession,
Wifedome and confiayency, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakevenes: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her business;
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now go to good Lafon
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend out wonder too, or take off shine
By wondering how you took it.
Laf. Nay, Ie fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his special thing never prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
Enter Helin.
King. This haft hath wings indeed,
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiestie, hay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiestie feldome feares, I am Crefffe Vnle,
That date leaue two together, far you well.
Exit. King. Now faire one, doe your busines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerald de Narkew was my father,
In what he did professfe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praifes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receyes he gave me, chiefflie one
Which as the deareft office of his praifce
And of his olders experience, thonklie dating,
He had me fore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more dese are I howe so,
And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein he honour
Of my deare fathers gift, flandes chestie in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenece.
King. We thank you maiden,
But may not be so cedulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors teach vs, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never rantage nature
From her inanible effate: I say we must nec
So flame our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To profitour our past-cure maladie
To empricks, or to differer so.
Our great felle and our credit, to efteeeme
A fencedelle helpe, when helpe past fence we deme.
All's Well that ends Well.

Hell. My duty then shall pay me for my paine:
I will no more enforce mine office of you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to bear me back again:
King. I cannot give thee leave to be call'd grateful:
Thou thoughtst to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one neere death to those that with him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your servl' gaultie remedy:
He that of greatest wikk'dnes is finishe,
Off does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Wait, in babes hath judgement shone,
When Judges have bin babes; great floods have shone
From simple sources: and great Sess have dried
When Miracles haue by the great it beene denied.
Of expectation failes, and most oft there
Where mortit promisses: and oft it hits,
Where hope is cold, and despair most flows.
King. I must not heare thee, fare thee well wed maidie,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not take, especiales for their reward.

Hell. Infir'd Merit so by breath is hard,
It is not to with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our gueule by howeves:
But mort it is pretention in vs, when
The help of heavenes we count the ad of men,
Deare fis, to my endurers give coniect,
Oftsaue, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impotrofe, that proclaime
My selfe against the leueil of mine minde,
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 it thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidental dampe
Moist Hespera hath quenched her sleepy Lamps:
O foure and twenty times the Pylus glasse
Hath told the thrice sixtie minutes, how they passe:
What is informe, from your found parts shalle flie,
Health shall live free, and sickness deadlyly dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What daun't thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudencie,
A strumptes boldscelle, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Sear'd other wise, ne worce of worth extended
With wildeforture, let my life be ended.

King. Medle not in thee some blest spirit doth speake
His powerful full, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would fly
In common fence, fence fautes another way:
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath extremite:
Youth, beauty, wifelome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou thinkest this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet prachtifer, thy Physicke I will try,
That minsters chine owne death till die.

Hell. If I breake time, or finch in property
Of what I spake, unpitted let me die,
And well deluer'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if he helps, what do you promisse me.

King. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it eu'n
King. I by my Skepper, and my hopes of helpe.

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

King. Here is my hand, the premisses obsernd'
Thy will by my performance shall be fer'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy refolv'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 reft
Vagneuefhor's welcome, and vnobstuited blest.
Give me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Floris. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowns.

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

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

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

Clown. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may easlie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off his cap, kiffe his hand, and say no thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court. But for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

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

Clown. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttocks, the pin buttocke, the quatch buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten goateus is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crowne for your saftey jinke, as the rul the for Some forefinger, as a pancake for Shone-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his home, a waspling to a rene, a wrangling kneau, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the puding to his skin.

Lady. Hauze you, I say, an answer of such fitnesse for all questions?

Clown. From below your Duke, to beneath your Cons- table, it will fit any question.

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

Clown. But a sirelle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: there it is, and all that belongs to t't. Anke mee if I am a Courrier, it shall doe you no harme to learns.

Lady. To be young against if we could: I will bee a fool in question, hoping to bee the wifer by your an- swer.

Lady.
All's Well that ends Well.

La.  Is pray you sir, are you a Courteiis?
Cla.  O Lord sir there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.
La.  Sir I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.
Cla.  O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, sparse not me.
La.  I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meat.
Cla.  O Lord sir; I say put me tooe; I warrant you.
La.  You were lately whispt as I thinke.
Cla.  O Lord sir, sparse not me.
La.  Dooe you eere O Lord sir at your whippinge, and sparse not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequest to your whippinge; you would answere very well to a whippinge if you were but bound tooe.
Cla.  I thers was worse backe in my life in my O Lord sir: I feele thinges may seerue long, but seerue euer.
La.  I play the noble hussife with the time, to entertaine it to merrily with a foole.
Cla.  O Lord sir, why there's a fewes well ajen.
La.  And end sir to your businesse: glise Helen thisis, and her to a present answer backe.
Clemme to my kindnes, and my tendes.
This is not much.
Cla.  Not much commendation to them.
La.  Not much employment for you.
Clemme to you.
To.  Moft fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.
La.  Haft youragen.

Enter Count, Lafae, and Paroles.

Ol. Lef.  They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and cantellife. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terour, Encouraging our felowe into feeing knowledge, when we should foubit our felowe to an unknowne fear.
Par.  Why tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath flout in our latter times.
Rei.  And so itis.
Ol. Lef.  To be relinquishe of the Actitifs.
Par.  So I say both of Calen and Perascilin.
Ol. Lef.  Of all the learned and authentick fellowes.
Par.  This night I say.
Ol. Lef.  That gave him out incurable.
Par.  Why thers itis, to say it too.
Ol. Lef.  Not to be help'd.
Par.  Right, as twere a man affur'd of a——
Ol. Lef.  Vincertaine life, and sure death.
Par.  Tuit, you say well: so would I haue you.
Ol. Lef.  I may truly say, it is a monstere to the world.
Par.  It is indeed if you will have it in fireing, you shall read it in what do ye call there.
Ol. Lef.  A flaying of a hevenly effect in an earthily Aftor.
Par.  That's it, I would haue said, the verie fame.
Ol. Lef.  Why your Dophine is no hifter: fore mee I fling it in respect.
Par.  Nay, I fling it, 'tis very straining, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's a most facenierous spirit, that will not seake knowledge to be the——
Ol. Lef.  Very hand of heauen.
Par.  'Psy I say.
Ol. Lef.  In a most weakne.
Par.  And debile miner great power, great transcendance, which should indeede gine vs a further vie to be made, then alone the recovery of the king, as to bee
Ol. Lef.  Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helene, and attendants.
Par.  I would haue said it, you say well: here comes the king.
Ol. Lef.  Lithique, as the Dutchman fayes: I like a maide the better whilst I have a toasht in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.
Par.  Meo du vinager, is not this Helen?
Ol. Lef.  Fore God I thinke so.
King.  Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sit my preferruer by thy patients fide, And witt this healthfull hand whose banifh'd fence Thou haft repae'd, a second time receyve The confirmation of my promis'd guilt, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide fend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcel Of Noble Butcherells; stand at my bethowinge, One whom both Soveraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to w'ghty franke elecction make; Thou haft power to chose, and they none to forfake.
Hel.  To each of you, one faire and venorous Miftis; Fall when long pleae, marry to each but one.
Old Lef.  I'de gise bay curatt, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then thine boyes, And you as little heard.
King.  Perute them well; Not one of thine, but had a Noble father.
She addresses her to a Lord.
Hel.  Gentlemen, heathen hath through me, refrond the king to health.
All.  We understand it, and thakke heauen for you.
Hel.  I am a simple Maide, and therein wealtihesthat I profess, I simply am a Maide: Plesse is your Maiestie, I have done already: The blusses in my cheekes thus whispet mee.
We blusht that thou shouldst choose, but be refus'd; Let the white death flit on thy cheeke for euer,
We're neare come there again.
King.  Make choie and icee, Who haue thy selfe thus in thy lone in mee.
Hel.  Now Dian from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall awe, that God most hight.
Do my highes frizeame: Sir, wil you heare my suitte?
1. Lef.  And grant it.
Hel.  Thanks Sir, all the rest is mute.
Ol. Lef.  I had rather be in this choife, then throw
Anitee for my life.
1 Hel.  The honor that it wills in thy faire eyes,
Before I speake too threateningly replies:
Lowe make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that doe thiknes, and her humble lowe.
2. Lef.  No better if you please.
Hel.  My wish receive,
Which great lone grant, and do take my leaue.
Ol. Lef.  Do thy liue, thanssh all his lone in mee.
And they were fans of mine, I'de hause them whisp'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.
Hel.  Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blesing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde forther fortune, if you euer wed.
Old Lef.  These boyes are boyes of Ice, they're none
Par. Your pleasure sir.
Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.
Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?
Laf. I sitt not a Language I speak 't.
Par. A moit harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succedinge My Master?
Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Roslin?
Par. To the Count, to all Counts: to what is man.
Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another file.
Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisifie you, you are too old.
Laf. I must tell thee thisra, I write Man: to which title uge cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of thy trauell, it might pause: yet the scarris and the banneret about thee: did manifestlie diddled me from beleeting thee a vellift of too great a burthen, I hauenow found thee, when I looke thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that tis our fears worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity vp on thee.
Laf. Do not plunde thy selfe to farre in anger, leat thou haftend thy tripall: which if, Lord hauemercie thee for a ben, to my good window of Lestice face thee well, thy censemet I heres no open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.
Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.
He weares his honor in a boxe vayne,
That hugges his kickie wickie hearte at home,
Spending his mantle narrow in her armes
Which should suinate the bound and high curte
Of Marchese fisiled to other Regions,
France is a fable, where they dwell in Ides,
Therefore tooe vane.
Ref. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquant my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
Which that I dont not speake. His present gift
Shall furnishe me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike; Warses is no strife
To the darke house, and the detected wife.
Par. Will this Capitshio hold in thee, art sure?
Ref. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warses, fere to her fingle sorrow.
Par. Why they be bals bound, thers noise in it, Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that is hard:
Therefore away, and lease her branely go,
The king he's done you wrong: but hith tis so. Exit

Enter Helena and Claudio.
Hcl. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?
Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's
very merry, but yet she is not well: but thankes be gi-
nen she's very well, and wants nothing in the world: but
yet she is not well.
Hcl. If she be very well, what do's she style, that she's
not verie well?
Clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things
Hcl. What two things?
Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God fend
her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence
God fend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.
Par. Bleffe you my fortunate Lady.
Hcl. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine
owne good fortune.
Par. You had my prayers to leadem 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 her money,
I would she did as you say.
Par. Why I say nothing.
Clo. Merry you are the wifer man: for many a mans
tongue flakes out his masters vandoing: to say nothing,
to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing,
is to be a great part of your ticate, which is within a verie
little of nothing.
Par. Away, that's a knaue.
Clo. You should have said for before a knaue, th'arc a
knaue, that's before me th'arc 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 falls sir, or were you
taught to finde me?
Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foolc
may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the
encrease of laughter.
Par. A good knaue sith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
All's Well that ends Well.

A very ferocious businesse call'd on him:
The great prerogative arid pride of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But, puru it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whole delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the cursed time.
To make the comming hour oceillow with joy,
And pleasure drown the trim.

Hel. What's his will else?
Par. That you will take your infall leave a'th king,
And make this lust as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?
Par. That having this obtain'd, you prefentie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come firrash.

Enter Lear and Bertram.

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

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approepe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deluereance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I touke this lastke
for a bunntng.

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

Laf. I have since fin'd against his experience, and
transfigur 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 friends, I will pur-
sume the amite.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Th'ese things shall be done fir.

Laf. Pray you fir whole his Tailor?

Par. Sire?

Laf. Ol I know him well, I fir, hee fins a good work-
man, a verie good Tailor.

Par. Is hee gone to the king?

Laf. He is.

Par. Will hee away to night?

Par. As you please here.

Par. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Giv'n order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take posseffion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Tranisler is something at the latter end
of a damner, but on that lies three thirds, and vse a
known truth to passe a thousand nothing's with, should
bee onced hard, and thrice beaten. God faue you Cap-
taine.

Ber. Is there any yekindnesse betweene my Lord and
yno Monfieur?

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

Laf. You have made shift to run into', bostes and
spurrers and all, like him that leapt into the Caftard, and
out of it you'le come againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.

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

Laf. And shall doe ouer, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of
me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the foule
of this man is his cloathes: Trufit him not in matter of
heuse conlquence: I haue kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to defend at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare,

Ber. I thingke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

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

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leave
For present parling, only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not mutuelly Hidew at my courte,
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 unsetled: This drives me to inructe you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather more then ask when I inructe you,
For my respectes are better then they seems,
And my appontments have in them a neede
Greater then theews it feels at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
Twill be two daies ere I shall fee you, lo,
I leaue you to your wife-dome.

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

Ber. Come, come, no more of that,

And ever shall

With true obierrance fecke to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely frasses have failet
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farewell:
He 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 sheepe, most faine would steale
What law does voue mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce to much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sinder, and not kiffe.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to hirse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord;
Where are my other men? Monfieur, fat well...

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

Par. Brayeul, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourishs. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troops of Spaniards.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The
The fundamental reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsith after.

1. Lord. Holy seemes the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part: blacke and fearless
One on another.

duke. Therefore we must use much of our sinse France
Would in so iuit a buffe nose, that his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

duke. We have more than much of our Cofin France
Would in so iuit a buffe nose, that his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our fate I cannot yeeld,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counciell frame,
By sly vsible motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile.
As often as I gueft.

duke. Be it thy pleasure.

french. But I am farre the yonder of one nature,
That forset on their eale, will day by day
Come here 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 auxilies they fell,
To Morrow to the field.

La. Why should he be kill'd?
clo. So say I Madam, the ranke away, as I hear he
does, the danger is in standing too long, that's the loss of
too, that's the loss of
men, though he be the getting of children. Here he
come will tell you more. For my part I longly hear your
sonne was run away.

Enter Helten and two Gentleman.

French. Save you good Madam.

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

french. Do not say so.

La. Think you patience, pray you Gentleman,
I have feate to many quirkes of joy and geree,
That the first face of meeter on the first
Can woman me vnto. Where is my sonne I pray you?

french. He's gone to ferne the Duche of Flo-
rence,

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

Hel. Louke on his Letter Madam, here's my Papsort.

When that ye cant get the King upon your fingers, which never
shall come off, and thou meet a child with the bate,
That I am faster too then can our husbands but in such a (then)
I write a New.

This is a dredefull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentleman?

R.G. I Madam, and for the Contents take are forzie
for our pains.

old la. I prethee Lady have a better cheere,
If thou engroffe, all the greffes are thine,
Thou robbe me of a moite: He was my sonne,
But I do wath his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child, towards Florence is he?

french. G. Madam.

La. And soe be my lord.

french. Such is his noble purpose, and beleue's
The Duke will Jay upon him all the honor

That good conuenience claims:

La. Returne you thither.

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

Hel. Tell I have no wife, I have nothing in France,

'Tis bitter.

La. Find out that there?

Hel. I Madam.

french. E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand imply, which
his heart was not contenting too.

old la. Nothing in France, till he have no wife:

There's nothing here that is so good for him
But only the, and the defenses a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might send upon,
And call her hourly Mifiris. Who was with him?

french. E. A fervant only, and a Gentleman: which I
have sometyme knowne.

La. Parole was it not?

french. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

A very tained fellow, and all of wickednesse,
My lowe corrup't a well derived nature
With his inducement.

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

La. You are welcome Gentleman, I will intreate you
when you fee my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
never winne the honor that he loofoe: more he intreate
you written to bear along.

Franc. We fear you Madam in that and all your worldly affairs.

La. Not so, but as we change our counsellors,
Will you draw near?

Bel. Till I be no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife: Thou shalt have none Ruffians: none in France,
Then haft thou all against poor Lord, is't I
That chafe thee from thy Country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine, to the event
Of the none-sparking warre: And is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with faire eyes, to be the mark
Of insipite Muskets? O you leaden meffengers,
That ride upon the violent foede of fire,
Fly with falsy sylvae, mount the full-peering sire
That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer shouts at him, let him there.
Who euer charges on his forward brest
I am the Caftelle that do hold him too,
And though I kill him not, I am the caus;
His death was so effect'd: Better twice
I met the raune Lyon when he roard
With sharpe conflag rant of hunger: better twice,
That all the misteries which nature ows
Were mine at once. No come thou home Ruffians,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a scare,
A soft it looses all, I will be gone:
My being here is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay hence to do's? No, no, althougb
The ayre of Paradifie did fan the house,
And Angles of 'd all: I will be gone,
That pittfull rumour may report my flight
To confolate thine ears. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poor theafe) I feare away. Exit.

Flor. Enter the Duke of Florence, Ruffians,
Drums and trumpets, Soldiers, Purcell.

Duke. The General of our hoar thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our buff loose and credence
Upon thy promising forrow. So, now it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll trust to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy suspicious misfits.

Bel. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy fire,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A louder of thy drumme, baser of loue.

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know shee would do, as shee has done,
By sending me a Letter. Read it again.

Letter.

I am S. &c. these words, nothing gone:

Ambitious loose hath so me offended,
That base-foot plaid I the cold ground upon
With jentled view my sauce to have amended

Write, write, that from the bowles heart of warre,
My dearoff &c. offer thy dear soul, may be,
Blisse him at home in peace. Whilst I from hence,
His name with zealous veneration justify.

Thou hast labour'd but this must me forgive:
I was so high, I was so hard for't.

From Countrey friends, with Coursing feet to love,
Where death and danger doges the heales of heart.
He is so good and faire for death, and mee.
Whom my self embrasse, to set him free.

Ah what sharpe things are in her mindleff words?
Rynado, you did never lacke aduice so much.
As leting her paffic fo: had I spake with her,
I could have well distrusted her intents,
Which thus fhe hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had given you this at other night,
She might have beene one-tane: and yet the writer
Purpurate would be but vaine.

Flor. What Angel shall
Bless this worthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Veselie her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear.
And loues to grant, repreche him from the wrath
Of greatel Justice. Write, write Rynado,
To this worthy husband of his wife,
Let euer word weigh heauie of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatel greffe,
Through little he do feel it, set downe sharpeely.
Dispatch the most convenient meffenger,
When haply he shall hear that shee is gone.
He will returne, and hope I may that flie
Hearing fo much, will speed a her footsteps
to bless by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereft to me, I have no skill in fience.
To make distinction: proude this Meffenger;
My heare is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greffe would haueteares, and sorrow bids me speake.

A Tucket about.

Enter old Pridham of Florence, her daughter, Violante
And Marianna, with other Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,
For they do approch the City.
We shall loose all the fight.
Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honoourable seruice.

Duke. It is reported,
That he has taken their great Commander,
And that with his owne hand he flw.
The Duke brother: we have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie wayes harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maries. Come lets returne againe,
And suficie our selves with the report of it.
Weill Diana, take heed of this French gentle.
The honor of a Madam is her name,
And no Legacie is forrech
As honest.

Widow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.
Mar. I know that knave, hang him, one Padaro, a filthy rogue, he's in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them. Dian! their promesies, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all their engines of 26, are not the things they go under: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the merrie is example, that so terrible fowles in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diffiante succestion, but that they are lined with the swiggis that threatens them. I hope kneel 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 luff.

Dian. You shall not neede to seare me.

Enter. Helen.

Wid. I hope so: I loue you here comes a pilgrim, I know she will dye at my house, thinking they find one another, I'll question her. God save you pilgim, whether are bound?

Hel. To St. Iannes la grand. Where do the Palmeers lodge, I do beleeve you?

Wid. At the S. Francis here beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? A march of arte.

Wid. I marry it. Have you, they come this way:

Hel. If you will carrie holy Pilgrimage, but till the troopes come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd, the rather I think I know your hoastell.

As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe? If you shall please to Pilgrimage, it will be to your advantage, and shall stay upon your Jeloue.

Wid. You came I think from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a COUNTRYMAN of yours that has done worthy service.

Hel. His name says you?

Wid. The Count Reuffion: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that heers most nobly of him.

Is it your selfe?

Hel. What fameter he is. He's braverly taken here. He flees from France. As'tis reported for the King had married him Against his liking. Thank you it is so?

Hel. I fully see the truth. I know your Lady. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count, but couerly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dian. Monsieur Parrauies.

Hel. He's a Dutchman, with me.

In argument of praise, or to the worth. Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane. To have her name repeated, all her despairing, Is a refusen honeste, and that I have not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poor Lady, 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. In write good creature, wherefore thet is, Her heart wrackes daily: this yong maid might do her A bloody name if the pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amourous Count solicieth her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed, and breaks with all that can in such a suit.

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is a friend for him, and keeps her guard
In honest defence.

Enter Count Reuffion, Parrauies, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddess forbid este.

Wid. So, now they come. That is Antonio the Duke's eldest sonne,
That Estately.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dian. Hee;

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow, I would he knew his wife: she were honest.
He were much goodlier. It's not a handson Gentleman.

Hel. I like him well.

Dr. This partly he is not honest yondats that fame knave That leads him to these places: were he a Ladie, I would poison that vile Rafall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dian. That lacke an apes with scarres. Why is he melanchoely?

Dr. Perchance he's hunt a battals.

Par. Loose out drum? Well.

Mar. He's dre breadly vexat at something. Loose he has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, hee a ring-carrier. Exit. Wid. The troopes is past: Come pilgim, I will bring you, Where you shall bode: Of these my handmes.

There's foure or five, to great St. Iannes bound, Allegrie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Wid. Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maile. To este with vs to night, the charge and thankynge Shall be for me, and to require you further, I will beseve some precepts of this Virgin.

Worthy the note.

Thank, We'll take your offer kindly. Exit.

Enter Count Reuffion and the Frenchmen, at a first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too: let him have his way.

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

Cap. E. Oh my life my Lord a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so faire

Deceiv in him.

Cap. E. Believe it my Lord, in mine owne direc:

knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endless Lyr, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualities, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reproving too faire in his versus which he hath not, he might as some great and truffile buinissee, 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 hear he no confidenty vnder-take to do.

C. E. I wish a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-
prise him, such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: wee will blinde and bow-winkle him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is car-
ried into the Lager of the adversaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be sure your Lordship present as his examination; if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver up the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the drumme foremost of his foule upon oaths, never suit with my judgement in the thing.

Cap.G. O for the sound of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he layes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottom of this treachery, and to what acclisle this cometh, why, heap of ours will be melted if you give him not some drummes entertainment, your inculning cannot be removed. Here be content.

Enter Parriull。

Cap.E. O for the lour of laughter hinder not the ho-

nor of his deigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any

hand.

Ber. How now Master? This drumme facks for-

by in your disposition.

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

Par. But a drumme: it but a drumme? A drum too

loft. There was excellent command, to charge in with

our horse upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne

foulders.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of

the service: it was a disater of warre that Caesar him

selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to

command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemn our suc-

ceffe: some daft horse we had in the loffe of that drum,

but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beene recovered,

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ser-

vice is fildome attributed to the true and exact perfor-

mer, I would have that drumme or another, or his sa-

cet.

Ber. Why if you have a stamacke, don't Monseur; if you

think your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this

instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be

magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace

the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in

it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extoll to you

what further becometh his greatnesse, even to the virtu

fulable of your worthynesse.

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

Ber. But you must not now blubber init.

Par. He abowt this euening, and I will pretend

downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my cer-

tainie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and

by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are

gone about it.

Par. I know not what the succeffe will be my Lord,

but the attempt I vow.

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

Par. I loue not many worlds.

Cap.E. No more then a fifth loops water. Is not this

whange fellow my Lord, that so confidetly comes to

vindicate this burleske, which he knows not to be

done, daunt him selfe to do, & dares better be done

then to doo's.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we do,

certeine it is, that he will flesh him selfe into a mans

haurt, and for a weeke escape a great deale of diffi-
culties, but when you finde him out, you have him ever

after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deede in

all of this that so pretends hee does address himselfe

vast?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an in-
nention, and clap upon you two or three probable

but we have almost imboff him, you shall see his fall to

night; for indeed he is not for your Lordships

repect.

Cap.G. Woe to you warne with the Fose

ers we cafe him. He was first sooke o' the old Lord

Lafein, when his disguife and he is parted, tell me what

a spriet you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve-

rie night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twigsges,

He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and thew you

The Lasse I spake of.

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

Ber. That's all the fault: I spake with him but once,

And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her

By this same Coxbome that we have't with me

Tokens and Letters, which she did refuse,

And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature,

Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Helen, and Widdow.

Heli. If you middoubt me I am not free;

I know not how I shall afftre me further,

But I shall loose the grounds I worke upon.

Wid. Though my estate be false, I was well borne,

Nothing acquainted with these bufeinesse,

And would not put my reputation now

In any flaining act.

Heli. Nor would I wish you

First give the truth, the Count he is my husband,

And what to your oworne counsail I have spoken,

Is so from word to word: and then you cannot

By the good saide that I of you shall borrow,

Err in bellowing it.

Wid. I should beleive you,

For you have for'd me that which well appros

'Y're great in fortune,

Heli. Take this purse of Gold,

And let me buy your friendly helpe thus faire,

Which I will owe pay, and pay againe

When I have found it. The Count he woes your

daughter,

Layes downe his wanten stadge before her beautie,

Relooue to carry her: let her in fine content

As we'll direct her how 'tis beft to beare it,

Now his important blood will naught denie,

That therefore demands a ring the Countie weares,

That downward hath succeded in his house

From
From some to some, some four or five dissenters.
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 seem too dear.

How ere repeated after.

Hath. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hath. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere the fames as wouned,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delitiers me to fill the time.
Her selfe most chastly abstain a mere
To marry her, lie add three thousand Crownes
To what is path already.

[Aside. Than Iced.

Infused my daughter how the fmall perver,
That time and place with this device to lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Mustikes, of all arts, and langes compos'd
To her vnworthynesse: It nothing pleased vs
To chide him from our ears, for he perills
As if his life lay on't.

Hath. Why then to night
Let vs lay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not fine, and yet a sinfull fact.

But I'll about it.


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

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fallie upon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your felves, no matter: for we must not feeme to understand him, vntil he come one among vs, whom wee must pro-
duce for an Interpreter.

2. Sal. Good Captaine, let me be th Interpreter.

3. Lord E. Am not acquainted with him: knowes he not why he comes?

4. Sal. No sir I warrant you.

5. Lord E. But what linfe wold thou to speake to vs againe.

6. Sal. En such as you speake to me.

7. Lord E. Hemm! this chiks vs some band of strangers, 1th
adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a snacke of all
neighbouring Languages: therefore we much one be a man of his owne fance, nor to know what we speake one to anothers: so we speake to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gable enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, your selfe seeme very politesse. But couth ho, heere hee comes, to be gui
gue two hours in a sleepe, and then to returne & wreathe the lies he forges.

Enter Parrelle.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three hours twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plauful invention, that carries it. They beginne to smoke mee, and diligraces have of late, knock if too often at my doores: I finde my tongue is too foole-bristle, but my heart hath the face of Mars.
L. E. You tell the Count Rosilio, and my brother, We have caught the woodcooke, and will keep him Till we do have from them. (muffled)
Sol. Captain I will.
L. E. A will betray us all into our fetters, Inform on that.
Sol. So I will, sir.
L. E. Till then I will keep him dace and safely lock.
Exit
Enter Bertman, and the Maid called Dian.
Bert. They told me that your name was Fortyfold.
Dian. Not my good Lord, Dian.
Bert. Titled Goddefe.
And worth it with addition: but faire foule, In your fine frame hath loue no qualitative.
If the quickere fire of youth light not your minde,
You are a Maid, but a monstern.
When you are dead you should be such a one As you are now: for you are cold and sere.
And now you should be as your mother was.
When we were forever fell we got.
Dian. She then was honest.
Bert. So should you be.
Dian. No:
My mother did but dutif, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife,
Bert. No more that:
I prether not to frisse against my voves.
I was complyled to her, but I lose thee.
By loves owne sweet constrained, and will for sure Do thee all rightes of service.
Dian. I do your service,
Tell us thence:
If he love you, But when you have our Letters, You barely leave our thorne to prick our feltes, And mocke vs with our barrennesse.
Bert. How haue I frustrate
Dian. It is not the many thorns that makes the truth, But the plaine fingle vowe, that is your true:
What is not holde, that we live nor by,
But take the high light to wistfull: then prays you tell me,
If I should vaunt, I have great atributes.
I foyd you deepe, would you beleue my oathe,
When I die, you may tis he is no holding
To foresear by him whom I gottell to hau.
That I will workes against him. Therefore your oathe
Are wrode and poore conditions, but undeall'd
At left in my opinion.
Bert. Change it, change it:
Be not to holy cruell: Luce is holfe, And my integriete nere knew the craftes:
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But gue thy selfe remembrance, and observe,
Who them reurece. Say shews some mine, and enter,
My love as begi,nes, back to perfurme.
Dian. I see that you make repro's in such a scaree,
That weel forake our feltes. Give me the Ring.
Bert. Ile lend it thee my decere, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dian. Will you not my Lord?
Bert. It is an hounour longing to our hoomy, And wish therethdown from many Ancestors From which were the greatest of hounour to would.
In me to losse.
Dian. Mine Honor for the Ring.
My charitettes the jewel of our house.
Bequested downe from many Ancestors, Which were the greatest oblique Ith world.
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wildeflame
Brings in the Champion honer on mee part,
Against your wildeflame.
Bert. There, take my Ring,
My hooftes, mine honor, yea my life be thine, And I be bid by thee.
Dog. When midnights comes, knocke at my cham-
ber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of trueth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remains there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When seake against this Ring Ile will be delier'd.
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that in time proceeds,
May taken to the future, our past deids.
Adeu till then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Bert. A heauen en earth I have won by wooning thee,
D. For which, lye long to thank both heauen & mee,
You are now the end.
My mother told me if I how he would we,
As if he fate in heers. She svey, all men
Have the like oathe: He had frowne to marrie me
When his wifes death: therefore ile eye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are to saide,
Marry that will, lye and die a Maid:
Onely in this dissuice, I thinkt no finne,
To complaine that would vnulely winne.
Exit
Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Sentinels.
Cap. 1. You have not gien him his mothers letter.
Cap. 2. I have deliver'd an houre since, there is som thing in other things his nature: for on the reading, it he charg'd almost into another man.
Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for asking off for a good a wife, and for a lady.
Cap. E. Especially he hath incurred the gravest displeasure of the King, who had even turn'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing; but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap. G. When you have spokken it 'tis dead, and I am the grace of it.
Cap. E. He hath persuaded a young Gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most gulle renowne. At this night he fliesshe's will in the foyle of her honour; he hath given her his monnentall Ring, and thinkes himself made in the vnchatte composition.
Cap. G. Now God deny our rebellion, as we are our felter, what things are we.
Cap. E. Mereely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all traitours, we will feare them receale themselves, till they attain to their other ends: so he that in this action concludes against his own Nobility in his proper fireame, or fllows himselfe.
Cap. G. It is not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night?
Cap. E. Not till after midnight: 'for he is diered to his houling.'
Cap. G. That approaches space I would gladly have him see his company anachronized, that he might take
a measure of his own judgements, wherein he curiously he had fit this counterfeit.

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

Cep. In the mean time, what hear ye of these

Warres?

Cep. I hear there is an outcur of peace.

Cep. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cep. What will Count Roffisio do then? Will he trouble higher, or return again into France?

Cep. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Cep. Let it be forbid then, so should I be a great deal of his.

Cep. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint Iacques de Grail; which holy yndertaking, with most au-
terrae the company of the confederates; and there residing, the tendermore of her nature, became a prey to her

gre; in fine, made a groove of her last breath, & now the fings in heaven.

Cep. How is this justified?

Cep. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her for the part, even to the poynct of her death; her death, it fells, which could nor be her office to say, is done was sufficiently confirmed by the Rector of the place.

Cep. Has the Counsell all this intelligence?

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

Cep. I am heartily forrie that he'll bee gladde of this.  

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

Cep. And how mightily some other times, we dwonwe our gaine in teares, the great digstantial that his

valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be en-

counted with a shame as ample.

Cep. The weble of our life, is of a mingled yarde, good and ill together; our ventures would be proue, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dis-
pair if they were not cherish'd by our ventures.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! Where's your master?  

Sir. He met the Duke in the street first, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendation to the King.

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

Enter Count Roffisio.

Cep. They cannot bee too sweere for the Kings tart-

nisse, here's his Lordship now. How now my lord, I think it may be to-morrow?

Cep. Sir, to night dispatch'd instead businesse, a moneth lengthens peace, by an abstinence of sacrilege; I have coned with the Duke, done me right with his neercest; buried a wife, insu'd for her, write to my Law-
dice mother, I am returning, care, tain'd my Conny, & betweene thes maine parcells of dispatch, affected ma-

nysie needs: the lab was the greater, but that I have not ended yets.

Cep. If he but pass through of any diffculty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires half of your

Locshipp.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Poole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfeater moddle, he has de
div'd me deke, like a doublens-meant Prophet.

Cep. Bring him forth, he lye fike stocks all night long, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heele haue defended it, in virgin

ing his spurre so long. How does he carry himself?

Cep. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The stockes carrie him. Butto answer you as you would be worderd, he wereps like a wench that had sherd her

mile, he hath confess himselfe to Morges, whom bee supposse to be a Friar, for the time of his remembrance to this very instan disacter of his feeling i' the stockes: and what thinge you be hath confess?

Ber. Nothing of me, he's a's.

Cep. His confession is taking it, and shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship bee in't, as I believe you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolle with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, murther, he can say nothing of me: beth beth.

Cep. Floodman comes: Portzartasarof.

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

Par. I will confess what I know without confirnis.

Inter. Bisee Chamurro.

Inter. You are a merciful General: Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of Noire.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

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

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weake and in-

tertisable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Com-
manders were poore roguis, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Par. Shall I let downe your answer so?

Par. Do, let the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will say all one to him.

Ber. What a paide main is this?

Cep. Yare decedt'my Lord, this is Montcart

Parolle the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole doctrine of warre in the knot of his

sacris, the prarkels in the chape of his dagger.

Cep. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his favours clean, nor belieue he can tary eture thing in him, by weareing his apparel nearly.

Inter. Well, that's fere down.

Par. Five of the thirdbd horde I spy, I will say true, or the reald for downe, for he speakes trath.

Cep. He's every neere the truth in this.

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

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

Inter. Well, that's fere down.

Par. I humbly thank you sir, a truth's a truth, the

Rogues are marvellousy true.

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

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present

hour, I will tell true. Let me fee, Spirit a hundred &

fifties.
fiftie, Sebastian so many, Caramuso so many, Jacques so many: Giuliani, Cesare, Loddimers, and Grazia, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, Christopher, Diamond, Benet, two hundred fiftie each: so that the number file, rotten and found, upon my life amounteth not to fifteene thousand pole, half the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cascookes, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

"Bar. What shall be done so him?"

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

"Int. Well that faileth you; you shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumas bee in Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertness in wares or whether he thinkes it were possible with well-weighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to that? What do you know of it?"

"Par. Before you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly."

"Int. Do you know this Captain Dumas?"

"Par. I know him, a was a Botches Prestixe in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Strieves fool with child, a dumece innocent that could not say him nay."

"Bar. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeite to the next title that falls."

"Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's campe?"

"Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowlie."

"Cap.G. Nay looke not so upon me: we shall hear 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 write to me this other day, to turne him out 4th band. I thinke he hat his Letter in my pocket."

"Int. Marry we'll search."

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

"Int. Heere tis, heere is a paper, shall I reade it to you?"

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

"Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well."

"Cap.G. Excellently."

"Int. Dian, the Count a foole, and full of gold."

"Par. That is not the Dukes letter for that is an advertisement to a proper mede in Florence, one Dian, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rojflio, a foolish idle boy: but for that, very ruthtif. I pray you first read it up against."

"Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your favoure."

"Par. My meaning in't protest was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whalia to Virginity, and deouers vp all the lyr it finds."

"Ber. Dammable both foole and rogue."

"Int. Lat. When he foresaw trouble, let him drop gold, and take it."

After he foresaw, he never pays the score."

Half won is not worth half lost. Half won is not half won.

He were better, dekes, take it before, And say a sodain (Dian) told thee that: Men are to women, boys are not to kis.

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

Thine as he vow'd to thee in chine care'

"Par.

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

"Cap.E. This is your devoted friend of, the manful Linguiff, and the army-potent foouldier."

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

"Int. I perceive fit by your Generals lookes, we shall be faine to hang you."

"Par. My life in any case: Not that I am afraine to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repeat out the remainder of Nature. Let me live in a dungeon, 'tis pockets, or any where, so I may live."

"Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore once more to this Captain Dumas: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?"

"Par. He will speak for an Egge out of a Cleefere: for rapes and raufsiments he parcella Nefion. Hee professeth not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lyse with, with such volubility, that you would thinke trucht were a foole; drunkennesse is his bed- vore, for he will be wine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harme, false to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw, I haue but little more to say of his honesty, he's out rie thine that an honest man should not haue: what an honest man should haue, he has nothing."

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

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

"Int. What say you to his experitene in wares?"

"Par. Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the Englishe Tragedians to belye me I will not, and more of his soulliership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honoure to be the Officer at a place there called Mille-end, to instruet for the doubinge of files, I would doe the man what honoure I can, but of this I am not certain."

"Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villainie so farre, that the ratisn redeeme him."

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

"Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I need not ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt."

"Par. Sir, for a Cardecue he will fell the fee-simple of his falution, the inheritance of it, and cut th'smallie from all remaimers, and a perpetuall succesion for it perpetually.

"Int. What is his Brother, the other Captain Dumas?"

"Cap.F. Why doe he ask him of me?"

"Int. What's he?"

"Epe. A Crowe aunch name not: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deslein euell. He excels his Brother for a coward, yec his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate hee out runs any Lackey; mariet in comming on, hee he's the Carmpe."

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

"Par. I, and the Captain of his horse, Come Roglione."

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

"Par. Ie no more drumming, a plague of all drummers, quesy to seeme to defure well, and to beguile the supposition.
fision of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run
into this danger: yet who would have suspected an am-
bust where I was called?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the
General, you that have so traitorously discovered
the secrets of your arry, and made such pestiferous re-
ports of many very nobly held, can torture the world for
no honest vice; therefore you must dye. Come head-
man, off with his head.

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

Int. That shall you, and take your leaves of all your
friends:
So, look about you, know you any here?

Count. Good morrow noble Captain.

La.E. God bleste you Captain Parolles.

Cap.G. God save you noble Captain.

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

Cap.G. Good Captain will you give me a Copy of the
senti you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count
Raffish, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compel-
ly it of you, but far you well.

Exeunt.

Int. You are undone Captain all but your face, that
has a knot on'tye.

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

Int. If you could finde out a Countrie where but
women that had receiv'd so much flame, you
might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well sir, I
am for France to, we shall speake of you there. Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankfull if my heart were great
I would burst at this: Captain I le be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knowes himselfe a braggit
Let him feare this: for it will come to passe,
That every braggit shall be found an Asse.

Ruff sword, coole blulhes, and Paroles lie
Saileth in shame: being boddy, by foole trie slue;
There's place and meaning for every man alive.
Ille after them.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my frende: for whose throne his needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a defir'd office
Deere almoft as his life, which gratitute
Through frintie Tartars boosome would peepe forth,
And answerthankes. I duly am informed,
His grace is at Marsdale, to which place
We have convenient convey: you must know
I am suppos'd dead, the Army breaking,
My husband bies him home, where heauen syding,
And by the leane of my good Lord the King,
Well be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a tenant to whose truth
Your businesse was more welcome.

Hel. Not your Mifrides
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love? Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motrice
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweetly vse make of what they hate,
When fairely truffing of the coyn'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, fo lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you Diana,
Vender my poor instructsions yest must suffer
Something in my behalf.

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

Hel. Yet I pray you:
Put with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shill hauie leaes as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as thapes: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reunites vs.
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. Exeunt.

Enter Clause, old Lady, and Lafe.

Lafe. No, no, no, your fonne was miled with a fruite
catcher fellow there, whose villainous sattens wold hauie
made all the wisk'd and dowdy youth of a nation in his
colour: your daughter in law had beene alone at this
house, and your sonne hence at home, more advance d by
the King, then by that red-taill'd humble Bee I speak of.

La. I would had not knowne him, it was the death
of the most vertuous gentlemewan, that enter Nature
had prais'd for creating. If he had perkean of my fleth
and cleft mee the deceit groates of a woman, I could
not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lafe. Twas a good Lady, twas a good Lady. Wee
may pickke a thousand fulles ere wee light on such
another herbe.

Clo. Indeed for he was the sweete Margerom of the
fulles, or rather the herbe of grace.

Lafe. They are not herbes you know, they are nofe-
herbes.

Clauses. I am no great Valuable ador for it, I have not
much skill in grace.

Lafe. Whether doth thou profess thy selfe, a knawe
or a fool?

Clo. A fool is at a woman's servise, and a knawe at a
man's.

Clo. Your distination.

Lafe. I would confen the man of his wife, and do his
seruise.

La. So you were a knawe at his seruise indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble seruice to doe
her seruise.

La. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knawe
and fool.

Clo. At your servise.

La. No, no, no.

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

La. Whole that, a Frenchman?

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

La. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alas the prince of darke-
ness, alas she diuell.

La. Hold thee there's my purde, I glue thee not this
fo to fugget thee from thy matter thou talkt off, ferne
him still.
Cla. I am a woodland fellow sir, that always loved a good fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nabcility remain in his Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the mans will be too chill and tender, and they bee for the florifie way that leads to the broad gates, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to bee a ware of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd too, without any tricks.

Cla. If I put any tricks upon em sir, they shall bee laden tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature.

Laf. A fiery-temperd knave and an unsupptie.

Lady. So is. My Lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remains here, which hee thinke is a patent for his favours, and isleeved he has nopeace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, it's no amitt, 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 wrote the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maestie out of a felle gracious remembrace did first propoole, his Highneck hath promis'd me to do it, and to foppe vp the displeasure he hath concieved against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I with it happily effect.

Laf. His Highneck comes post from Marcellus, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am decied'd by him that in such intelligenee hath felledome fail'd.

La. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that your sonne will be here to night: I shall becheere your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meeet together.

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

La. You neede but please your honourable privelige.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Claudio.

Cla. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patche of veluet on's face, whether there bee a fear under't or no, the Veluet knowes, but it's a goodly patche 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 goe, or a noble scarre, is a good liutie of honor, so belike is that.

Cla. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs goe fee your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong noble fowlers.

Claudio. Thar is there's dower of em, with delicate fine hairs, and most courtesie feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

Exit Claudio.

All's Well that ends Well.

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

Helen. But this exceeding poffing day and night, Must wear your sperites low, we cannot helpe it: But since you have made the days and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my affaires, Be bold you do to grow in my requital, As nothing can vnoroute you. In happy time, Enter a gentle Astrarger.

This man may helpe me to his Majesties ear, He would spend his Power, God faue you sir.

Claudio. And you.

Sir, If I see you in the Court of France.

I have beene sometimes there.

I do presume sir, that you are not false From the report that goes vp your goodnesse, And therefore goosed with much sharper occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I pitie you.

The vie of your owne verties, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

What's your will?

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

The Kings not here.

Not here in?

Not indeed,

He bence remoued last night, and with more hast Then is his vife.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

All's well that ends well yet.

Though time seeme so aduere, and meanes vaile:

I do becheere you, whither is he gone?

Marry as I take it to be Roffian,

Whither is he going.

I do becheere you sir,

Since you are like to see the King before me,

Comend the paper to his gracious hand,

Which I presume shall reader you no blame,

But rather make you thank your paines for it,

I will come after you with what good speede

Our manneres will make vs meanes,

This lie do for you.

And you shall finde your felie to be well thankd what e're fallas more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Claudio and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Laosch! give my Lord Laosch this letter, I hunte ere now for beene better knowne to you, when I have held this disspaire with fierer cloathes but I am now fir muddied in fortunes mood, and finel somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but Duttish it seeme so stronly as thou speake it: I will himfelfe eno Fifth of Fortunes buttting. Pre thee alow the winde.

Nay you neede not to stopp your noise fir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Indeed fir, if your Metaphor finke, I will stopp my noise, or against any mens Metaphor: Prethee get thee further.
Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Ces. Foh, peechee stand away a paper from fortunes cloes-Rooles, to giue to a Noblemen. Look eth here he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafen.

Ces. Heere is a pure of fortunes for, or of Fortunes Cut, but not a Musick, that hee's falle into the woeest Fifth-pound of her displeasure, and as he fayes is muddled within. Pray you sir, vfe the Carpe as you may, for hee lookes as a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally man. I dee pittie his distresse in my smilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly fratred.

Laf. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too saight to parte her nailes now. Wherein have you plaid hee knowes with fortune that she shall fratred you, who of her self is a good Lady, and would not have knowes hyrue long yer? There is a Cardecen for you: Let the offices make you and fortune friends; I am for other minette.

Par. I befeech your honoue to hear mee one single line.

Laf. You begge a single penye more: Come you shall ha' tis, and write your word.

Tar. My name my good Lord is Parrot.

Laf. You begge more then word then, Cox my pa-sol, giue me your hand: How does your dummie?

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

Laf. Was I the first? And I was the first that lothe thee.

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

Laf. Out upon thee knowes, doest thou put upon me more then once both of the office of God and the duty one brings mee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had toky of you last night, though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eate, goe too folow, I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old lady, Lafen, the two French

Lores, with attendants.

Kin. We left a wellof her, and our extemse was made much power by it: but you know, said and in folow, lack'd the force to know our utter estamination home.

Old Loff. 'Tis past my Lidge, and I befeech your Maiestie to make it utter all real, done in the blade of youth.

Laf. These oyle and fire, too strong for reserves, bearers, and burners on.

Kin. My honoued Lady, have you forgiven and forgotten all, though my revengees were high benn upon you, and watch'd the time to flouche.

Laf. This I must say,

Par. If first I begge my pardo yong Lord, to giue to his Maiestie, his Mother, and his Ladie, his offence of mighty subjects to humifie the greatest wrongs of all. He left a wife.

Kin. If these beauty did adorn the forums of richett eyes, what words all ears toke captiveth, these decee perfection, beastes that guard'd to feruice, to sparkle in the spirits of my daughter.
That she may quickly come, By my old beard, And e'er that hair’s that’s on’t, Helen that’s dead. Was a sweet creature: bless a ring as this, The last that ere I took her leave at Court, I saw upon her finger. 

Ber. Here it was not, King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was oft afood: This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her if her fortunes euer flounde, Nececrsity to help, that by this token I would releue her. Had you that craft to rescue her? Of what should she steal her mof? 

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne, How eee it pleases you to take it so, The ring was meere her. 

Old L. Some, on my life, I haue seen her wear it, and she reckand it. At her lines rate. 

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it. 

Ber. You are deceived, my Lord, she never saw it: In Florence was it from a caement throwne mee, Wrap’d in a paper, which contain’d the name Ouer that threw it: Noble she was, and thought I had angel’d, but when I had fel’d her, To mine owne fortune, and inform’d her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As she had made the ouerthrow, she cast In haughty satisfaction, and would never Receive the Ring again. 

Kim. Plead him selfe, That knowes the taint and multiplying med cine, Hath not in natures mysterie more force, Then I haue in this Ring, Twas mine, Twas Helen, Who euer gave it you: then if you know, That you are well acquainted with your felse, Confesse twas hers, and by whatrough enforcement You got it from her. She said the Saints to suetrie, That she would never put it from her finger, Valletta she gave it to your felse to be, Where you have never came; object vs vpon her great disdaine, 

Ber. She neuer saw it. 

Kim. Thou speakest it falsely: as I none mine honor, And maketh expectationless to come into me, Which I would faine shut out, if God would prove That thou art to my selfe, twill not prove so: And yet I know not, thou didst bear her deadly, And fide 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 pass notes, where ere the matter fall Shall taste my fears of little vanity, Huntain vainty fear’d too little. Away with him, 

Ber. If thou shal prove this Ring was euer hers, you shall as eafe Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet the neuer was. 

Enter a Gentleman. 

King. I am wrapt in diffmal thoughts. 

Grac. Gracious Soueraigne, 

Whether he beene too blame or no, I know not, 

Here is a petition from a Florentine, 

Whose fault for foure or five remoues com short, 

To tender it her selfe, I understand it, 

Vantages thereof by the faire grace and speech Of the poore suppliants, who by this I know 

Is here attending: her butinelle lookes in her, 

With an importing visage, and she told me 

In a sweet verball briefe, it did concerne 

Your Highness with her selfe. 

A Letter. 

Upon his many protestations to marry now when his wife was dead, I blisse to say it, he would me. Now is the Count Raffiloff a widowower, his owne are forfrud to mee, and my honour poyred to him. Her fille from Florence, taking in leave, and I follow him to his Country for Justice: Great it me, 0 King, in you I bost less, otherwise I should spes 

Diana Caplet, 

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and t'oule for this. He none of him. 

Kim. The heauen haue thought well on thee Lafew, To bring forth this discoutrie, seeke these furnes: Go freely, and bring against the Count. 

Enter Dorain. 

I am a feard the life of Helen (Ladie) 

Was fowly sancte. 

Old L. Now infecte on the doers. 

King. I wonder for, sir, youes are monsterous to you, And that you flye them as you wear them Lordship, Yet you desire to marry. What woman_s that? 

Enter Window, Diana, and Partolles. 

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Caplet, My fuite as I do vnderstand you know, And therefore know how farre I may be pittied, I ther, I am her mother for, whole age and honour. 

Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall eafe, without your remedie. 

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

Ber. My Lord, neither can nor will deny, 

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

Dia. Why do you ooke so distaste upon your wife? 

Ber. She_s none of mine my Lord. 

Dia. If you shall marry 

You givest away this hand, and that is mine, You givest away heavens vowes, and those are mine: You givest away my selfe, which is knowne mine: For I by vow am so engendred yours, 

That the which marrie 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 deaf noise creature, Whom sometime I have laugh’d with: Let your higher 

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, 

Then for to thinke that I would finke it here. 

Kim. Sit for your thoughts, you have them it to friend. 

L. His it to them the rather press to prove your honor, 

Then in their thought it lies. 

Diana. Good my Lord, 

Ask him upon his oath, if he doe’s think he 

Had not my virginity. 

Kim. What saith thou to her? 

Ber. She_s impudent my Lord, 

And was a common gameretter to the Campe, 

Diana. He do’s me wrong my Lord: If I were so, 

He might have bought me at a common price. 

Do
not below him. O behold this Ring, 
ho! how high soever and rich valdidic 
and lacking a Parrel; yet for all that 
to a Commoner a' th' Campe 
I be lone.

Cons. He bluffs, and 'tis hit: 
If the preceding Ancestors, that femme 
order'd by testament to th' frequent issue 
ath it bene owed and worn. This is his wife, 
that Ring a thousand ponds.

King. Me thought you said 
of aw one here in Court could wittesse it. 
Dis. I didn't Lord, but loath am to produce 
a bad instrument, its names Parrelles.

Lef. I saw the man to day, if man he bee. 
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hither.

Ref. What of him? 
'tis quoted for a most profidious flame 
with all the spots a th' world, taxe and deboild, 
those nature fickish: but to speake a truth, 
I m, or that or this for what he' s voter, 
that will speake any thing.

Kim. She had that Ring of yours. 
Ref. I think the has; certaine it is I lyk'd her, 
and boorded her th' wanton way of youth: 
she knew her distance, and did angle for me, 
asking my engagement with her retainers, 
all impediments in fancies coufe 
fore motives of more fasci, and in fine, 
fore unwise comming with her moderate grace, 
ubbed me to her rate, the got the Ring, 
and I had that which any inferiour might 
market price haue bought.

Dis. I must be patient: 
on that may turn'd off a first so noble wife, 
plaitly dy' me. I pray you yet, 
Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband) 
end for your Ring, I will returne it home, 
and give me mine again.

Kim. I haue it not.

Kim. What Ring was yours? I praye you?

Dis. Sir much like the fame upon your finger.

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

Dis. And this is it I gave him being a bed.

Kim. The story then goes faile, you threw it him 
Out of a Cafemant.

Dis. I haue spoke the truth. Enter Parrelles.

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

Kim. You boggie firewely, every leather lightes you: 
is this the man you speake of?

Dis. I, my Lord.

Kim. Tell me frrah, but tell me true I charge you, 
Not fearing the displeasure of your maiter: 
Which on your stff proceeding, I keepe off, 
by him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my maiter hath bin an 
Honourable Gentleman. Trickers hee hath had in him, 
which Gentlemen hau.

Kim. Come, come, to' th' purpose: Did hee love this 
g◦man?

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

Kim. How I praye you?

Par. He did love her fir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

Kim. How is that?

Par. He loid her fir, and loid her not.

Kim. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-

ocall Companion is this?

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

mand.

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

Dis. Do you know he promit me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

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

Par. Yes to please your Maiesty; I did goe betweene 
them as I said, but more then that he loved her, 
for in-deede he was make for her, and talkt of Sachan, and of 
Limbo, and of Fanaries, 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 promissing her 
marriage, and things which would desirue me ill to 
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kim. Thou hast spoken all already, victuall thou canst 
say they are mistrust, but thou art too fine in thy evidence, 
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dis. I my good Lord.

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

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

Kim. Who lent it you?

Dis. It was not lent me neither.

Kim. Where did you finde it then?

Dis. I found it not.

Kim. Hit were yours by noine of all these wares, 
How could you give it him?

Dis. I never gave it him.

Lef. This womanes a caffle gloue my Lord, the goes 
on and on at pleasure.

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

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

Kim. Take her away, I do not like her now, 
To prison with her: and away with him, 
Vnillese thou tellle me where thou hadst this Ring, 
Thou diest within this house.

Dis. Ie never tell you.

Kim. Take her away.

Dis. He putte in my bidge, 
Kim. I think thee now some common Customer.

Dis. By love if ever I knew man say was. 

Kim. Wherefore haft thou accuse me at this while, 
Dis. Because he's guite, and he is not guite: 
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee I swearre too't: 
He swearre I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no Trumpeter, by my life, 
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kim. She does abuse our ears, to prison with her.

Dis. Good mother fetch my bylde, Stay Royall sir, 
The Jeweller that owes the Ring isent for, 
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, 
Who hath abud's me as he knowes himselfe, 
Though yet he never harm'd me, heere I quit him. 
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath def'd, 
And at that time he got his wife with childe: 
Dead though the be, shee feels her yong one kick: 
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick, 
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helen and Wildlow.

Kim. Is there no exorcist? 
Beguiles the true Office of mine eyes? 
Is't real that I see? 

Hel. No my good Lord,
All's Well that Ends Well.

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ref. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter, this is eyes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Ref. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loue her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove virtue,
Deadly divorce steep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you living?
Lct. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Toin Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee. wait on me home, Ile make sport with thee:
Let thy curtizes alone, they are scurry ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this flarie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flowe:
If thou beest yet a faire vnchopped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueffe, that by thy honest aye,
Thou keipt a wife her seife, thy seife a Maid.
Of that and all the progresse more and leffe,
Refolded more leasure shall expresse:
All yet leenes 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 you finde be wonne,
That you express Content: which we will pay,
With drift 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 omnes.