All's Well, that Ends Well from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
    Published according to the true originall copies.
Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies
Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627
Droeshout, Martin, 1601
Jaggard, Isaac, -1627
Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632
Jaggard, William, 1569-1623
Smethwicke, John, -1641
Aspley, William, -1640
Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services
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<funder>
  <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)
\[ 2C^2 a-g^6 \chi g^6 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2 [\text{para.}] 2[\text{para.}] 6 3[\text{para}] 1 \text{a-ff}^6 \]
\[ \text{hh}^6 \text{kk-bbb}^6 \]; 2. West: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a- \)'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [\text{para.}] 2[\text{para.}] 6 3[\text{para}] 1 \text{2a-2f}^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6 \]
\[ x^6 2y-3b^6. \]

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

</condition>
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<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".
2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.

<p></p></additions>


<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of</p>
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905).</p>
For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.<p>
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  <persName type="form">Inter.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">L. Laf.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Laf.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lafew.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ol. Lord</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ol. Laf.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Old Laf.</persName>
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ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.</head>
</div>
</body>
</text>
blacke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic center">Mother.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
    I deliver my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>And I in going Madam, weep o'er my fathers death anew; but I must attend his sties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subjection.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, vnnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?</p>
He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

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

A Fistula my Lord.

I heard not of it before.

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

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

Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Your commendations Madam get from her teares.
ʼTis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise
in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her
heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all
liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this
Helena, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then
to haue &amp;#xE3A;.

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

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

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

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

Aduise him.
He cannot want the best
That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen blesse him: Farwell Bertram.

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

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

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but Bertrams.

I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particular starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th' ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Must All's Well, that Ends Well

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

Saue you faire Queene.

And you Monarch.

No.

And no.

Are you meditating on virginitie?
I: you haue some staine of sou'dier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?
Keepe him out.

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

There is none: Man setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you vp.
Is there no Military policy how Vir\textsuperscript{16}gins might blow vp men?

Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Commonwealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall increase, and there was never Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is tall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by being kept, it is euere lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

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

There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobeidence. He that hangs himselfe should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very paying, and so dies with feeding his owne stomache. Besides, Virginiti\textsuperscript{16}e is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away
How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted, but vnsoateable, just like the brooch & the tooth­pick, which were not now:

your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French with'rd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a with'rd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a with'rd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Not my virginity yet:

There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,

A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,

A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,

A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,

A Counsellor, a Traitoress, and a Deare:

His humble ambition, proud humility:

His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:

His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world

Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:

I know not what he shall, God send him well,

The Courts a learning place, and he is one.
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>What's pitty?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>That wishing well had not a body in't.,</l>
  <l>Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,</l>
  <l>Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,</l>
  <l>Might with effects of them follow our friends,</l>
  <l>And shew what we alone must think, which never</l>
  <l>Returnes us thankes.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Page.</stage>

<sp who="#F-aww-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
  <p>Monsieur <hi rend="italic">Parolles</hi>, <lb/>My Lord</p>
  <p>Little <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> farewell, if I can remember thee, I <lb/>will thinke of thee at Court.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>Vnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> I.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>I especially thinke, vnnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>Why vnnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>The warres hath so kept you vnnder, that you <lb/>must needs be borne vnnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>When he was predominant.</p>

When he was predominant, I thinke rather.

Why thinke you so?

That's for aduantage.

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

Our remedies oft in our selues do lye, Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye

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

Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull

Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.

What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,

That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?

The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings

To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natuie things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those

That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose

What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue

To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?

(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,

But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

Exit

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

The Florentines and Senoys are by th' eares,

Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue

A brauing warre.

So tis reported sir.

The Florentines are by th' eares,

Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue

A brauing warre.

His loue and wisedome Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade

For amplest credence.

Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,

A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin

With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs

For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend

Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme

To haue vs make deniall.

His loue and wisedome

Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade

For amplest credence.

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

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

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

It is the Count Rosignoll my good Lord, Yong
Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face, Franke Nature rather curious then in hast
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.

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

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

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

You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.
Kin. I fill a place I know’t: how long ist Count Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam’d.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

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

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Flourish.
Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

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

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie
enough

<lb/>to make such knaueries yours.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">

<speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
<p>Well sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>No maddam,</p>

<T>Isbell</T> the w<lb/>
<p>ill doe as we may.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">

<speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
<p>Wilt thou needes be a begger?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>I doe beg your good will in this case.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>In what case?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>In <hi rend="italic">Isbels</hi> case and mine owne: seruice is no heri<lb/>
<p>ge, <lb/>and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God, <lb/>
<p>

<gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="2" unit="chars" resp="#JS">ge,

<gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="2" unit="chars" resp="#JS">ill I haue issue a my bodie:
for they say barnes are bles

agent="cropped" extent="2" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/ngs</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
 <p>Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell riues.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
 <p>Is this all your worships reason?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as ey are.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
 <p>May the world know them?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that may repent.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
 <p>Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues sake.</p>
 </sp>
Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the

Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, how somere their

eare are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,

hey may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.
Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumious knaue?

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

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

Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake wither,
I meane.

Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy, Fond done, done, fond was this King

And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.
One good woman in ten Madam, which is a prifying ath’ song: would God would serve the world so all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, ’twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

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

I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman entirely.

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

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

Cou.

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

Old. Cou.

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

Hell.

What is your pleasure Madam?
You know Hellen I am a mother to you.

Mine honorable Mistris.

Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I said 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 scene
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breedes
A natieue slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it currd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? vwhat's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet?

Pardon Madam.
The Count Rosillion cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His servuant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.
Nor I your Mother.

---

You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

So I were not his sister, cant no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

---

Yes, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother

So striue vpon your pulse; vwhat pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see

The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde

Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:

You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ton tooth to th' other, and thine eies

See it so grosely showne in thy behauiours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne

And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue

That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?

If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:

If it be not, forsweare't how ere I charge thee,

As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile

To tell me truelie.

Good Madam pardon me.

Your pardon noble Mistris.
<speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
<p>Loue you my Sonne?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
<p>Doe not you loue him Madam?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
<l>Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond</l>
<l>Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:</l>
<l>The state of your affection, for your passions</l>
<l>Haue to the full appeach'd.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
<l>Then I confesse</l>
<l>Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,</l>
<l>That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your Sonne:</l>
<l>My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:</l>
<l>Be not offended, for it hurts not him</l>
<l>That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not</l>
<l>By any token of presumptuous suite,</l>
<l>Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,</l>
<l>Yet neuer know how that desert should be:</l>
<l>I know I loue in vaine, strieu against hope:</l>
<l>Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.</l>
<l>I still poure in the waters of my loue</l>
<l>And lacke not to loose still; thus</l>
s<br rend="italic">Indian</s><hi rend="italic">like</hi><br>
<l>Religious in mine error, I adore</l>
<l>The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,</l>
<l>But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,</l>
<l>Let not your hate incounter with my loue,</l>
<l>For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,</l>
<l>Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,</l>
<l>Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,</l>
<l>Wish chastly, and loue dearly, that your</l>
s<br rend="italic">Dian</s><hi rend="italic"></hi><br>
<l>Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie</l>
<l>To her whose state is such, that cannot choose</l>
<l>But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;</l>
<l>That seeke not to finde that, her search implies,</l>
<l>But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.</l>
</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
<l>Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,</l>
<l>To goe to <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
  <p>Madam I had.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
  <p>Wherefore? tell true.</p>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
  <p>This was your motiue for <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, was it,</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;</l>
  <l>Else <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, and the medicine, and the King,</l>
  <l>Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,</l>
  <l>Happily beene absent then.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
  <p>But thinke you <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>, or</p>
  <p>If you should tender your supposed aide,</p>
  <p>He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions</p>
  <p>Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him</p>
  <p>They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit</p>
</sp>
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowl'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe.

Who = "F-aww-hel"

Hell.

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

Who = "F-aww-cou"

Cou.

Why Hellen thou shalt haue my leve
and

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

Who = "F-aww-kin"

King.

Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles

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

King.

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

'Tis our hope sir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

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

Health at your bidding serue you Maiesty.

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

Our hearts receiue your warnings.

Farewell, come hether to me.
<speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
<p>Oh my sweet Lord y<sup>superscript">t</sup></p>
</sp>

<p>behind vs.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
    <p>'Tis not his fault the spark.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo. E.</speaker>
    <p>Oh 'tis braue warres.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
    <p>Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rossill.</speaker>
    <l>I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,</l>
    <l>Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
    <l>And thy minde stand too't boy,</l>
    <l>Steale away brauely.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rossill.</speaker>
    <l>I shal stay here the for horse to a smocke,</l>
    <l>Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,</l>
    <l>Till honour be bought vp, and no sword wore</l>
    <l>But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
    <p>There's honour in the theft.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
    <p>Commit it Count.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo. E.</speaker>
    <p>I am your accessary, and so farewell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>I grow to you, &amp; our parting is a tortur'd body.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
Farewell Captaine.

Sweet Mounsier Parolles.

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

We shall noble Captaine.

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

And I will doe so.
<speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
<p>Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most newie sword men.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lafew.</stage>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">L. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p>Ile see thee to stand vp.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">L. Laf.</speaker>
  <l>Then heres a man stands that has brought his</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy, </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <l>O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <l>That's able to breath life into a stone,</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <l>That's able to breath life into a stone,</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <l>With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Is powerfull to arayse King</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <l>To giue great</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">Charlemaine</speaker>
  <l>Charlemaine</l>
</sp>
And write to her a love line. Who = "#F-aww-kin"

King. What her is this? Who = "#F-aww-laf"

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

If you will see her: now by my faith and honour, If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light delierance, I haue spoke With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,

Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?

For that is her demand, and know her businesse? That done, laugh well at me.

Now good Lafew, Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine By wondring how thou tookst it.

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

Nay, come your waies.

This haste hath wings indeed.

Nay, come your waies.

Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

This haste hath wings indeed.

Nay, come your waies.

This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him, A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors

His Maiesty seldome feares, I am
That dare leave two together, far you well.

Exit.

I my good Lord,

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

I knew him.

We thanke you maiden,

We thanke you maiden,

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned Doctors leave us, and

The congregated College have concluded,

That labouring Art can never ransom nature

From her inaydible estate: I say we must not

So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past care maladie

To empericks, or to disseuer so

Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme

A senselesse helpe, when helpe past sense we deeme.
All's Well that Ends Well.

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

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

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

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

—who="#F-aww-kin"

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

—who="#F-aww-hel"

Hel.—The greatest grace lending grace,
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist <hi rend="italic">Hesperus</hi> hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall liue free, and sickenesse freely dye.

—who="#F-aww-kin"

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

—who="#F-aww-hel"

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

—who="#F-aww-kin"

Kin.—Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisedome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
That ministers thine owne death if I die.
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>If I breake time, or flinch in property</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,</l>
<l>But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-k"n="2">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<p>Make thy demand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-h"n="2">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<p>But will you make it euen?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-k"n="2">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<p>I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-h"n="2">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand</l>
<l>What husband in thy power I will command:</l>
<l>Exempted be from me the arrogance</l>
<l>To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,</l>
<l>My low and humble name to propagate</l>
<l>With any branch or image of thy state:</l>
<l>But such a one thy vassall, whom I know</l>
<l>Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-k"n="2">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<p>Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,</p>
<p>Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:</p>
<p>So make the choice of thy owne time, for I</p>
<p>Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:</p>
<p>More should I question thee, and more I must,</p>
<p>Though more to know, could not be more to trust:</p>
<p>From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but</p>
<p>Vnquestion'd welcome, and vnoubted blест.</p>
<p>Give me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,</p>
<p>As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Florish.
Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Countesse and
Clowne.<stagemark/>

<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>

<p>To the Court, why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?</p>

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>

<p>Will your answere serue fit to all questions?</p>

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<p>As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attu\&#x00AD;, rney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as <hi rend="italic">Tibs</hi> rush for <hi rend="italic">Toms</hi>
fore finger, as a pancake for Shroue Tuesday, a Morris for May day, as the naile to his hole,
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

who = "#F-aww-cou"

Lady. <speaker rend="italic">Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnesse for all questions?</speaker><p></p>

who = "#F-aww-lav"
<speaker rend="italic">From below your Duke, to beneath your stable, it will fit any question.</speaker><p></p>

who = "#F-aww-cou"

Lady. <speaker rend="italic">It must be an answere of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.</speaker><p></p>

who = "#F-aww-lav"

Clo. <speaker rend="italic">But a triflle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.</speaker><p></p>

who = "#F-aww-cou"

Lady. <speaker rend="italic">To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by you're answere.</speaker><p></p>

La.<p>
I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?</p>

Clo.<p>
O Lord sir there's a simple putting of: more, more, a hundred of them.</p>

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

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

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

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

You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

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

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

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

And end sir to your businesse: giue Hellen
this,
<sp>
And urge her to a present answer backe,
<sp>
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
<sp>This is not much.
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
<p>Not much commendation to them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<p>Not much imployement for you, you
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<p>They say miracles are past, and we haue our
Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terours, ensoncing our selues into
see\\x00AD; ming knowledge, when we should submit
our selues to an vnknowne feare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<p>Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath
shot out in our latter times.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<p>And so 'tis.</p>
</sp>

Exeunt

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

They say miracles are past, and we haue our
Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terours, ensoncing our selues into
see\\x00AD; ming knowledge, when we should submit
our selues to an vnknowne feare.
Ol. Laf.

To be relinquish'd of the Artists.

Par.

So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Ol. Laf.

Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par.

Right so I say.

Ol. Laf.

That gave him out incurable.

Par.

Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf.

Not to be help'd.

Par.

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

Ol. Laf.

Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par.

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

Ol. Laf.

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

A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earth\ly Actor.</p>

Par.

That's it, I would haue said, the verie same.</p>

Ol. Laf.

Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee

Par.

Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the

Par.

I, so I say.</p>

Ol. Laf.

Very hand of heauen.</p>

Par.

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

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.</p>

Par.

I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the
King.</p>

<sp who="#F-aWW-Laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a <lb/>maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why <lb/>he's able to leade her a Carranto.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aWW-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>Mor du vinager, is not this <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aWW-Laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Fore God I thinke so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aWW-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,</l>
  <l>Sit my preserver by thy patients side,</l>
  <l>And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence</l>
  <l>Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue</l>
  <l>The confirmation of my promis'd guift,</l>
  <l>Which but attends thy naming.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter 3 or 4 Lords.</stage>
  <l>Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcel</l>
  <l>Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,</l>
  <l>Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice</l>
  <l>I haue to vse; thy franke election make,</l>
  <l>Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aWW-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;</l>
  <l>Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aWW-Laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old Laf.</speaker>
  <l>I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture</l>
  <l>My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,</l>
  <l>And writ as little beard.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aWW-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Peruse them well:</l>
  <l>Not one of those, but had a Noble father.</l>
</sp>
She addresses her to a Lord.

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

We understand it, and thanke heauen for you.

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

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

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

1. Lo.
And grant it.
Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

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

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

No better if you please.

My wish receive, Which great loue grant, and so I take my leve.

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

Be not afraid that I your hand should take, I'll never do you wrong for your owne sake: Blessing upon your vowes, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

These boyes are boyes of Ice, they none have.

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

You are too young, too happy, and too good To make yourself a son of my blood.

There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already.
I dare not say I take you, but I give me and my service, ever whilst I live into your guiding power: This is the man. 

Why then young Bertram take her she's thy wife.

My wife my Leige? I shall beseech your highness in such a business, give me leave to use the help of mine own eyes.

Know'st thou not Bertram what she has done for me?

But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe must answer for your raising? I knowe her well: shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: a poore Physician's daughter my wife? Disdaine rather corrupt me euer.

Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, would quite confound distinction: yet stands off in differences so mightie. If she bee...
All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)
A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede,
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our foregoers: the meere words, a slaue
Debosh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:
Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

I cannot loue her, nor will striue to doo't.
Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st striue to choose.
That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the rest go.
That are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the rest go.
My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate
I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle vp
My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know.
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:

Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:

Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie

Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,

Or I will throw thee from my care for euer

Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse

Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate

Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,

Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit

My fancie to your eies, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour

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

Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now

The praised of the King, who so ennobled,

Is as 'twere borne so.

Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,

A ballance more repleat.

I take her hand.

Good fortune, and the fauour of the King

Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,

And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast

Shall more attend vpon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,

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

Exeunt

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

Your pleasure sir.

Laf.

Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par.

Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Laf.

Are you Companion to the Count Rosillion?

Par.

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

Laf.

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

Par.

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

Laf.

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

Par.

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

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

Par.

Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity on thee.

Laf.

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

Par.

My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.
Well, I shall be wiser.

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

My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

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

Exit.

Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of &x2E3A; Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

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

I most vnfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboue is my master.
Who? God.

I sir.

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

This is hard and undeserued measure my Lord.

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

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

Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.
What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rossill.

Although before the solemn Priest I haue sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. O my Parrolles, they haue married me:

Ile to the Tuscan warres, and neuer bed her.

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

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

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warres: He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,

That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,

Spending his manlie marrow in her armes Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet

Of Marses fierie steed: to other Regions,

France is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades,

Therefore too'th warre.

Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift shall furnish me to those Italian fields where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife to the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par.

Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Ros.

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

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

Exit

Enter Helena and Clowne.

My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

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

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

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

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

Enter Parolles.

Blesse you my fortunate Ladie

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

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

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

Why I say nothing.

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

Away, th'art a knaue.

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

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

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

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

A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night, A

All's Well that Ends Well.

A verie serrious businesse call's on him:

The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,

Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets

Which they distill now in the curbed time,

To make the comming houre overlow with ioy,

And pleasure drowne the brim.

What's his will else?

That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,

And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,

Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke

May make it probable neede.

What's his will else?
<p>What more commands hee?</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <l>That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie</l>
  <l>Attend his further pleasure.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>In euery thing I waite vpon his will.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>I shall report it so.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Par.</stage>

<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>I pray you come sirrah.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lafew and Bertram.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a soildier.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <p>Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>You haue it from his owne deliverance.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <p>And by other warranted testimonie.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  </sp>
</div>
I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

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

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. Will shee away to night?

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

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

Cap<br><br>taine.</p>

Monsieur?</p>

It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.</p>

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

Ber. Why do you not know him?

Hel. I haue sir as I was commanded from you

Ber. I shall obey his will.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient seruant.
Come, come, no more of that.

And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have faild
To equal my great fortune.

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

Pray sir your pardon.

Well, what would you say?

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

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

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

Brauely, Coragio.

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

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

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

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

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

Who = "F-aww-duk"

Duke.

Be it his pleasure.

Who = "F-aww-cpg"

Fren. G.

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

Who = "F-aww-duk"

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 auailes they fell, To morrow to'th the field.

Stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Countesse and Clowne.</stage>

Count.

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

Clo.

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

Clo.

By what obseruance I pray you.

Clo.

Why he will looke vppon his boote, and sing: mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.
Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

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

What haue we heere?

In that you haue there.

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your vnfortunate sonne,

Bertram.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy.

To flye the fauours of so good a King.

To plucke his indignation on thy head.

By the misprising of a Maide too virtuous.

For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within tweene two soldiers, and my yong Ladie.
La.<span rend="italic">What is the matter.</span></p>

Clo.<span rend="italic">Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some</span><l><lb>comfort,</lb></l><span rend="italic">sonne will not be kild so soone as I thoght</span><l><lb>he would.</lb></l></p>

Clo.<span rend="italic">So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he</span><l><lb>does,</lb></l><span rend="italic">the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of</span><l><lb>men, though it be the getting of children. Heere</lb></l><span rend="italic">they</span><l><lb>come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare</lb></l><span rend="italic">your</span><l><lb>sonne was run away.</lb></l></p>

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.</span>

French E.<span rend="italic">Saue you good Madam.</span></p>

Hel.<span rend="italic">Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.</span></p>

French G.<span rend="italic">Do not say so.</span></p>

La.<span rend="italic">Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen.</span><l><lb>I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe;</lb></l><span rend="italic">That the first face of neither on the start</span><l><lb>Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?</lb></l></p>

Fren.G.<span rend="italic">Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of</span><l><lb>Flo</lb></l><span rend="italic">rence, </span></p>
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

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

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

This is a dreadfull sentence.

Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere, If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine, Thou robst me of a moity: He was my sonne, But I do wa
Towards Florence is he?

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

Returne you thither.
Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,

'Tis bitter.

Finde you that there?

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

Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:

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

A seruant onely, and a Gentleman:

whch which I haue sometime knoune.

A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,

My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature

With his inducement.

A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,

My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature

With his inducement.
Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much,

which holds him much to have.

Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can never winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate you written to beare along.

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

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

Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.

Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I?

Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none sparing warre? And is it I,

That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, moue the still peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.

Who euer charges on his forward brest

I am the Caitiff that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home

Rossillion</div><div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, <lb/>drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.</stage>

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

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

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

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

Exeunt
Act 3, Scene 4

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La.

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

Letter.

I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone: Ambitious loue hath so in me offended, That bare foot plod I the cold ground With sainted vow my faults to have amended Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre, My dearest Master your deare sonne, may hie, Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre, His name with zealous feruour sanctifie: His taken labours bid him me forgiue: I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth, From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,

Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.

He is too good and faire for death, and mee, Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free. Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?

Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,

As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her, I could have well diuerted her intents, Which thus she hath preuented.

Pardon me Madam,

If I had giuen you this at ouer night, She might haue beeene ore: and yet she

Pursuite would be but vaine.
What Angell shall not bless this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greatest Justice. Write, write

Rynaldo,

To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euery word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my grea
test greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply,
Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in sence
To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.

Exeunt</stage>

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

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

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

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

Come let's return againe,

And suffice our selves with the report of it.

Well Diana, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name, And no Legacie is so rich As honestie.

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

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

You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye
at my house, thither they send one another, <lb/>
Ile
question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are 
<lb/>
bound?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>To S. <hi rend="italic">Iaques la grand</hi>,<l>
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?</l>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>At the S. <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi> heere beside the 
Port.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Is this the way?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">A march 
afarre.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Is it your selfe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>If you shall please so Pilgrime.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>you came I thinke from <hi rend="italic">France</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I did so.</p>
</sp>
Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy service.

His name I pray you?

The Count Rossillion: know you such a one?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole
Armie.
The goddes forbid else.

So, now they come:
That is the Dukes eldest
sonne,
That Escalus

Which is the Frenchman?
Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honester

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman?

I like him well.

'Tis pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knaue

That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,

I would poison that vile Rascall.

Which is he?

Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Loose our drum? Well.

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

Marrie hang you.

And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.

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

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

Wee'l take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.
Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.
If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect.
On my life my Lord a bubble.
Do you thinke I am so farre Deceiued in him.
Believe it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi
and endlesse Lyar, an hourly promise and nite
owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

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

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

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

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

O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this sucssesse in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere
he comes.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Parrolles.</stage>  

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>  
<p>O for the loue of laughter hinder not the  
</sp>  

ho&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb&gt;nor of  
his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any  
&lt;lb&gt;hand.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-ber">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>  
&lt;p&gt;How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks  
</sp>  

sore&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb&gt;ly  
in your disposition.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-cpg">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>  
&lt;p&gt;A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-par">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>  
&lt;p&gt;But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so &lt;lb&gt;lost.  
There was excellent command, to charge in with &lt;lb&gt;our  
</sp>  

horse  
upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne  
&lt;lb&gt;souldiers.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-cpg">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>  
&lt;p&gt;That was not to be blam'd in the command &lt;lb&gt;of the  
service: it was a disaster of warre that &lt;hi rend="italic">C&amp;#x00E6;ar&lt;/hi&gt; him &lt;lb&gt;selfe could not haue preuented, if he had  
been there to &lt;lb&gt;command.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-ber">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>  
&lt;p&gt;Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our  
suc&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb&gt;cesse:  
some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, &lt;lb&gt;but  
it is not to be recovered.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-par">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>  
&lt;p&gt;It might haue beene recovered.&lt;/p&gt;  
</sp>  

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-ber">  
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
It might, but it is not now.

Par.

It is to be recovered, but that the merit of sincere use is seldom attributed to the true and exact performance; I would have that drum be another, or

Bicyletic hic iacet.

Why if you have a stomach, too't Monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

By the hand of a soldier I will undertake it.

But you must not now slumber in it.

I'll about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

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

I know not what the success will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

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

I loue not many words.

Exit

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

Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriouslie hee doees addresse himself &lt;br&gt;vnnto?

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

Weele make you some sport with the Foxe &lt;br&gt;ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord &lt;br&gt;&lt;hi rend="italic">Lafew&lt;/hi&gt;, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what
a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve
rie night.

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

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

But you say she's honest.

If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.
Wid. Though my estate be fal\n\nc\nne, I was well borne,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses,

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Nor would I wish you.

First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,

And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,

Is so from word to word: and then you cannot

By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,

Erre in bestowing it.

I should beleeue you,

For you haue shew'd me that which well approues

Y'are great in fortune.

Take this purse of Gold,

And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,

Which I will ouer- pay, and pay againe

When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,

Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,

Resoule to carrie her: let her in fine consent

As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:

Now his important blood will naught denie,

That she'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,

From

All's Well, that Ends Well.

From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue discents,

Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds

In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,

To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,

How ere repented after.

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

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

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

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

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

Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lor. E.

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

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

E'n such as you speake to me.

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

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

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

Par.

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

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

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

We cannot affoord you so.

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

'Twould not do.

Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.
<p>Hardly serue.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How deepe?</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Thirty fadome.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleueed.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer'd it.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>You shall heare one anon.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>A drumme now of the enemies,</p>

stage rend="italic center" type="business">
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
  </sp>
  <p>Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.</p>
</stage>

<sp who="#F-aww-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.</p>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>
  O ransome, ransome,
</l>

<l rend="italic">
  Do not hide mine eyes.
</l>
Boskos thromuldo boskos.

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

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

Oh. Oh pray, pray, pray, Manka reuania dulche. Oscorbidulchos voliuorco.

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

O let me liue, And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew, Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
  <p>But wilt thou faithfully?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>If I do not, damne me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Acordo linta.</hi>
  </l>
  <l>Come on, thou are granted space.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">A short Alarum within.</stage>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Lo. E.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0266-0.jpg" n="246"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">L.E.</speaker>
  <l>Go tell the Count <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi> and my brother.</l>
  <l>We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him <lb rend="turnunder">
    <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>mufled,</l>
    <l>Till we do heare from them.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-sol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
  <p>Captaine I will.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">L.E.</speaker>
  <p>A will betray vs all vnto our selues, <lb>Inform on that.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-sol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
  <p>So I will sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">L.E.</speaker>
  <p>Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bertram, and the Maide called <lb/>Diana.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">Ber.</sp>
  <p>They told me that your name was <hi rend="italic">Fontybell</hi>.</p>
  <sp who="#F-aww-dia">Dia.</sp>
  <p>No my good Lord, <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>.</p>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">Ber.</sp>
  <l>Titled Goddesse,</l>
  <l>And worth it with addition: but faire soule,</l>
  <l>In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?</l>
  <l>If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,</l>
  <l>You are no Maiden but a monument</l>
  <l>When you are dead you should be such a one</l>
  <l>As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,</l>
  <l>And now you should be as your mother was</l>
  <l>When your sweet selfe was got.</l>
  <sp who="#F-aww-dia">Dia.</sp>
  <p>She then was honest.</p>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">Ber.</sp>
  <p>So should you be.</p>
  <sp who="#F-aww-dia">Dia.</sp>
  <l>No;</l>
  <l>My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)</l>
  <l>As you owe to your wife.</l>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">Ber.</sp>
  <p>No more a'that:</p>
  <p>I prethee do not striue against my vowes:</p>
  <p>I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee</p>
  <p>By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer</p>
  <p>Do thee all rights of seruice.</p>
  <sp who="#F-aww-dia">Dia.</sp>
</div>
I so you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse.

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

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

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

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

Will you not my Lord?

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

Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

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

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

A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men have the like oaths: He had sworne to marrie me.

When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him when I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide, Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid: Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne, To cosen him that would vnjustly winne.

Exit

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

You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

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

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

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

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

Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in Florence, of a most chaste renown; this night he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour; hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himself made in the vnchaste composition.
Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selues, what things are we.

Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reuale themselues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore&x2011;flowes himselfe.

Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trum&x00AD;peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?

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

That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

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

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

I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap. G.

Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E.

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

Cap. G.

I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E.

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

Cap. G.

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

Cap. E.

How is this iustified?

Cap. G.

The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, euen to the poyn of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker> <p>Hath the Count all this intelligence?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker> <p>I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker> <p>I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker> <p>How mightily sometimes, we make vs forts of our losses.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker> <p>And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be countred with a shame as ample.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker> <p>The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.</p></sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>

<p>How now? Where's your master?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ser">

<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker> <p>He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemnne leaue: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker> <p>They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.</p></sp>
Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart

heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, i'st not after midnight?

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

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

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

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

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsur& ping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?
I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confess himselfe to Morgan, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confess?

Nothing of me, ha's a?

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

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

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

Hoodman comes: Portotartarossa.

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

I will confesse what I know without constraint.

If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Bosko Chimurcho.

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

And truly, as I hope to lieue.

Shall I set downe your answer so?

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

What a past-sauing slaue is this?

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

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

Well, that's set downe.

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

He's very neere the truth in this.

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

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

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

By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, Spurio a hundred & fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Iaques so many, All's Well, that Ends Well.
many: <hi rend="italic">Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Gratij</hi>, two hundred and fifty each: Mine owne Company, <hi rend="italic">Chitopher,</hi> Uau, Bentij, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand pole, half of which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, lest they shake them selves to pieces.

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-ber"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ber.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;What shall be done to him?&lt;/p&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-cpg"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.&lt;/p&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-int"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Int.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Well that's set done: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine Dumaine bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or wheather he thinkes it were not possible with well weighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?&lt;/p&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-par"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Par.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.&lt;/p&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-int"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Int.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Do you know this Captaine Dumaine?&lt;/p&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-par"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Par.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.&lt;/p&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-aww-ber"&gt;
Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

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

Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

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

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

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

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

Our Interpreter do's it well.
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
  <p>Excellently.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic">Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an ad
  uertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one
  <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>, to take heede of the allurement of one Count <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>, a foolish idle boy: but for
  all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginy, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>Dammable both sides rogue.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <stage rend="italic">Let.</stage> When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:
  <l rend="italic">After he scores, he neuer payes the score:</l>
  <l rend="italic">Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it.</l>
  <l rend="italic">He nere payes after debts, take it before.</l>
  <l rend="italic">And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:</l>
  <l rend="italic">Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.</l>
</sp>
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Dumaine: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?
Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bedclothes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's cue and his honesty, he ha's honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

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

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

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

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

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

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

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

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

What's his Brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Why do's he aske him of me?

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

Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.
Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, only to seeme to deserve well, and to beguile the suppoision of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an am

where I was taken?

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

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

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

Good morrow noble Captaine.

God saue you noble Captaine.

God blesse you Captaine Parolles.

Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord? I am for France.
Cap. G.<br/>
<p>Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rossillion, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compel it of you, but far you well.</p></div><div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
</div>
Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.
They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose hearbes.

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

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

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

Your distinction.

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

So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

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

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

At your seruice.
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>No, no, no.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as <lb/>great a prince as you are.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Whose that, a Frenchman?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fish and a wot lav</p>
  <p>is more hotter in France then there.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>What prince is that?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke and a wot lav</p>
  <p>alias the diuell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Hold thee there's my purse, I give thee not this <lb/>to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue <lb/>him still.</p>
</sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Clow</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0270-0.jpg" n="252"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued <lb/>a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his No and a wot lav bilite remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the <lb/>narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to <lb/>enter: some that humble themselues may, but the ma and a wot lav nie will be too chill and tender, and theyle</p>
  <p>bee for the <lb/>flowrie way that leads to the broad</p>
</sp>
gate, and the great fire.

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

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

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

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

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

ligence hath seldome fail'd.

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

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

You neede but pleade your honourable priuledge.

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

Enter Clowne.

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

But it is your carbinado'd face.
Laf. Let vs go see your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong noble soouldier.

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

Exeunt

Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

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

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

And you.

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

I haue beene sometimes there.

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

What's your will?
That it will please you
to giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you haue
to come into his presence.
The Kings not heere.
Not heere sir?
Not indeed,
He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his vse.
Lord how we loose our paines.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Marrie as I take it to Rossillion,
Whither I am going.
I do beseech you whither is he gone?
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

This Ile do for you.

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

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

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

Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.
All's Well that Ends Well.

Par.

Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Clo.

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

My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly playd with her nailes now. Wherein haue you playd her nailes now. Wherein haue you played he knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who if her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues hriue long vnder?
There's a Cardecue for you: Let the <lb/>
reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>
justices
make you and fortune friends; I am for other
<lb/>
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>
usiness.</p>
</sp>

I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word,
</sp>

you begge a single peny more: Come you shall <lb/>'
ha't, saue your word.</p>
</sp>

My name my good Lord is <hi>
rend="italic">
Parrolles</hi>.</p>
</sp>

O my good Lord, you were the first that found 
</sp>

me your hand: How does your drumme?</p>
</sp>

Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost 
</sp>

thee.</p>
</sp>

It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace <lb/>
reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>
or you

did bring me out.</p>
</sp>

Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee <lb/>

Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee <lb/>
once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings<br/>
somming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire fur­er after me, I had talke of you last night, though you<br/>
re a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.<br/>
I praise God for you.<br/>
We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme as made much poorer by it: but your sonne,<br/>
s mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know er estimation home.<br/>
'Tis past my Liege, <lb/><nd I beseech your Maiestie to make it <lb/><turall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, <lb/>hen oyle and fire, too
strong for reasons force, <lb/>
unit="chars" resp="#JS">re&amp;#x2011;beares
it, and burnes on.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">

  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

</sp>

My honour'd Lady,

Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,

And watch'd the time to shoote.

This I must say,

He lost a wife,

hose beauty did astonish the suruey captiue,

whose words all eares tooke

hose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,

Humbly call'd Mistris.</p>
</sp>

Praising what is lost,

Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill

All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,

The nature of his great offence is dead,

And deeper then obliuion, we do bu

Th' incensing reliques of it. Let him approach

A stranger, no offender; and informe him

So 'tis our will he should.
Gent. I shall my Liege.

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

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

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

Enter Count Bertram.

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

Kin. All is whole, Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward top:

Ber. Th' inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember

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

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

Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That
That's All's Well that Ends Well.
That she may quickly come. By my old beard, her e'rie hair's on't, Helen that's dead.

Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, the last that ere I took her leave at Court, I saw upon her finger.

Hers it was not.

Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, while I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:

This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her if her fortunes euer stoode

Necessitied to helpe, that by this token I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her of what should stead her most?

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

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

I am sure I saw her weare it.

You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it: In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee, wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name of her that throw it: Noble she was, and thought I stood ingag'd, but when I had subscrib'd to mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour:

As she had made the ouerture, she ceast.
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer receive the Ring againe.

Platus himselfe, That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,

Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helens, Who euer gaue it you: then if you know

That you are well acquainted with your selfe, Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie, That she would neuer put it from her finger,

Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed, Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs Upon her great disaster.

She neuer saw it.

Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor, And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,

Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:

And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly, And she is dead, which nothing but to close

Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue, More then to see this Ring. Take him away,

My forepast proofes, how ere the matter fall Shall taze my feares of little vanitie, Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,

Wee'l sift this matter further.

If you shall proue This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie

Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet she neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Enter a Gentleman.
I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gracious Soueraigne.

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

Here's a petition from a Florentine,

To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech

Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know

Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her

In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne

Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

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

Diana Capilet.

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

Lafew haue thought well on thee

To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these sutors:

Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a 2011; fearde the life of Hellen (Ladie)

Was fowly snatcht.

Old La.

Now iustice on the doers.
King.

I wonder sir, sir, wiuues are monsters to you,

And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,

Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia.

I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,

Deriued from the ancient Capilet,

And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid.

I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,

And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King.

Come hether Count, do you know these men?

Ber.

She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia.

If you shall marrie

You giue away this hand, and that is mine,

You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine:

You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:

For I by vow am so embodied yours,

That she which marries you, must marrie me,

Either both or none.
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,</l>
  <l>Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes</l>
  <l>Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,</l>
  <l>Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,</l>
  <l>Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,</l>
  <l>Then in my thought it lies.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dian.</speaker>
  <l>Good my Lord,</l>
  <l>Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke</l>
  <l>He had not my virginity.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <p>What saist thou to her?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>She's impudent my Lord,</l>
  <l>And was a common gamester to the Campe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
  <l>He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,</l>
  <l>He might haue bought me at a common price.</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Do</fw>
</sp>

<cb n="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>o not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,

<cb n="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hose high respect and rich validitie/

<cb n="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>id lacke a Paralell: yet for all that/
e gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe

I be one.

He blushes, and 'tis hit:

f sixe preceding Ancestors that Iemme

onfer'd by testament to'th sequent

ath it beene owed and worn. This is his wife,

hat Ring's a thousand proofes.

Me thought you saide

ou saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.

I did my Lord, but loath am to produce

bad an instrument, his names <hi rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>.

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

I did my Lord, but loath am to produce

o bad an instrument, his names <hi rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>.

What of him:
e's quoted for a most perfidious slae.

\[ \text{hose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,} \]

m I, or that or this for what he'\'l vtter,

hat will speake any thing.

Kin.

She hath that Ring of yours.

Ros.

I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her, and boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:

he knew her distance, and did angle for mee, adding my eagernesse with her restraint,

s all impediments in fancies course

re motiues of more fancie, and in fine,

er insuite comming with her moderne grace,

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

and I had that which any inferiour might
Market price haue bought.

Dia.

I must be patient:

May justly dyet me. I pray you yet,

Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband

end for your Ring, I will returne it home,

nd giue me mine againe.

Ros.

I haue it not.

What Ring was yours I pray you?

Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

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

And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

The story then goes false, you threw it him

ut of a Casement.

I haue spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.
Ros. My Lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:

Dia. I, my Lord

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your master:

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

Kin. Come, come, to'th' purpose: Did hee love this woman?

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

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.
He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.

As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi&\textsubscript{2}/<lb/>uocall Companion is this?

I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com&\textsubscript{2}/<lb/>mand.

Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie &<lb/>Orator.

Do you know he promist me marriage?

Faith I know more then Ile speake.

But wilt thou not sp&amp;eacute;ake all thou know'st?

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

Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst &<lb/>say they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy &<lb/>evidence, &<lb/>therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.
I my good Lord.  

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

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

Who lent it you?  

It was not lent me neither.  

Who finde it then?  

I found it not.  

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

I neuer gaue it him.  

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

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

It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. Ile neuer tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

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

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Is there no exorcist
Is't reall that I see?

No my good Lord,

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

Both, both, O pardon.

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

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

If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?
Laf. <lb>
Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:<lb>
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.<lb>
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scuruy ones.</lb>

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

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