

A
COLLECTION
OF THE BEST
ENGLISH PLAYS,

Chosen out of all the best
AUTHORS.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.

K. HENRY IV.

WITH

THE HUMOURS OF

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY,

By Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N.

Printed for T. JOHNSON.

M. D C C. X X L

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of WALES,*

Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, } *sons to the King.*

WORCESTER,

NORTHUMBERLAND,

HOT-SPUR,

MORTIMER,

Archbishop of YORK,

DOUGLASS,

OWEN GLENDOWER,

Sir RICHARD VERNON,

Sir MICHELL,

WESTMORLAND,

Sir WALTER BLUNT, } *of the King's party.*

Lords attending the King.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADS-HILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

} *Lowd fellows, companions to
Henry Prince of Wales.*

Lady PERCY, Wife to Hot-spur.

*Lady MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and
Wife to Mortimer.*

Hostess.

*Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawer's, 2. Car-
riers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

Scene ENGLAND.





K. H E N R Y I V.

W I T H

T H E H U M O U R S O F

Sir J O H N F A L S T A F F.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earl of Westmorland, and others.*

King H E N R Y.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrails of this soil
Shall damp her lips with her own Children's blood:
No more shall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those oppos'd eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,

All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
 March all one way and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, Friends,
 As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
 Whose Soldiers now, under whose blessed Cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
 Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy,
 Whose arms were moulded in their Mother's womb
 To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
 Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
 What yesternight our Council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this host was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: When all athwart there came
 A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
 Whose worst was, That the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight,
 Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken,
 And near a thousand of his people butcher'd.
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land?

West. This, matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
 Far

Far more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the North, and thus it did report:
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,
 Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
 That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
 At *Holmedon* met, where they both did spend
 A sad and bloody hour:
 As by discharge of their Artillery
 And shape of likelihood the news was told.
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention, did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

H. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious Friend,
 Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil,
 Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
 Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
 Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* see
 On *Holmedon's* plains. Of Prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and the eldest Son
 To beaten *Dowglafs*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
 Of *Murray*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
 And is not this an honourable Spoil:

A gallant prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
 In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland* [me tin,
 Should be the Father of so blest a Son:

A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's tongue:

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,

Who is sweet Fortune's Miuion, and her pride:

Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,

That some night tripping Fairy had exchange'd,

In cradle cloaths, our Children where they lay,

And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* ;
 Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts. What think you, *Cez*,
 Of this young *Percy's* pride? The *Prisoners*,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps, and lends me word
 I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his Uncles teaching, this is *Worcester*,
 N'alevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
 And for this cause a while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
 Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we
 Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords ;
 But come your self with speed to us again ;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

F A L S T A F F.

Now *Hal*, what time of day is it, Lad ?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old
 Sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping
 upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgot-
 ten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly
 know. What a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the
 day? unless hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Ca-
 pons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the
 Signs of Leaping-houses; and the blessed Sun himself a
 fair hot Wench in flame colour'd Taffata; I see no reason
 why

why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*; For we that take Purles, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight so fair. And I pray thee sweet wag, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that that are Squires of the Night's body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's beauty. Let us be *Dianz's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be Men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now; A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday*-night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, Lay by; and spent with crying, Bring in: Now in as low an ebb, as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, Lad: And is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench?

P. Hen. As is the honey, my old Lad of the Castle; and is not a Buff-Jerkin a most sweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? How now mad Wag? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my Coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent—But I prithee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King; and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Hen. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already? I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

P. Hen. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet young Prince. But, *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a commodity of good Names were to be bought. An old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street, about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for no man regards it.

Fal.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*; God forgive thee for it. Before I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a Villain: I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Watch. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true Man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir *John Sack and Sugar*? *Jack*! How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold *Capons leg*?

P. Hen. Sir *John* stands to his word, the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due*.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads Hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Tra-

ders riding to *London* with fat Purfes: I have Vizards for you all; you have horfes for your felves; *Gads-Hill* lies to-night in *Roch:fter*, I have befpoke Supper to-morrow in *East cheap*: we may do it as fecure as fleep. If you will go, I will ftuff your purfes full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will Chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good Fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'ft not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'ft not bid ftand for ten fhillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well faid.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down fuch reasons for this Adventure, that he fhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ft thou have the Spirit of perfuafion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou fpeak'ft may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for recreation fake, prove a falfe Thief; for the poor abufes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you fhall find me in *East cheap*.

P. Hen. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewel allhollown Summer, (*Exit Fal.*)

Poins. Now, my good fweet hony Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jelt to excute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Harvey*, *Roffil*, and *Gads-Hill* fhall rob thofe Men that we have already way laid; your felf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my fhoulders.

P. Henry. But how fhall we part with them in fetting forth?

Poins.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 11

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themselves, which they have no sooney atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us,

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear Arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lyes the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup, Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [Exit Poins.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoak'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the World;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing Holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised;
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsifie Mens hopes;
 And like bright Metal on a sullen ground
 My reformation glittering o'er my fault
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make Offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when Men think least I will. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E I I I.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-spur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K I N G H E N R Y.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: But be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be my self,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost the title of respect,
 Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my Sovereign Liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
 And that same greatness too, which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My Lord.—

K. Hen. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 Go Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And

And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us. When we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

(Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak . [To Northumberland.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
 Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
 As was deliver'd to your Majesty;
 Who either thorough envy, or misprision,
 Was guilty of this fault, and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
 But, I remember when the Fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
 Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dress'd;
 Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest home.

He was perfum'd like a Milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff. And still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And as the Soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarce
 Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.

With many Holyday and Lady terms
 He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
 My Prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
 To be so pestered with a Poppingay,
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad,

To

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-Gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; God save the mark;
 And telling me, the soveraign'st thing on earth
 Was permacety, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless Earth,
 Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
 He would himself have been a Soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
 Made me to answer indirectly, as I said.
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Elunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
 What ever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge, shall ransom streight
 His Brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who, in my Soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight,
 Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
 Whose Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
 Shall we buy Treason, and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my Friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost

To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*!

He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
 But by the chance of War. To prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle *Severn's* sedge bank,
 In single opposition hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
 Upon agreement, of swift *Severn's* flood;
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp'd head in a hollow bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
 Never did base, and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou dost belie him:
 He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the Devil
 As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
 Art thou not asham'd? But, Sirrah, henceforth,
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
 We licence your departure with your Son.
 Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them. I will after streight
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What, drunk with choler? stay & pause a while,
 Here

Here comes your Uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my Soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all those veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'th' dust,
But I will lift the down fall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
mad. (To Worcester.

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my Wife's Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us, God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered. [mouth,

Wor. And for whose death, we in the Worlds wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer* Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful Man,
And for his sake wore the detested blot

Of murtherous subornations ; shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the Agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the Hangman rather ?
 (O pardon, if that I descend so low,
 To shew the line, and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle King.)
 Shall it for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
 That Men of your nobility and power,
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf ?
 As both of you, God pardon it, have done,
 To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
 And plant this thorn, this Canker *Bullingbroke* :
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?
 No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore your selves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Even with the bloody payments of your deaths :
 Therefore I say—

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick conveying discontents,
 I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim ?
 Send danger from the East unto the West,
 So Honour cross in from the North to South,
 And let them grapple: The blood more stirs
 To rowze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easie leap,
'To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without co-rival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*
That are your Prisoners—

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By Heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbade my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lyes asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin: A word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:
And that same sword and buckler, Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poison'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor.

Wor. Farewel, Kinsman I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's mood,
'Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods;
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke*.

In *Richard's* time—what d'ye call the place?—

A plague upon't—it is in *Glocester shire*—

'Twas where the mad cap Duke his Uncle kept
His Uncle *York*—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of smiles, this *Bullingbroke*;
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg*.

North. At *Barkly* Castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a gaudy deal of courtesie

This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!

Look when his infant Fortune came to age,—

And gentle *Harry Percy*—and kind Cousin—

O, the Devil take such Cozeners—God forgive me—

Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, you may to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* Prisoners;

Deliver them up without their ransom streight,

And make the *Dowglas's* Son your only mean

For powers in *Scotland*; which for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

That Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,

Shall we secretly in the bosom creep

Of that same noble Prelate, well beloved,

The Arch-Bishop—

Hot. Of *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard

His Brother's death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroop*.

I speak not this in estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the Game's a foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble Plot:
 And then the Powers of *Scotland*, and of *York*
 To join with *Mortimer*; ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads, by raising of a head:
 For, bear our selves as even as we can,
 The King will always think him in our debt,
 And think we think our selves unsatisfy'd,
 'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
 Than I by Letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe which will be suddenly,
 I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
 Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our Powers at once,
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
 To bear our Fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust,

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be short,
 'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT,



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his hand.

I. C A R R I E R.

HEigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd; *Charles wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prithee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* saddle, put a few flocks in the point: The poor *Jade* is wrung in the withers, out of all ceils.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor *Jades* the bots: This house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* the Ostler dy'd.

1. Car. Poor Fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this is the most villainous house in all *London* road for fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench! There's ne'er a King in *Christendom*, could be better bit, than I have been since the first Cock.

2. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in the Chimnsy; And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as for as *Charing-Cross*.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler? A Plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads. Good morrow, Carriers. What's a-clock?

Car. I think it betwo a-clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorn, to see my Gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a! marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great charge. [*Ex. Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good-morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in
the

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 23

the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what; they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with *S. Nicholas'* Clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman; for I know thou worship'st *S. Nicholas* as truly as a Man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old *Sir John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the Profession some grace, that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot Land-rakers, no long-staff six penny strikers, none of those mad mustachio-purple-hu'd Malt-worms, but with Nobility and Tranquility, Burgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, cock-sure; we have the Receipt of Fern-feed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the night, than the Fern-feed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,

As I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all Men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

P O I N S.

Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins*, and be hang'd *Poins*.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kindney'd Rascal; what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What *Poins, Hal*?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thief's company: That Rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewicht with the Rogue's company. If the Rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto;* I'll starve ere I rob a foot further. An'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave these Rogues,

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 23

Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another. *[They whistle.]* Whew, a Plague light upon you all. Give me my horse, you Rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What plague mean ye to colt methus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own Heir apparent Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sack be my poison: when a jest is so froward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voice:

Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Caseye, caseye; on with your vizards, there's Mony of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd,

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gal. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a Coward, *Sir John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt*, your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I, every Man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy shall lead our Horses down the hill: We'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jesu bless us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains throats; ah! whorson Caterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbelyed Knaves, are you undone? No ye fat Chuffs, I would your store were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves? Young Men must live: you are Grand Jurors? We'll jure ye i'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them, and then Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Mony.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.]

They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The Thieves are scattered, and possess'd with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, *Falstaff* sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along; wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd. *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our House—He shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why
that's

that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle, Danger, we pluck this flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so; say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of expectation. An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the Plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my self; Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of York, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? And are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? An Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd-milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forwards to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd Woman from my *Harry's* bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is it that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the Earth?

And

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron Wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed,
 Cry courage to the Field. And thou hast talk'd
 Of Sallies, and Retires, Trenches, and Tents,
 Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets;
 Of Basilisks, of Cannon, Culverin;
 Of Prisoners Ransom, and of Soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when Men restrain their breath,
 On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,
 And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will
 back him streight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth
 into the park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord?

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it that carries you away?

Ho. Why, my Horse, my Love, my Horse.

Lady

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazel hath not such a deal of spleen, as you are tost with. In sooth I'll know your business, *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his entreprife. But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this question, that I shall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little finger, *Harry* if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler: Love, I love thee not, I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips. We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns, And pass them curraunt too—Gods me, my Horse. What say'st thou, *Kate*? What would'st thou have with

Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed? (me? Well, do not then. For since you love me not, I will not love my self. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-back, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*; I must not have you henceforth question me, Whither I go; nor reason whereabout. Whither I must, I must: and to conclude; This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no further wise Than *Harry Percy's* Wife. Constant you are; But yet a Woman; and for secrecie, No Lady cloier: For I will believe, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know; And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*; Whither I go, thither shall you go too: To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you, Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

(*Exeunt*)

S C E N E I V.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P R I N C E H E N R Y.

Ned. prethee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four *Loggerheads*, amongst three or fourscore *Hogsheads*. I have founded the very base string of humility. *Sirrah*, I am sworn Brother to a leash of *Drawers*, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of curtesie; telling me flatly; I am not proud like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy; and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you break in your wating, then they cry *Pem*, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any *Tinker* in his own language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under *Skinker*, one that never spake other *English* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six pence*, and, *You are welcome Sir*: With this shrill addition, *Anon Sir*, *Anon Sir*, *Score a pint of Bastard in the half-Moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falstaff* come, I prethee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny *Drawer*, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling

FRAN.

Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*;
Step aside, and I'll shew thee a president.

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pom-
granet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forfooth five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; Berlady, a long lease for the
clinking of pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so va-
liant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and
shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books
in *England*, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar
thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound:
ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to mor-
row *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thursday*, or indeed *Francis*,
when thou wilt. But *Francis*?

Fran.

Fran. My Lord

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, Christal button, Not-pated, Aga tring, Pukestocking, Cad-dice-garter, Smooth-tongue, *Spanish* pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins Francis!

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guest within. My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door.—*Poins!*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon . anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the Thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve a-clock at midnight.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow should have fewer
C words

words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the Hot-spur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Stots* at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a diench, says he, and answers, some fourteen; an Hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I prithee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play *Dame Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, says the Drunkard. Call in ribs; call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a Vengeance too; marry and *Amen*. Give me a cup of sack, Boy. E're I lead this linc long, I'll sow nether-socks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a cap of Sack, Rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter, pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with lime. A villainous Coward—Go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring: There lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while a bad World I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of lath, and drive all thy Sub-
jects

jects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*!

P. Henry. Why you horson round Man! What's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me Coward I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll see thee damn'd e're I call thee Coward; but I would give a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your Friends? a plague upon such backing? give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last,

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*

A plague on all Cowards, still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand Pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it *Fack*? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a hand saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A Plague on all Cowards—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are Villains and the Sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak Sir, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a Jew else, an *Ebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me Horse. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four Rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry What, four? thou saidst but two, even now,

Fal. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal Seven, by these hilts, or I am a Villain else.

P. Henry. Prithee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning too: These
nine

nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! Eleven buckram Men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten Knaves, in *Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou claybrain'd guts, thou knotty-pated Fool, thou horse-obscence greasie tallow-catch.

Fal. What, are thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how coul'st thou know these Men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? Come tell us your reason: What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Fack*, your reason?

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine Coward, this bed-prester, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fal. Away you starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats Tongue, Bull-pissel, you Stock-fish: O for breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailor's yard, you Sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two, saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters of their wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea and can shew it you in the house. And *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick? What device? What starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct, is a great matter. I was a Coward on instinct: I shall think the better of my self and thee, during my life; I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hostess, clap too the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good titles of fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a Royal Man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Host. An old Man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Prithee do, *Fack.*

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing. [Exit

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, sic.

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of all *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true Men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stollest a cup of Sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranest away: What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? Do you behold these Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord. if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone How now my sweet Creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the waste, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief, it blows a Man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the morning. The same mad Fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Cross of a *Welsh*-hook: What a plague call you him?

Poins O, Glendower.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Son in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglass*, that runs a horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Rascal hath good metal in him, he will not run

P. Henry. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A Horseback, ye Cuckow, but afoot, he will not budge afoot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand b'ewcups more. *Worcester* is stol'n away by night: Thy Father's beard is turn'd white with the news: You may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerel.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 41

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy Maiden eads as they buy hob nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Mass, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again, as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy Father: If thou do love me, practise an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a joint stool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitifull bald Crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyses* vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech; stand aside Nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the Father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's sake Lords, convey my trustful Queen, For Tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickelbrain. *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy

time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's word, partly my opinion: but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being Son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Son of Heav'n prove a Mīcher, and eat black-berries? a Question not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take purses? a Question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, an 't like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith and corpulent, of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: If that Man should be lewdly given, he deceives me, for *Harry*, I see Virtue in his looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Virtue in that *Falstaff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet sucker or a Poulter's Hare.

P. Henry. Well, there I am set.

Fal.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 43

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my Masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord from *East cheap*.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I faith, my Lord, they are false. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearst thou, ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me: thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man; a tun of Man is thy Companion: Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding hutch of beastlines, that swoln parcel of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stuff Cloak-bag of guts, that rosted Manning-tree Ox with the Puddings in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in years; wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty but in Villany? wherein villainous but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: What means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Mis-leader of Youth *Falstaff*, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost:

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white hairs do witness it; But that he is, saving your Reverence, a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a sin, then many a Host that I know is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah's* lean Kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bar-dolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*,
and

and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostes's.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this house.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gros fat Man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have imploy'd him; And, Sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any Man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these Men, He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good-night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a clock.

[Exit.]

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Pauls*; go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaff*? Fast asleep behind the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath; search his Pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain papers.

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. *Item*, a Capon; 2, s. 2. d.

Item, Sawce; 4 d.

Item

44 K. HENRY IV. &

and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this house.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gros fat Man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have imploy'd him; And, Sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any Man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these Men, He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good-night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Pauls*; go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaff*? Fast asleep behind the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath; search his Pokets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain papers.

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. *Item*, a Capon; 2. s. 2. d.

Item, Sawce; 4 d.

Items

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 s. 4 d.

Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item. Bread, 06.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage, there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twelvescore. The Mony shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and so good-morrow, *Peto*.

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt*.



A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

M O R T I M E R.

THese Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?

And Uncle *Worcester*—A plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;
Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspur*:

For by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*

Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in Heav'n.

Hot,

Hot. And you in Hell, asoft as he hears *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Cressets; and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would have done at the same season;
if your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd, though your self
had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my mind:
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook. [tremble]

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did

Hot. Oh, then th' Earth shook to see the Heavens on
And not in fear of your nativity. [fire]

Diseas'd Nature ofentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the emprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeple, and moss-grown Towers. At your birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin; of Many Men
I do not bear these crossings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery shapes;
The Goats ran from the mountains, and the Herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields:
These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the banks of *England*, *Scotland*, *Wales*,
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no Man speaks better *Welsh*.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot Why, so can I, or so can any Man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command
the Devil.

Hot And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devil,
By telling Truth *Tell Truth, and shame the Devil.*
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And 'll be sworn, I've power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullin*, broke made head
Against my power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*,
And sandy bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent him,
All bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without Boats, and in foul weather too?
How scapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch Deacon hath divided it already
Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Coz to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the *Scottish* Power,

With in that space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug, and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his course, &
With like advantage on the other side, [runs
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on this other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here;
And on this north side win this cape of land,
And then he runs me straight and even along.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you.
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue, a helpful ornament;

A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart. I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew, Than one of these same Meeter-ballad-mongers. I had rather hear a brazen candlestick tun'd, Or a dry wheel grate on the axel-tree, And that would set my teeth on edge, Nothing so much as mincing Poetry; 'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land To any well deserving Friend; But in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moon shines fair, you may away by night; I'll haste the Writer; and withal, Break with your Wives, of your departure hence: I am afraid my Daughter will run mad. So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father.

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometimes he angers me, With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant, Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies; And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish, A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven; A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat, And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff, As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, He held me up last night, at least nine hours, In reck'ning up the several Devils names, That were his Lackeys: I cry'd hum, and well, go too, But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious As a tired Horse, or as a railing Wife, Worse than a smoaky house. I had rather live With cheese and garlick in a Windmill far,

That

Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendom

Mort. In faith he is a worthy Gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited,
In strange concealments; valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As Mines of *India*. Shall I tell you, Cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame;
And since your coming here, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood;
And that's the dearest grace it tenders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth Mens hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. (speed;

Hot. Well, I am school'd: Good-manners be your
Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies:

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My Daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wars.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.* (*lotry,*

Glend. She is desperate here a peevish self-will'd Har-
One that persuasion can do no good upon.

(*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heav'ns
I am too perfect in: And but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language: For thy Tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's Bower,
With ravishing division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou meltest, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you;
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the Heav'nly harness'd Teem
Begins his golden progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Air 2 thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come;

Come, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady Go, ye giddy Goose. [*The Musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous :
By'r lady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical,
For you are all together governed by humors :
Lie still ye Thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady my Brach howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a Woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's bed.

Lady. What's that ?

Hot. Peace, she sings. (*Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*)
Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth !
You swear like a Comfit-maker's Wife .

Not you, in good sooth ; and, as true as I live ;
And, as God shall mend me ; and as sure as Day :
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than *Finsbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave Insooth,
And such protest of Pepper-Ginger-Bread,
To Velvet Guards, and *Sunday* Citizens:
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or be Redbreast
Teacher : An the Indentures be drawn, I'll away within
these two hours : And so come in, when ye will. (*Exit.*)

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go :
By this our Book is drawn ; we'll but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. Withall my heart.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I I.

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords
and others.*

King H E N R Y.

Lords, give us leave: the Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Must have some conference. But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heav'n will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done:
That in his secret doom, out of my blood,
He'll breed revengement, and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of Heav'n
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy Princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling Pick thanks, and base News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: Yet let me wonder
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing (*Harry.*)
 Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
 Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost;
 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
 And art almost an Alien to the hearts
 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of Men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at;
 That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
 Others would say, Where? Which is *Bullingbroke*?
 And then I stole all courtesie from Heav'n;
 And drest my self in such humility,
 That I did pluck Allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a Robe Pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wondred at; and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
 And won by rareness such solemnity:
 The skipping King he ambled up and down,
 With shallow Jesters, and rash bavin Wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his State,
 Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
 Had his great Name profaned with their scorns
 And gave his countenance, against his name
 To laugh at gybing Boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative:

Grew a Companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
 That being daily swallowed by Mens eyes,
 They surfeited with Honey, and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, where of a little
 More than a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on Sun like Majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full,
 And in that very line, *Harry*, stand't thou;
 For thou hast lost thy Princely privilege,
 Wit: vile participation. Not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight;
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tendernefs.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
 When I from *France* set forth at *Ravenfburg*.
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the State
 Than thou' the Shadow of Succession:
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the Realm,
 Turns head against the Lion's armed jaws;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on

To bloody Battels, and to bruising Arms.
 What never-dying Honour hath he got,
 Against renowned *Dowglass*, whose high deeds,
 Whole hot incursions, and great Name in Arms,
 Holds from all Soldiers chiet majority,
 And military Title capital,
 Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
 Thrice hath the *Hot-spur Mars*, in swathing cloaths,
 This infant Warrior, in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Dowglass*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep Defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our Throne.
 And what say you this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 Th' Arch-Bishop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglass*, & *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest Enemy?
 Thou who art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under *Percy's* pay,
 To dog his heels, and courtie at his frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Harry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me.
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
 For every Honour sitting on his helm,

58 K. HENRY IV. &

Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled: For the time will come
That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time;
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds.
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? Thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Dougliss* and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to-day:
With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On *Thursday*, we our selves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: And *Harry*, you
Shall march through *Glocestershire*. By which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence,

Our

Our general Forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
 Our hands are full of businels : Let's away ,
 Advantage feeds them fat , while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

F A L S T A F F.

Bardolph, am I not fal'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose gown: I am withered like an old Apple John. Well I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a Brewers Horse; the inside of a Church! Company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little, dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid mony that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn; but not in the poop, 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm?

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon Hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Son of utter darkneis. When thou rann't up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire light, thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? Do you think I keep Thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The tight of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a Woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 61

Host. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: You owe me mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them a-way to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell. You owe mony here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his face: What call you rich? Let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark.

Host. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now, Lad? is the Wind in that door? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion,

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well; he is an honest Man.

Host. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the Ar-
ras,

ras, and had my pocket pickt: This House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou loose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What, he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd Prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputy's Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Host. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest Man's Wife, and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so; thou, or any Man knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, *Hostess*, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 63

Fal. A thousand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy love.

Host Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, it he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lions whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay if I do, let my girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket! Why thou Horson impudent, imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but Tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of Baudy-Houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other Injuries but these, I am a Villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of Villany: Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another Man, and therefore more frailty. You confests then you pickt my pocket?

Pr. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go make ready breakfast; love thy Husband, look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason.

Thou

Thou seest, I am pacify'd still.

Nay, I prithee be gone.

[Exit Hostess.]

Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court for the Robbery Lad,
How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good An-
gel to thee.

The mony is paid back again.

Fal O, I do not like that paying back: 'tis a double
labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and
may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st,
and do it with un-wash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find
oue that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and
twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided.
Well, God be thanked for these Rebels; they offend
none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph*!

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,
to my Brother, *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*:
Go *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I, have thirty miles
to ride yet e're dinner time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow
in the *Temple-Hall*, at two a clock in the afternoon,
there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mo-
ny, and order for their furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they, or we, must lower lye. (come:

Fal. Rare words; brave World: Hostess, my breakfast,
Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my drum. [Exeunt



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Hot-spur , Worcester , and
Dowglafs.

H O T - S P U R.

Well said , my noble *Scot* , if speaking truth :
In this fine Age were not thought flattery ,
Such attribution should the *Dowglafs* have ,
As not a Soldier of this seasons stamp ,
Should go so general currant through the world.
By Heav'n I cannot flatter : I defie
The tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love , hath no Man than your self.
Nay , task me to my word ; approve me , Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour :
No Man so potent breaths upon the ground ,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so , and 'tis well. What Letters hast thou there ?
I can but thank you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him ? Why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come , my Lord , he is grievous sick.

Hot. How ! Has he the leisure to be sick now
In such a justling time ? Who leads his Power ?

Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His Letters bear his mind, not his Man

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days e're I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
E're he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ? Droop now ? This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enetrprise ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn : Nor did thinsh he meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us.
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your Father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perillous gash, a very limb lopt off :
And yet, in faith, 'tis not : his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.

Were't good to set the wealth of all our states,
All at one cast ? To set so rich a mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion ;
Now we may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in ;

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendez-vous, a home to flie unto ;
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs,

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here :
The quality and heir of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some , that know not why he is away ,
That Wisdom , Loyalty , and meer dislike
Of our proceedings , kept the Earl from hence.
And think , how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful Faction ,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For well you know , we of the offending side ,
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes , every loop , from whence
The eye of Reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your Father draws a curtain ,
That shews the the ignorant a kind of fear ,
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain it too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre , and more great opinion ,
A larger dare to our great Entreprise ,
Than if the Earl were here : For Men must think ,
If we without his help , can make a Head
To push against the Kingdom ; with his help ,
We shall o'erturn it topsie turvy down.
Yet all goes well , yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think :
There is not such a word spoke of in *Scotland* ,
As is this dream of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon* , welcome by my Soul.

Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome , Lord.
The Earl of *Westmorland* , seven thousand strong ,

Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harm; what more:

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his Son?
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daunt the World aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnisht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Estridges, that wing the wind,
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cuishes on his thighs gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the Sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish Agues. Let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich Reprizal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, not Horse to Horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, 'til one drop down a course.

Oh,

Oh that that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more News:

I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Power this fourteen days;

Dow. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battel reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The Power of us may serve so great a Day.

Come, let us make à Muster speedily:

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear

Of Death, or Death's hand, for this one half year.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I I.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bott'le of Sack; our Soldiers shall march through: We'll to *Stretton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me mony, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage.

Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain; farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my Soldiers, I am a lowc'd Gurnet: I have mis.us'd the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers,

three hundred and odd Pounds. I press me none but good Householders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out contracted Batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banes: Such a commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a drum; such as fear the report of a Caliver, worse than a struck-Fool, or a hurt wild-Duck. I prest me none but such Tostes and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins-heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloath, where the Glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: revolted Tapsters and Ostlers, trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad Fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead Bodies. No eye hath seen such scar-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my Company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's coat, without sleeves; and the Shirt to say the truth, stol'n from my Host of *St. Albans*, or the red-nose Innkeeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland,

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?
Ed.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 71

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good Lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose Fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful Rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tofs. Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste: *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*, I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and
Vernon.

H O T - S P U R.

We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours in doubtful.

Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas*: By my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the Battel,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being Men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up;
Your Uncle *Worcester's* Horse came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That

That not a Horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the Horses of the Enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Cousin, stay'till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination.

Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know,
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, & my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the Worlds regard, wretched and low;
 A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
 My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
 With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal:
 My Father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
 They more and less came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
 Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
 Even at the heels, in golden Multitudes:
 He presently, as Greatness knows it self,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my Father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurg*:
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his Country's wrongs; and by his face,
 This seeming brow of Justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish War*.

Elm. Tut, I came not to hear this:

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life:
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole State
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,

Who

Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There, without ransom, to lie forfeited.
 Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Council-board,
 In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
 Broke Oath on Oath, committing wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This Head of safety; and withal, to pry
 Into his Title; the which we do find
 Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*: We'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again:
 And in the morning early shall my Uncle
 Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do.

[*Exiunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

*Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and
 Sir Michell.*

Y O R K.

Hye, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief,
 With winged haste to the Lord *Mareshall*,
 This to my Cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed.
 If you but knew how much they do import,
 You would make haste.

Sir Michel. My good Lord, I guess their tenour.

York.

York. Like enough you do.
 To-morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day,
 Wherein the Fortune of ten thousand Men
 Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, *Sir Michell*,
 What with the sickeneis of *Northumberland*,
 Whose power was in the first proportion;
 And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,
 Who with them was rated firmly too,
 And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by Prophecies,
 I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,
 To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir Michel Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
 There is *Dowglass*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Michel. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*, and there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a Head of gallant Warriors, noble Gentlemen.

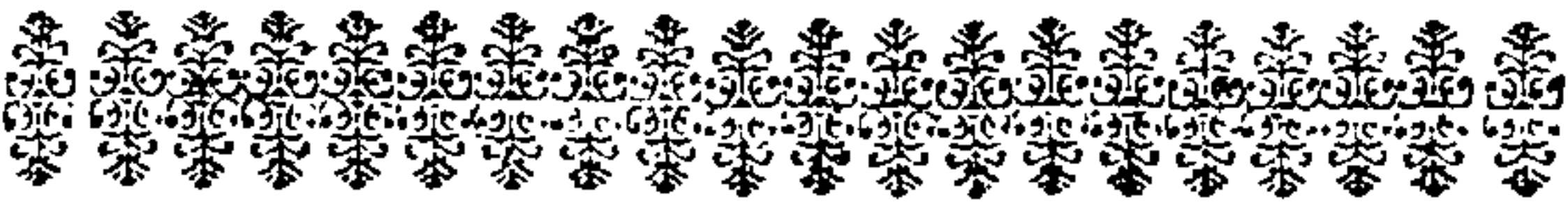
York. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
 The special Head of all the Land together:
 The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
 The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
 And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
 Of estimation, and command in Arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: Yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell* speed;
 For if Lord *Percy* thrive not; e're the King
 Dismiss his Power, he means to visit us;
 For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
 Therefore make haste, I must go write again
 To other Friends; and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT



A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King H E N R Y.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: The Day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern Wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blut'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem sow'r to them that win.

[The Trumpet sounds.]

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ster*? 'Tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easie Robe of Peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit

This

This churlish knot of all abhorred War ?
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light ?
 And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and portent
 Of broached mischief, to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege :
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag end of my life
 With quiet hours : For I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike. [then ?

K. Henry. You have not sought it ; pray how comes it

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour, from my self, and all our House ;
 And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
 We were the first, and dearest of your Friends.
 For you, my Staff of Office did I break,
 In *Richard's* time, and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand ;
 When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I :
 It was my self, my Brother and his Son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
 The danger of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
 That you did nothing purpose gainst the State,
 Nor claim no further, than your new fal'n Right,
 The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
 To this, we sware our aid : But in short space,
 It rain'd down Fortune showring on your head,
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent King,
 What with the injuries of wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had born,
 And the contrarious Winds that held the King
 So long in the unlucky *Irish Wars*,

That

That all in *England* did repute him dead :
 And from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :
 Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster* ,
 And being fed by us, you us'd us so ,
 As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's Bird ,
 Useth the Sparrow , did oppress our nest ,
 Grew by our feeding , to so great a bulk ,
 That even our love durst not come near your fight
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were inforc'd for safety's sake , to fly
 Outo' your fight , and raise this present Head ;
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you your self, have forg'd against your self ,
 By unkind usage , dangerous countenance ,
 And violation of all Faith and Troth ,
 Sworn to us in your younger entreprize.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market-Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the garment of Rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle Changelings, and poor Discontents ,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurly burly Innovation.
 And never yet did Infurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter ,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
 In praise of *Henry Percy* : By my hopes,
 This present entreprize set off his head,
 I do not think a braver Gentleman ,
 More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,

80 K. HENRY IV. &

To grace this latter Age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my Father's Majesty;
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great Name and Estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try Fortune with him, in a single fight.

[thee,

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
 We love our People well; even those we love
 That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part:
 And will they take the offer of our Grace;
 Both he, and they, and you, yea every Man
 Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and then bring me word,
 What he will do. But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So be gone,
 We will not now be troubled with reply,
 We offer fair, take it advisedly. [*Exit Worcester.*

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life,
 The *Dowglass* and the *Hot spur* both together,
 Are confident against the World in Arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge,
 For on their answer will we set on them;
 And God befriend us, as our Cause is just. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me fall down in the Battel,
 And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that
 friendship: Say thy Prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest Heav'n a death.

Fal.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 81

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter. Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then; can Honour set to a leg? No. Or an Arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Air? A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism. [Ex.]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

W O R C E S T E R.

O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard;
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his word in loving us:
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Suppose, all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his Ancestors:
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My Nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of Youth, and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd *Hot spur*, govern'd by a Spleen;
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his Father's. We did train him on,
 And his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
 Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know,
 In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglafs.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
 Deliver up, my Lord of *Westmorland*.

Uncle, what News?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglafs*; go you and tell him so.

Dow: Marry and shall, and very willingly.

(Exit Dowglafs.)

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
 Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglafs.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
 A brave Defiance in King *Henry's* teeth:

And *Westmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
 Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King.
 And,

And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no Man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly;
Unless a Brother should a Brother dare,
To gentle exercise and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning; instantly
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies; for never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will embrace him with a Soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
Arm, arm with speed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friends
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short :
 To spend that shortness basely were too long ,
 Tho Life did ride upon a Dial's point ,
 Still ending at the arrival of an Hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings :
 If die; brave Death, when Princes die with us.
 Now for our Consciencs, the Arms are fair ,
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale ,
 For I profess not talking : Only this,
 Let each Man do his best. And here I draw my Sword ,
 Whose worthy temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal,
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now Esperances, *Percy*, and set on :
 Sound all the lofty Instruments of War ,
 And by that Musick let us all embrace :
 For Heav'n to Earth, some of us never shall ,
 A second time do such a courtesie.

*They embrace, then Exeunt. The Trumpets sound, the
 King entreth with his Power, alarm unto the Battel.
 Then enter Dowglass and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name. That in the Battel thus thou
 What Honour dost thou seek upon my head? [crosseth me?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglass* ,
 And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
 Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
 Thy likeness ; for instead of thee, King *Harry* ,
 This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot* ,

And

And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enter Hot-spur:

Hot. O *Dowglass*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won; here breathless lyes the

Hot. Where; (King.

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglass*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.

Our Soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear
the shot here: Here's no scoring, but upon the pate.
Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour
for you; here's no Vanity; I am as hot as moulten lead,
and as heavy too: Heav'n keep lead out of me, I need
no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my
oRg-o-muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not
three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the
Town's end to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy
Sword? F 3 Many

Many a noble Man lyes stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting Enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while.
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in Arms, as I have
done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my
Sword; but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will sack a City.
[*The Prince draws out a bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

(*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come
in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willin-
gly, let him make a Carbonado of me; I like not such
grinning Honour as *Sir Walter* hath: Give me life,
which if I can save, so; if not, Honour comes unlook'd
for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

S C E N E I I I.

*Alarm, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of
Westmorland.*

King H E N R Y.

I prithee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest
too much. *Lord John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too

P. Henry. I beseech your Majesty make up; least your
retirement do a maze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:

My Lord of Westmorland, lead him to his Tent:

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help,
And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a Field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lyes trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in massacres.

Lan. We breath too long, come Cousin *Westmorland*;
Our duty this way lyes, for Heav'n's sake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. O this Boy, lends mettle to us all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglass.

Dow. Another King? They grow like *Hydra's* heads:
I am the *Dowglass*, fatal to all those
That wear thole colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit't the person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself; who, *Dowglass* grieves
So many of his shadows thou hast met, [at heart
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field;
But seing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: The King being in danger, Enter Prince Henry.*

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[*They fight, Dowglass retires.*

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawssey* hath for succour sent;
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglass* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the World,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawssey*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

P. Henry. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*. (name.)

P. Henry. Why then I see a very valiant Rebel of that
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To share with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n
Thy name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy crest,
I'll crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. (*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find
no boys play here, I can tell you. *En-*

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou hast robb'd me of my Youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse than thy Sword my flesh
But thought's the Slave of life, and Life Time's Fool;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of Death,
Lyes on my tongue: Now *Percy* thou art dust
And food for — [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel, great Heart:
Ill weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk?
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank my self
For doing these fair Rites of tendernefs.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heav'n,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor *Jack*, farewel:
I could have better spar'd a better Man.
O, I should have a heavy mis of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to-day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaff rises up.

Fal. Imbowell'd ! If thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to-morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit—I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit; for he is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the life of a Man: But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour, is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this Gun-Powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I have kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes Hot-spur on his back.

Enter Prince Henry and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flest Thy maiden Sword

Lan. But soft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead;
Breathless, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive;
Or is it Fantaine that plays upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speak, we will not trust our eyes
Witout our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st?

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man, but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*. There is *Percy*; if your Father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke I can assure you.

P. Henry.

St. JOHN FALSTAFF. 91

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward Valour bear the Sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest Fellow; Brother *John*. Come bring your luggage nobly on your back; For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the Day is ours: Come Brother, let's to the highest of the Field, To see what Friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great again, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble-Man should do. [*Exit.*

S C E N E I V.

The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

K I N G H E N R Y.

Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsman's trust?
Three Knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble Earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour ,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly born ,
Betwixt our Armies, true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to ;
And I embrace this Fortune patiently ,
Since, not to be avoided, it falls on me.

R. Henry. Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too :
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

(*Ex. Worcester and Vernon.*)

How goes the Field ?

P. Henry. The noble *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him ,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his Men ,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace ,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart .

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaster* ,
To you this honorable bounty shall belong :
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His Valour shewn upon our crest to-day ,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds ,
Even in the bosom of our Adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains, that we divide our
You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*, (*Power*,
Towards *Yark* shall bend you, with your dearest speed ,
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop* ,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.
My self and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales* ,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way ,
Meeting the check of such another day ;
And since this business so far is done ,
Let's not leave off, till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]



T H E
MERRY WIVES
O F
WINDSOR;
W I T H T H E
A M O U R S
O F
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
A
C O M E D Y.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N,
Printed for the Company.

D R A M A T I S

P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Sir John Falstaff.

Fenton, a young Gentleman of small fortune, in love with Mrs. Anne Page.

Shallow, a Country Justice.

Slender, Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.

*Mr. Page, }
Mr. Ford, } two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*

Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch Parson.

Dr. Caius, a French Doctor.

Host of the Garter, a merry talking Fellow.

*Bardolph, }
Pistol, } Sharpers attending on Falstaff.
Nym, }*

Robin, Page to Falstaff.

Simple, Servant to Slender.

Rugby, Servant to Dr. Caius.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Page, Wife to Mr. Page.

Mrs. Ford, Wife to Mr. Ford.

Mrs. Anne Page, Daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

S C E N E, *WINDSOR.*



T H E
M E R R Y W I V E S
O F
W I N D S O R.

A C T I.

S C E N E. I.

*Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and
Sir Hugh Evans.*

S H A L L O W.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: If he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esquire.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Justice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, Cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

A 2

Slen.

4 THE MERRY WIVES

Sten. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Sten. All his Successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white Lucas in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white Lowfes do become an old Coat well, it agrees well passant; it is a familiar beast to Man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old Coat.

Sten. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o'my life, if I were young again, the Sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Sten,

Slender. Mistress *Anne Page*! she has brown hair, and speaks like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies; and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: It were a good motion, if we leave our prattles and prabbles, and desire a Marriage between Master *Abraham*, and Mistress *Anne Page*.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leave her seven hundred Pound?

Eva. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter penny.

Slender. I know the young Gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and possibility is good gifts.

Shallow. Well; let us see honest *Mr. Page*: Is *Falstaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a Liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door (*Knocks*) for Master *Page*. What ho? Got bless your House here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plesing, and your Friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young Master *Slender*; that peradventures shall tell you another tale; if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shallow. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better; it

6 THE MERRY WIVES

was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress *Page*? And I thank you al ways with my heart la ; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotsale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confess; you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Mr. *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath; at a word he hath; believe me; *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King!

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Council ; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba* , Sir *John* , good worts.

Fal. Good worts? Good Cabage. *Slender* , I broke your head : What matter have you against me ?

Slen. Marry Sir , I have matter in my head against you , and against your Cony catching Rascals , *Bardolph* , *Nym* and *Pistol* .

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheese.

Slen. Ay , it is no matter.

Pist. How now , *Mephostophilus* ?

Slen. Ay , it is no matter.

Nym. Slice , I lay , *pauca* , *pauca* : Slice , that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple* , my Man ? Can you tell Cousin ?

Eva. Peace , I pray you : Now let us understand ; there is three Umpires in this matter , as I understand ; that is , *Master Page* , *fidelicet* , *Master Page* ; and there is my self , *fidelicet* , my self ; and the three party is , lastly , and finally , mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it , and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot ; I will make a prief of it in my Notebook , and we will afterwards orke upon the Cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol* .

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam ; what phrase is this , he hears with ear ? Why , it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol* , did you pick *Mr. Slender*'s purse ?

Slen. Ay , by these gloves did he , or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again else , of seven Groats in mill-sixpences , and two *Edward* Shovelboards , that cost me two Shilling & two pence a piece , of *Yead Miller* ; by these Gloves.

Fal. Is this true , *Pistol* ?

8 THE MERRY WIVES

Eva. No ; it is false , if it is a Pick-purse.

Pist. Ha , thou Mountain Foreigner : Sir *John* , and Master mine , I combate challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe : Word of denial in thy *Labras* here ; word of denial ; Froth and Scum , thou ly'st.

Slen. By these Gloves , then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd ; Sir , and pass good humours : I will say marry trap with you , if you run the put-hooks humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then he in the red face had it ; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk , yet I am not altogether an Ass.

Fal. What say you , *Scarlet* and *John* ?

Bard. Why , Sir , for my part , I say , the Gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five Senses . Fie , what the ignorance is !

Bard. And being sap , Sir , was , as they say , cashier'd ; and so conclusions past the car-eires.

Slen. Ay , you spake in *Latin* then too ; but 'tis no matter ; I'll ne'er be drunk whil'st I live again , but in honest , civil , godly company for this trick : If I be drunk , I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God , and not with drunken Kuaves.

Eva. So God udg me , that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd , Gentlemen , you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page , with Wine

Page. Nay , Daughter , carry the Wine in ; we'll drink within.

Slen. Oh Heav'n ! this is Mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now Mistress *Ford* ?

Fal.

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth you are very well met; by your leave, good Mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to dinner; Come, Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

(*Ex. Fal. Page, &c.*)

Manent Shallow, Evans *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How, now *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz; we stay for you: A word with you Coz: Marry this, Coz, there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir you shall find me reasonable: If it be so, I shall do that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you pardon me; he's a Justice of Peace in his Country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

A 5

Eva.

10 THE MERRY WIVES

Eva. Matry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: For divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: Therefore precisely, can you marry your good will to the Maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, God's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carre-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Request, Cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do is to pleasure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Request: But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in th'ord dissolutely: The ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang', la.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress *Anze*: Would I were young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

Anne.

Anne. The Dinner is on the table; my Father desires your Worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. (*Ex. Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forsooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a hungry, I thank you forsooth: Go Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow*; a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship; they will not sit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veneyes for a dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your Dogs bark so? be there Bears i'th' Town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any Man in *England*: You are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerston* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the Women have to cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past: But Women indeed cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

12 THE MERRY WIVES

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Eye you shall not chuse, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go first, truly la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

GO your ways, and ask of Doctor *Cains* House which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Washer, and his Ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter; for it is a 'omon that altogethers acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*, and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicit your Master's desires to Mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheese to come.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol
and Robin.*

FALSTAFF.

Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully Rock? Speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my Followers.

Host. Discard, Bully Hercules, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten Pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cesar, Kaisar,* and *Phaezer.* I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap, said I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth and live: I am at a word; follow.

(Exit Host.)

Fal. *Bardolph* follow him; a Tapster is a good Trade; an old Cloak makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving man, a fresh Tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

(Exit Bard.)

Pist. O base *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox; his thefts were too open, his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist.

14 THE MERRY WIVES

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: Steal! Foh; a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* Wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourfes, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am* Sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her Husband's Purse: He hath a Legend of Angels.

Pist. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page's* Wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious illiads; sometimes the beam of her view guarded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem

to scorch me up like a Burning glass: Here's another Letter to her; she bears the Purse too; she is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West Indies*, and I will trade to to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to *Mistress Page*; and thou this to *Mistress Ford*. We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I *Sir Pandarus* of *Troy* become?
And by my side wear steel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base humour: Here take the humour Letter, I will keep the haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, *Sirrah*, bear you these Letters rightly; Sail like my Pinnacle to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like hail-stones; go, Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, seek shelter, pack:

Falstaff will learn the humour of the Age,
French thrift, you Rogues, my self, and skirted *Page*.

(*Exit. Falstaff and Boy.*)

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for Gourd, and *Fullam* holds;

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,

Base *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Star.

Pist. With Wit, or Steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaff*, Varlet vile,

His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford*
to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellow-
ness,

ness, for the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I second thee; troop on. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I V.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple and John Rugby.

Q U I C K L Y.

WHat, *John Rugby*! I pray thee go to the casement, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch. (*Exit Rugby.*)

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate; his worst fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your name is?

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Simp. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's pairing-knife?

Simp. No, forsooth; he hath but a little weeface, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-spirited Man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a Man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic.

Quic. How say you? Oh; I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? And strut in his gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse Fortune. Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wish...

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! Here comes my Master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Closet; (*shuts Simple in the Closet.*) He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby!* *John!* What *John!* I say, go *John*, go enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home; and down, down, adown'a.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Clôset, *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-abox; do intend vat I speak? A green abox.

Quic. Ay forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn mad.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi il fait fort chaud, je m'en va à la Cour... la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this Sir?

Caius. *Oui, mette le dans mon Pocket, Dépêche quickly: .. Vere is dat Knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John. Rugby!* *John!*

Rug. Here Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take a your Rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

B

Rug.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: Od's me: *Qu'ai je oublié*: Dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I will not for the Varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Closet? Villanie, *Larron*. *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Quic. Good Master be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content a?

Quic. The young Man is an honest Man.

Caius. What shall de honest Man do in my Closet? dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it, He came of an errand to me from Parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forsooth, to desire her to...

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace a your tongue, speak a your tale.

Simp. To desire this honest Gentlewoman, your Maid, to speak a good word to Mistress *Anne Page* for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me some paper; tarry you a little-a while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: But notwithstanding, Man, I'll do for your Master what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French Doctor* my Master, I may call him my Master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, ringe, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic.

Quic. Are you a vis'd o'that? You shall find it a great charge; and to be up early, and down late: But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my Master himself is in love with Mistress *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You; Jack'nape; give'a this Letter to *Sir Hugh*: by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his throat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack anape Priest to meddle or make. . . You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two stones; by gar; he shall not have a stone to throw at his Dog. *(Exit Simple.*

Quic. Alas; he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? By gar; I will kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Fartiere* to measure our weapon: By gar I will my self have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give Folks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*; I shall turn your head out of my door; follow my heel, *Rugby*.

(Ex. Caius and Rugby.

Quic. You shall have *Anne*, Fools-head of your own. No; I know *Anne's* mind for that; that never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. *(within)* Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the House; I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What News? How does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise Heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you: Have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest Maid as ever broke bread; we had an hours talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that Maid's company; but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing, but for you... Well... go to...

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; hold, there's mony for thee: Let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me...

Quic. Will I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

(Exit.)

Quic. Farewel to your Worship. Truly an honest Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot?

(Exit.)



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Mistress Page with a Letter.

M R S. P A G E.

WHat, have I 'scap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day time of my Beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: (Reads.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for tho' Love use Reason for his Phisician, he admits him not for his Counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and so do I; would you desire better Sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the Love of a Soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like phrase; but I say, Love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

J O H N F A L S T A F F,

What a *Herod of Fury* is this? O wicked, wicked World! One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young Gallant? What unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish Drunkard* pickt, I' th' Devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been

thrice in my company : What should I say to him ? I was then not frugal of my mirth, Heav'n forgive me : Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men ; how shall I be reveng'd on him ? For reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page*, trust me, I was going to your House.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you ; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that ; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then ; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary. O Mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, Woman ?

Mrs. Ford. O Woman ! If it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such Honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, Woman, take the Honour ; what is it ? Dispense with trifles ; what is it ?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou heest ! Sir *Alice Ford* ! These Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light, here ; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted : I shall think the worse of fat Men as long as I have an eye to make difference of Men's liking ; and yet he would not swear, praised Women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words ; but they do no more adhere, and keep pace together, than the hun-

hundredth Psalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What Tempest, I trow, threw this Whale, with so many run of oil in his belly, a' shore at *Windsor*? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way wère to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of Lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the Name of *Page & Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank space for different names; nay more; and these are of the second Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Giantess, and lye under *Mount-Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles, e're one chaste Man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own Honesty. I'll entertain my self like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not my self, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our

Honesty. Oh that my Husband saw this Letter, it would give eternal food to his Jealousie.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good-Man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greivous Knight. Come hither.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs.!

Sir John affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old; and one with another, *Ford*, he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, Or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The Horn, I say: Farewel.

Take heed, have open eye; for Thieves do foot by night. Take heed e'er Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*. (sing.

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense. (Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your Wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak it, and I avouch 'tis true, my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your
Wife.

Wife. Adieu ; I love not the humour of bread and cheese : Adieu. (Exit Nym.)

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a ? here's a Fellow frights *English* out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling , affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it : well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian* , tho'the Priest o'th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible Fellow : Well.

Page. How now , *Meg* ?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you , *George* ? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now , sweet *Frank* , why art thou melancholly ?

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy. Get you home , go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now will you go , *Mistress Page* ?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner , *George* ? Look who comes yonder ; she shall be our Messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me , I thought on her ; she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my Daughter *Anne* ?

Quick. Ay , forsooth ; and I pray how does good *Mistress Anne* ?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

(Ex. Mr. Page , Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Quic.)

Page. How now , Master *Ford* ?

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me , did you not ?

Page. Yes ; and you heard what the other told me ?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them ?

Page. Hang'em , Slaves , I do not think the Knight

would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our Wives are a Yoke of his discarded Men, very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay marry does he. If he should intend this Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her loose to him: and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loath to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the *Garter* comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, Bully *Rock*? Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavaliero Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* Priest, and *Caius*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' *Garter*, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, Bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for,

bc-

believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you whar our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest, Cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt Sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, Bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more: in these times you stand not on distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'Tis the heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Host. Here Boys, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. (*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*)

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure Fool, and stand so firmly on his Wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

FALSTAFF.

I will not lend thee a penny.*Pist.* Why then the World's mine Oyster, which I with Sword will open.*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprives for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Mistress *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadst it not.*Pist.* Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen Pence?*Fal.* Reason, you Rogue, Reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis*? At a word; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a short Knife, and a throng, to your Manor of *Picktbatcht*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you stand upon your Honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my Honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine Honour in my Necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you Rogue will ensconce your rags, your Cat-a-Mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold beating Oaths, under the shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!*Pist.*

Pist. I do relent : what would thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you;

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your Worship.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quic. I'll be sworn,

As my Mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir; I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my self dwell with Mr. Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say.

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears; mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well; Mistress Ford, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray. . .

Fal. Mistress Ford, come, Mistress Ford.

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful; The best Courtier of them all, when the
COURT

Court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift; smelling so sweetly; all Musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and Gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such Wine and Sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any Woman's heart; and I warrant you they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my self twenty Angels given me this morning; but I defie all Angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of Honesty; and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more; Pensioners; but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief; my good she *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her Husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quic. Ay, Forsooth; and then you may come and see the Picture, she says, that you wot of: Master *Ford*, her husband; will be from home. Alas! The sweet Woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousie Man, she leads a very frampold life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another Messenger to your Worship. Mistress *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who-e'er be the other; and she bade me tell your

Wor-

Worship that her Husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman so doat upon a Man; surely I think you have Charms, la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford's* Wife and *Page's* Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little Grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page, of all love: Her Husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page; and truly Master *Page* is an honest Man. Never a Wife in *Windsor* leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to-bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windsor* truly she is one. You must send her your Page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you; he may come and go between you both; and, in any case; have a Nayword, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children should know any wickedness: Old Folks, you know have discretion; as they say, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purse, I am yet thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News distracts me.

(*Ex. Quic. and Robin.*)

Pist. This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers:
Clap on more Sails; pursue; up with your Fights;
Give fire; she is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

(*Exit Pistol.*)

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll
make

32 THE MERRY WIVES

make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a morning's draught of Sack.

Fal. *Broom*, is his name?

Bard. Ay Sir.

Fal. Call him in; such *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ah! Mistress *Ford* and Mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? Go to, *via*.

Enter Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Master *Broom*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think my self in better plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath some thing embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if Mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master *Broom*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means as desire to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating observance, ingross'd opportunities to meet her, see'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need I am sure I have received none; unless Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

„ Love like a shadow flies , when substance Love pursues :

„ Pursuing that that flies , and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair House built on another Mans ground , so that I have lost my Edifice , by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that , I have told you all. Some say , that tho' she appear honest to me , yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far , that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now , Sir *John* , here is the heart of my purpose : You are a Gentleman of excellent breeding , admirable discourse , of great admittance , authentick in your place and person , generally allow'd for your many War-like , Court-like , and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir !

Ford. Believe it , for you know it ; there is mony , spend it , spend it , spend more , spend all I have , only give me so much of your time in exchange of it , as to lay an amiable Siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* Wife ; use your art of wooing , win her to consent to you ; if any Man may , you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your Affection , that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O , understand my drift : she dwells so securely on the excellency of her Honour , that the folly of my Soul dares not present it self ; as she is too
bright

bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattail'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your Mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford*, Master *Broom*, you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment: Even as you came in to me, her Assistant, or Go-between, parted from me. I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally Knave, her Husband, will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave, I know him not. Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly Knave hath masses of mony, for the which his Wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the key of the Cuckold-Rogue's coffer; and there's my Harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-salt-butter Rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Broom*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the Peasant, and thou shalt lye with

his Wife. Come to me soon at night ; *Ford's* a Knave, and I will aggravate his stile : Thou , Master *Broom* , shalt know him for Knave and Cuckold : come to me soon at night. (Exit.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Rascal is this ? My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy ? My Wife hath sent to him , the hour is fixt , the match is made. Would any Man have thought this ? See the Hell of having a false Woman : my bed shall be abus'd , my coffers ranack'd , my reputation gnawn at , and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong , but stand under the adoption of abominable terms , and by him that does me this wrong. Terms , Names ; *Annaimon* sounds well , *Lucifer* well , *Barbason* well , yet they are Devils additions , the names of Fiends ; but Cuckold , Wittol-Cuckold ! the Devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an *Ass* , a secure *Ass* , he will trust his Wife ; he will not be jealous : I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter , *Parson Hugh* , the *Welch-man* , with my cheese , an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vita* bottle , or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding , than my Wife with her self : Then she plots , then she ruminates , then she devises ; and what they think in their hearts they may effect , they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy. Eleven o'clock the hour : I will prevent this , detect my Wife , be reveng'd on *Falstaff* , and laugh at *Page*. I will about it ; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie , fie , fie ; Cuckold , Cuckold , Cuckold. (Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

C A I U S.

J Ack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: By gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him; take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slend. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse,

C 3

thy

thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, Bully? What says my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack* Priest of de World; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion* king *Urinal*: *Hector* of Greece, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, dat' me have stay six or seven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of Souls, and you a curer of Bodys: If you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have your self been a great fighter, tho' now a Man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are Justices, and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd your self a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown him self a wise and patient Church-man: You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? Vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de *English-man*-Scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

Caius.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do lock he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tauck you for dat.

Host. And moreover, Bully; but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

(*Ex. Page, Shal. and Slen.*)

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Priest; for he speak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her, Cride-game said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: By gar I love you; and I shall procure'a you de good *Guest*, de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy Adversary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heel, *Jack Rugby*. (*Exeunt.*)



A C T. I I I.

S C E N E. I.

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

I pray you now, good Master *Slender's* Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doct̃or of Physick*?

Simp. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-ward*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the *Town* way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pless my Soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his *Knaves* costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke. 'Pless my Soul: *To shallow Rivers, to whose falls, Melodious Pirds sings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses, And a thousand fragrant Posies. To shallow: Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry. Melodious Birds sing Madrigals... When as I sat in Pabilon; and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *To shallow Rivers, to whose Falls... Heaven prosper the right: What weapons has he?*

Simp.

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my Master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my Gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? The Sword and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years and upward; I never heard a Man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart. I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

42 THE MERRY WIVES

Page. I warrant you, 'he's the Man should fight with him:

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Enter Host, Caius and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons : Keep them afunder ; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Pag. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you let a me speak a word with your ear : Wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Eva. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack Dog*; *John Ape*.

Eva. Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other Mens humours ; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends : I will knog you your urinal about your Knave's cogs-comb.

Caius. *Diablé!* *Jack Rugby*, mine Host de *Farter*, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not at de place I did appoint ?

Eva. As I am a Christian's-soul, now look you, this is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say ; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politick ? am I subtle ? am I a *Machivel* ? Shall I lose my Doctor ? No ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson ? my Priest ? my Sir, *Hugh* ? No ; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give methy hand, celestial, so. Boys of Art, I have deceived you both : I have directed you to
wrong

wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the issue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

(*Ex. Shal. Slen. Page and Host.*)

Caius. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make a defot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same rascall scurvy-cogging Companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you follow.

SCENE II.

Enter Mifirefs Page and Robin.

M R S. P A G E.

NAy, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your Masters heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering Boy; now I see you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly Sir, to see your Wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is; my Husband had him of.... What do you call your Knight's name, Sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on his name; there is such a league between my good-Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick'till I see her.

(Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.)

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty mile, as easie as a Cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score: he pieces out his Wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my Wife, and *Falstaff's* Boy with her. A Man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff's* Boy with her! Good plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming Mistress *Page*; divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my Neighbours shall cry aim. The Clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it

is as positive as the Earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there:
I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans and
Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir;

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a Match between *Anne Page* and my Cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, Father *Page*?

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: My Nurth a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks Holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will cary't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a Monster, Mr. Doctor you shall

shall go, so shall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my Hearts; I will to my honest Knight, *Falstaff*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe-Wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to see this Monster. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Servants with a Basket.

M R S. F O R D.

What *John*? what *Robert*?

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly? Is the Buckbasket...

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your Men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the Brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the *Whitsters* in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd:

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyas-Musket, what News with you?

Rob. My Master, Sir *John*, is come in at your back door, *Mistress Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my Master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good Boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy Master I am alone; *Mistress Page*, remember you your cue.

(Ex. Robin.)

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

(Exit Mrs. Page.)

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesom humidity, this gross watry pumpion; we'll reach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition; O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, *Mistress Ford*; Now shall I sin in my wish. I would thy Husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John*! Alas, I should be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see

see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow , that becomes the Slip-Tire , the Tire-valiant , or any Tire of *Venetian* admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchiffe , Sir *John* : my brows become nothing else , nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so ; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier , and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate , in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert , if Fortune thy Foe were not , Nature thy Friend : Come , thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me , there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? Let that persuade thee , there's something extraordinary in thee. Come , I cannot cog , and say , thou art this and that , like a many of these lisping Haw-thorn Buds , that come like Women in Mens apparel , and smell like *Bucklers Berry* in simpling time : I cannot ; but I love thee , none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me , Sir ; I fear you love *Mistress Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say , I love to walk by the *Counter Gate* , which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well , Heav'n knows how I love you , and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay , I must tell you , so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. (Within.) *Mistress Ford* , *Mistress Ford* , here's *Mistress Page* at the door , sweating , and blowing , and looking wildy , and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the *Arras*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Pray you do so ; she's a very tatling Woman.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter ? How now ?

Mrs. *Page*. O Mistress *Ford*, What have you done ? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What's the matter, good Mistress *Page* ?

Mrs. *Page*. O well-a-day, Mistress *Ford*, having an honest Man to your Husband ; to give him such cause of suspicion !

Mrs. *Ford*. What cause of suspicion ?

Mrs. *Page*. What cause of suspicion ! Out upon you ; how am I mistook in you ?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, alas ! what's the matter ?

Mrs. *Page*. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford*. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. *Page*. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here ; but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming wth half *Windsor* at his heels ; to search for such a one. I come before to tell you ; if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it ; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your Reputation ; or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What shall I do ? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend ; and I fear not my own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. *Page*. For shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather ; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance ; in the House you

D

cannot

see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow , that becomes the Slip-Tire , the Tire-valiant , or any Tire of *Venetians* admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchiffe , Sir *John* : my brows become nothing else , nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so ; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier , and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate , in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert , if Fortune thy Foe were not , Nature thy Friend : Come , thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me , there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? Let that persuade thee , there's something extraordinary in thee. Come , I cannot cog , and say , thou art this and that , like a many of these lisping Haw-thorn Buds , that come like Women in Mens apparel , and smell like *Bucklers Berry* in simpling time : I cannot ; but I love thee , none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me , Sir ; I fear you love *Mistress Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say , I love to walk by the *Counter Gate* , which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well , Heav'n knows how I love you , and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay , I must tell you , so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. (Within.) *Mistress Ford* , *Mistress Ford* , here's *Mistress Page* at the door , sweating , and blowing , and looking wildy , and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Pray you do so ; she's a very tatling Woman.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter ? How now ?

Mrs. *Page*. O Mistress *Ford*, What have you done ? You're sham'd, y'are overthrow'n, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What's the matter, good Mistress *Page* ?

Mrs. *Page*. O well-a-day, Mistress *Ford*, having an honest Man to your Husband ; to give him such cause of suspicion !

Mrs. *Ford*. What cause of suspicion ?

Mrs. *Page*. What cause of suspicion ! Out upon you ; how am I mistook in you ?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, alas ! what's the matter ?

Mrs. *Page*. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford*. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. *Page*. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here ; but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels ; to search for such a one. I come before to tell you ; if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it ; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your Reputation ; or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What shall I do ? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend ; and I fear not my own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. *Page*. For shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather ; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance ; in the House you

D cannot

50 THE MERRY WIVES

cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me
 Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable
 stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen
 upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is
 whiting time, send him by your two Men to *Datchet-*
Mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall
 I do?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, o let me see't; I'll
 in, I'll in; follow your Friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir *John Falstaff*, are these your
 Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in
 here: I'll never. . . *(He gets into the basket, they
 cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your Master, Boy: Call
 your Men, *Mistress Ford.* You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, *John, Robert, John*, go take up
 these cloaks here, quickly. Where's the cowlstaff?
 Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landress
 in *Datchet-Mead*; quickly; come.

Enter Ford, Page; Caius and Evans:

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without cause,
 why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest;
 I deserve it. How now? whither bear your this?

Serv. To the Landress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither
 they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-
 washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the
 buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay Buck: I warrant you
 Buck, and of the season too, it shall appear.

(Exeunt Servants with the Basket.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my
 dream.

dream; Here, here, here be my Keys; ascend my Chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me stop this way first: So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, Maister *Page*. Up Gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me; Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Cains. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*. . . (*Exeunt.*

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, see the issue of his search.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distrefs.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here: I never saw him so gross in his jealousie 'till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: His dissolute disease will scarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrion, *Mistress Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

52 THE MERRY WIVES

Mrs. Page. We'll do it, let him be sent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the presses, Heav'n forgive my sins.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford* are you not asham'd? What Spirit, what Devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor-Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad Conscience; your Wife is as honest `omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mistress *Page*, I pray you pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow-morning to my house to Breakfast: after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Bush. Shall it be so?

Ford.

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a third.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lowfie Knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lowfie Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I V.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

F E N T O N.

I see I cannot get thy Father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.

He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies ;

And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come,

Albeit I will confess, thy Father's Wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne :*

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in Gold, or fums in sealed bags :

And 'tis the very riches of thy self

That now I aim at.

54 THE MERRY WIVES

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my Father's Love, still seek it, Sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress *Quickly*;
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'D'slid 'tis but
venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No she shall not dismay me: I care not for
that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word
with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred Pounds a year?

Quic. And how does good Master *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her Coz.
O Boy, thou hadst a Father!

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne*; my Uncle can
tell you good jests of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell
Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my Father stole two Geese
out of a pen; good Uncle.

Shal. Misters *Anne*, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Wo-
man in *Glocester-shire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail,
under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds
Jointure.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow*, let him woo for
himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that:
Good

Good comfort; she calls you Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will; Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly Creature, I give Heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your Father and my Uncle have made motions; if it be my luck so, if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Anne.

Page. Now, Master *Slender*: Love him, Daughter Why how now? What does Master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haut my House: I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my *Page*. She is no Match for you: (Child.

Fent. Sir will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come, Master *Shallow*: come, Son *Slender*, in. Knowing my mind you wrong me, Master *Fenton*.

(*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your (Daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my Love,

And not retire. Let me have your good-will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to you Fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th' earth, and bowl'd to death with turneps. (*Fenton*;

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self, good Master I will not be your Friend nor Eunnemy:

My Daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell Sir; she must needs go in, Her Father will be angry. (*Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewel, gentle Mistress; farewell *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your Child on a Fool, and a Physician? Look on Master *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night, Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring: There's for thy pains. (*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heav'n send thee good Fortune. A kind heart he hath, a Woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistress *Anne*; or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two Mistresses; what a Beast am I to slack it? (*Exit.*



SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toft in't. Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket like a barrow of Butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*! Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River, with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind Bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: If the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a Man; And what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of Mummy.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the *Thames* water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, Woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy.
Give your Worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

D 5

Bard.

58 THE MERRY WIVES

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my brevage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from *Mistress Ford*.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*? I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! Good heart, that was not her fault: She does so take on with her Men; they mistook their erection

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish Woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her Husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. (Exit.)

Fal. I marvel I hear not of *Master Broom*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, *Master Broom*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* Wife?

Ford. That indeed, *Sir John*, is my business.

Fal. *Master Broom*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal.

Fal. Very ill favour'dly, Master *Broom*.

Ford. How Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Mr. *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Husband, Mr. *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes in the instant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, & as it were spoke the Prologue of our Comedy, and at his heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and in her invention, and *Ford*'s Wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a Buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul stockings, and greasie napkins; that, Master *Broom*, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Broom*, what I have suffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the Lunatick Knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a Cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, Master *Broom*; I suffered the pangs of three several Deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to
be

be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather; next to be compass'd, like a good Bilbo, in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stop't in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths, that fretted in their own grease: Think of that, a Man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a Man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish; to be throw into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that serge, like a Horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot, think of that, Master *Broom*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another Ambassie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Master *Broom*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu, you shall have her, Master *Broom*, Master *Broom*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. (Exit.

Ford. Hum! Ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master *Ford*, awake, awake Master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master *Ford*: This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck baskets! Well, I will proclaim my self what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my House; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a Pepper box. But lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot

cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns, to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. (*Exit*)

A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

F A L S T A F F.

Mistress *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your Love, and I profess requital to a hairs breadth, not only, Mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of Love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your Husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. (*within.*) What hoa, Gossip *Ford*: what hoa!

Mrs Ford. Step into th' Chamber, Sir *John*.

(*Ex. Falstaff.*)

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet Heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No certainly. . . Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why Woman, your Husband is in his old lines again; he so takes on yonder with my Husband, so rails against all married Mankind, so curses all *Eve's* Daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the fore-head, crying peer-out peer-out, that any madnefs I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility and patience to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their Company from their sport, to, make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, *Mistress Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at streets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? Away with him, away with him, better shame than Murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll no more i'th basket:

May I not go out e'er he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master's *Fords* Brothers watch the door with Pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away e're he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. There they always use to discharge their Birding-pieces; creep into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. He will seek there, on my word: Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding you in the House.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford*. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas-the-day; I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheif, and so escape.

Fal. Good Hearts, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. *Ford*. My Maid's Aunt; the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page*. On my word it will serve him, she's as big as he is; and there's her thum'd Hat, and her Muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*, Mistress *Page* and I will look some linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page*. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight; put on the Gown the while. (*Exit Falstaff*.)

Mrs. *Ford*. I would my Husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he swears she's a Witch, forbad her my House, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's cudgel, and the Devil guide his cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. *Ford*. But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. *Page*. Ay in good sadness is he, and talks of the Basket too, howsoever he had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford*. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my Men

to

to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my Men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mrs. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your Master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: Quickly, dispatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, if it prove true, Master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villains; somebody call my Wife: Youth in a Basket. Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a conspiracy against me; now shall the Devil be sham'd. What, Wife I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes Mr. *Ford*; you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Mr. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither *Mistress Ford*, *Mistress Ford*, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous fool to her Husband: I suspect without cause, *Mistress*, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth, Sirrah. *(Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.)*

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed! let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your Wife's cloaths? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why Man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a Man there, he shall die a Flea's death.

Page. Here's no Man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not not well, Mr. *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Mr. *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your Table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, *Mistress Page*! come you

and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple Men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the Profession of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th' Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you Hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman.

Enter Falstaff in Womens cloaths.

Mrs. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door you Witch, (*Beats him.*) you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runtion, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. (*Exit Fal.*)

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the Oman is a Witch indeed: I like not when a Oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, Gentlemen.

(*Exeunt.*)
Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Trust me he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay ; by th' Mass that he did not ; he beat him most unpitifully , methought.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd , and hung o'er the Altar , it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. *Ford*. What think you ? May we , with the warrant of woman-hood , and the witness of a good conscience , pursue him with any further revenge ?

Mrs. *Page*. The spirit of wantonness is sure scar'd out of him ; if the Devil have him not in Fee-simple , with Fine and Recovery , he will never , I think , in the way of waste , attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we tell our Husbands how we have served him ?

Mrs. *Page*. Yes , by all means ; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your Husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted , we two will still be the Ministers.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly sham'd ; and methinks there would be no period to the jest , should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. *Page*, Come to the Forge with it , then shape it : I would not have things cool. (*Exeunt* .

S C E N E I I.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

B A R D O L P H.

Sir , the German desires to have three of your horses ; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court ; and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly ?

E 2

I hear

I hear not of him in the Court: Let me speak with the Gentlemen, they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll fawce them. They have had my House a week at command; I have turn'd away my other Guests; they must come off, I'll fawce them, come.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

E V A N S.

'T IS one of the best discretions of a O man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour. (wilt;

Ford. Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the Sun with cold, (stand,
Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy Honour
In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not extream in submission, as in offence,
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the River,
and

and has been grievously peaten, as an old Oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too. (comes,

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, sometime a Keeper in *Windsor* Forest, doth all the Winter time, at still of midnight walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns. And there he blasts the Tree, and takes the Cattle, and makes Milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a Chain in a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age
This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry this is our device,
That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs. Page. That like wise we have thought upon, and
Nan Page, my Daughter, and my little Son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like Urchins, Ouphes and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused Song: Upon their sight
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ;
 And ask him why , that hour of Fairy Revel ,
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
 In shape prophane :

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth ,
 Let the supposed Fairies pinch him sound ,
 And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known ,
 We'll all present our selves ; dis-horn the Spirit ,
 And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The Children must
 Be practis'd well to this , or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their behaviours ;
 and I will be like a Jack - a - napes also , to burn the
 Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
 I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the
 Fairies , finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That Silk will I go buy ; and in that time
 Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away ,
 And marry her at *Eaton*. Go , send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay , I'll to him again in name of *Broom* ;
 He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that ; go get us properties
 And tricking for your Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it ,
 It is admirable pleasures , and ferry honest knaveries.
 (*Exeunt Page , Ford and Evans.*)

Mrs. Page. Go , Mrs. *Ford* ,
 Send quickly to Sir *John* , to know his mind.

(*Ex. Mrs. Ford.*)
 I'll to the Doctor , he hath my good-will ,
 And none but he , to marry with *Nan Page*.
 That *Slender* , tho' well landed , is an Ideot ;
 And he my Husband best of all affects.
 The Doctor is well mony'd , and his Friends

Potent at Court; he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter Host and Simple.

H O S T.

WHat wouldst thou have, Boor? what, Thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing bed and truckle bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophagian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robb'd, I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her descend, Bully, let her descend; my Chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy! Fie.

E 4

Fal.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat Woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise Woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay marry was it, *Mussel-shell*, what would you with her?

Simp. My Master, Sir, my Master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the streets, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no?

Fal. I spake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry she says, that the very same Man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her self; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Master's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: Go; say the Woman told me so.

Simp. May I be bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tidings. (Exit *Simple*.)

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: Was there a wise Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life;

life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage.

Host. Where be my Horses? Speak well of them, Varletto.

Bard. Run away with the Cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three *German Devils*, three *Doctor Faustusses*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not say they - be fled; *Germans* are honest Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Reading*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-Brook*, of *Horfes* and *Mony*. I tell you for good will, look you, you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened; fare you well. (*Exit.*)

Enter Caius:

Caius. Ver'is mine *Host de Farter*?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful delemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me,
E 5
dat

dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jarmany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu.

(*Exit.*)

Host. Hue and Cry, Villain, go; assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and cry, Villain. I am undone.

(*Exit.*)

Fal. I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation has been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primer*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mistrejs Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, Forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of Man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; Mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my self into all the colours of the Rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of Wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knaves Constable had set me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a Letter will say somewhat. Good Hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not serve Heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E. V.

Enter Fenton and Host.

H O S T.

M After *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee.
A hundred pound in Gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master *Fenton*; and I will at
the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as her self might be her chuser)
Even to my wish; I have a Letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the shew of both. For Sir *John Falstaff*
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark good mine Host;
To-night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen:
The purpose why is here. In which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her

Her Father hath commanded her to slip
 Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
 Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now Sir,
 Her Mother, even strong against that match,
 And firm for Doctor *Caus*, hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 While other sports are tasking of their minds,
 And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends,
 Straight marry her; to this her Mother's Plot
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor. Now thus it rests;
 Her Father means she shall be all in white,
 And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
 That quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With Ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The Maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
 To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our Hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
 Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Beside, I'll make a present recompense. (*Exeunt.*)



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

F A L S T A F F.

PRithee no more prating; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good Luck lyes in odd numbers: away, go, they say there is Divinity in odd numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

(*Exit. Mrs. Quickly.*)

Fal. Away, I say, time wears; hold up your head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Mr. *Broom*? Mr. *Broom*, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about mid - night; at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall see wonders:

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday; Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master *Broom*, as you see, like a poor old Man; but I came from her, Master *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That same Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the finest mad Devil of Jealousie in him, Master *Broom*, that ever govern'd Frenzy. I
will

will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a Woman; for in the shape of a Man, Master *Broom* I fear not *Goliath* with a Weaver's beam, because, I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste, go along with me, I'll tell you all, Master *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand, Master *Broom*, follow. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I I.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

P A G E.

Come, come; we'll couch i'th' Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay Forsooth, I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry Mum, she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a-clok.

Page. The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n prosper our sport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

MISTRESS PAGE.

MR. Doctor, my Daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. (*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welch Devil Herne*?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's Oak*, with obscur'd lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such Leudsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. (*Exeunt.*

SCE.

THE MERRY WIVES

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

E V A N S.

TRib, trib, Fairies; come, and remember your parts: Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the watch-ords do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE V.

F A L S T A F F.

THe *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God assist me. Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love set on thy horns. Oh powerful Love! That in some respects makes a Beast a Man; in some other, a Man a Beast. You were also, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love! How near the God drew to the complexion of a Goose; a fault done first in the form of a Beast, O *Jove*, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a Fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor Men do? For me I am a *Windsor* Stag, and the fattest I think, i'th' *Forrest*. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? My Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. *Ford*. Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer?
My male Deer?

Fal.

Fal. My Doe with the black scut? Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes, let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a haunch, I will keep my sides to my self, my shoulders for the Fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome. (*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins.

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page.* Away, away.

(*The Women run out.*

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd, Lest the oil that is in me should set Hell on fire; He would never else cross me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-shine Revellers, and Shades of night;
You orphan heirs of fixed Destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, & hearths unswept;
There pinch the Maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates fluts & fluttery.

Fal. They're Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die:

F

I'll

I'll wink and cough ; no Man their works must eye.

(Lyes down upon his face.

Eva. Where's *Bede*? Go you, & where you find a Maid
That ere she sleep has thrice her Prayers said,
Raife up the organs of her fantasie,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those that sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides & shins

Quick. About, about;
Search *Windsor* Castle, *Elves*, within and out;
Srew good luck, *Ouphes*, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In state as wholesom, as in State 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest,
With loyal Blazon evermore be blest.
And nightly meadow-Fairies, look you sing
Like to the *Garter* compass in a ring,
Th'expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emroid tuffs, flowers; purple, blue and white,
Like Saphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies use flow'rs for their character.
Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one a clock
Our dance of custom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter let us not forget. (order set;

Eva. Pray you lock hand in hand, your selves in
And twenty Glow-worms shall our Lanthorns be
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay, I smell a Man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* Fairy,
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese.

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in
thy birth. *Quic.*

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger end ;
If he be chaste the flame will back descend ,
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start ,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A Trial , come.

(They burn him with their Tapers , and pinch him.)

Eva. Come , will this wood take fire ?

Fal. Oh , oh , oh.

Quic. Corrupt , corrupt , and tainted in desire ;
About him , Fairies , sing a scornful Rhime ,
And as you trip , still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinful phantasie : Fie on Lust and Luxury :
Lust is but a bloody fire , kindled with unchaste desire.

Fed in heart whose flames aspire ,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him , Fairies , mutually ; pinch him for his villany :

Pinch him , and burn him , and turn him about ,

'Till candles , and Star-light , and Moon-shine be out.

(He offers to run out.)

Enter Page , Ford &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay , do not fly , I think I have watcht you now ;
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come , hold up the jest no
higher.

Now , good Sir *John* , how like you *Windsor* wives ?

See you these Husbands ; Do not these fair Oaks

Become the Forest better than the Town ?

Ford. Now , Sir , who's a Cuckold now ?

Mr. Broom , *Falstaff's* a Knave , a cuckoldy Knave ,

Here are his Horns , Master *Broom* ;

And, Master *Broom*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*, but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty Pounds of Mony, which must be paid to Mr. *Broom*; his Horses are arrested for it, Mr. *Broom*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never meet. I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox too: Both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all Rhime and Reason, that they were Fairies. See now how Wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page*. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust Virtue out of our hearts by the head

head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge pudding? A bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed Man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to drinkings, and swearings, and staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* flannel. Ignorance it self is a Plummer o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Broom*, that you have cozen'd of Money, to whom you should have been a Pander: Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that Money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that:
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, she is by this, Doctor *Cains's* Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! Hoe! Father *Page*!

Page. Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucester* Shire know on't; would I were hang'd-la, else.

Page. Of what, Son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-master's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Womans apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my Daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in green and cry'd Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-master's Boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my Daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deaury, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Mistress *Page*; by gar I am cozon'd, I ha'marry'd one Garsoon, a Boe; oon Pefant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? Did you take her in white?

Caius. Ay be gar; and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange; who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My Heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

How now Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good Father; good my Mother, Pardon.

Page.

Page. Now Mistrefs,
How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender* ?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. *Doctor* ;
Maid ?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
Th' offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title ;
Since therein she doth evitate and thun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy,
In Love, the Heav'n's themselves do guide the State ;
Mony buys lands, and Wives are sold by Fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special stand to
strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy ? *Fenton*, Heav'n
give thee joy ; what cannot be eschew'd, must be
embrac'd.

Fal. When Night-dogs run, all sorts of Deer are
chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days.
Good Husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John* ;
To Master *Broom* you yet shall hold your word ;
For he, to-night, shall lye with Mistrefs *Ford*.

(*Exeunt.*)

F I N I S,

THE
HISTORY
OF
TIMON OF ATHENS,
THE MAN-HATER.

*First written by Mr. Wil. SHAKESPEAR,
& since altered by Mr. Tho. SHADWELL.*



Printed for T. JOHNSON,
Bookseller at the Hague.

M. D C C. XII.



TO THE MOST
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
G E O R G E
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace : The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good Men, and Men of Sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extremely

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sensible what Honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest Example, and the sharpest Reproof. And no Man who has perfectly understood the *Rehearsal*, and some other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declamation upon these and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the Honour to know him already give him. Amongst which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Graces Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakespeare* in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I
can

The Epistle Dedicatory.

can truly say, I have made it into a Play, which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no Man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

MY LORD,

Your Graces,

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.



PROLOGUE TO TIMON.

*S*ince the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for brisk Wits o' th' Town,
We mean such as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
As you do Mistresses for others use:
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
Though for three Months it finds you what to say.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Ecchos can repeat Wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own,
Till some into their emptiness be blown.
Yet...
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o' th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Bus'ness make,
For labour'd Dullness grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judge will seem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain

Fops try a thousand ways the Name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with Sense upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one Line submits;
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with Ease.
In th' Art of Judging you as wise are grown;
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise,
And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize.
Old English Shakespear stomachs you have still,
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.
Try it to day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON of ATHENS.
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*
APEMANTUS, *a Rigid Philosopher.*
NICIAS.
PHÆAX.
ÆLIUS.
CLEON. } *Senators of Athens,*
ISANDER. }
ISIDORE. }
THRASILLUS. }
DEMETRIUS, *Timons Steward.*
DIPHILUS, *Servant to Timon.*
OLD MAN
POET.
PAINTER.
JEWELLER.
MUSICIAN.
MERCHANT.
EVANDRA.
MELISSA.
CHLOE.
THAIS. } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
PHRINIAS. }
SERVANTS.
MESSENGERS.
SEVERAL MASQUERADERS.
SOLDIERS.

SCENE ATHENS.

TIMON

And lull him in his soft lethargick life.
 And like such cursed Politicians can
 Share in the headlong ruine, and will rise by't.
 What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
 To Pimps, and Women, what Estates he gives!
 And shall I have no share? Be gone all Honesty,
 Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing,
 be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow Horse-leech: How now Poet,
 how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord
Timon visible?

Dem. He'll come out suddenly, what have you
 to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse:
 She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.

[*Aside.*
 By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written himself up
 to my Lords Table, which he seldom fails: nay,
 into his Chariot, where he in publick does not blush
 to own the sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord
 was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by Style? That of good
 Sence is all alike;
 That is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too
 little or too much:
 And this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and
 easie!

Heroick must be lofty and high sounding;
 No easie language in Heroick Verse;
 'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,

I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as soon call him an Ass. No thus...
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lyon would sound so baldly,
not to be endur'd, and a Bull too... but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah!... how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in
this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvy Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum... is it so? How will a Raven do in
Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl.

Dem. An excellent sound... But let me see your
Piece.

Poet. I'll read it... 'Tis a good-morrow to the Lord
Timon.

Dem. Do you make good-morrow sound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!...

The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance,

Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance:

Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,

Each does his daily lease of life renew.

Now you shall hear Description, 'tis the very life of
Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks mossie House;

And from his quiet Tenement does rouse

The little charming and harmonious Fowl,

Which sings its lump of body to a Soul:

Swiftly it clammers up in the steep Air

With

12 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

With warbling throat and makes each note a stair.

There's rapture for you ! hah!...

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the solicitous Lover straight alarms ,
Who too long slumber'd in his Cælias arms :
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads stagger from their delight :
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles hast :
Already now the moving shops are plac'd
By those who crop the treasures of the fields ,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.*

Who d'ye think these are now ? Why... Nothing but
Herb - Women : these are fine lofty expressions for
Herb-Women : Ha!... *Already now, &c.*

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord ?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to describe to him that
'tis about the Fourth hour in the Morning... I'll in and
let him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[*Exit Demetrius.*

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good Morning, Sir, whither this way ?

Mus. To present his Honour with a piece of
Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility...
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth ,
His Universal bounty falls on all.

Enter

Enter Merchant , Jeweller , Painter , and several others.

Jewell. Good Morrow , Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the House !

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws ?
Magick of bounty... These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent Water.

Poet. What have you there , Sir ?

Paint. It is a Picture , Sir , a dumb piece of Poetry :
But you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slip't idly from me :
The fire within the flint shews not it self
Till it be struck ; our gentle flame provokes
It self...

Dem. You write so scurvily , the Devil's in any
Man that provokes
You , but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.

Paint. So , so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all ,
As if they had saved his Honour , or his Life ;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd !

Enter more who pass over.

Paint. See more , well , he's a noble Spirit !

Jewell. A most worthy Lord !

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws !

Dem.

14 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord *Timons* prosp'rous Fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl
Who hates the World, and does almost abhor
Himself...

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the
finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all Mankind, deserves a *Homer*
for his Poet.

Jewell. A most accomplish'd Person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all Parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor,
would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Musick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

*Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself
courteously to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your self, and bate too
much of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must
receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.

Pheax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on:
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Pheax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim.

Tim. My word is past : is there ought else you like?
I know, my Lord, no Man can justly praise
But what he does affect ; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own :
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords :
My heart is not enough to give, methinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be
weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast
bounty !

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you !

Phæax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much
honour.

Isand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige, without
A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. *Lampridius* Imprison'd ! say you ?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his Debt ;
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict ;
He begs your Letter to those cruel Men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me : I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help ;
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me :

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after... tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Enter

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, Good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant named *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That Fellow there by night frequents my House.

I am a Man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This Man attempts her love; pray, my good Lord
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The Man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of
mine.

Old Man. If to her Marriage my consent be
wanting,
I call the Gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street my Heirs, e'er she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Master too;
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
What e'er your Daughters Portion weighs, this Mans
shall

shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so, my Noble Lord! upon
your honour

This, and She is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my
promise.

Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my
Knees:

May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of return;
That were but Merchandizing, a meer Trade
Of putting kindness out to Use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long
live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
What have you there, my Friend?

Taint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Pim. 'Tis wellcome: I like it, and you shall find I
do.

Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel.

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the
wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all
Men think.

Apem. Scum of all Flatterers wilt thou still persist
For filthy gain to guild and varnish o'er
This great Mans Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden;

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

B

Apem.

Apem. Yes and without him too : vain credulous

Timon,

If thou believ'st this Knave, thou art a Fool.

Tim. Well; gentle *Apemantus*, good Morrow to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle stay for thy good Morrow, Till thou art *Timons* Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They are *Athenians*, and I'll not recant; They're all base Fawners; what a coil is here With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums: I wonder whether all the Legs they make Are worth the summs they cost you; Friendship's full Of dregs, base filthy dregs.

Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us, Fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names?

Tim. Thou preacheſt againſt Vice, and thou thy ſelf art proud, *Apemantus*

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why ſo?

Apem. To give belief to flattering Knaves and Poets,

And to be ſtill my ſelf my greateſt Flatterer :

What ſhould Great Men be proud of? made of noiſe, And pomp and ſhow, and holding up their heads,

And cocking up their Noſes; pleas'd to ſee

Base ſmiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to 'em?

Did they but ſee their own ridiculous Folly,

Their mean and abſurd Vanities; they'd hide

Their heads within ſome dark and little corner,

And be afraid that every Fool ſhould find 'em.

Tim. Thou haſt too much ſowneſs in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him, ... ne'er mind him...

Apem. What is this fooliſh animal Man, that we ſhould magnifie him ſo? A little warm, And walking earth that will be aſhes ſoon?

We come into the World crying and squalling,
And so much of our time's consum'd in driv'ling
infancy,

In ignorance, sleep, disease and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phæax. A Preaching Fool.

Apem. A Fool? If thou hadst half my Wit thou'dst
find

Thy self an Ass! Is it not truth I speak?
Are not all the arts and subtleties of Men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diversions, all their Sports, little enough
To pass away their happiest hours with,
And make a heavy Life be born with Patience?

Tim. I, with the help of my Friends, will make
mine easier

Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little dost thou look before thee!

Thou, who tak'st such great felicity in Fools and
Knaves,

And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long
Find 'em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,
That thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.

Tim. I do not think so.

Phæax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*,
and let him be whipt!

Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often
suffer,

Whilst Injurers, Oppressors and desertless Fools,
Swell in their brief Authority, look big
And strut in Furs: 'tis a foul shame,
But 'tis a loathsome Age, ... it has been long
Impostumating with its Villany;
And now the swelling's broken out
In most contagious Ulcers; no place free
From the destructive Pestilence of manners.
Out upon't, 'tis time the World should end!

Tim. Do not rail so... 'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-Lecture,
And I'll be gone...

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenians* Brains,

Tim. Why? That's a deed thou'lt die for, *Ape-*
mantus.

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost thou
like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for,
'Twill neither lie, drink, nor Whore;
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut his Throat
Behind his back; for since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with Mans nature,
He is but mere outside; your Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How likest thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
not cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What Fools esteem it, it is not worth my
thinking.

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!

That must set infinite value on a Bauble!

Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst;

Or hunger? No it is comparifon

That gives it value; then, thou look'ft upon

Thy finger, and art very proud to think

A poor Man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!

What stretcht inventions must be found to make

Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim.

Tim. What would'st thou do ?

Apem. I would cudgel two Men a day for flattering me, till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phæax. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his licentious Tongue.

Tim. No, the Man is honest, 'tis his humour : 'Tis odd, and methinks pleasant. You must dine with me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings, And varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, and get Great Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into The World, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicias.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome ! most welcome to my Arms !

You are the Fountain from which all my happiness Did spring ! your Matchless Daughter, fair *Mellissa.*

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens* ! the chief delight

Of Nature, the only life I live by : Oh, that her vows Were once expir'd ; it is, methinks, an Age till that blest day

When we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord,

Tim. 'Tis a Thousand Years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat All thy Calamities, that plague of Love ? That most unmanly madness of the mind,

22 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

That specious Cheat, as false as Friendship is ?
 Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing
 Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor, or
 laugh at

Thy own admired Image.

Tim. Peace : I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be
 Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.

Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now visit our
 Gardens,

And refresh our selves with some cool Wines and
 Fruit :

I am transported with your Visits !

There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
 Unless it be in that he can more bestow
 Upon the Men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord,
 Who would not wed your Friendship,
 Though without a Dowry ?

Isidor. Most worthy *Timon* !
 Who has a Life you may not call your own ?

Phæax. We are all your Slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day, my Friends.

Apem. So, so, crouching Slaves, Aches contract
 and make your supple

Joynts to wither. That there should be so little
 Love among these Knaves, yet all this Courtesie !
 They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
 As if they were of different Sexes : Villains, Villains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra* ! methinks your
 looks are chang'd,

And

And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were saluted with

The most unhappy News, the dismal'st story,
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,
With a cold sweat o'er all my Limbs.

Tim. What was it, Madam?

Evand. You speak not with the kindness you were wont,

I have been us'd to tenderer words than these:
It is too true, and I am miserable!

Tim. What is't disturbs you so? Too well I guess.

[*Aside.*

Evand. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only Earthly Blessing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evand. *Melissa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'st blush at thy Ingratitude!
Had I so much towards thee, I ne'er shou'd show
My Face without confusion: Such a guilt,
As if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Estate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
That 'tis beyond expression.

Evand. Call to mind

Whose Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unspotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
That they exceeded all; and yet all these,
The only Treasures a poor Maid possess,
I sacrific'd to you, and rather chose
To throw my self away, than you shou'd be

Uneasie in your wishes ; since which happy ,
 And yet unhappy time , you have been to me ,
 My Life , my Joy , my Earth , my Heaven , my All .
 I never had one single wish beyond you ;
 Nay , every action , every thought of mine ,
 How far soe'er their large Circumference
 Stretcht out , yet center'd all in you : You were
 My end , the only thing could fill my Mind .

Tim. She strikes me to the heart ! I would I had
 not seen her. [*Aside.*

Evan. Ah *Timon* , I have lov'd you so , that had
 My Eyes offended you , I with these fingers
 Had pluck't 'em by the roots , and cast them from me :
 Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
 Not yours , I with this hand would rip it open :
 Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this ;
 And yet I am not one , but you are now to marry .

Tim. That I have lov'd you , you and Heaven can
 witness

By many long repeated acts of Love ,
 And Bounty I have shew'd you . . .

Evan. Bounty ! ah *Timon* !
 I am not yet so mean , but I contemn
 Your transitory dirt , and all rewards ,
 But that of Love ; your Person was the bound
 Of all my Thoughts and Wishes ; in return
 You have lov'd me ! Oh miserable sound !
 I would you never had , or always would .

Tim. Man is not Master of his Appetites ,
 Heav'n sways our mind to Love .

Evan. But Hell to falsehood ;
 How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
 Eternal Love : Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
 You of your Oaths to me ; nor can I ever :
 My Love's as much too much as your's too little .

Tim. If you love me , you'll love my Happiness :
Melissas Beauty and her Love to me

Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
Have wish'd I might have found my happiness
Within another's Arms? No; no, it is
To Love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissas* beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd: Besides her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage-Love.
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off.

[*Aside.*

Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake
me so,
It threw down all my leaves my hopeful blossoms.
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of
your hate
Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless Tree: must fall...

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath...

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Tim. You shall be so much Partner of my Fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your Quality in what pomp you can
desire.

Evan. I am not of so course a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought

That's yours without you...

But, oh thou too dear perjur'd Man, I cou'd
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathsome
Dungeon,

Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the Noise, the Show, the Revelling,
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.

Tim. I by resistless fate am hurry'd on...

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd...

Evan. It had a pre-engagement.

Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry her and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and let others graft upon
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar Reason!

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her
honour.

Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as
fervent...

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long; and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandize, to traffick hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of Love is, she's content
To bind you in the strongest Chains, and to
A slavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without those vile conditions...

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish't for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience

To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
 And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
 That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle... but what
 Security of Love from her can be like mine?
 Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
 Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
 Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
 First lifted o'er the Threshold, and then
 Led by my Parents to *Minervas* Temple:
 No young unyoked Heifers blood was offer'd
 To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parca*:
 No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
 Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then;
 Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
 By my dear Mothers Torches to your Bed.
 Are these slight things, the Bonds of truth and
 constancy?

I came all Love into your Arms, unmixt
 With other aims; and you for this will cause my death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not
 to *Melissa*

For I shall die to see another have
 Possession of all that e'er I wisht for on Earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa* :...

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some comfort
 left;

Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'll grow stron-
 ger,

Your lawful Gratitude and Love will rise,
 And quell the other Rebel-passion in you;
 Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
 They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be Womanish; pray
 retire,
 I will love you.

Evan.

Evan. Oh happy word ! Heav'n ever blefs my
Dear ;

Farewel : but will you never fee *Meliffa* more ?

Tim. Sweet Excellence ! Retire.

Evan. I will... will you remember your *Evandra* ?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in Conftancy,

'Twould equal us with the Celeftial Spirits !

O could we meet with the fame tremblings ftill,

Thofe panting Joys, thofe furious Defires,

Thofe happy Trances which we found at firft ! But,
oh !

*Unhappy Man, whose moft transporting joy,
Feeds on fuch luscious food as foon will cloy,
And that which fhould preferve, does it deftroy.*

[*Exit Timon.*



A C T I I I.

ENTER MELISSA AND CHLOE.

Meliffa.

W^Hat think'ft thou, *Chloe* ? Will this Drefs be-
come me ?

Chlo. Oh, moft exceedingly ! This pretty curl
Does give you fuch a killing Grace, I fwear
That all the youth at the Lord *Timons* Mask will die
for you,

Mel. No : But doft thou think fo, *Chloe* ? I love
To make thofe Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look fo fcornfully, and then with my
Head on one fide, with a languifhing Eye I do fo

Kill

Kill 'em again : Prithee, what do they say of me,
Chloe ?

Chlo. Say ! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddesses, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupid's*
Flames,
And Darts, and Wounds ! Oh 'tis the rarest language,
'T would make one die to hear it ; and ever now
And then they steal some gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me ?

Chlo. Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen...

Mel. But there are not many that die for me ?
humh...

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Thessalus*,
Eumolpides,
Memnon, and indeed all that see your Ladyship.

Mel. I'll swear ? How is my Complexion to day ?
ha, *Chloe* ?

Chlo. O most fragrant ! 'tis a rare white wash this ;

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought ; had I not
best

Lay on some more red, *Chloe* ?

Chlo. A little more would do well ; it makes you
look

So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this Morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three
hours.

Mel. No more ! well, if I were sure to be thus
pretty but seven

Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The Gods forbid.

Mel. I'll swear I would ; but dost thou think,
Timon will like me in this dress ?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam !

Mel.

30 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not
home my new
Habit to day; he deserves the Ostracism! a Villain,
To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm
To my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two
nights,
And shall not recover it this Week...

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from
your Eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? Will not *Timon*
Perceive my disorder?... hah...

Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this
killing preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have
all the
Young Blades follow, kifs my hand, admire, adore me,
And die for me: but I must have but one favour'd
Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I
Must look after in the rest.

Chloe. Oh Lord, I would have as many Admirers as
I could.

Mel. Ah so would I... but favour one alone.
No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty;
Those Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*,
And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chloe. Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain see
Any of those Admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly and is rich...

Chloe. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*:
He is the rarest Person!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he
was the beautiful'st Man,
The finest wit in *Athens*, the best Companion, fullest
of mirth
And pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please
Ladies,

He

He would make his Enemies rejoyce to see him.

Chloe. Why? He is all this, and can do all this still.

Mel. Ah, but he has been long banish'd for breaking
Mercurys

Images, and prophaning the mysteries of *Proserpine*.

Besides, the People took his Estate from him,

And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I swear:

I vow methinks I look so pretty to day, I could

Kiss my self, *Chloe*.

Chloe. Oh dear Madam... I could look on you for
ever: oh

What a World of Murder you'll commit to day!

Mel. Dost thou think so? Ha? No, no...

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon's* come to wait on you, and
begs Admittance.

Mel. Desire his presence.

Enter Timon.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,

A fresh I am wounded every time I see her:

All happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th'
Excellence

Of heav'nly Woman-kind is seen unmixt;

Nature has wrought thy mettle up without alloy.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,

And that I am sure has no alloy, 'tis of

So strong a temper, neither time nor death,

Nor any change can break it...

Tim. Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,

No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:

But I have still an Enemy with you,

That

That guards me from my happiness ; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature , against Love ,
The best of Nature , and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a Week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole Age : in all approaching joys ;
The nearer they come to us , still the time
Seems longer to us : But my , dear *Melissa* ,
Why should we bind our selves with Vows and Oaths ?
Alas , by Nature we are too much confin'd ,
Our Liberty's so narrow , that we need not
Find Fetters for our selves : No we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it ,
Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam , break your Vow , it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench , I cannot get my things
In order till that time ; dost think I will
Be Marri'd like some vulgar Creature , which
Snatches at the first offer , as if she
Were desperate of having any other.

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your
Vow ?

Mel. If any thing , one word of yours wou'd do't :
But how can you be once secure , I'll keep
A Vow to you , that would not to my self ?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come , *Melissa* ,
To interrupt our Joys ; let us make sure
O' th' present minute , for the rest , perhaps ,
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd , if I shou'd break a Vow ;
No , you shall never find a change in me ;
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion , than I change :
This may assure you of my Love ; if not ,
Upon my Knees I swear...

Were I the Queen of all the Universe ,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Misery ;
I would not change my love to him.

Tim.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same Adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a Blessing, Heav'n can't add
to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Melissa*, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes; so I prize thee,
That I cou'd die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your
Lordships Guests wait your wisht Prefence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in
order for the Feast.*

Poet. His Honour will soon be here, I have
prepar'd the Maskers; They are all ready.

Apem. How now, *Poet*? What piece of foppery
Hast thou to present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a fenceless snarling Stoick,
And hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff;
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little fence,

'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
 Thou lov'st impertinent description,
 And when thou hast a rapture, it is not
 The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
 Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
 Like Madmens thoughts, and this thou calls Poetical.

Poet. You a judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
 Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
 Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
 Poets of this time? Their most unreasonable heads
 Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fiddlers,
 They are the scorn and laughter of all witty Men:
 The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
 None of you have the judgment of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, and the others Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your
 Self, do an you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a
 Man of sence to write to an Age that likes your
 spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou,
 That would'st thus long omit it?

Isid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timons* Feast.

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine
 heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or
 honesty to return thee one good wish for it.

Phæax.

Phaax. Go hang thy self.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on Earth.

Phaax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will spurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog the heels of the Afs.

Nici. He's opposite to all humanity...

Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timons* bounty.

Phaax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will...

Isid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if *Plutus* the God of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phaax. No Meed but he repays sev'n-fold above It self, no gift but breeds the giver such Return as does exceed his wishes.

Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd Man.

Phaax. Long may he live with prosperous Fortunes But I fear it...

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors, even of their Interest.

Phaax. I fear it is too true...
Well, 'tis pitty: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great Train with him.

Here he comes. My Noble Lord.

Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!

Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! is there On Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well

Fill'd with good and faithful Friends , like you ?
Dear *Melissa* ! be pleas'd to know my Friends :
Oh *Apemantus* ! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No , thou shalt not make me welcome ;
I come to tell thee truth , and if thou hear'st me not ,
I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter. Think
On the ebb of your Estate , and flow of Debts ;
How many prodigal bits do Slaves and Flatterers gorge
And now 'tis noble *Timon* , worthy *Timon* , royal
Timon ;

And when the Means is gone that buys this praise ,
The breath is gone whereof the praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy
vanities.

So the Gods bless me :

When all your Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous Feeders , when every Vault has wept
With drunken spilth of Wine , when every room
Has blaz'd with lights , and bray'd with Minstrels ,
Or roaring singing Drunkards ; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell , and set my Eyes
At flow for thee , because I find something in
Thee that might be worthy... but as thou art I
Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come , preach no more , had I no Estate , I
am rich in Friends , my Noble Friends here ,
The dearest loving Friends that ever Man was blest
with.

Nici. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to
show how we love and honour you !

Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.

Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.

Phæax. Yes , all our selves ; if you'd put us to a
Tryal , then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not , I know you'd serve me all ;
Shall

Shall I distrust my Friends ? I have often wish't
My self poorer that I might use you... We are
Born to do good one to another : Friends,
Unless we use 'em , are like sweet Instruments hung
Up in cases : But oh , what a precious comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers , commanding
One anothers Fortunes ! Trust me , my joy brings
water to my Eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my Eyes.

Apem. Ho , ho , ho... I laugh to think
That it conceiv'd a Bastard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for ?

Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so ,
Not only flattering thee , but thy Mutton and thy
Partridge.

These Flies , who at one cloud of winter-showers
Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the Dog.

Phæax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile Earth , of what mean dirt
A Lord is kneaded !

Tim. The Man I think is honest , and his humour
hurts us not ,

Apem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good ,

Timon.

Mel. This is an odd snarling Fellow ; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying , I'd say the same
of thee.

Mel. Why ? Prethee what dost thou think of me ?

Tim. He'll snarl at thee.

Mel. No matter,

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red
Earth , the Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life ;
I am thinking how handsome that Skull will be
when all the Flesh is off , that face thou art
so proud of , is a poor , vain , transitory thing ,

38 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

And shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not so sullen; I'll be kind to thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail at thee, and then thou'dst sin the faster: *Timon*, thou givest so long, Thou'lt shortly give thy self away.

Tim. I'll hear no more:

Let him have a Table by himself.

Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water, Such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink Before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.*

Tim. Sit, Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast:

And all you see is yours:

And all that you can wish for shall be so.

Come, sit Lords, no Ceremony,

That was devis'd at first to set a gloss

On feigned deeds, and hollow hearted Welcomes,

Recanting Goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown:

True Friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[*They sit.*

Will you not have some Meat, *Apemantus*?

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I should ne'er flatter ye: Ye Gods, what a number of Men eat *Timon*! and yet he sees 'em not,

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat

In one Mans Bloud; and all the madness is

He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:

I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men;

Methinks they should invite them without Knives;

'Twere safer far. That Fellow that sits next him,

Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath

In

In a divided Draught, may next day kill him.
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
I shou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Lest they shou'd spy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
Great Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Melissas* health go round.

Ælius. Let it flow this way...

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*

Apem. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and
Roots?

These healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phæax. Peace, Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honest Water ne'er left man i' th' mire,
This and my Roots will still keep down
My sawcy and presumptuous Flesh,
That it never shall get the better of me...

Apemantus Grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my self,
Grant I may never be so fond
To trust Man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I shou'd need'em.
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
Great Men sin, and I eat Root.*

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus*.

Nici. Our Noble Lord *Timons* health, let it go
round,

And Drums and Trumpets sound. [*Kettle Drums, &c.*

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise the
splendor,

The frantick Glory of this foolish life !

We make our selves Fools , to disport our selves ,

And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes

Of Folly and of Madness , these fill up

The Scenes and empty spaces of our lives.

Life's nothing but a meer dull repetition ,

A vain fantastick dream , and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends , I speak
to you ,

You that are of the Council of four hundred ,

In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Coun-
cil ,

And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I speak chiefly

To you my Lord and Father ; and to *Phæax*.

Phæax. My good Lord command me to my death
and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades* ,
(Whose Enemies you have been , and whose Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens* :

Not openly because he will not trust

The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble.

If he sollicites his recalment with you ,

There lives not on this Earth a Man that has

Deserv'd so well from the Nobility :

He has preserv'd *Athens* ev'n in his Exile ;

By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from

The *Lacedæmonian* Rage , and other Foes

That might have laid this City low in ashes.

How many famous Battles has he won ?

But which is more , by his advice and power ,

Even in his absence he has wrested

The Government from the insulting Vulgar ,

Whose Wisdom's Blindness , and whose Power is

Madness :

And

And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
You in return should take off his hard Sentence
Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phaax. Is there a thing on Earth you would com-
mand us

That we would disobey?

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord
Timon!

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy Countries Friend
now, *Timon?*

His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Isid. Hang him we'll never mind him.

Isand. When will he speak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man that's better than
A Beast, I will fall down and worship him,

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those Men
Upon whose Age they'll void it up agen
With poysonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
Of their Friends giving? I should fear that those
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more... be gone.

42 TIMON OF ATHENS : *or*,

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self
for't.

Tim. I do not think so... fare thee well.

[*Exit. Apemantus.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd
desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*.

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country?
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any Man;
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies Masked.

Tim. Ladies, you do my House and me great
honour;
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I ow the Obligation.

Lad. We ask your Pardon, we are stoln out
upon Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. Is this the fine gay thing so much admir'd;
That's born to rob me of my happiness,
And of my Life? her Face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:

Her

Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all;
 There's nothing natural: She always acts
 And never shews her self; How blind is Love
 That cannot see this Vanity! [*Masque begins.*

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the Chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
 Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
 Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
 With Loves great praises fills the Air,*
 Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound
 Does from the hollow Woods rebound.*

Ritornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
 Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
 While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
 These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus with Flutes. *But Winter puts out their desire,
 And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Ritornella.

Full. *But ah how much are our delights more dear*
 Chorus. *For only Humane Kind love all the year.*

Enter the Menades and Ægipanes.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie
 A greater we adore,
 Bacchus, who always keeps us free
 From that blind childish power.*

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
 And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
 But over us no griefs prevail,
 While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus

Nymphs and Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*
 Mænades and Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
 Nymphs and Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
 Mænades and Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.

General *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will*
 Chorus. *join*

To sound the loud praises of Love and good
Wine.

Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes
Wine go down;

And by Love and good Drinking, all the
World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and
 I'll reward you well: let us retire into my next Apart-
 ment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you,
 and where I will distribute some small Presents, to
 testifie my Love and Gratitude.

Phæax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus, my *Melissa*, will we always spend
 Our time in Pleasures; but who e'er enjoys thee, has
 all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!
 My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your
 presence, and accept of a Collation.

1 Lady. We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. *Demetrius*, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleas'd, Madam, to retire with your
 Father,

46 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Father, I'll wait on you instantly. [To *Melissa*.

[*Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.*

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you

Tim. *Evandra!* What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give 'em
room:

I am hastning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'er shall interrupt your joys again,
Unless the Memory of me should make
You drop some tears upon my dust. I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd die to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra!* that would make
Me wretched far below all misery;
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news:
I call the Gods to witness, there's not one
On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
My fading Life, I see your Passion's grown
Too headstrong for you. Oh, my dearest *Timon!*
I, while I have any breath, must call you so;
Had you but made one struggle for my sake,
And striven against the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.
But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,
And me, you suckt the subtile poyson in
So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her
The

The trueſt and the tenderſt Love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the diſeaſe
T' admit a Cure : I will perſwade no longer ;
Death is my remedy , and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk no more of Death : I'll love you ſtill :
I can love two at once , truſt me I can.

Evan. No , *Timon* , I will have you whole , or
nothing :

I love you ſo , I cannot live to ſee
That dear, that moſt ador'd Perſon in anothers Arms :
My Love's too nice , 'twill not be fed with crumbs ,
And broken meat , that falls from your *Meliſſa*.
No , dear falſe Man , you ſoon ſhall be at reſt ,
I came but to receive a parting Kiſs :
You'll not deny me that ?

Tim. I'll not part with you ; we'll be Friends for
ever.

Evan. No , no , it cannot be , forgive this trouble ,
Since 'tis the laſt , I'll never ſee you more ;
And may *Meliſſa* ever love you , as
The Excellence of your Form deſerves ; and may
She pleaſe you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Aſide. Gods ! Why ſhould I not love this
Woman beſt ?

She has deſerv'd beyond all meaſure from me ;
She's beautiful , and good as Angels are ;
But I have had her ſtock of Love already.
Oh moſt accuſed Charm , that thus perverts me !
To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one laſt look of that bewitching
Face that ruin'd me. Oh , I could devour it with my
Eyes : but I'll remove it from thee. I ne'er ſhall die
contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee ſatiſfaction.

Evan. No , deareſt Enemy , I'll remove the guilt
From

48 TIMON OF ATHENS: or;

From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[Offers to stab her self.

Tim. Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life,
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute
When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:
She's agitated by a dang'rous Passion.
My dear, let *Diphilus* wait on thee home:
As soon as e'er my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot hope... farewel for ever.

[*Ex. Diph. and Evan.*

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;
For th' Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty...
O miserable state of humane life!
We slight all the injoyments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not.
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord; I beg your Lordship
hear me speak.

I have business that concerns you nearly...

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of business,
That mortal Foe to pleasure; I'll not hear it.

[*Exit Timon.*

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts.

And

And all out of an empty Coffer.
 His promises fly so beyond his 'state,
 That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes
 For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
 His Money gone; would I were gently turn'd
 Out of my Office; lest he shou'd borrow all
 I have gotten in his service. Well!

*Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
 Than such who do even Enemies exceed.*

[*Exit Demet.*



A C T I I I.

Enter TIMON and DEMETRIUS.

Timon.

D*emetrius* ! How comes it
 That I have been thus incounter'd
 With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
 And the unjust detention of Money long since due?
 I knew I was in debt, but did not think
 I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
 Did you not lay my 'state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.

At many times I brought in my Accounts,
 Laid 'em before you... you would throw 'em off,
 And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.
 I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
 To hold your hand more close, and was rebuk'd for't.

Tim. You should have prest it further.

D

Dem.

50 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Dem. What e'er I durst I did, it was my interest;
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof.
O my good Lord, the World is but a Word,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no Money in the Treasury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the Riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future come apace.

Tim. To *Lacedemon* did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what
Parasites

And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles: I never could be heard.

Tim. Come, preach no more, thou soon shalt
find that I

Have not misplac'd my Bounty; why dost weep?
I am rich in Friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my
Fortune.

Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter

Enter three Servants.

I Serv. My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phæax* and to *Cleon*,
You to *Isander* and *Ælius*,
You to *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*.

Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of Money. Let thy request
Be fifty Talents, from each Man.

I Serv. We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate,
from whom, even to the States best health, I have de-
serv'd this hearing. Petition them to send me 500.
Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of impor-
tunate Slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.
[*Ex. Dem.*

Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against
my passage?

Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne'er kept Man out, but smil'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my Friends will never fail me.

[*Exit.*

Scene is the Porch, or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus speaking to the people and several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of

Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable Wretch
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
The fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall
have 'em,

Mean while, If I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phæax. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lording who's puffed up,
And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and stink,
Like other Men, and die and rot so too?
What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word some other Men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? A word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if 't was made a Lord, perhaps it was

By

By blindness or partiality i' th' Government.

If for desert, he loses it in Pride;

Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward
'em.

Oh but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one

There was Villany in the getting of that dirt;

And he has the Nobility to have Knaves for his
Ancestors.

Phæax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal; the Government's to blame in suffering thee to rail so long.

Apem. The Government's to blame in suffering the things I rail at. In suffering Judges without Beards, or Law; Secretaries that can't write; Generals that durst not fight; Ambassadors that can't speak sence; Block-heads to be great Ministers, and lord it over witty Men; suffering great Men to sell their Country for filthy bribes; old limping Senators to sell their Souls for vile Extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent; and Magistrates to Pimp for their own Daughters. Ruine of Orphans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes, Incests, Adulteries, and Unnatural sins, fill all your dwelling: here's the shame of Government, and not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads, and fear'd hearts! 'Tis a weak and infirm Government, that is so froward it cannot bear Mens words.

Ælius. Well, babling, Philosophical Rascal, we shall make you tremble one day.

{ Enter Timons
3 Servants.

Apem. Never;

Sordid great Man! it is not in your power:

I fear not Man no more than I can love him.

'Twere better for us that wild Beasts possesst

The Empire of the Earth, they'd use Men better,

Than these do one another. They'd ne'er prey

On Man but for necessity of Nature;

54 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Man undoes Man in wantonness and sport :
 Brutes are much honestier than he ; my Dog
 When he fawns on me is no Courtier ,
 He is in earnest ; but a Man shall smile ,
 And with my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me , say'st thou ?

I Serv. Yes ! he says he's proud he has occasion to
 make use of you.

Cleon. It't come to that ? [*Aside.*
 Unfortunate Man ! I have not half a Talent by me , but
 here are other Lords can do it. I honour him so ,
 that if he will , I'll sell my Land for him ; but prethee
 excuse me to him , I am in great haste at this time.

[*Ex. Cleon.*

I Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How Monstrous and
 deform'd a thing is base Ingratitude ! Here's *Pheax*.
 My Lord ?

Pheax. Oh ! one of Lord *Timons* Men ? A gift I
 warrant you. Why this hits right. I Dreamt of a
 Silver Bason and Ewer to - night. How does that
 honourable , compleat , free-hearted Gentleman , thy
 very bountiful good Lord ?

I Serv. Well in his health , my Lord.

Pheax. I am heartily glad : What hast thou under
 thy Cloak , honest youth ?

I Serv. An empty Box , which by my Lords
 Command ,

I come to entreat your Honour to supply
 With fifty Talents he has instant need of.

He bids me say he does not doubt your Friendship.

Pheax. Hum ! not doubt it ! alas , good Lord !
 He's a noble Gentleman ! had he not kept so good a
 House , 'twould have been better : I've often din'd
 with him , and told him of it , and come again to
 Supper for that purpose to have him spend less , but
 'twould not do : I am sorry for't : but good Lad thou
 art hopeful and of good parts.

I Serv.

1 *Serv.* Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phaax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'st what's reason; and canst use thy time well, if the time use thee well... 'Tis no time to lend Money: Thou art wise, here's Money for thee... good Lad wink at me and say thou saw'st me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't possible the World should differ so, and we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves again

To Feast with thy Luxurious Lord?

1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him, and this Lord has given me this, to say, I did not see him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?

Base slavish *Phaax*, thou of the Nobility!

Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Phaax. Peace, Dog.

Apem. Thou worse! thou Trencher-fly, thou flatterer,

Thou hast *Timons* meat still in thy gluttonous paunch, And dost deny him Money. Why should it thrive, And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?

2 *Serv.* My Noble Lord.

Isand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest Friend?

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, he has sent...

Isan. Hah... what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd to him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? Hah! what has he sent?

2 *Serv.* He has sent me to tell you he has occasion to use your Friendship; he has instant need of fifty Talents...

Isand. Is that the business? Hah! I know his honour is but merry with me, he cannot want as many hundreds.

2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty, but is assured of

your Honours Friendship.

Isand. Thou art not sure in earnest ?

2 Serv. Upon my life I am.

Isand. What an unfortunate Wretch am I ?
To disfurnish my self upon so good a time ,
When I might have shown how much I love
And honour him : This is the greatest affliction
E'er fell upon me : the Gods can witness for me ,
I was just sending to my Lord my self.
I have no power to serve him , my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the best.
Beast that I am , that the first good occasion
Shou'd not be in my power to use ; I beg
A thousand pardons... Tell him so...

Apem. Thou art an Excellent Summer Friend !
How often hast thou dipt i' th' dish with him ?
He has been a Father to thee with his purse ,
Supported thy Estate ; when e'er thou drink'st ,
His Silver kisses thy base Lips , thou rid'st
Upon his Horses , lye'st on his Beds.

Isand. Peace , or I'll knock thy brains out.

[*Ex. Isan.*

2 Serv. My Lord *Thrasillus*...

Thra. He's come to borrow , I must shun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 Serv. Yes , my Lord , and has sent me...

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haste...
But I'll wait on him if I can possible. [*Ex. Thra.*

Apem. Good Fool , go home.
Dost think to find a grateful Man in *Athens* ?

3 Serv. If my Lords occasions did not press very
much , I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me ? I am poor.
There's *Phaax* , *Cleon* , *Isidore* , *Thrasillus* , and
Isander , and many Men that owe their Fortunes to
him.

3 Serv. They have been toucht and found base
Mettle. *Ælius*

Ælius. Have they deni'd him ; and must you come to me ? must I be his last refuge ? 'Tis a great slight, must I be last sought to ? He might have consider'd who I am.

3 Serv. I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e'er receiv'd gift from him, And I will keep it for his honours sake ; But at present I cannot possibly supply him : Besides, my Father made me swear upon His Death, I never should lend any Money. I've kept the Oath ever since. Fare thee well.

[*Ex. Ælius.*

3 Serv. They all fly us !

Apem. The Barbarous Herd of mankind shun one in affliction, and turn him out as deer to one that's hunted. Go, go home to thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself that would not hear me : bid him live on root and water, and know himself ; for he had better have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i' th' World ?

With what amazement will the news of this So sudden alteration be receiv'd By all *Athenians* ?

Chloe. Is it for certain true ?

Mel. Certain as Death or Fate ! my Father has assur'd me of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all his ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him. 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my Guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires Admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be the Lord *Timon*, or any one from him, say I am not well. I will not be seen: Be sure I be not.

Chlo. I warrant you. [*Ex. Chloe.*

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base Poverty shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades* recall'd he would adore me still, and wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in disguise, and Chloe.

Chlo. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls off his Disguise.*

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!

The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more
welcome

To me than the return of the Suns heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkness.

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul,
my Liberty,
And all that's precious on the Earth, I have
Within my Arms: This Treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I Triumph'd for thee;
All day I sigh'd and wish'd, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou entertain'd'st my Sleeps;
And when foe'er I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams I was
Valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib.

THE MAN-HATER. 59

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me: one kiss and take my Soul; another and 'twill fall out; Oh, I could fix whole Ages on thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools that keep a senseless Pother in the World for pow'r, and Pomp, and Noise, and lose substantial blifs.

Mel. There is no blifs but love; and but for that the World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a grief have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens*' safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my Conquests, which
Preserved this base ungrateful Town; for I
In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'st have been life, Liberty, Country, and
Estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in
hopes
They soon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the Memory of *Melissa*
Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me Conquer.

Mel. Oh, let Ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from
thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their furious bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houses, deflower their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.

But,

But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,
For Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my vertue
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other Man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love:
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here I swear,
That could I Conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which Knaveish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet forgot-
ten his Enmity; the breaking of the Peace with the
Lacedæmonians, and his foil which he thinks you
caus'd in *Sicily*, he'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance, I
would have forgiven him for begetting thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? Deserted thus? What large
professions did all these make but yesterday? Did they
all refuse to lend, say you?

Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers'd, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;

And

And who suspected not, when they were mov'd,
Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll
go to 'em my self, they will not have the face to use
me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius*! what news bring'st thou from the
Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honour-
able;

But yet they could have wisht; they know not
what;

Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And so intending other Serious matters,
After distastful looks, and these hard factions,
With certain half caps and cold careless Nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy, old Men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their Blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel;
And Nature as it grows again toward Earth
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.

Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a Blessing to be mad?

Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-House.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers , Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?

Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

1 Cred. We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

Dem. If Money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and cringe, and fawn upon him
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.

1 Cred. Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 Cred. Here's mine.

3 Cred. And mine.

4 Cred. My Masters.

Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits. Knock me down;
cleave me to the waste. What would you have, you Harpys?

1 Cred. We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 Cred. My Masters is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.

2 Cred. Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours, and yours?

3 Cred. My Lord.

1 Cred. My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you?
The Gods consume, confound, and rot you all.

1 Cred. What a Devil, is he mad?

2 Cred.

2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.

3 *Cred.* Let's go, he'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.

Slaves, Creditors, Dogs! preserve my Wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

[*Lampridius crosses the stage and shuns Timon,*

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Prison. His Father dead since, and he rich;

Now the Villain shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax*.

Phæax. Oh my Lord... I am glad to see your Lordship.

I have a sudden occasion calls me hence,

I'll wait on you instantly. [*Ex. Phæax.*

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.

Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see
If I can serve your Lordship in the Command
I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex. Cleon.*

Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has,
A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.

Tim. There are not many sure so bad.

How have I lov'd these Men, and shewn 'em kindness,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

Enter

Enter Diphilus seeing Timon , muffles his Face and turns away.

Look , is not that my Servant *Diphilus* , whom I marry'd to the Old Mans Daughter , and gave him an Estate too ; and now he hides himself , and steals from me ? How much is a Dog more generous than a Man ; oblige him once , he'll keep you Company , ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that ? *Ælius* ? My Lord... *Ælius* !

Demetrius , go let him know *Timon* would speak With him... [*Dem. goes to him , he turns back.*

Do you not know me , *Ælius* ?

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon* !

Tim. Think you I have the Plague ?

Ælius. No , my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then ?

Ælius. I shun you ? I'd serve your Lordship with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe , he who would refuse me Money , wou'd Venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power to supply you ; but I am going to the *Forum* , to a Debtor , if I receive any , your Lordship shall command it. [*Ex. Ælius.*

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knees of *Athens* ? And is't come to this ? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrasillus.

Thrasil. Who's there ? *Timon* ?

[*Runs back.*

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter

Enter Isander.

How is't, *Isander* ?

Isand. Oh Heav'n ! *Timon* !

Tim. What, did I fright you ? Am I become so dreadful an Object ? is poverty contagious ?

Isand. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me. It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you When you sent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.

I humbly ask your pardon ; I'll sell all I have But I'll supply you soon. [*Ex. Isander.*

Tim. Smooth Tongue , dissembling , weeping Knave , farewell.

And farewell all Mankind ! It shall be so... *Demetrius* ! Go to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal , And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord , there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean ? [*Ex. Demetrius.*

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me , And while *Melissa*'s kind I can't be miserable ; She has a vast Fortune in her own disposal. The Sun will sooner leave his course Than she desert me.

Enter first Servant.

Is *Melissa* at home ?

I Serv. She is , my Lord ; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say ?

Damn'd Villain to belye her so ? [*Strikes him.*

I Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She says she will not see you.

E

Her

Her Woman told me first so. And when I would not Believe her, she came and told me so her self; That she had no business with you; desir'd you would not trouble her; she had affairs of Consequence; &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art fallen indeed; fallen from all thy hopes of Happiness. Earth, open and swallow the Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

I Serv. My Lord, *Melissa's* Passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Melissa*!

Mel. Is he here? What luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? Not see your *Timon*?

And did not you send me word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy and am so now; I must obey my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe, she would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd. [*Ex. Mel.*

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name, My odious name be never heard of more.

O stragling Senses whither are you going?

Farewel, and may we never meet again.

Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!

I've been ungrateful to her, why should I

Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;

I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more ;
 Nor ever would , had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
 Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee ,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man !

Evan. No , since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*
 they have been fixt upon thee present , and when
 absent I've each moment view'd thee in my mind ,
 And shall they now remove ?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? Who
 Has such a load of misery beyond
 The strength of humane nature to support ?

Evand. I am no base Athenian Parasite ,
 To fly from thy Calamities ; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra* , they're not to be born.
 Accursed *Athens* ! Forest of two-legg'd Beasts ;
 Plague , Civil War , and Famine be thy Lot :
 Let propagation cease , that none of thy
 Confounding spurious wretched Brood may spring
 To infect and damn succeeding Generations.
 May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
 A passage through his Mothers cursed Womb ,
 And kill the Hag ; or if they fail of it ,
 May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
 Devour their own base Whelps.

Evand. *Timon* ! compose thy thoughts , I know
 thy wants ,

And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
 To prey upon thee ; and base *Athens* has
 To its Eternal Infamy deserted thee.
 But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
 Has so enrich'd her , she in wealth can vie
 With any of th' extorting Senators ,
 And comes to lay it at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelms me ;
 It covers me all o'er with shame and blushes.
 Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already ,

68 TIMON OF ATHENS : or ,

And I have us'd thee ill for't ; fly , fly , *Evandra* !
I have rage and madness , and I shall infect thee.
Earth ! take me to thy Center ; open quickly !
Oh that the World were all on fire !

Evand. O my dear Lord ! this sight will break my
heart

Take comfort to you , let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full ; we have yet enough ,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind ;
I shall have all I wish for , having thee.

Tim. My senses are not found , I never can
Deserve thee : I have us'd thee scurvily.

Evand. No , my dear *Timon* , thou hast not.
Comfort thy self , if thou hast been unkind ,
Forgive thy self , and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will ;
Nor will I be obliged to one ,
I have treated so injuriously as her... [*Aside.*

Evan. Pray , my Lord , go home ; strive to com-
pose your self. All that I have was and is yours ; I
wish it ne'er had been , that yet I might have shewn
by stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation ,
Thou art too good that thou should'st e'er partake
Of my misfortunes...

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aside.*
Prithee , *Evandra* , go to thy own House , I am once
to give my flatt'ring Rogues an Entertainment , but
such a one as shall besit 'em ; and then I'll see thee.

Evand. Heav'n ever blefs my Dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra*

Enter

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus, Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward assur'd me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isand. That I doubt... but 'tis well at present
By his new feasting.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent to me.

Isid. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim Oh! my kind Friends! how is it with you all? How I rejoyce to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never so well as when your Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I should be so unfortunate a Beggar when you sent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal; I have no need of any sums; my Estate is in good health still.

Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuse your Lordship, were it in his power? Command half my Estate! I am sorry I was so in hast. I could not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now; Pray use me... I hope he will not take me at my word. [*Aside.*

Isand. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord that I could not serve you. Now my Lord command me... I am able,

Tim. I beseech you do not think on't: I know ye love me, all of ye.

Phæax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord.

Thrafi. If you had sent but two hours before to me...

Cleon. Now I have Money pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'ns sake; think you I distrust

My kind good Friends! you are the best of Friends. My Fortune ne'er shall drive me from you, and should mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know I may command all yours.

Phæax. I shall think my self happy enough if you would but command my utmost *Drachma*.

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve Lord
Timon,

I would with Life and Fortune.

Isand. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Isid. Not a Man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship may not call your own.

Thrasil. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who has such kind, such hearty Friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.

Isand. Royal cheer I warrant you.

Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or The Season can afford it.

Isid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's sit! make it not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we agree upon our Places.

T H E G R A C E.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves praised for your own gifts, base ungrateful Man will not do it of himself. Reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would

would forsake ye. Make the meat be lov'd more than the Man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be twelve Women let a dozen of 'em be W... as they are. Confound, I beseech you all, the Senators of Athens, together with the common people: What is amiss make fit for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes; A Feast fit for such venomous Knaves.

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.

You knot of mouth Friends, Vapours, Lukewarm
Knaves;

Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
Crust you quite o'er; what, dost thou steal away!
Soft take thy Physick first, and thou and thou;
Stay I will lend thee Money... borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I, he'll Murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly.

[*They run off.*

Tim. What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, Man and all humanity.

[*Ex. Timon.*



A C T I V.

TIMON *Solus.**Timon.*

L Et me look back upon thee! O thou Wall
 That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
 And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
 Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
 Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their stead. To general filths
 Convert o' th' instant green Virginity.
 Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
 Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
 And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants steal;
 Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
 Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
 Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
 And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
 Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick awe, Night rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries;
 And let confusion live. Plagues incident to Men,
 Your potent and infectious Feavers heap
 On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
 Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth;

That

That 'gainst the stream of Virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, Blains,
 Sow all the *Athenians* Bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
 That their Society, as their Friendship, may
 Be merely Poison. Nothing, I bear from thee:
 Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
 Ruine swallow thee. [*Ex. Tim.*

Scene the Senate-House, all the Senate sitting...
Alcibiades.

Nici. How dare you, *Alcibiades*, well knowing
 Your Sentence not recalled, venture hither?

Alcib. You see, my reverend Lords, what confi-
 dence

I place in you, that durst expose my Person
 Before my Sentence be recalled: I am not now
 Petitioner for my self; I leave my case
 To your good and generous Natures, when you shall
 Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.
 I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
 For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
 'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
 As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*.
 'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
 Has stept into the Law above his depth.

Nici. True, he has kill'd a Man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they
 refuse all mercy. He is a Man (setting his Fault aside)
 of comely vertues; nor did he soil the fact with
 Cowardice; but with a noble fury did revenge his
 injur'd reputation.

Phaex. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nici. As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into form,

74 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate Valour :
He's truly Valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isand. All single Combats are detestable ,
And Courage that's not warranted by Law ,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunished.

Isid. If Injuries be evil , Death is most ill ;
And then what folly is it for the less Ill
To hazard life the chiefest good ?

Cleon. There's no such Courage as in bearing
wrong.

Alcib. If there be such Valour in bearing , what
Do we abroad ? Women are then more Valiant
That stay at home. And the Ass a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that's
Loaden with Irons , is wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean with
Eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond Men expose themselves to
Battle ,

And not endure all threats , and sleep upon 'em ,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats ?

Come , my Lords come , be pittiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law , is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny :
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt ,
But in defence of Honour.

Pheax. Honour ! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country ?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own , will never fight
For that. Let him that has no anger judge him :
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault... had they but Courage for it ?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime , consider
who he is , and what he has done ; his service at *Lace-*
demon and *Byzantium* , are bribes sufficient for his
Life.

Nici.

Nici. He did his duty, and was rewarded with his pay, and if he had not done it, he should be punisht.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return for Souldiers toils, fasting and watching; the many cruel hardships which they suffer; the multitude of Hazards, Blood, and loss of Limbs?

Isand. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies. How full of Valour did he bear himself In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Isid. H' have given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter; he has a sin That often drowns him; in that Beastly fury He has committed outrages.

Phæax. Such as we shall not name, since others were Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nici. In short, His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous; And he must die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in Fight, And done you service. If not for his deserts; Consider all my actions, Lords, and joyn 'em With his... your reverend Ages love security, And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

Phæax. You are too bold... he dies. No more...

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What says he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Isand. Consider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me. Must I sue for such common grace, And be deny'd? My wounds ake at you!

Nici. Y' are insolent! we have not forgotten yet your riot and destructive Vices, Whoredoms, prophaneness, giddy-headed Passions.

Phæax.

Pheax. Your breaking *Mercurys* Statues, and mocking the Mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to see your malice vented in a place where honest Men would only think on publick Interest. 'Tis base, and in another place you would not speak thus.

Nici. How say you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been the Favourites of the Rabble, and the Rites of *Proserpine*: These things are mockery to Men of sense. What folly 'tis to Worship Statues, when you'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Pheax. How dare you talk thus? You have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the basest of Mankind Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head That utters this against me? My Rebellion! It was 'gainst the common People; and you all Are Rebels against them.

Nici. Cease your Insolence! we sided not with *Spartans*.

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian* Rabble but that?

Pheax. It was well done to get your Friend King *Agis* his Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his Breed for him...

But what is that to th' matter now in hand?

You have provok'd me, Lords, and I must tell you, It is by me you sit in safety here.

Pheax. By you, bold Man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful Man!

You have incens'd me now beyond all patience, and I must tell you what ye owe me, Lords. 'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from the *Spartans* aid, by which *Athens* by this had been one heap of Rubbish; I stopt a hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*, which

which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made this *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition that they would awe the common people, and take the Government into the best Mens hands: would you were so! I sent *Pisander* then to form his Aristocracy, and promis'd the *Persian* General Forces to assist you; and when you had this pow'r, you cast me off that got it you.

Nici. My Lords, let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure,
Lords

Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
And would have march't to your destruction,
Which I diverted? In that time your Foes
Would soon have won the Country of *Fonia*,
Of th' *Hellepont*, and all the other Isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,
By fair words others, in which *Thrasibulus*,
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*,
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you Lords, and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.

Phaax, 'Tis a shame that we should suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred Sail of the *Phœnicians*
from the Aid of the *Lacedemonians*; won from
'em a Sea Battle, before the City of *Abidus*; In spight
of *Pharnabazus*'s mighty Power. Think on my
Victory at *Cizicum*, where I Slew *Mendorus* in the
Field, and took the City: I brought then the *Bithy-
nians* to your Yoke, won *Silibraa* on the *Hellepont*,
and then *Byzantium*: Thus not only I diverted the
Torrent of the Armies Fury from you, but turn'd it.

on

78 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

on the Enemies, and all the while you safely told your Money, and let it out upon extorted Interest: must I be after all this poorly deny'd his Life, who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Pheax. He dies, and you deserve it, but our Sentence

Is for your Insolence, we Banish you;
If you be two hours more within these Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, all!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
Banish me! Banish your Dotage! Your Extortion!
Banish your foul Corruptions and self Ends!
Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balsom the ill natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment!
A good Man would not stay with you, I Embrace
My Sentence: 'tis a Cause that's worthy of me.

[*Ex. Alcib.*

Nic. Was ever... heard such daring Insolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?

All. Sen. Ay, ay!

Timon, in the Woods digging.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
the Bogs and muddy Marshes, and from corrupted
standing Lakes, rotten humidity enough to infect the
Air with dire consuming Pestilence, and let the
poisonous exhalations fall down on th' *Athenians*.
They're all Flatterers, and so is all Mankind. For
every degree of Fortune's smooth'd and sooth'd by
that-below it; the learn'd Pate ducks to the Golden
Fool; There's nothing level in our conditions, but
base

THE MAN-HATER. 79

base Villany; therefore be abhorr'd each Man, and all Society. Earth yield me Roots; thou common Whore of Mankind, that put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations; I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here? Gold! yellow, glittering precious Gold! enough to purchase my Estate again: Let me see further what a vast mass of Treasure's here! There ly, I will use none, 'twill bring me Flatterers. I'll send a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*; and let 'em know what a vast Mass I've found, which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate. [*Ex.* Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will lose my Life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of Man,
Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there?
What beast art thou that com'st to trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
The poor distressed *Timon*, did you see him?
Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his Mind?
He has forsworn all Company?
Evan. Is this my Lord, Oh dreadful Transfor-
mation!
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'st upon two Legs, and hast a Face
Erect towards Heav'n; and all such Animals

I have abjur'd ; because they are not honest.
Those Creatures that are so , walk on all four :
Prithee be gone.

Evand. He's much distracted sure ?
Have you forgotten then your poor *Evandra* ?

Tim. No ! I remember there was such a one ,
Whom I us'd ill ! Why dost thou follow misery ?
And add to it ? Prithee be gone.

Evan. These cruel Words will break my heart
I come ;

Not to increase thy Misery but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon* ! Why this Slave-like habit ?
And why this Spade ?

Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots , and earn my Dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my Estate
To Money and to Jewels , and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet , and the Remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em ; no , I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this savage life ;
We have enough in spite of all the baseness
Of the *Athenians* ; let not those Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions ; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou disswad'st me from this Life , thou
hat'st me ;

For all the Principalities on Earth ,
I would not change this Spade ! Prithee be gone ,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel.

Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my Life :
What would'st thou do with me ?

Evan. I'd live the same : Is there a time or place ,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in ?

Tim. You must not stay with me ?

Evand. Oh too unkind !

I offer'd thee all my Prosperity...
And thou most niggardly deniest me part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend Trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appointest 'em? Will the Brook
Candied with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evand. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unsound, my Brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a Comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with Roots and Water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane Conversation.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rise, my *Evandra!*
I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honest; if they ask me more
I will not grant it. Come, my dear *Evandra,*
I'll shew thee Wealth that I have found with digging,
To purchase all my Land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make Black White, Foul Fair, Wrong Right;
Base Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.

Ye Gods , here is enough to lug your Priests
 And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
 Make the hoar'd Leprosie ador'd ; place Thieves
 And give 'em Title , Knee and Approbation ;
 This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Widows
 Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
 Such as the Spittle-House and ulcerous Creatures
 Would cast the Gorge at : this can defile
 The purest Bed , and make Divorce 'twixt Son
 And Father , Friends and Kindred , all Society ;
 Can bring up new Religions , and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it , hide it ;
 There it will sleep , and do no hired Mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a Root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds
 all ;

And of such vile corrupting Mettal , as
 Man , her proud arrogant... Child is made of ,
 Does engender black Toads , and Adders blue ,
 The guilded Neut and Eye-less venom'd Worm ,
 with all

The loathsome Births the quickning Sun does shine on

Tim. Yield him , who all thy humane Sons does
 hate ,

From out thy plenteous bosom some poor Roots ;
 Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else ;
 Dry up thy Marrow ; thy Veins , thy Tilt and Pasture ,
 Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish draughts
 And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind ,
 That from it all consideration slips.

But hold a while... I am faint and weary.

My hands not us'd to toil , are gall'd.

Evan. Repose your self , my dearest love , thus...
 your head

Upon my lap , and when thou hast refresh't
 Thy self , I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my Cave. [*Ex. Evan.*

Apem. I was directed hither, Men report That thou affect'st my Manners, and dost use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a Dog Whom I would rather imitate.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected, A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? This place?

This slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care? Thy fordid Flatt'ers yet wear Silk, lie soft, Hug their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods, By putting on the Cunning of a Carper. Be thou a Flatt'rer now and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee, And let each great Mans Breath blow of thy Cap. Praise his most monstrous Deformities, And call his foulest Vices excellent. Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou shou'd'st hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness to disgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy As the Original shou'd be us'd.

Apem. How shou'd it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool; art thou proud still? Call any of those Creatures whose naked Natures live in all the spight of angry Heav'n, whose bare un-housed Trunks to the conflicting Elements expos'd, answer meer Nature,

bid 'em flatter thee, and thou shalt find...

Tim. An Afs of thee...

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did...

Tim. I hate thee worfe...

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch...

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Fools.

Apem. If thou dost put on this sour life and habit
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thoud'st be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thouly'st, 'tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on Earth.

Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this is filling still,
Never compleat; that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being;
Thou shoud'st desire to die being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not snarl so if
thou wert

But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee,
Because thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms
With favour never claspt, but bred a Dog.
Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded
To all the sweet degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou would'st have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lusts, and never learn't
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'st pursu'd the alluring Game before thee.

Apem. Thouly'st... I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self!
Thou well canst bear what thou hast been bred to; but
For me who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of
all Men,

At duty more than I could frame Employments for;
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen.
Thy Nature did commence in suff'rance; Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
Men?

They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curse,
Curse then thy Father, who in spight, put stuff
To some she-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Afs!
The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didst know, but the extre'mity of both ends.
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curiosity;
Thou in thy Rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do I'll see thee
again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou shou'd'st not even then be welcome to me.
I had rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse : no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone , thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.
I swoun to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away , thou tedious Rogue , or I will cleave
thy Skull.

Apem. Farewel , Beast.

Tim. Be gone , Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a
Mafs of Treasure ; they'll find thee out : The plague
of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave ! Dog ! Viper ! out of my sight.

[*Ex. Apem.*

Choler will kill me if I see Mankind !

Come forth , *Evandra* ; Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat Roots and drink at that fresh Spring ?
Our Feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me ;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I should be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring
Brook ,
And then repose a while. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poet , Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place , it cannot be far
off , where he abides.

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain , that he's
so full of Gold ?

Poet.

Poet. 'Tis true, h' has found an infinite store of Gold.

He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate ;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens* ,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress ,
We tender all our services to him...

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not...

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he ,
I know by the description.

Mus. Let's hide our selves , and see how he will
take it. [*A Symphony.*

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods , whence
comes it ?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard
that I have Gold ; but that their disappointment will
be greater , in taking pains for nought , I'd send 'em
back...

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*...

Mus. Our noble Master...

Pain. My most Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men ?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty
And hearing you were retir'd , your Friends falln off ,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd ,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mould ; should we
Desert our noble Patron !

Tim. Most honest Men ! oh , how shall I requite
you ?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water ?

Poet. Whate'er we can , we will to do you service.

Tim. Good Men! come you are honest, you have heard

That I have Gold enough! speak truth, y' are honest.

Poet. So it is said, but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are Good Men, but have one Monstrous fault.

Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself. Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make haste! Or I will use you so like Knaves. [*He stones 'em.*

Poet. Fly, fly ... [*All run out.*

Tim. How sick am I of this false World?

I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam of the outrageous Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death; My Life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no rest without it; Prithee leave My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy, Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.

Evan. I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie down To rest; I am very faint and heavy... [*They lie down.*

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.

It is most certain he has found a Mass of money, And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deserting him that made him thus Melancholy.

Chlo.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise Love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my Promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To Interest and my Self. There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What Wretch art thou come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee,
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! Prithce listen not
To her destructive *Syrens* Voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*,
To whom thou mad'st such Vows?

Tim. O yes! I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, that proud, inconstant foolish Thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me; soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me; if thou hadst
Thou wouldst have born it: I lov'd thee then much
more

Than all the World... but thou art false I see,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that *Crocodiles* Tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind?
Had I so much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er seen thee more.
Ah *Timon*! could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;

90 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade anothers
Right?

He's mine, for ever mine: These arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made
him so?

No, ... Thou art his Concubine, dishonest Thing;
I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, Screech Owl: There is much more
Honesty

In this one Woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our Hearts are one; and she
Is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen of all
The Universe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. False! Proud! Affected! vain fantastick
thing, be gone; I would not see thee unless I were a
Basilisk: thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy
Body, as if the Body made one honest: thou hast a
vile corrupted filthy Mind...

Mel. I am no Whore, as she is.

Tim. Thou ly'st, she's none: But thou art one in
thy Soul: be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a
thing unmanly, and beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beast... [*Ex. Mel. and Chloë.*

Evan. Let me kiss thy hand, my dearest Lord,
If it were possible more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go seek some rest within thy Cave,
If any we can have without the Grave. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T V.

Enter TIMON *and* EVANDRA.

Timon.

NOW, after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion
 Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
 Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him.
 There he shall rest from all the Villanies,
 Betraying Smiles, or the oppressing Frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot lose thee yet;
 Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.
 Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have another
 wish but me. There is no state on Earth which I can
 envy while I have thee within these Arms... take Com-
 fort to thee, think not yet of Death... leave not *Evan-*
dra yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,
 and know, and love, better than we can here? O
 yes, *Evandra!* There our Happiness will be without
 a Wish... I feel my long Sickness of Health and
 Living now begin to mend, and nothing will bring
 me all things: thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on
 Earth, would make me wish to play my part upon
 the troublesome Stage, where Folly, Madness, False-
 hood, and Cruelty, are the only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my Life was true, my Death shall be.
 If I one minute after thee survive,

The

The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be *Melissas* Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!

Thy Kindness covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter *Nicias*, *Phæax*, *Isidore*, *Isander*, *Cleon*,
Thrasillus, and *Ælius*.

More Plagues yet!

Nic. How does the Worthy *Timon*?
It grieves our Hearts to see thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without
thee.

Cast from thee this sad Grief, most Noble *Timon*?
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one consenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em, and would send 'em back the
Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most
sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most Noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They should deny thee thy Request: they do
Confess their Fault; and the whole Publick Body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us...

Tim. A very scurvey sample of that Body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you
best of all Mankind.

Thrafi. And Equal with our selves.

Isid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee

Isand. We would stake our Lives for you.

Phæax.

Phaax. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surprife me, even to
Tears;

Lend me a Fools Heart and a Womans, Eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phaax. The Senate has refery'd some fpecial
Dignities

Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a favage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy juft Affiftance.

Phaax. We all know thou art worthy,
And haft oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord...

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up pureft Virgins to the Stain
Of beaftly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chufe but tell him that I care not:
And let him tak't at worft; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to answer. For my felf
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moft reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell'em fo!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phaax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us

Ælius.

Ælius. Hang him ! there's no hopes of him.

Nici. He'll ne'er return ; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phæax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not serve your Country with some of it ?

Tim. Oh my dear Country ! I do recant ,
Commend me kindly to the Senate , tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me ,
And follow my Advice , they shall be welcome.

Nici. I am sure they will , my Noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their Griefs ;
Their fears of Hostile Strokes , their Aches , Losses ,
Their covetous Pangs , with other incident Throes ,
That Natures fragil Vessel must sustain
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.

Phæax. How , my good Lord ? This kind Care is
Noble.

Tim. Why even thus...

I will point out the most convenient Trees
In all this Wood , to hang themselves upon.
And so farewell , ye Covetous , Fawning Slaves ;
Be gone let me not see the Face of Man more ,
I had rather see a Tiger fasting...

Nici. He's lost to all our Purposes.

Phæax. Let's send a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confess his Treasure ;
And put him to the Torture if he will not.

Nici. It will do well , let's away. [*Drums.*

Ælius. What Drums are those ?

Phæax. They must belong to *Alcibiades* !
To Horse and fly , lest we chance to be taken.

[*Exeunt.*

Tim. Go fly , *Evandra* , to my Cave , or thou
May'st suffer by the Rage of lustful Villains.

Enter

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two Whores.

Alcib. Command a Halt, and send a Messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A two-legg'd Beast as thou art, Cankers
gnaw thee
For shewing me the Face of Man again.

Alcib. Is Man so hateful to thee! What art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee something.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Against yon Cursed Town: go on!
It is a worthy cause.

Alcib. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee; I am sorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e'er shall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Mans blood the Earth; die it well.
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What Friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me Friendship and perform
none;

If thou wilt not promise, thou art no Man:
And if thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What, dost thou fight with Women by thy side?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of
the day with Men, I refresh my self at night with
Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more
Destruction in 'em, than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so...

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenians* Minion?
A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still; they love you not that use
you!

Employ all your salt hours to ruine Youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of Sense and Action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores;
We are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscale it,
Ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out, on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him
His wits are lost in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye: But I'll
not herd with Men. Yet I love thee better than all
Men, because thou wert born to ruine thy base
Country.

Alcib. I've sent to Summon *Athens*; if she obeys
not
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on!
Here's Gold for thee; stay I'll go fetch thee more.

Alcib. What Mystery is this? where shou'd he have
this.

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,

Be a devouring Plague; let not
 Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age;
 Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
 He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek
 Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving Suck:
 Spare not the tender Babe whose dimpled Smiles,
 From Fools exhaust their Mercy; think 'twill be
 A Rogue or Whore e'er long if thou should'st spare it.
 Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whose Proof,
 Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
 Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce one jot.

Phry. Hast thou more Gold, good *Timon*? Give
 us some.

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus melancholy!
 He is a fine Person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure
 you will

Do store of Mischief, I'd not give you any:
 Here! be sure you be Whores still;
 And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
 Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up.
 Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
 Some that were hang'd, no matter,
 Wear them, betray with them, Whore still;
 Paint till a Horse may mire upon your Faces...
 A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the Bones of Men;
 Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins and Shoulders;
 Crack the Lawyers Voice, that he
 May never bawl, and plead false Title more.
 Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
 That scold against the quality of Flesh,
 And not believe themselves. I am not well.

98. TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores,
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More Counsel, and more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More Whore! more Mischief first,
I've given you Earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell:
If I thrive well, I will visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more:
I feel Deaths happy stroak upon me now,
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.

Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex. Timon.*

Alcib. Now march, Sound Trumpets and beat
Drums,
And let the Terrour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore,
Isander, upon the works of Athens.*

Nici. What shall we do to appease his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

Phæax. We must e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a Man of easie nature, soon won by
soothings.

Nici. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens*.

Isand. And then wo to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nici. What will become of you and me *Phæax*.
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phæax. Let us appear most forward in delivering
up the Town to him.

Nici.

Nici. If we resist he'll use a Conquerours Power,
And nothing then will scape the fury of
The Headstrong Soldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terrour into me! Heav'n, help all.

[*Enter Herald.*

Enter Alcibiades, and his Army.

Alcib. What answer make they to my Summons?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Ho! you on the works! give me and my Army
entrance,

Or I'll let loose the fury of my Soldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your Ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing less.

Phæax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.

Nici. We've been ungrateful, and are much
asham'd on't,
Your Lordship shall tread upon our Necks if you think
good;

We cannot but condemn our selves;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generosity.

Phæax. March, Noble Lord, into our City
With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.

Ælius. Your Footstools.

Isid. What ever you will make us.

Thrasil. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibindes*:
But leave your Rage behind you.

Isan. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they
Shall open... so you will enter like a Friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations:
For if I set my Battering Rams to work,

You must expect no Mercy.

Nici. We will, my good Lord...

[*They all come down, Nic. presents Alcibiades the Keys upon his Knees.*

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you show'd
To *Thrasibulus*; such monstrous Ingratitude
Will make your Villainous Names grow Odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your selves
To whom Vertue is so.

Phaex. 'Twas the whole Senats Voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wrested the Power from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracisin:

Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet

Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our Necks, but pardon us

Phaex. We'll be your slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards,
Our toils, hard weary Marching! Watching! Fasting!
Such dreadful Hardships, lying out such Nights,
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purfy-Lazy-Knaves, that snort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Must we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phaex. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thrafi. We heartily repent.

Isid. We'll kiss thy Feet, good Lord.

Isand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
In the *Αγορῆ*, where I'll order the *πρίτανες*
To assemble all the People...

And

And on your Knees Present your selves
With Halters 'bout your Necks!

Phaax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
Your Race... March on.

Give order that not a Man shall break his Ranks,
Or shall offend the regular Course of Justice,
On Penalty of Death... March on... [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evand. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and
bend like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew, whose
yielding Stalks cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial
which will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal Day!
Had Death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
Lest Death o'ertake me... he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last Office thou
Canst do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last Tenement. Death's the truest Friend;
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finish'd! Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,

Live, and live happy after me : and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it.. quickly, strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh *Timon!* Think'st thou I am such a Coward
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee,
After my Death; my Soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from all
harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm, when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evan. It is a Blessing to share any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'st pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*;
Thou lov'st me not, if thou will not obey me;
Thou only Dear, Kind, Constant Thing on Earth,
Farewel. [Dies.

Evand. He's gone! he's gone! would all the
World were so. I must make haste, or I shall not
o'ertake him in his Flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me,
Farewel, base World. [Stabs her self. Dies.

*Enter Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Thais, his Officers
and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The
People by degrees assembling.*

Enter Melissa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Melissa's* happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wisht for;

Her

Her *Alcibiades* return with Conquest
O'er this ungrateful City ; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither ,
I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What Gay , Vain Prating Thing is this ?

Mel. How, my Lord' do you question who *Melissa* is?
And give her such foul Titles ?

Alcib. I know *Melissa* , and therefore give her such
Titles :

For when the Senate banisht me ;
She would not see me , tho' upon her Knees
Before she had sworn Eternal Love to me ;
I see thy Snares too plain , to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness !
Who ever told you so , betray'd me basely :
Not see you ! sure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuse before you : You make me astonish'd !

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon* ; and next day
Despis'd him... I have been inform'd
Of all your Falsehood , and I hate thee for't ;
I have Whores , good honest faithful Whores !
Good Antidotes against thy Poison... Love ;
Thy base false Love ; and tell me , is not one
Kind , faithful , loving Whore , much better than
A thousand base , Ill-natur'd honest Women ?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep ,
Since I once lik'd thee , I'll do something for thee :
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well ,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this Scorn... Farewel ,
I'll never see you more. [*Exit.*

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus
How now ! what means this Violence ?

I Sold. My Lord, this snarling Villainous Philosopher
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He said the General was a Villain: shall we cut his
Throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my Thoughts: not all
The Swords o' th' Army bent against my Throat
Can fright me from the Truth...

Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this base Town deserves thy
Scourge,

And all the Terrour and the Punishment,
Thou can'st inflict upon it: the Deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private Revenge,
Base Passion, headstrong Lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not bannish'd thee, thou would'st have
suffer'd

Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their Oppression,
And would'st have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor
love thee,

All thy good Parts thou drown'st in Vice and Riot,
In Passion and Vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests... when a poor Rabble
Of Idle Rogues who else had been in Jayls,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How false is Soldiers Honour!
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day
With daring Impudence Men go to Murther Mankind..
But in the greatest Actions of their Lives
The getting Men, they sneak and hide themselves
I' th' dark. I scorn your Folly and your Madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.

I Sold. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his Pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his Principles thou'dst been honest

*Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Isidore, Isander,
Ælius, and Cleon, with Halters about their Necks.*

Nici. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

Phæax. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful
Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have used me basely?

All. We have, but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base Lives
As yours would not weigh with his. Go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are assembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[*He ascends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust Sentence past upon me;
In the Return of which I have subdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And with continual Toil, and numberless Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I will not recount the many Enterprises,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self. I come
First to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,

From

From the most Insupportable Yokes
 Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
 To claim my own Estate, which has unjustly
 By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
 I do confes, I, in Revenge of your Decree
 Against me, set up them, but never thought
 They would have been such cursed Tyrants to you;
 Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
 With most licentious Acts; making their Wills,
 Their base corrupted Wills, the Scope of Justice,
 While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.
 Thus when a few shall Lord it o'er the rest,
 They govern for themselves and not the People:
 They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increase
 Their private Stores; but when the Government is in
 the Body of the People, they will do themselves no
 harm; Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the
 Government shall devolve upon the People, and may
 Heav'n prosper 'em.

[*People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long
 live Alcib., Liberty, Liberty, &c.* [*Alcib. descends.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Noble Lord, I went as you commanded,
 And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
 Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
 On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corpse, of wretched Soul bereft;
 Timon my Name, a Plague Consume you Caitiff's left.*

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the most flourishing
 Man

Of all th' *Athenians*; and thou still had'st been so,
 Had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
 And

And Murder'd thee with base Ingratitude.
 His Death pull'd on the poor *Evandras* too ;
 That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
 Now all repair to their respective Homes ,
 Their several Trades , their Business and Diversions ;
 And whilst I guard you from your active Foes ,
 And fight your Battles , be you secure at home.
May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace ;
And may its Wealth and Power ever increase.

All the People shout and cry , Alcibiades ! Alcibiades !
Liberty Liberty , &c.

EPILOGUE.

I*F there were hopes that ancient solid Wit*
Might please within our new fantastick Pit ;
This Play might then support the Criticks shock ,
This Scien grafted upon Shakespears Stock ;
For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive ,
Kept by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more substantial English Plays ,
Than good old Hospitality you praise ;
The Time shall come when true old Sence shall rise
In Judgment over all your Vanities.
Slight Kickshaw-Wit o' th' Stage, French Meats at Feasts
Now daily tantalize the hungry Guests ;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain ,
And many hungry Onsets would sustain.
At these thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down ,
And ev'ry thing but the Guests Stomach's gone.
At these new fashion'd Feasts you've but a Tast ,
With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
This Jantee Slightness to the French we owe ,
And that makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.

They're

They're of one Level, and with little Pains
 The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
 But to hear English Wit there's use of Brains.
 Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
 In Want of Learning, affectation, Wit,
 And which is most, in Cloaths, we'll ne'er submit.
 Their Ships or Plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,
 For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.
 With English Judges this may bear the Test,
 Who will for Shakespears Part forgive the rest.
 The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
 They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
 They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
 Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
 Each here doux yeux and am'rous Looks imparts,
 Levels Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
 Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
 And but for Vanity wou'd have'em kind.
 No Passion...
 But for their own Dear Persons them can move,
 Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
 Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can strike,
 Who only their own Sense or Persons like.
 But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
 To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
 Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
 Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
 And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
 They, for Evandras sake, will sure be kind;
 At least all those to Constant Love inclin'd.

F I N I S.



THE
TEMPEST:
OR THE
ENCHANTED ISLAND:
A
COMEDY.

First written by
Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,
& since altered by
Sr. WILLIAM DAVENANT
AND
Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.



LONDON,
Printed for the Company.

P R E F A C E.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, who use to make a business of a Letter of Gallantry, an Examen of a Farce, and in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the sense, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays; and which are indeed no more than good Land-skips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the Memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakespear's*, a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with success in the *Black-Fryers*: and our excellent *Fletcher* had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a copy of *Shakespear's Tempest*: the Storm, the desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made use of *Shakespear's* Plot: Sir

John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our Author; has follow'd his footsteps in his *Goblins*; his *Regmella* being an open imitation of *Shakespear's Miranda*; and his *Spirits*, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But *Sir William Davenant*, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of *Shakespear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counterpart to *Shakespear's Plot*, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical parts of the *Saylors* were also of his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprizing: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter

ter into any other Man. His corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another Man; bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his Name with silence in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he has done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his Reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of *Shakespear* and *Sir William Davenant*.

Decemb. 1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.



PROLOGUE.

*As when a Tree's cut down the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespear's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
He Monarch-like gave those his Subjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespear's pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespear's pow'r is sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priest-hood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t'employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a transformation you will say
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.*

What

*What e'er she was before the Play began,
 All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
 Or if your fancy will be farther led,
 To find her Woman, it must be in bed.*

E P I L O G U E.

G Allants, by all good signs it does appear,
 That Sixty-Seven's a very damning year,
 For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

*Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
 The rhyming Monsieur and the Spanish Plot:
 Desie or court, all's one, they go to pot.*

*The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
 And haunt us Actors wheresae'er we pass,
 In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.*

*For this poor Wretch he has not much to say,
 But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
 And begs the favour to be damn'd to-day.*

*He sends me only like a Sh'riffs Man here
 To let you know the Malefactor's near;
 And that he means to die, en Cavalier.*

*For if you shou'd be gracious to his pen,
 Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
 And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the
Dukedom of *Mantua*.

FERDINAND, his Son.

PROSPERO, right Duke of *Millan*.

ANTONIO, his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

GONZALO, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

HIPPOLITO, one that never saw Woman,
right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

STEPHANO, Master of the Ship.

MUSTACHO, his Mate.

TRINCALO, Boatswain.

VENTOSO, a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

MIRANDA.

and } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that ne-
DORINDA. } ver saw Man.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit, attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits Guards to *Prospero*.

CALIBAN

and } Two Monsters of the Isle.
SYCORAX his Sister. }



THE
TEMPEST,
OR, THE
ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

The Scene represents a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast & a tempestuous Sea. This Tempest raised by Magick has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailors, then rising & crossing in the air. And when the ship is sinking the whole stage is darkened & a shower of fire falls upon them. This is accompanied with Lightning & several claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

V E N T O S O

What a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather

A 5

Enter

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The scud comes against the wind ; 'twill blow (hard!

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen !

Trinc. Here , Master what cheer ?

Steph. I ll weather ! Let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have sea-room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph. Boy ! Boy !

Enter Cabin-Boy.

Boy. Yaw , yaw , here Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle.

Exeunt Stephano and Boy.

Enter Mariners and pass-over the Stage.

Trinc. Heigh , my hearts , chearly , chearly , my hearts , yare , -yare.

Enter Alonzo , Antonio , Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care ; where's the Master ?
Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Ant. Where's the Master, Bosen ?

Trinc. Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour :
keep your Cabins , you help the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good friend be patient.

Trinc. Ay, when the Sea is ; Hence ; what care these
roarers for the name of Duke ? To Cabin ; silence ;
trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou hast
aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self. You are a
Counsellour ; if you can advise these Elements to silence ;
use your wisdom : if you cannot , make your self
ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly hood hearts !
Out of our way , Sirs. [*Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.*

GONZ.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. II

Gonz. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his Destiny our cable, for our own does little advantage us: if he be not born to be hang'd we shall be drown'd. [Exit.

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft Lads. Come, reef both top-sails.

Steph. Let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea.

[Exit Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! Man your Main-Capstern.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other door.

Must. Up aloft! And Man your Steer-Capstern.

Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capstern bar. Heave up, heave up, &c. (Exit Mustacho and Ventoso.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! Hold on well! Nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more nippers. [Exit Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over again:

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capstern: You dogs, is this a time to sleep? (Trincalo whistles. Heave together lads. [Exit Mustacho and Ventoso.

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-blok has given way. Come heave Lads! We are fix'd again.

Heave together Builys

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut off the Hamocks! Cut off the Hamocks; come my Lads: Come Bullies, cheer up! Heave lustily. The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Castle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul catt, Haul catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul: haul

haul, Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft! And loose the Misen!

Trinc. Get the misen-tack aboard. Haul aft misen-sheet!

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the main top sail!

Steph. Furl him again, there's too much wind.

Trinc. Loose fore-sail! Haul aft both sheets!

Trim her right afore the wind.

Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! The wind grows scant, bring the Tack aboard. Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come.

Enter Ventoso.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are loose. (*Ex Must*)

Trinc. Try the pump, try the pump! [*Exit Ventoso.*]

Enter Mustacho at the other door.

Must. O Master! Six foot water in hold.

Steph. Clap the helm hard aboard! Flat, flat, flat in the fore sheat there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore boling.

Steph. Brace in the lar board. — (*Exit.*)

Trinc. A curse upon this howling, [*A great cry within.*]
They are louder than the weather.

(Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.

Yet'again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then, & be damn'd.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang, you whorson insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Brace off the fore-yard. [*Exit*]

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench. *Enter*

The ENCHANTED ISLAND 13

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your loss brings a thousand deaths to me

Alonzo. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by use, is so to me: but, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my subjects loss in thee: Alas! I suffer justly for my crimes; but why thou shouldst—O Heaven! Hark, farewell my Son a long-farewel! *(A cry within.)*

Ferd. Some lucky plank, when we are lost by Ship wrack, waft hither, and submit it self beneath you. Your Blessing, and I die contented. *(Embrace, and Ex.)*

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trinc. What must our mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To Prayers, to Prayers

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to Prayers Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our case is now alike.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide chopt Rascal: would thou might'st iye drowning the long washing of ten tides.

(Ex Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.)

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of Water swears against it. Now would I give ten thousand furlongs of Sea for one acre of barren ground; long-heath, broom-furs, or any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death *[A confused noise within.]*

Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince. *Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, Trincalo

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. *(A new cry within.)*

Steph. Run her ashore!

Trinc. Luffe! luffe! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the star-board bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves.

(Exeunt.)

SCE.

SCENE II.

In the midst of the shower of fire the Scene changes. The cloudy sky, rocks, and sea vanish; and when the lights return, discover that beautiful part of the Island which was the Habitation of Prospero; 'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress trees, each side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the other Hippolito: The middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosper. *Miranda!* where's your Sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed rock,
At the walks end, on the huge beat of waters.

Prosper. It is a dreadful object.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest Father, you
Have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have sunk the Sea into the Earth, before
It should the Vessel so have swallowed.

Prosper. Collect your self, and tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O woe the day!

Prosper. There is no harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er endeavour'd to know more than you were
pleas'd to tell me.

Prosper. I should inform thee farther: wipe thou thine
eyes, have comfort; the direful spectacle of the Wrack,
which

which touch'd the very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such a pity safely order'd, that not one Creature in the Ship is lost.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am; but then you stopt.

Prosp. The hour's now come; obey, and be attentive: Canst thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I do not think thou canst; for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me the image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: what see'st thou else in the dark back-ward, and abyss of time? If thou remembrest ought e're thou cam'st here, Then, how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen years since, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came? or was't a blessing that we did?

Prosp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have suffer'd But, Sir, I pray proceed,

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, To whom I trusted then the manage of My State, while I was wrap'd with secret studies: That false Uncle (do'st thou attend me Child?)

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Prosp. Having attain'd the craft of granting suits, And of denying them; whom to advance, Or lop for over toping, soon was grown The ivy which did hide my Princely trunk;

And

And suckt the verdure out on t: thou attend'st not

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
Wak'd in my false Brother an evil nature:

He did believe

He was indeed the Duke, because he then
Did execute the outward face of Sovereignty:

Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your story would cure deafness.

Prosp. To have no screen between the part he plaid,
And whom he plaid it for; he needs would be
Absolute *Millan*, and confederates

(So dry he was for sway) with *Savoy's* Duke,
To give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

Mir. False Man!

Prosp. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy,
To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's suit,
And on a night, mated to his design, *Antonio* opened
the Gates of *Millan*, and i' th' dead of darkness, hurri'd
me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prosp. They durst not, Girl, in *Millan*, for the love
my People bore me. In short, they hurri'd us away to
Savoy, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Ports; bore us
some leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten car-
kass of a Boat, not rigg'd, no tackle, sail, nor mast;
the very Rats instinctively had quit it: they hoisted us,
to cry to Seas which roar'd to us; to fight to Winds, whose
pity fighting back again, did seem to do us loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Prosp. Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which
did preserve me: you both did smile, infus'd with for-
titude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Prosp. By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, which a No-
bleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Master of
that

that black design, gave us; with rich garments, and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of his gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnisht me from mine own Library, with volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that Man.

Prosp. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop. Here cease more question, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dullness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [*She falls asleep*

Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach my *Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come
To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to shoot into the fire, to ride
In the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel and all his qualities.

Prosp. Hast thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point the Tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak,
Now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd amazement; and sometimes I seem'd
To burn in many places on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly;
Nay once I rain'd a shower of fire upon them.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Did not infect his reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation; all, but the Mariners.
Plung'd

18 *The TEMPEST: Or, The*
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Vessel;
The Duke's Son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstairing (more like reeds than hair)
Was the first Man that leap'd ; cry'd, Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit ;
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ariel. Close by, my Master.

Prosp. But, *Ariel*, are they safe ?

Ariel. Not a hair perisht.

In troops I have disper'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself,
Whom I have left warming the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His arms folded in this sad knot.

Prosp. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners
Of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet.

Ariel. Safely in Harbour.

Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid,
The Mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o' th' Fleet
(Which I disperst) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* float,
Bound sadly home for *Italy*;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Prosp. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day ?

Ariel. Past the mid-season. [now

Prosp. At least two glasses: the time 'tween six and
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Prosp.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 19

Prosp. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel My liberty.

Prosp. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prithee!

Remember I have done thee faithful service,
Told thee no lyes, have made thee no mistakings;
Serv'd without grudge, or grumblings: Thou didst pro-
To bate me a full year. (mild;

Prosp. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prosp. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep:

To run against the sharp wind of the north,
To do my business in the veins of th' Earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosp. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop; hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir!

Prosp. Thou hast; where was she born? Speak, tel me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Prosp. Oh, was she so! I must
Once every month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banisht: but for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. Ay, Sir. [child,

Prosp. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with-
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou, my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant;
And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

The ENCHANTED ISLAND 21

Mir. 'Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make our fire fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us: What ho! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib within There's wood enough within.

Prosp. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee. Come thou Tortoise, when? (*Enter Ariel.*

Fine Apparition, my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thy ear.

Ariel. My Lord it shall be done. (*Exit.*

Prosp. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd with Raven's feather from unwholsome fens, drop on you both: A Southwest blow on you, and blister you all o'er.

Prosp. For this be sure, to-night thou shalt have Cramps, side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up; Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st: thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-combs, each pinch more stinging, than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st fir'st, thou stroak'st me and mad'st much of me, would'st give me water with berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities of the Isle, the fresh-springs, brine Pits, barren places, and fertil. Curs'd be I, that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Batts light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord: and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep me from the rest o'th' Island.

Prosp. Thou most lying Slave, whom stripes may

move, not kindness: I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell; till thou didst seek to violate the honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would t' had been done: thou did'st prevent me, I had peopl'd else this Isle with *Calibans*.

Prosp. Abhor'd Slave!

Who ne'er would any print of goodness take, being capable of all ill: I pity'd thee; took pains to make thee speak; taught thee each hour one thing or other; when thou didst not, Savage, know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou did'st learn) had that in't, which good natures could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me langague, and my profit by it is, that I know to curse: the red Botch rid you for learning me your langague.

Prosp. Hag-seed hence: fetch us in fuel, and be quick to answer other business: shrugst thou, Malice? if thou neglectest or dost unwillingly what I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps, fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Calib. No prethee.

I must obey: His Art is of such power,
It would control my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.*]

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh Sister! what have I beheld!

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder rock,

As I my eyes cast down upon the Seas;

The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves; but straight I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O, you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his horns above;
All ty'd with ribbands, ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the waves did heave him to the Moon,
He clamb'ring to the top of all the billows,
And then again he curtsy'd down so low,
I could not see him: till at last, all side long
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perisht
Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a Man, and yet
he does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if we two
had two young Fathers.

Mir. No Sister, no, if they were young, my Fa-
ther said that we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come that we two are not
Brothersthen, and have not beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
and grew within the ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray Sister

let you and I look up and down one day, to find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open Air:
Th'effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I' methinks, more long to see a Man.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

The Scene changes to a wilder part of the Island; 'tis composed of divers sorts of trees & barren-places, & a prospect of the Sea at a distance.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, Attendants.

G O N Z A L O.

Beseech your Grace be merry; you have cause, so have we all, of joy for our strange scape: then wisely, good sir, weigh our sorow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace! you cram these words into my ears against my stomach. How can I rejoice, when my dear Son perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish?

Ant. Sir, he may live,

I saw him beat the billows under him, and ride upon their backs, he trod the water, whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted the most swollen surge that met him, his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore: I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone, and you and I,
Antonio, were those who caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou betrayed'st thy Brother *Prospero*, and *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign to my power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right; then lost we *Ferdinand*, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke truce with Heav'n;
You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the waves have lost an only Son;
I did usurp my Brother's fertile lands,
And now am cast upon this desert Isle.

Gonz. These Sir, 'tis true were crimes of a black dye,
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n,
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*,
Where in defense of Christianity,
Your valour has repuls'd the *Moors* of *Spain*.

Alonz. O name it not, *Gonzalo*.
No act but penitence can expiate guilt.
Must we teach Heaven what price to set on murders?
What rate on lawless power, and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And sell by weight a good deed for a bad? (*Musick within*)

Gonz. Musick! and in the air! sure we are shipwrackt
On the Dominions of some merry Devil.

Ant. This Isle's enchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of sad lamenting Ghosts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and blood pursu'd my hand;
O Heaven! deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after actions of my life

Shall mark my Penitence and my bounty. Heark!
The sounds approach us. (*A Dialogue within sung in parts.*)

1. D. *Where does proud Ambition dwell?*

2. *In the lowest rooms of Hell.*

1. *Of the damn'd who leads the Host?*

2. *He who did oppress the most.*

1. *Who such Troops of damned brings?*

2. *Most are led by fighting Kings:*

Kings who did Crowns unjustly get,

Here on burning Thrones are set.

Chor. *Kings who did Crowns, &c.*

Ant. Do you hear, Sir, how thy lay our crimes before

Gonz. Do evil Spirits imitate the good, (us?)

In shewing Men their Sins?

Alonz. But in a different way,

Those warn from doing, these upbraid 'em done.

1. *Who are the Pillars of Ambition's Court?*

2. *Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it support.*

1. *What lyes beneath her feet?*

2. *Her footsteps tread,*

On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead.

1. *Can Heaven permit such crimes should be*

Rewarded with felicity?

2. *Oh no! Uneasily their Crowns they wear,*

And their own guilt amidst their Guards they fear.

Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep.

And we in Visions lord it o'er their sleep.

Cho. *Oh no! Uneasily their Crowns, &c.*

Alonz. See where they come in horrid shapes!

Enter the two that sung, in shape of Devils, placing themselves at two corners of the Stage.

Ant. Sure Hell is open to devour us quick.

1. D. Say Brother, shall we bear these Mortals hence?

2. First let us shew the shapes of their offence.

1. We'll muster then their crimes on either side:

Appear! Appear! Their first begotten, Pride. [Enter Pride, Pride,

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 27.

Pride. Lo! I am here, who led their hearts astray,
And to Ambition did their minds betray.

(Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And guileful Fraud does next appear,
Their wandering steps who led,
When they from Virtue fled,
And in my crooked paths their course did steer.

(Enter Rapine,

Rap. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

[Enter Murther,

Mur. There long they cannot stay,
Down the deep precipice they run,
And to secure what they have done,
To murder bend their way.

[After which they fall into a round en-
compassing the Duke, &c.

S I N G I N G.

Around, around, we pace
About this cursed place,
Whilst thus we compass in
These Mortals and their sin.

Dance

[All the Spirits vanish

Ant. Heaven has heard me! They are vanish'd.

Alonz. But they have left me all unman'd.

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
And a cold sweat trills down o'er all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.

O Prospero!

My crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart.

Ant. And mine, 'gainst him and young Hippolito.

Gonz. Heaven have mercy on the penitent!

Alonz. Lead from this cursed ground;

The Seas, in all their rage, are not so dreadful.

This is the Region of Despair and Death.

GONZ.

Gonz. Shall we not seek some food?

Alonz. Beware all fruit but what the Birds have
The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too: (peck'd;
A secret venom slides from every branch
My Conscience doth distract me, O my Son!
Why do I speak of eating or repose;
Before I know fortune? (Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel's Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands.*

*Curtsey'd when you have and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist.*

*Foot it featly here and there, and sweet sprights bear the
Burthen. (Burthen dispersedly.*

*Hark. Hark! Bow-waugh; the Watch-dogs bark,
Bow-waugh.*

*Hark! Hark! I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry Cock a doodle do.*

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i th' Air, or th'
Earth?

It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some God o' th' Island, sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the Duke my Father's wrack;
This Musick hover'd o'er me on the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With charming Airs; thence I have follow'd it;
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone;
No, it begins again.

Ariel. Song.

*Full fathoms five thy Father lyes;
Of his bones is Coral made;*

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 29

*Those are Pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that does fade,
But does suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark now I hear'em, Ding dong bell.*

(Burthen, *Ding dong.*
[ther,

Ferd. The mournful ditty mentions my drown'd Fa.
This is no mortal business, nor a sound
Which the Earth owns: I hear it now before me,
However I will on and follow it. (*Ex. Ferd. and Ariel.*

S C E N E II.

Another wild part of the Island.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

VENTOSO.

The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must This kind bottle, like an old acquaintance, I want after it. And this scollop shell is all our plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed. prethee fill a sop, and let it go round. Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I' th' hollow of an old tree.

Vent. Fill apace, we cannot live long in this barren land, & we may take a sop before death, as well as others drink at our Funerals.

Must. This is Prize Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you say'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach:

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang losses as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his eyes: he shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful day with old *Bess*. She gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But as you say, hang losses. Prithee fill agen.

Vent. Beshrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife; I had not thought of mine else. Nature will shew it self, I must melt. I prithee fill agen, my Wife's a good old Jade, and has but one eye left: but she'll weep out that too, when she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine. But well, if I return not in seven years to my own Conuntry, she may marry again: and'tis from this Island thither at least seven years swimming.

Must. O at least, having no help of Boat nor Bladders.

Steph. Whoe'er she marries, poor Soul, she'll weep a nights when she thinks of *Stephano*.

Vent. But Master, sorrow is dry; here's for you again.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the comfort we get ashore: O for any old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor heart! That would soon make you dry again: but all is barren in this Isle: here we may lye at hull till the Wind blow nore and by south, e'er we can cry a Sail, a Sail, at sight of a white apron. And therefore here's another sop to comfort us

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort; for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train are perished

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home again: we must e'en turn Savages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government! for if

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 31

live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive the Shipwracks ashore to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land. You *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke you may chuse your Vice Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me the other soap.

Steph *whispering.*] *Ventoso*, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy Voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud, that I will be Vice-Roy; or I'll keep my voice for my self.

Must. *Stephano*, hear me, I will speak for the People because they are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Viceroy over him. Speak good People, are you all agreed? What, no man answer? Well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the People, *Mustacho*? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all, that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the People, who never saw your face! Cold iron shall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil-War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! Agreed!

Enter Trincalo, with a great bottle, half drunk.

Vent.

32 *The* T E M P E S T : O r ,

Vent How ! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen !

Must. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea water ?

Trinc. *Sings.* *I shall no more to Sea, to Sea ;*

Here I shall dye ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a Man's Funeral ;

But here's my comfort.

(*Drinks.*)

S I N G S.

The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,

The Surgeon, and his Mate,

Lov'd Mall, Mag, and Marrian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang ;

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a Taylor might scratch her where e'er she did itch.

This is a scurvy tune too, but there's my comfort again

(*Drinks.*)

Steph. We have got another Subject now ; welcome, welcome into our Dominions !

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions ? Here's old Sack boys : the King of good Fellows can be no Subject I will be Old *Simon* the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy ! How didst thou scape ?

Trinc. Upon a But of Sack, Boys, which the Saylor's threw overboard ! But are you alive, ho ! for I will tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead. Thy hand *Mustacho*, and thine *Ventoso* ; the storm has done its worst : *Stephano* alive too ! Give thy Be-- thy hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke ! Where ? What's he Duke of ?

Must. Of this Island, Man. Oh *Trincalo* we are all made, the Island's empty ; all's our own, Boy ; and we will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as great as we are.

Trinc

Trinc. You great ! What the Devil are you ?

Vent. We two are Vice Roys over all the island ; and when we are weary of governing thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear , *Ventoso* , I will succeed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo* , sleep and be sober ; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why , what are you ; Sir , what are you ?

Steph. What I am , I am by free Election ; and you *Trincalo* are not your self ; but we pardon your first fault , because it is the first day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph , were matters carried so swimmingly against me while I was swimming , and saving my self for the good of the People of this Island ?

Must. Art thou mad , *Trincalo* , wilt thou disturb a settled Government ?

Trinc. I say this Island shall be under *Trincalo* , or it shall be a Common-wealth ; and so my Bottle is my Buckler , and so I draw my Sword. (*Draws*

Vent. Ah *Trincalo* , I thought thou hadst had more grace , than to rebell against thy old Master , and thy two lawfull Vice Roys.

Must. Wilt not thou take advice of two that stand for old Counsellors here , where thou art a meer stranger to the Laws of the Country ?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-War begins (*Vent.* *Must.* draw.

Steph. Hold , hold , I'll have no blood-shed : my Subjects are but few ; let him make a Rebellion by himself ; and a Rebel , I Duke *Stephano* declare him : Vice-Roys , come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares , that he will make open War wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

(*Ex.* *Steph.* *Must.* *Vent*

Enter Caliban with wood upon his back.

Trinc. Hah ! Who have we here ?

C

Calib.

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from fogs, fens, flats, on *Prospero* fall; and make him by inch-meal a disease: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! Yonder stands one of his Spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish? This is some Monster of the Isle. Were I in *England*, as once I was, and had him painted; not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me sixpence for the sight of him: well, if I could make him tame, he were a present for an Emperour. Come hither pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm; Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not; I'll bring the wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest: but I'll give him a dram o' th' Bottle; that will clear his understanding. Come on your ways Master Monster, open your mouth. How now, you perverse Moon-calf! What, I think you cannot tell who is your Friend! Open your chops, I say.

(*Pours Wine down his throat.*)

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœlestial liquor; I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is very hopeful Monster. Monster what say'st thou, art thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? For then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that bottle to be true; for the liquor is not earthly: didst thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon; I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i' th' Isle, and
kiss

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 35

kiss thy foot : I prithee be my God , and let me drink.

[*Drinks again.*

Trinc. Well drawn , Monster , in good faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs , I'll pluck thee Berries , I'll fish for thee , and get thee wood enough. A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve , I'll bear him no more sticks , but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink:

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow , and I , with my long nails , will dig thee Pig-nuts , shew thee a Jay's nest , and instruct thee how to snare the Marmazet ; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds ; wilt thou go with me ?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur'd Race ; Is there no more of thy kin in this Island ?

Calib. Divine , here is but one besides my self ; my lovely Sister , beautiful and bright as the full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she ?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak , and plucking thence the droping Honey-combs. Say my King , shall I call her to thee ?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the bottle too. If she proves handsome she is mine : Here Monster , drink again for thy good news ; thou shalt speak a good word for me.

[*Gives him the Bottle.*

Calib. Farewel , Old Master , farewel , farewel.

S I N G S.

*No more damms I'll make for Fish ,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring ,
Nor scrape trencher , nor wash dish.*

Ban , ban , cakaliban

Has a new Master , get a new Man.

Heigh-day , freedom ! freedom !

Trinc Heres' two Subjects got already , the Monster , and his Sister Well , Duke Stephano , I say , and say

again, wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*Drinks*] From this worshipful Monster, and Mistress Monster his Sister, I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance. Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse: Come away Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt and drink her health.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Cypress Trees and Caves.

Enter Prospero alone.

P R O S P E R O.

'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know
I kept the infant Duke of *Mantua*,
So near them in this Isle, whose Father dying
Bequeath'd him to my care, till my false Brother
Wen he design'd t' usurp my Dukedom from me
Expos'd him to that Fate he meant for me.
By calculation of his birth I saw
Death threat'ning him, if, till some time were past;
He should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh— *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prosp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad

A black Star threatens thee, and Death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir you taught me,
Not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet Death rather than be a Pris'ner.

Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have heard you say, no Creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of.
Why then should I fear? (thee;

Prosp. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to
Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous Enemies of Men, call'd Wo-

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before. [men.
But have I Enemies within this Isle?

And do you keep me from them? Do you think
That I want courage to encounter them?

Prosp. No courage can resist 'em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd so long unharm'd among them?

Prosp. O they despise old Age, and spare it for that rea-
son: 'Tis below their conquest.

Their fury falls alone upon the young.

Hip. Why then the fury of the young shall fall
On them again. Pray turn me loose upon 'em:
But, good Sir, what are Women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young Men and
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes, [Angels:
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales;
They're all enchantment; those who once behold 'em
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Prosp. 'Tis but in vain, for when your eyes are shut,
They through the lids will shine, and pierce your Soul:
Absent, they will be present to you.

They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on them when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge ;
They are so beautiful that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful ?

Prosp. Calm Sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the plumes of Swans ?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks feathers ?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves ?
Or have more various beauty than the Rain-bow ?
These I have seen, and without danger wondered at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em : Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair :
Therefore if ever you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em straight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 39

Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine ill is there:
The curled Lyon, and the rugged Bear
Are not so dreadful as that Man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. Ay Child! But I am a tame Man: Old Men
are tame by nature; but all the danger lies in wild
young Men.

Dor. Do they run wild about the woods?

Prosp. No, they are wild within doors, in chambers,
and in closets.

Dor. But Father, I would stroak'em, make'em gentle

Prosp. I would not hurt me.

again, wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*Drinks*] From this worshiptul Monster, and Mistris Monster his Sister, I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance. Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse: Come away Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt and drink her health.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Cypress Trees and Caves.

Enter Prospero alone.

PROSPERO.

'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know
I kept the infant Duke of *Mantua*.
So near them in this Isle, whose Father dying
Bequeath'd him to my care, till my false Brother
Wen he design'd t' usurp my Dukedom from me
Expos'd him to that Fate he meant for me.
By calculation of his birth I saw
Death threat'ning him, if, till some time were past;
He should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh— *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prosp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad

A black Star threatens thee, and Death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir you taught me,
Not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet Death rather than be a Pris'ner.

Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have heard you say, no Creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of.
Why then should I fear? (thee)

Prosp. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to
Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous Enemies of Men, call'd Wo-

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before. [men.
But have I Enemies within this Isle?
And do you keep me from them? Do you think
That I want courage to encounter them?

Prosp. No courage can resist 'em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd so long unharm'd among them?

Prosp. O they despise old Age, and spare it for that rea-
son: 'Tis below their conquest.
Their fury falls alone upon the young.

Hip. Why then the fury of the young shall fall
On them again. Pray turn me loose upon 'em:
But, good Sir, what are Women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young Men and
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes, [Angels:
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales;
They're all enchantment; those who once behold 'em
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Prosp. 'Tis but in vain, for when your eyes are shut,
They through the lids will shine, and pierce your Soul:
Absent, they will be present to you.
They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on them when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge ;
They are so beautiful that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful ?

Prosp. Calm Sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the plumes of Swans ?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks feathers ?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves ?
Or have more various beauty than the Rain-bow ?
These I have seen, and without danger wondered at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em : Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair :
Therefore if ever you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em straight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.

Prosp. Go in and read the book I gave you last.
To-morrow I may bring you better News.

Hip. I shall obey you Sir. (*Exit* Hippolito.

Prosp. So, so ; I hope this lesson has secur'd him ;
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the Shipwreck happen'd near his mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he has been all obedience.

The Planets seem to smile on my designs ;
And yet there is one sullen cloud behind,
I would it were dispers'd. How now, my Daughters !

[*Enter* Miranda and Dorinda.

I thought I had instructed them enough:
Children, retire ! Why do you walk this way ?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Prosp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.

Re-

Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine ill is there:
The curled Lyon, and the rugged Bear
Are not so dreadful as that Man.

Mir. Oh me, why itay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. Ay Child! But I am a tame Man: Old Men
are tame by nature; but all the danger lies in wild
young Men.

Dor. Do they run wild about the woods?

Prosp. No, they are wild within doors, in chambers,
and in closets.

Dor. But Father, I would stroak'em, make'em gentle
Then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: No Woman
can come near'em but she feels a pain full nine Months:
Well, I must in, for new affairs require my presence. Be
you, *Miranda*, your Sister's Guardian. [Exit Prospero]

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way?
The man will catch us-else; we have but two legs, and
he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister though he have, yet look about you
and we we shall spy him e're he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his den.

Mir. Let me alone: I'll venture first, for sure he can
devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's form,
And he shall not see us.

Dor. Ay, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? We'll keep each others
counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the world.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do
not know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess, I would fain see him too;
I find it in my nature;
Because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. Ay, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing I had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick and beckon me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my self to him, and ask him pardon, as I do my Father, when I have done a fault. And if I can but scape with life, I had rather be in pain nine Months, as my Father threatn'd than loose my longing. *(Exeunt.)*

The Scene changes, and discovers Hippolito in a Cave walking: His face from the Audience

Hip. Prospero has often said that Nature makes Nothing in vain: Why then are Women made? Are they to suck the poyson of the Earth, As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask That question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is; it walks about like one of us.

Mir. Ay just so; and he has legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis most likely Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Heark! It talks; sure this is not it my Father meant, for this is just like one of us: Methinks I am not half so much afraid on't as I was: See, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heav'n, what a goodly thing it is!

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it: I would not for the world that you should venture. My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister, He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! But go back, and he shall eat me first. Are you not ashamed to be so much inquisitive?
Dor.

Dor. You chide me for't, and yet wou'd go your self

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.

Observe how he begins to stare already :

I'll meet the danger first, & then call you.

Dor. Nay Sister you sha'nt vanquish me in kindness.

I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prosper within. Miranda! child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me: I will but say
My Prayers, and follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'll repent it. [Exit Miranda.]

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have th' other peep.

Hip (Seeing her) What thing is that? Sure'tis some In-
The Sun, dress'd in its Father's gayest beams, [fant of
And comes to play with Birds: My sight is dazl'd,
And yet I find I'm loath to shut my eyes.

I must go nearer it-- But stay a while,

May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas! I know not: But I'm told I am
A Woman. Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my eyes out, than consent
To do you any harm; though I was told
A Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy;
Nor can I e'er prove so to that which looks
Like you: For though I have been charg'd by him
Whom yet I never disobey'd, to shun
Your presence, yet I'd rather die than lose it:
Therefore, I hope, you will not have the heart
To hurt me: though I fear you are a Man,
That dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd:
Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man, but
if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too. [other.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poyson to each

Alas ! can we not meet but we must die ?

Hip. I hope not so ! For when two poysonous creatures,
Both of the same kind meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot.
If we have any venom in us, sure,
We cannot be more poysonous, when we meet,
Than Serpents are. You have a hand like mine
May I not gently touch it ? *(Takes her hand.*

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my sisters hands
And felt no pain ; but now, alas ! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh : just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met :
Yet mine's a pleasing grief ; and so methought
Was theirs ; for still they mourn'd, & still they seem'd
To murmur too ; And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens ! I have the same sense too : your hand
Methinks goes through me ; I feel't at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Prosp. within] Dorinda !

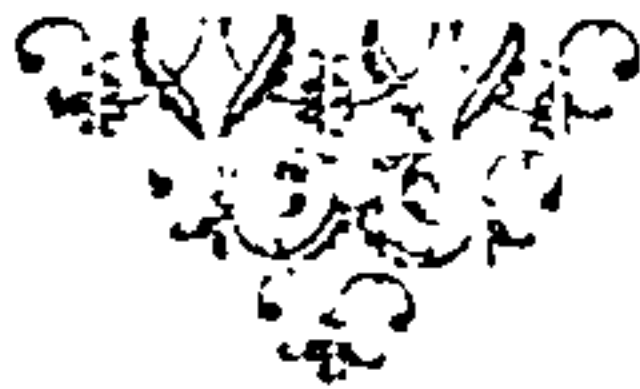
Dor. My Father calls again ; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too : but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him :
He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death but in our parting see

[Exeunt several ways.





A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

The Cypress Walks & Caves.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you
(The elder, and, I thought, the more discreet)
I gave the conduct of your Sister's actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her duty to depart.

Prosp. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own? did you not see
The Man whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Prosp. Did not his eyes infect and poison you?
What alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondred at a sight so new.

Prosp. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw,
So fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
Belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind,
That I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Prosp. You do not love it?

Mir. How is 't likely that
I should, except the thing had first lov'd me?

Prosp.

Prosp. Cherish those thoughts : you have a gen'rous
And since I see your mind not apt to take [Soul ;
The light impressions of a sudden love . .
I will unfold a secret to your knowledge.

That Creature which you saw, is of a kind
Which Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object
Of terror to my mind ? you never us'd
To teach me any thing but God-like Truths,
And what you said I did believe as sacred.

Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young Man
Might unawares possess your tender breast,
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd ;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see
Another of his kind, the full blown Flower,
Of which this Youth was but the op'ning bud.
Go in, and send your Sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir. (*Ex. Miranda.*

Prosp. And make thee fortunate.

Dorinda : now must be examin'd too
Concerning this late interview. I'm sure
Unartful truth lies open in her mind,
As crystal streams their sandy bottom show.
I must take care her love grow not too fast,
For innocence is Love's most fertile soil,
Wherein he soon shoots up and widely spreads ;
Nor is that danger which attends *Hippolito* yet overpast.

Enter Dorinda.

Prosp. O, come hither, you have seen a Man to day,
against my strict command.

Dor. Who I ? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come be clear, your Sister told me all

Dor. Did she ; truly she would have seen him more
than I, but that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so ?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than

Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not
Be angry with him, I could tell you, Sir,
That he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did
not see him much till he saw me. Sir, he would needs
come in my way, and star'd, and star'd upon my face;
and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and there-
fore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'er come near a
Man again —

Prosp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would
not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are
mistaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my life;
but that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him. That
dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him
To see him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I shou'd never break my promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mis-

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm (chief?
As he did me, For when I left him, Sir,
He sigh'd so as it griev'd my heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poysonous, they infected you:
You say they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the day-dreams of a Maid in love,
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir,
I know he will not hurt you for my sake;
I'll undertake to tye him to a hair,
And lead him hither as my Pris'ner to you.

Prosp. Take heed *Dorinda*, you may be deceiv'd;

This

This Creature is of such a savage race ,
 That no mild usage can reclaim his wildness ;
 But , like a Lyon's whelp bred up by hand ,
 When least you look for't , Nature will present
 The image of his Fathers bloody paws ,
 Wherewith he purvey'd for his couching Queen ;
 And he will leap into his native fury .

Dor He cannot change from what I left him , Sir .

Pros You speak of him with too much passion ; tell me
 (And on your duty tell me true , *Dorinda*)
 What past betwixt you and that horrid Creature ?

Dor How , horrid , Sir ! if any else but you
 Should call it so , indeed I should be angry .

Pros Go too ! you are a foolish Girl ; but answer
 To what I ask , what thought you when you saw it ?

Dor At first it star'd upon me and seem'd wild ,
 And then I trembled ; yet it look'd so lovely ,
 That when I would have fled away , my feet
 Seem'd fasten'd to the ground ; then it drew near ,
 And with amazement askt to touch my hand ;
 Which , as a ransom for my life , I gave :
 But when he had it , with a furious gripe ,
 He put it to his mouth so eagerly ,
 I was afraid he would have swallow'd it .

Pros Well , what was his behaviour afterwards ?

Dor He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle ,
 That he became more kind to me than you are ;
 Then , Sir , I grew I know not how , and touching
 His hand again . my heart did beat so strong
 As I lackt breath to answer what he ask'd .

Pros You've been too fond , and I should chide you
 for it .

Dor Then send me to that Creature to be punisht .

Pros Poor Child ! thy Passion like a lazy Ague
 Has seiz'd thy blood ; instead of striving , thou
 Humour st and feed'st thy languishing disease ;
 Thou fight'st the Battels of thy Enemy ;
 And 'tis one part of what I threatn'd thee ,

Not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how.

He hath no claws, nor beak, nor horns to hurt me;

But looks about him like a callow-Bird

Just tragg'd from the nest: pray trust me, Sir,

To go to him again.

Pros. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard

Pros. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this:
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Pros. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But use him ill and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again.

[*Exit Dorinda*

Pros. Now my designs are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my Charms.
What, *Ariel*! my Servant *Ariel*,
Where art thou?

Enter Ariel

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another work: how goes the day?

Ariel. On the fourth hour, my Lord; and on the sixth
You said our work should cease.

Pros. And so it shall?
And thou shalt have the open Air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks my great Lord

Pros. But tell me first, my Spirit,

How

How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove which weather-tends your Cell.

Within that circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Prosper. How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes

Appear like Men distracted; their Attendants
Brim-ful of sorrow mourning over them;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His tears run down his beard, like Winter-drops
From caves of reeds: your Vision did so work'em,
That if you now beheld'em, your affections
Would become tender.

Prosper. Dost thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Prosper. And mine shall:

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not I (a Man
Like them, one who as sharply relish Passions
As they) be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though they have pierc'd me to the quick with injuries,
Yet with my nobler Reason 'gainst my fury,
I will take part; the rarer action is
In Virtue than in vengeance. Go, my *Ariel*,
Refresh with needful food their famish'd bodies,
With shows and cheerful musick comfort'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Prosper. With a twinkle, *Ariel*.

Ariel. Before you can say come and go;
'And breath twice, and cry so, so,
Each Spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring'em Meat with mop and moe.
Do you love me, Master, Ay or no?

Prosper. Dearly, my dainty *Ariel*. but stay; Spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sicorax* his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!

They have cast off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.

Prosper. No matter, I have now no need of 'em ;
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the wing ; :
Haste to perform what I have given in charge :
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Prosper. Make haste then.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

S C E N E II.

A Lime Grove.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I'm weary, and can go no farther, Sir ;
My old bones ake, here's a maze trod indeed,
Through forth rights and meanders, by your patience
I needs must rest.

Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self seiz'd with a weariness
To the dulling of my Spirits ; sit and rest. (*They sit.*)
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterers ; he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on Land : Well ! let him go.

Ant. Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
Which you resolv'd t' effect.

Alonz. I m faint with hunger,
And must despair of food ; Heav'n hath incens'd
The Seas and shores against us for our crimes. [*Musick*]
What ! harmony again, my good Friends, hark !

Ant. I fear some other horrid Apparition
Give us kind keepers, Heaven I beseech thee !

D

Gonz.

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Musick, this; unlike the first;
And seems as if 'twere meant t' unbend our cares,
And calm your troubled thoughts

Ariel invisible SINGS.

*Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your storms are over blowing:
While you in this Isle are bideing,
You shall feast without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

Alonz. This voice speaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Musick in a song
to me, my stomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a Heavenly Vision of boyl'd, bak'd, and
roasted!

*Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornucopias
in their hands.*

Alonz. Are these plump shapes sent to deride our hun- ger?

Gonz. No, no: it is a Masque of fatten'd Devils,
The Burgo-Masters of the lower Region.

[Dance and vanish.]

O for a collop of that large haunch'd Devil
Who went out last!

Ant. *going to the door.* My Lord, the Duke, see yonder,
A Table, as I live, set out and furnisht
With all varieties of meats and fruits.

Alonz. 'Tis so indeed, but who dares taste this Feast,
Which Fiends provide, pehaps to poyson us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman,
Be so ill-natur'd, he may do his pleasure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish,
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 51

Gonz. Then good my Lord, make haste,
And say no Grace before it, I beseech you,
Because the meat will vanish strait, if, as
I fear, an evil Spirit be our Cook.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Wild Island.

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the
Daughters of the Tyrant *Prospero*; and she is bigger than
'em both. O here she comes; now thou may'st judge
thyself, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my
Spouse? Well, she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld
Monster.) The *Trincalos*, like other wise Men, have
anciently us'd to marry for Estate more than for beauty.

Sycorax. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy
neck, and that which dangles at thy Wrist.

(*Sycorax points to his Boson's Whistle, and his Bottle.*)

Trinc. My dear blobber lips, this, observe my Chuck,
is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fufs, thou dost not
know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a whistle for our first Babe; and when
the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive
to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prithee sweet Baby do not play the wanton;
and cry for my goods ere I'm dead. When thou art my
Widow,

52 *The* T E M P E S T : Or,

Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. This is a God a-mighty liquor; I did but drink twice of it, and it, and it hath made me glad ever since.

Syc. He is the bravest God I ever saw.

Calib. You must be kind to him, and he will love you. I prithee speak to her, my Lord, & come nearer her.

Trinc. By this light, I dare not till I have drank: I must fortifie my stomach first.

Syc. I shall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow

(*Pointing to his bottle, and Bosen's Whistle.*

Calib. Ay, but you must be kind and kiss him then.

Trinc. My Brother Monster is a rare Pimp.

Syc. I'll hug thee in my arms, my Brother's God.

Trinc. Think o' thy Soul, *Trincalo*, thou art a dead Man if this kindness continue.

Calib. And he shall get thee a young *Sycorax*: wilt thou not, my Lord?

Trinc. Indeed I know not how, they do no such thing in my Country.

Syc. I'll shew thee how; thou shalt get me twenty *Sycoraxes*; and I'll get thee twenty *Calibans*.

Trinc. Nay, if they are got, she must do't all herself, that's certain.

Syc. And we will tumble in cool plashes, and the soft fens, where we will make us pillows of flags and bulrushes.

Calib. My Lord, she would be loving to thee, and thou wilt not let her.

Trinc. Ev'ry thing in its season, Brother Monster; but you must counsel her; fair Maids must not be too forward.

Syc. My Brother's God, I love thee; prithee let me come to thee.

Trinc. Subject Monster, I charge thee keep the peace between us.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal liquor?

Trinc.

Trinc Umph ! That's another question : for if she be thus flipant in her water , what will she be in her Wine ?

Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the bottle which stands upon the ground.

Ariel. There's water for your Wine. (*Exit Ariel.*)

Trinc. Well ! Since it must be so. (*Gives her the Bottle*)
(*She drinks.*)

How do you like it now , my Queen that must be ?

Syc. Is this your Heavenly Liquor ? I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so , Madam Monster ? What a mighty Prince shall I be then ? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay , if the Frogs of this Island drink such , they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor : I prethee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well said , Subject Monster. (*Caliban drinks.*)

Calib. My Lord , this is meer water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then , and drunk it up , like a debauch'd fish as thou art. Let me see't. I'll taste it my self. Element, meer Element ! As I live. It was a cold gulp , such as this , which kill'd my famous Predecessor old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour ? Prithee be not angry , and I will like thy shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions , for a liquorith Monster.

Calib. O my Lord , I have found it out , this must be done by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in those Devils , I never lov'd 'em from my childhood The Devil take 'em , I would it had been Holy-water for their fakes.

Syc. Will not thy mightiness revenge our wrong , on this great Sorcerer ? I know thou wilt , for thou art valiant.

Trinc. In my Sack, Madam Monster, as any flesh alive,

Syc. Then I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like Vertue of hers, has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms: but prithee be not too boilitrous with me at first; do not discourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*

Enter Steph. Must. Vent.

Stand to your Arms, my Spouse, and Subject Monster; the Enemy is come to surprize us in our Quarters. You shall know Rebels that I am marry'd to a Witch, and we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys (finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy) are come to treat a Peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both Armies; therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*! methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth: I'll not accept of your Embassy without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no squares betwixt us: Vice Roys, give him his stile of Duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in state.

(*Ventoso and Mustacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his cap.*)

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us, in the first place to demand of you, upon what ground you make War against him, having no right to govern here, as being elected only by your own Voice?

Trinc. To this I answer, that having in the face of the World espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island, Queen *Blauze* the first, and having homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her Brother; from these two I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Vent. Lord! Quoth he: the Monster's a very natural.

Syc. Lo! lo! again; bite him to death I prithee.

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads I advise you, and proceed to your business, for I have other affairs to dispatch of more importance betwixt Queen Slobber-chops and myself.

Must. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer'd.

Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you, that if we make a Peace, the Butt also may be comprehended in the Treaty.

Must. Is the Butt safe, Duke *Trincalo*?

Trinc. The Butt is partly safe: but to comprehend it in the Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot, with my honour, without your submission. These two, and the Spirits under me, stand likewise upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink brine; for I will not show 'em the quick freshes of the Island.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Ambassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and so! take our leave. But first I desire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Ambassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceas'd. These Rogues are rather Spies than Ambassadors: I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry into the the secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. *Trincalo* you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Must. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Sentry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter and feast our selves within.

Syc. May I not marry that other King and his two Subjects, to help you a-nights?

56 *The* T E M P E S T : Or,

Trinc. What a careful Spouse have I? Well! If she does conuote me, the care is taken.
When underneath my power my Foes have truckl'd,
To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold? (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel (invisible.)

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musicain
Conduēt my steps? He hovers still about me;
Whether for good or ill I cannot tell;
Nor care I much; for I have been so long
A Slave to Chance, that i'm as weary of
Her flatteries as her frowns: but here I am—

Ariel Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! Art thou so? The Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of
My griefs accord with any thing but sighs.
And my last words, like those of dying Men
Need no reply. Fain would I go to shades,
Where few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate;
But I'll not take his counsel.

Ariel. Take his counsel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counsel. I'll ne'er take it,

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step farther.

Ariel. One step farther.

Ferd. This must have more importance than an Eccho.
Some Spirit tempts me to a precipice.
I'll try it it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this brook.

He S I N G S.

Ariel. *Go thy way.*
Go thy way.

Ferd

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 57

Ferd. *Why should'st thou stay?*

Ariel. *Why should'st thou stay?*

Ferd. *Where the Winds whistle, and where the
streams creep,*

Under yon Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone,

For'tis time to be gone.

Ariel. *For'tis time to be gone.*

Ferd. *What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?*

Within this desert place

There lives no humane race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune smiles, and she*

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

Ferd. *I'll take thy word for once; lead on Musician.*

[Exeunt and return.

SCENE IV.

*Scene changes to the Cypress trees & Cave; and
discovers Prospero and Miranda.*

Prosp. *Advance the fringed curtains of thine eyes, and
say what thou seest yonder.*

Mir. *Is it a Spirit? Lord! How it looks about! Sir, I
confess it carries a brave form; But 'tis a Spirit*

Prosp. *No Girl, it eats and sleeps, and has such senses
as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou see'st, was
in the wrack: were he not somewhat stain'd with grief
(Beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him a godly
person: he has lost his company, and strays about to find
'em.*

[Enter Ferdinand.

Mir. *I might call him a thing divine, for nothing
natural I ever saw so noble.*

D 5

Prosp.

~~the~~ *Lighty* is come to surpris us in our Quarters. You shall know Rebels that I am marry'd to a Witch, and we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys (finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy) are come to treat a Peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both Armies; therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*! methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth: I'll not accept of your Embassy without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no squares betwixt us: Vice Roys, give him his stile of Duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in state.

(*Ventolo and Mustacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his cap.*)

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us, in the first place to demand of you, upon what ground you make War against him, having no right to govern here, as being elected only by your own Voice?

Trinc. To this I answer, that having in the face of the World espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island, Queen *Blauze* the first, and having homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her brother; from these two I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? he a Hector?

Calib.

Trinc. The Butt is partly false: but to comprehend it in the Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot, with my honour, without your submission. These two, and the Spouts under me, stand likewise upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink brine; for I will not show 'em the quick freshes of the Island.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Ambassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and so I take our leave. But first I desire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Ambassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceas'd. These Rogues are rather Spies than Ambassadors: I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry into the the secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. *Trincalo* you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Must. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Sentry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter and feast our selves within.

Syc. May I not marry that other King and his two Subjects, to help you a-nights?

36 *The T E M P E S T : Or,*

Trinc. What a careful Spouse have I? Well! If she does cornute me, the care is taken.
When underneath my power my Foes have truck'd,
To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold? (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel (invisible.)

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musicain
Conduct my steps? He hovers still about me;
Whether for good or ill I cannot tell;
Nor care I much; for I have been so long
A Slave to Chance, that I'm as weary of
Her flatteries as her frowns: but here I am—

Ariel Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! Art thou so? The Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of
My griefs accord with any thing but sighs.
And my last words, like those of dying Men
Need no reply. Fain would I go to shades,
Where few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate;
But I'll not take his counsel.

Ariel. Take his counsel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counsel. I'll ne'er take it,

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step farther.

Ariel. One step farther.

Ferd. This must have more importance than an Eccho.
Some Spirit tempts me to a precipice.
I'll try it it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this brook.

He S I N G S.

Ariel. *Go thy way.*
Go thy way.

Ferd

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 57

Ferd. *Why should'st thou stay?*

Ariel. *Why should'st thou stay?*

Ferd. *Where the Winds whistle, and where the
streams creep,*

Under yon Willow - tree, fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*

Ferd. *What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?*

Within this desert place

There lives no humane race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune smiles, and she*

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

Ferd. *I'll take thy word for once; lead on Musician.*

[Exeunt and return.

SCENE IV.

*Scene changes to the Cypress trees & Cave; and
discovers Prospero and Miranda.*

Prosp. *Advance the fringed curtains of thine eyes, and
say what thou seest yonder.*

Mir. *Is it a Spirit? Lord! How it looks about! Sir, I
confess it carries a brave form; But 'tis a Spirit*

Prosp. *No Girl, it eats and sleeps, and has such senses
as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou see'st, was
in the wrack: were he not somewhat stain'd with grief
(Beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him a godly
person: he has lost his company, and strays about to find
'em.*

[Enter Ferdinand.

Mir. *I might call him a thing divine, for nothing
natural I ever saw so noble.*

D 5

Prosp.

58 *The TEMPEST: Or,*

Pros. It goes on as my Soul prompts it. Spirit, fine Spirit, I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress, on whom these Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worshipp'd; so bright a Beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my own Country.

Pros. How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of Savoy heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy: He does hear me, and that he does I weep; my self an Savoy, whose fatal eyes (e'er since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.

Mir. Alack! for pity. [*Ariel.*

Pros. At the first sight they have chang'd eyes: dear I'll free thee for this--- Young Sir, a word. With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father now so urgently? This is the third Man that e'er I saw, the first Whom e'er I fight'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! I, a Virgin! And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you Mistress of Savoy.

Pros. Soft, Sir! One word more. They're in each other's power, but this swift bus'ness I must unease make, lest too light winning make the prize light-- One word more. Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast put thy self on this Island as a Spy, to get the Government from me, the Lord on't.

Ferd. No, as I am a Man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple, If th' Evil Spirit hath so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Pros.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 5

Prosp. No more. Speak not you for him, he's a Traytor,
Come! thou'rt my Pris'ner and shalt be in bonds.
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook Muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the . corn crawled, follow me.

Ferd. No, I'll resist such entertainment till
My Enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mir. O dear Father! Make not too rash a tryal
Of him, for he is gentle and not fearful

Prosp. My Child my Tutor! Put the sword up Traytor,
Who mak'it a show, but dar'it not strike:
Thy Conscience is possess'd with guilt. Come from
Thy ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This wand, and make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you Father.

Prosp. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.

Prosp. Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: what!
An Advocate for an Impostor? Sure
Thou think'it there are no more such shapes as his.
To th' most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble, I have no ambition
To see a goodlier Man.

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,
To whom I am subbu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but through my Prison once a day
Behold this Maid; all corners else o' th' Earth

60 *The* T E M P E S T : Or,

Let Liberty make use of, I have space
Enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Hark what thou shalt more do for me. (*Whisper Ariel.*

Mir. Be of comfort;
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prosp. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain Winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel To a syllable. [*Exit Ariel.*

Prosp. to *Mir.* Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you. (*Exit Miranda.*

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the waters, when
Thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when it is past.

Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within;
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear you afflictions like a Prince — That door
Shews you your lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it. (*Exit Ferdinand.*
Now for my second care, *Hippolito*.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,
His Passion is become his punishment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. 'Tis *Prospero's* voice.

Prosp. *Hippolito*! I know you now expect
I should severely chide you: you have seen
A Woman in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hip.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 61

Hip. No, none Sir.

Try me again, when e'er you please I'm ready---
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! (*Aside.*
Well! what was the success of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercy, and she me.

Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you
were?

Hip Methinks I wish and wish! For what I know not,
But still I wish---yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Prosp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the rest o' th' World that I might live
Alone with her; she never should be from me.

We two would sit and look till our eyes ak'd.

Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir never.

Prosp. But you'll grow old and wrickl'd, as you see
Me now; and then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two
Can never possibly grow old.

Prosp. You must, *Hippolito.*

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?

Prosp. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me, Sir, her works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.

Prosp. Time will convince you;
Mean while be sure you tread in Honours paths,
That you may merit her: And that you may not
Want fit occasions to employ your Virtue,
In this next Cave there is a Stranger lodg'd,
One of your kind, young, of a noble presence,
And as he says himself, of Princely birth;
He is my Pris'ner and in deep affliction,
Visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my duty, Sir. (*Exit Hippolito.*

Prosp. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives:

Perhaps

Perhaps I took the moment of his birth
 Amiss; perhaps my Art it self is false.
 On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears?
 Mans life is all a mist, and in the dark,
 Our Fortunes meet us.
 If Fate be not, then what what can we foresee?
 Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
 If by free-will in our own paths we move,
 How are we bounded by Decrees above?
 Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
 If ill tis ours, if good the act of Heaven.

[*Exit* Prospero.

S C E N E V.

A Cave.

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

F E R D I N A N D.

Your pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me,
 Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hip. Ay, and an only Father too, for sure
 You said you had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous simple [*Aside.*

Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your World,
 Where many Men live?

Ferd. Such we are born to.

But gentle Youth, as you have question'd me;
 So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How should I?

Hip. I well hop'd

I was a Man; but by your ignorance
 Of what I am, I fear it is not so.

Well, *Prospero!* this is now the second time

You

You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt

You are a Man : But I would know of whence ?

Hip. Why, of this World ; I never was in yours,

Ferd. Have you a Father ?

Hip. I was told I had one ,

And that he was a Man ; yet I have been

So much deceiv'd , I dare not tell't you for

A truth : but I have still been kept a Prisoner

For fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous ,

For since I came I have beheld one here ,

Whose beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did she pierce ?

You seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas ! the wound was made

By her bright eyes , and festers by her absence,

But to speak plain to you , Sir I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that Love's the very thing,

That I feel too ! Pray tell me truly , Sir ,

Are you not grown unquiet since you saw her ?

Ferd. I take no rest.

Hip. Just, just, 'tis my disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what ?

Ferd. O no ! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir :

But you desire she may be always with you !

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my condition ! Alas, gentle Sir,

I'll pity you , and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much , that if I have her not,

I find I cannot live.

Hip. How ! Do you love her ?

And would you have her too ? That must not be :

For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps , we do not love the same :

All Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,

Besides

Besides that one I love ?

Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more besides that Beauty which you love. (of'em.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred

Ferd. But noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em: O, how I rejoice! More Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! How ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.

I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,

All that are fair: come! Bring me to this Woman,

For I must have her.

Ferd. His simplicity

[*Aside.*

Is such that I can scarce be angry with him.

Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her, you will find you do not love her. [*man.*

Hip. I find already I love, because she is another Wo-

Ferd. You cannot love two Women, both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do

Resemble her whom I've already seen,

I'll have as many as I can, that are

So good, and Angel-like, as she I love.

And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force restrain you from it.

Hip. Why do so if you can. But either promise me To love no Woman or you must try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.

Hip. Well you may love, for *Prospero* taught me Friendship too: you shall love me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this conference, or he (*Aside.* Will urge me else beyond what I can bear.

Sweet Youth! Some other time we will speak farther Concerning both our loves; at present I

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 65

Am indispos'd with weariness and grief,
And would, if you were pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it.

[*Exit Ferdinand.*

Hip. This Stranger does insult, and comes into
My world to take those Heavenly Beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love:
And yet he said he did desire but one;
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich.
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. (*Exit*



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

Cypress trees & Cave.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

Y Our suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him.
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your guide:
You must not stay, your visit must be short. (*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate
Into his mind a kindness to that Youth,

E

Whom

Whom first you saw; I would have Friendship grow
Betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prosp. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark danger which
My Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide
A double strength t' oppose th' assaults of Fortune.

[*Exit Prospero.*]

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love,
Is but a double tye, a link of Fortune,
Join'd to the chain of Love; but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the hardship.
I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out,
And nigh the ground, on which I might have ease,
Yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! My Lord! Where are you?

Ferd. Is it your voice; my Love? Or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature!

Ten times more gentle, than your Father's cruel;
How on a sudden all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. I come to help you to support your griefs.

Ferd. While I stand gazing thus, & thus have leave
To touch your hand, I do not envy freedom.

Mir. Hark! Hark! Is't not my Father's voice I hear
I fear he calls me back again too soon.

Ferd. Leave fear to guilty minds: 'tis scarce a Virtue
When it is paid to Heaven.

Mir. But there 'tis mix'd

With love, and so is mine: yet I may fear;
For I am guilty when I disobey
My Father's will in loving you too much.

Ferd. But you please Heav'n in disobeying him,

Heav'n

Heav'n bids you succour Captives in distress,

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace

While you are here, and love and silence wait
Upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it,
And 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would:

But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will dye when you are false.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing. Do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! Bear witness to this sound,
If I prove false—

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure
This undeserved captivity, than I
Could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of;
But I, Sir, have a suit to you, and that
Shall be the only tryal of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my life; for you have far o'erbid
The price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love another for my sake,
Who for his own deserves all the respect
Which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage
Can make me hate him; when he gave you being,
He then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request,
Which if you love I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes such a one,
Who for his sweetness, and his goodly shape,

If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
I think can scarce be equall'd: 'tis a Youth,
A Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful feature, and must I
For your sake love him?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple
To grant the first request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
And wants your conversation. You should have
Compassion on so meer a Stranger.

Ferd. These need compassion whom you discommend;
Not whom you praise.

Mir. I only ask this easie tryal of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have easier been if you
Had never ask'd it.

Mir. I cannot understand you;
And yet methinks am loth to be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get accels,
When my confinement makes me want that blessing.
His compassion need, and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, trust me for him.
He has a melting heart, and soft to all
The seals of kindness; I will undertake
For his compassion.

Ferd. O Heavens! Would I were sure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of Youth and Beauty.

Ferd. O poyson to my hopes!
When he did visit me, and I did mention
This beauteous Creature to him, he did then
Tell me he would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

(*Aside.*)

Ferd.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 69

Ferd. It is to plain : like most of her frail Sex,
She's false, but has not learnt the art to hide it; (*Aside.*
Nature has done her part, she loves variety.
Why did I think that any Woman could
Be innocent, because she's young? No, no,
Their Nurses teach them change,
When with two nipples they divide their liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet
I meant no harm: but if you please to hear me—

(*A Noise within.*

Hark, Sir, Now I am sure my Father comes,
I know his steps; dear Love retire a while,
I fear I've stay'd too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed,
And yet not long enough: Oh Jealousie!
Oh Love! How you distract me? [*Exit Ferdinand.*

Mir. He appears
Displeas'd with that young Man, I know not why:
But, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge;
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

Enter Prospero.

Prospero. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You've seen the Prisoner?

Mir. Yes.

Prospero. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

Prospero. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight

A Man does not appear so rare a Creature. [*hides it.*

Prospero. Aside. I find she loves him much because she
Love teaches cunning even to Innocence,
And where he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miser in the dark

If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
I think can scarce be equall'd: 'tis a Youth,
A Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful feature, and must I
For your sake love him?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple
To grant the first request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
And wants your conversation. You should have
Compassion on so meer a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend;
Not whom you praise.

Mir. I only ask this easie tryal of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have easier been if you
Had never ask'd it.

Mir. I cannot understand you;
And yet methinks am loth to be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get accels,
When my confinement makes me want that blessing.
His compassion need, and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, trust me for him.
He has a melting heart, and soft to all
The seals of kindness; I will undertake
For his compassion.

Ferd. O Heavens! Would I were sure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of Youth and Beauty.

Ferd. O poyson to my hopes!
When he did visit me, and I did mention
This beauteous Creature to him, he did then
Tell me he would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

(*Aside.*)

Ferd.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 69

Ferd. It is to plain : like most of her frail Sex,
She's false, but has not learnt the art to hide it; (*Aside.*
Nature has done her part, she loves variety.
Why did I think that any Woman could
Be innocent, because she's young? No, no,
Their Nurses teach them change,
When with two nipples they divide their liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet
I meant no harm: but if you please to hear me—

(*A Noise within.*

Hark, Sir, Now I am sure my Father comes,
I know his steps; dear Love retire a while,
I fear I've stay'd too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed,
And yet not long enough: Oh Jealousie!
Oh Love! How you distract me? [*Exit Ferdinand.*

Mir. He appears
Displeas'd with that young Man, I know not why:
But, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge;
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

Enter Prospero.

Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You've seen the Prisoner?

Mir. Yes.

Prosp. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

Prosp. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight

A Man does not appear so rare a Creature. [*hides it.*

Prosp. Aside. I find she loves him much because she
Love teaches cunning even to Innocence,
And where he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miser in the dark

To feast alone. But tell me, dear *Miranda*,
How does he suffer his imprisonment?

Mir. I think he seems displeas'd.

Prosp. O then 'tis plain
His temper is not noble; for the brave
With equal minds bear good and evil Fortune.

Mir. O, Sir, but then he's pleas'd again so soon
That 'tis not worth your noting.

Prosp. To be soon
Displeas'd and pleas'd so suddenly again,
Does shew him of a various froward nature.

Mir. The truth is, Sir, he was not vex'd at all,
But only seem'd to be so.

Prosp. If he be not
And yet seems angry, he is a dissembler,
Which shews the worst of natures.

Mir. Truly, Sir,
The Man has faults enough; but in my Conscience
That's none of 'em. He can be no Dissembler.

Prosp. Aside. How she excuses him, and yet desires
That I should judge her heart indifferent to him?
Well, since his faults are many, I am glad
You love him not.

Mir. 'Tis like, Sir, they are many;
But I know none he has: yet let me often
See him, and I shall find 'em all in time.

Prosp. I'll think on't.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

Mir. Aside. Forgive me, Truth, for thus disguising thee?
If I can make him think I do not love
The Stranger much, he'll let me see him oftener.

(Exit *Miranda*.)

Prosp. Stay! Stay—I had forgot to ask her
What she has said of young *Hippolito*:
Oh! Here he comes! And with him my *Dorinda*.
I'll not be seen, let their loves grow in secret.

[Exit *Prospero*.]

•Enter

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 71

Enter Hippolito and Dorinda.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyful? [*woods.*

Hip. I have within me all the various Musick of the
Since last I saw you I have heard brave news!
I'll tell it you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I through my eyes
Drew something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed news.
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
A fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your news? You see it moves not me.

Hip. And I'll have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a base poor World; I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where's that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: you shall
help me to her, and I'll love you for't.

[*Offers to take her hand.*

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counsel which enjoyn'd reservedness,
Was not in vain I see. [*Aside.*

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sisters hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should not I do so ?

Dor. She is my Sister,
And therefore I must love her : but you cannot
Love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can :
Oh that you had more Sisters !

Dor. You may love her,
But then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you must ;
One is enough for you , but not for me.

Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another ;
A Man like you , and she lik'd only him ;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one , and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If she like him , she may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I should change and like that Man ?
Would you be willing to permit that change ?

Hip. No , for you lik'd me first.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you see that Man ;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you

Hip. Yes , me you may , for we are now acquainted ;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you.
O ! He's a terrible , huge , monstrous Creature,
I'm but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him ,
Except you'll promise not to see my Sister

Hip. Yes for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible , huge Creature too ;
If I were not her Sister she would eat me ;
Therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair,
And like you.

Dor. No , indeed , she's like my Father ,
With a great beard ; 'twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and she may go together,
They're fit for no body but one another.

Hip.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 73

Hip. Looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes,
Before he sees you. (fly! fly!

Dor. Must we part so soon?

Hip. Y'are a lost Woman if you see him once.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear
You should not find me; therefore I'll avoid him.

(Exit Dorinda.

Hip She fain would have deceived me; but I know
Her Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman.

All of a Kind that I have seen are like
To one another: all the Creatures of
The Rivers and the Woods are so.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. O! Well encounter'd, you're the happy Man!
Y' have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How! Sir? Pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? What's that? But what foe'er it be
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me dye.

Hip. But for a Friend you should make haste;
I ne'er ask'd any thing of you before,

Ferd. I see your ignorance;
And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, saw you and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her you'l cause my death.

Hip. Be sure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your Friend;
And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip When Friends request unreasonable things,
Sure they're to be deny'd; you say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for to
Tell you a secret, which I have lately found
Within my self; they all are made for me.

74 *The* T E M P E S T: Or,

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one,
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir.
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women:
I mean if there so many be i' th' World;
So that if once I see her I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her;
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip. By force of Arms!

My arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him. (*Aside.*)
And fain would force avoid. Pray, do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my inclinations are
To love all Women: and I have been taught
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love
Your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it; but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her:

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 75

Ferd. Then since you have refused this act of friendship,
Provide your self a Sword; for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus,

And push against me, while I push at you,
Till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave sport:

But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?

Hip. Well take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance! You must defend your life,
And so must I: but since you have no Sword
Take this; for in a Corner of my Cave

I found a rusty one: perhaps 'twas his (*Gives him his Sword.*

Who keeps me Pris'ner here: that I will fit:

When next we meet prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours agen,
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet,

And when they're dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not
To take your life: but if you please we'll fight
On these conditions; he who first draws bloud,
Or who can take the others weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed:

And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. (*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E I I.

*The wild Island.**Enter* Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

CALIBAN.

My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Who?*Calib.* The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects, that would have our Liquor.*Trinc.* If thou wert a Monster of parts I would make thee my Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The Devil take all Dunces; thou hast lost a brave Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want of behaviour.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND 77

and to the *Hanse in kelder*; or rather *Haddock in kelder*,
for I guess it will be half fish. (*Aside.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano* here's to thee; and let old quar-
rels be drown'd in this draught [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's health to
thee. (*Drinks to Caliban.*

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal liquor, my
Lord; let him drink water.

Trinc. O sweet heart, you must not shame your self
to-day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good
Hulwifry - she wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce
the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers bellies?

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatness aside, and shake my
heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! My Mother left us in her Will a
hundred Spirits to attend us; Devils of all sorts, some
great roaring Devils, and some little fugging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou shall hear them in the Air.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one,
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir.
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women:
I mean if there so many be i' th' World;
So that if once I see her I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her;
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip. By force of Arms!

My arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him. (*Aside.*
And fain would force avoid. Pray, do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my inclinations are
To love all Women: and I have been taught
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love
Your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it; but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her:

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 75

Ferd. Then since you have refused this act of friendship ;
Provide your self a Sword ; for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that ?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it ?

Ferd. You must stand thus ,

And push against me , while I push at you ,
Till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave sport :

But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel ?

Hip. Well take the Sword by turns , and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance ! You must defend your life ,
And so must I : but since you have no Sword

Take this ; for in a Corner of my Cave

I found a rusty one : perhaps 'twas his (*Gives him his Sword.*

Who keeps me Pris'ner here : that I will fit :

When next we meet prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then , this shall ne'er be yours agen ,
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet ,

And when they're dead , their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful ; I desire not
To take your life : but if you please we'll fight
On these conditions ; he who first draws bloud ,
Or who can take the others weapon from him ,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour ,
And both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed :

And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. (*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE .

S C E N E I I.

*The wild Island.**Enter* Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

CALIBAN.

*My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.**Trinc.* Who?*Calib.* The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects, that would have our Liquor.*Trinc.* If thou wert a Monster of parts I would make thee my Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The Devil take all Dunces; thou hast lost a brave Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want of behaviour.*Syc.* My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em, just as I am to thee.*Trinc.* No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouse, and must give good example. Here they come. we'll put on the gravity of States-men, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.*Enter* Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.*Vent.* Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.*Trinc.* Peace, or War?*Must* Peace, and the Butt.*Steph.* I come now as a private person, and promise to live peaceably under your government.*Trinc.* You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban* skink about.*Steph.* I long to have a Rowse to her Graces health,
and

and to the *Hanse in kelder*; or rather *Haddock in kelder*, for I guess it will be half fish. (*Aside.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano* here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's health to thee. (*Drinks to Caliban.*

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal liquor, my Lord; let him drink water.

Trinc. O sweet heart, you must not shame your self to-day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry · she wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. *Ventoso* here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers bellies?

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatneſs aſide, and shake my heels, if I had but Muſick.

Calib. O my Lord! My Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us; Devils of all ſorts, ſome great roaring Devils, and ſome little ſinging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou ſhall hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-Law's Legacy immediately.

Calib: S I N G S.

*We want Muſick we want Mirth,
Up Dam and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.* (*Muſick heard*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Muſick and pay nothing for't? Come, hands, hands. let's loſe no time while the Devil's in the humour, (*A Dance.*

Trinc. Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak ſhallow Fellow, if it be drunk firſt.

Trinc. *Caliban*, give Bottle the belly full agen.

Steph. May I ask your Grace a queſtion? Pray is that hectoring

beckdring Spark, as you call'd him, flesh or fish?

Trinc. Subject I know not, but he drinks like a fish.

Enter Caliban.

Steph. O here's the Bottl: agen; he has made a good Voyage: come, who begins a brindis to the Duke!

Trinc. I'll begin it my self: give me the bottle; 'tis my prerogative to drink first. *Stephano*, give me thy hand; thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: prithee why should we quarrel? Shall I swear two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee: in witness whereof I drink soundly. (*Drinks.*)

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no love lost, For I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one; pledge my Grace faithfully.

Steph. I will pledge your Grace, *Op syn Dutch.*

Trinc. But thou shalt not pledge me before I have drunk agen; would'st thou take the liquor of life out of my hands! I see thou art a piece of a Rebel still, but here's to thee, now thou shalt have it. (*Stephano drinks.*)

Vent. We loyal Subjects may be choak'd for any drink we can get.

Trinc. Have patience good People; you are unreasonable, you'd be drunk as soon as I. *Ventoso* you shall have your time, but you must give place to *Stephano*.

Must. Brether *Ventoso*, I am afraid we shall loose our places. The Duke grows fond of *Stephano*, and will declare him Vice-Roy.

Steph. I ha' done my worst at your Grace's bottle.

Trinc. Then the Folks may have it. *Caliban* go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds. Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family: thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what thou think'st of my Princes?

Steph.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 79

Steph. I look on her as a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble! Indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*; but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the *Monfieur de Viles* in *France*; but look on her beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? Mark her behaviour too, she's tippling yonder with the Serving Men.

Steph. An't please your Grace she's some what homely; but that's no blemish in a Princess: She is vertuous.

Trinc. Umph! Vertuous! I am loath to disparage her: but thou art my Friend, can't thou be close?

Steph. As a stopp'd bottle, an't please your Grace.

Enter Caliban agen with a Bottle.

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder Tree, upon a sweet bed of Nettles, singing *Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum*, with her own natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! Make love in her own Tribe!

Trinc. But'tis no matter; to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a Great Man and so forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it; and so here's to thee agen: give me the bottle, *Caliban*! Did you knock the Butt? How does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the Throat and is departing: give me the Bottle. *(Drinks.)*

Must. A short life and a merry, I say.

(Steph. whispers Sycorax.)

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he marry'd you only to get possession of the Island.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for 't.

Steph. And your Fathers too hem! Skink about his Grace's health agen. O if you would but cast an eye of pity upon me—

Syc. I will cast two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee
more

80 *The TEMPEST: Or,*

more than Haws, or Black Berries; I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em, but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self; wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this liquor.

Steph. I warrant thee, we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [*To Sycorax.*

Syc. Be gone! Thou shalt not be my Lord; thou say'st I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so—Hah! He's a Rogue, do not believe him chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. (*Strikes Stephano.*

Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at Trincalo*

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason, Treason!

[*Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt*

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my basom. (*Whispers Mustacho hastily.*

Mustacho strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! *Ventoso*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice Roy? (*They two fight off from the rest.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! Do you stand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

Syc.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 83

[*Syc. and Calib. fight; Syc. beating him off the Stage.*
Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?

Trincalo beats off Stephano to the door. Exit Stephano.

I'll not pursue too far, For fear the Enemy should rally again and surprise my Butt in the Citadel. Well, I must be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, she will be in the fashion else; first cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a separation, to get alimony. (*Exit.*

S C E N E I I I.

The Cypress trees & Cave.

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, with their Swords drawn.

F E R D I N A N D.

Come, Sir, our cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we must fight?
Who first receives a wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come, this loses time; now for the
Women, Sir. (*They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.*

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferd. Remember our conditions.

Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

(*Hippolito presses on, Ferdinand retires and wards.*

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you're unskilful, Sir!

Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come

As near as yours; and you shall see my skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back—
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find—

Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Hippolito thrusts and falls.*

Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy Man! What have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake
I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me. (*Swoons.*

Ferd. He's gone! He's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!
Help, help!

Enter Prospero.

Prosp. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prosp. Alas! How much in vain doth feeble Art
Endeavour to resist the will of Heaven? [*Rubs Hippolito;*
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son
Of an inhumane Father! All my designs
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence—

Prosp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What *Ariel!* sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Prosp. Ay, now thou com'st,
When Fate is past and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;

For as thou art thy self, thou canst not be
But glad to see young Virtue nipt i' th' blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad: we airy Spirits are not
Of temper so malicious as the earthy,
But of a nature more approaching good:
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Beswixt the confines of the air and earth.

Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell;
This fatal action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came; and threatn'd me if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsom Regions of the Air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect;
Within the burning bowels of Mount *Hecla*;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous Flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak:
At ev'ry hick-up of the belching Mountain
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,
And then fall down agen.

Ariel. Pardon; dread Lord.

Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee;
Shalt thou e'er find from me: hence! flye with speed,
Unbind the charms which hold this Murd'erer's Father,
And bring him with my Brother straight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly
Thy thought. (Exit Ariel.)

Ferd. O Heavens! What words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy vision.

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes:
Yet she has faults and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?

82 *The* T E M P E S T : Or,

The Will of Heaven's accomplish'd : I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda.

Mir. My Love ! Is it permitted me to see
You once again ?

Prosp. You come to look your last ;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.
But, on my Blessing, I speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father is not this my Sisters Man ?
He has a noble form ; but yet he's not
So excellent as my *Hippolito*.

Prosp. Alas poor Girl, thou hast no Man : look yonder ;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why was there ever any more of him ?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him ?

(She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.)

Ferd. Alas ! He's never to be wak'd agen.

Dor. My Love, my Love ! Will you not speak to me ?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me ; he's dumb and cold too ;
But I'll run streight, and make a fire to warm him.

[Exit Dorinda running,

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. *Ariel* (*invisible,*)

Alonz. Never were Beasts so hunted into toyls,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.

But is not that my Son ? O *Ferdinand* !
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father ! O sinister happiness !
Is it decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal hour when this
Brave Youth is lost in Death, and by my hand ?

Ant. Heaven ! What new wonder's this ?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else,

Alonz.

Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the Walks above,
Wand'ring by Star light, to have sought thee out:
But now I should have gone to Heaven in vain,
Whilst thou art here behind.

Ferd. You must indeed
In vain have gone thither to look for me;
Those who are stain'd with such blak crimes as mine,
Come seldom there.

Prosp. And those who are like him,
All foul with guilt, more seldom upward go.
You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen me;
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of *Prospero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millan*!

Prosp. I wonder less, that thou *Antonio* know'st me not,
Because thou did'st long since forget I was
Thy Brother, else I never had been here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Prosp. For you, usurping Prince, (To Alonzo.)
Know, by my Art, you shipwrackt on this Ile,
Where after I a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance wou'd have ended; I design'd
To match that Son of yours with this my Daughter!

Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

Prosp. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
Which are with Murd'ers made; look on that corps,
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*,
That Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you
Expos'd with me; and here I bred him up
Till that blood-thirsty Man, that *Ferdinand*—
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice
Calls to unsheath her Sword against his guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Prosp. To execute Heav'n's Laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossest me of my *Millan*,
Blood calls for blood; your *Ferdinand* shall die:

And I in bitterness have sent for you
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.

Alonz. And think'st thou I or these will tamely stand
To view the execution? (*Lays hand upon his Sword.*)

Ferd. Hold, dear Father!

I cannot suffer you t' attempt against
His life who gave her being whom I love.

Prosper. Nay then appear my Guards—I thought no more
To use their aids; (I am curs'd because I us'd it)

(*He stamps, and many Spirits appear.*)

But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this murder.

Alonz. Have I for this

Found thee my Son, so soon agen to lose thee!

Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity:

He may hear you.

Ant. I dare not draw that blood

Upon my self, by interceeding for him.

Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you usurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.

Alonz. Is this a time t' upbraid me with my sins,
When grief lies heavy on me? Y' are no more
My Friends, but crueller than he, whose Sentence
Has doom'd my Son to Death.

Ant. You did unworthily t' upbraid him.

Gonz. And you do worse t' endure his crimes.

Ant. *Gonzalo* we'll meet no more as Friends.

Gonz. Agreed *Antonio*: and we agree in discord.

Ferd. to *Mir.* Adieu my fairest Mistress.

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.

Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,

Be not so cruel to the Man I love,

Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the men is that I can make.

Prosper. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*,
To sit you for your death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, *Prospero*! Hear me speak: You are a Father,
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.

Prosp. No more! All you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse! Help *Ariel* with your fellows
To drive 'em in: *Alonzo* and his Son
Bestow in yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo*
Shall with *Antonio* lodge.

(*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*)

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?

Prosp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.

Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?

Prosp. His Soul has left his body.

Dor. When will it come agen?

Prosp. O never, never!

He must be laid in earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lye in earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prosp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's precept; you would needs see Men,
And by that sight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand*
Must die for murdering him.

Mir. Have you no pity?

Prosp. Your disobedience has so much incens'd me,
That I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the body to my couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

(*They bear off the Body of Hippolito.*)

Enter Miranda, and Dorinda again. Ariel behind 'em.

Ariel. I've been so chid for my neglect by *Prospero*,
That I must now watch all and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me
For your own fault, your curiosity
Brought me to see the Man.

Mir. You safely might
Have seen him and retir'd, but you wou'd needs
Go near him and converse: you may remember
My Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure
My Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, [*Crying.*
But that yours made him go.

Mir. Sister I could not wish that either of 'em
Shou'd go to Heaven without us; but it was
His Fortune, and you must be fatisf'd.

Dor. I'll not be fatisf'd: my Father says
He'll make your Man as cold as mine is now;
And when he is made cold, my Father will
Not let you strive to make him warm agen.

Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable;
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis nothing
to lose a Man.

Mir. Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.

Dor. Ay, there's your judgment. Your's is th' oldest Man
I ever saw, except it were my Father.

Mir. Sister, no more: It is not comely in
A daughter, when she says her Father's old.

Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?

I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you agen.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you;

But

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 91

But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And eccho to each blast of wind a sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*

Ariel. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile.
Old *Prospero*, by his Daughters rob'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each others bed,
To save the living, and revenge the dead.

Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their crimes upbraid. }

Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.
The Seamen all that cursed Winch have spent,
Which still renew'd their thirst of Government;
And, wanting Subjects for the food of pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.

The Monsters *Sycorax* and *aliban*
More monstrous grow by Passions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.

Why shou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold
In chains a Spirit of Ætherial mould?

Accursed Magick we our selves have taught;
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought. [*Exit.*





A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

The Cypress trees & Cave.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

YOU beg in vain, I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.

Prosp. It will by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Prosp. I by deferring justice should incense
The Deity against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the Powers above
Are slow in punishing; and shou'd not you
Resemble them?

Prosp. The Powers above may pardon or reprove,
As Sovereign Princes may dispense with Laws,
Which we, as Officers, must execute:
Our Acts of Grace to Criminals are Treason
To Heavens Prerogative.

Mir. Do you condemn him
For shedding blood?

Prosp. Why do you ask that question?
You know I do.

Mir. Then you must be condemn'd
For shedding his; and he who condemns you,
Must dye for shedding yours, and that's the way

At last to leave none living.

Prosp. The argument is weak, but I want time
To let you see your errors —

Retire, and, if you love him, pray for him. [*He's going.*]

Mir. O stay, Sir, I have yet more arguments.

Prosp. But none of any weight.

Mir. Have you not said you are his Judge?

Prosp. 'Tis true, I am; what then?

Mir. And can you be his Executioner?

If that be so, then all Men may declare
Their Enemies in fault; and pow'r without
The Sword of Justice, will presume to punish
What e'er it calls a crime.

Prosp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother,
Much less the Father to destroy the Son;
It must be then the Monster *Caliban*,
And he's not here, but *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy will.

Prosp. Then Spirit fetch me here my Savage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be
Thy self the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy airy Minister,
Who for thy sake, unbid, this night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable World.

Prosp. But to what purpose all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord
For my neglect of young *Hippolito*,
I went to view his body, and soon found
His Soul was but retir'd, not fally'd out,
And frighted lay at skulk in th' inmost corner
Of his scarce beating heart.

Prosp. Is he not dead?

Ariel. Hear me my Lord!

I prun'd my wings, and fitted for a journey,

From

From the next Isles of our *Hesperides*
 I gather'd Moly first, thence shot myself
 To *Palestine*, and watch'd the trickling balm,
 Which caught, I glided to the *British* Isles,
 And there the purple *Panacea* found.

Prosp. All this to-night?

Ariel. All this, my Lord, I did;
 Nor was *Hippolito's* good Angel wanting,
 Who climbing up the circle of the Moon,
 While I below got Simples for the cure,
 Went to each Planet which o'er-rul'd those herbs,
 And drew it's virtue to increase their pow'r:
 Long e're this hour had I been back again,
 But that a Storm took me returning back
 And flag'd my tender wings.

Prosp. Thou shalt have rest my Spirit:
 But hast thou search'd the wound?

Ariel. My Lord I have,
 And 'twas in time I did it; for the Soul
 Stood almost at life's door, all bare and naked,
 Shivering like Boys upon a River's bank,
 And loth to tempt the cold air; but I took her
 And stop'd her in, and pour'd into his mouth
 The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.

Prosp. Thou art my faithful Servant.

Ariel. His only danger was his loss of blood:
 But now he's wak'd, my Lord, and just this hour
 He must be dress'd again, as I have done it. (Salve,
 Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon.
 And wrap it close from air till I have time
 To visit him again.

Prosp. It shall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*,
 Because your Sister is not present here.
 While I go visit your dear *Ferdinand*,
 From whom I will a while conceal this news,
 That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
 And with a double duty, Sir: for now

You

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 95

You twice have given me life.

Prosp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt severally.*

Hippo'ito discovered on a Couch, Dorinda by him.

Dor. How do you find your self?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold;
Can you not draw me nearer to the Sun,
I am too weak to walk?

Dor. My Love, I'll try,

(*She draws the Chair nearer to the Audience*

I thought you never would have walk'd agen;
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you till you promise me
You will not die agen.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Heav'n unless we go
Together; for I've heard my Father say
That we must strive to be each others Guide,
The way to it will else be difficult,
Especially to those who are so young.
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tisto dream, a kind of breathless sleep
When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blew thing that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning
Run smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But if my Soul had gone, it should have walk'd
Upon a cloud just over you, and peep'd,
And thence I would have call'd you.

Dor. But I should not have heard you, 'tis so far (you

Hip. Why then I would have rain'd and snow'd upon
And thrown down hail-stones gently till I hit you,
And made you look at least. But Dear *Dorinda*
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor.

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
Ny Father means to make him die to-day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,
My dear *Dorinda*, go and beg your Father
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell a sleep,
I heard him calling me a great way off,
And crying over me as you wou'd do:
Besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought
With him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was; but I repent it,
The fault was only in my blood, for now
'Tis gone, I find I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father,
That he may live: I'm glad the naughty blood,
That made you love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.
[*Exit Dor.*

*Enter Miranda at the door, with Hippolito's Sword
wrap'd up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her?
O! I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your wound, how do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for 't.

Hip. Indeed & so am I,

For if I had that bloud, I then should find
A great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir,
I am anothers, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find
That if you please I can love still a little.

Mir. I cannot be inconstant, nor thou'd you.

Hi. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*]

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me,
My wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*]

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me, sweet Heaven how am I eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am o'rejoy'd my Father lets you live,
And proud of my good fortune, that he gave
Your life to me.

Mir. How? Gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas: I think she said so; and he said
He ow'd it to her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito*?

Dor. So kind already!

Ferd. I came to welcome life,
And I have met the cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man!

Dor. Sister, what bus'ness have you here?

Mir. You see I've drest *Hippolito*.

Dor. Y'are very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity,

To beg a pardon for a Man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone;
For I had rather he shou'd dye, than you
Should cure his wound.

Mir. And I with *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd:
You keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! Can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death
Should take you from me than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chose, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away;
That you might have my Sisters company.

Hip. *Dorinda*, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their guilt;
I should be glad it were a mutual error.
And therefore first to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say
I only love your Sister. (to *Dorinda*.)

Mir. O blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but *Ferdinand*.

Dor. Nor I, Heav'n knows, but my *Hippolito*.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much, before
I fear'd *Dorinda*'s constancy; but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her,
Because non else can recompence her loss.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little tryal,
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir. I've only this to say in my defence:
My Father sent me hither, to attend

The wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito*
Sent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From such small errors, left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in Love.
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. to Prosp. Let it no more be thought of now: your purpose
Though 'twas severe was just. In losing *Ferdinand*
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

Prosp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decree'd it otherwise
Dor O wonder!

How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!

Hip. O brave new World
That has such People in't!

Alon. to Ferd. Now all the blessings
Of a glad Father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoke e're this.
Look down sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence
Forc'd by necessity can scarce seem real,
Yet dearest Brother I have hope my blood
May plead for pardon with you: I resign
Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,
But Heav'n knows too I would not.

Prosp. All past crimes
I bury in the joy of this bless'd day.

Alonz. And that I may not be behind in justice,
To this young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus salute him.

G

Hip.

Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks
You give me nothing.

Prosp. You are to be Lord
Of a great People, and o'er Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?

Genz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison,
But have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

Prosp. And that your happiness may be complete,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the Priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How shall he make us one?
Shall I grow to her?

Prosp. By saying holy words
You shall be joyn'd in marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Prosp. to his daughters. My *Ariel* told me, when last
night you quarrel'd,
You said you would for ever part your beds;
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy:
For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito*
Lye in one bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heav'n make
Those beds still fruitfull in producing Children,
To bless their Parents youth, and Grandfires age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in'a bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.

Dor. Sister it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they it seems
Are only found in beds.

Hip. I am o'rejoy'd
That I shall have *Dorinda* in a bed;
We'll lye all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 101

Ferd. Aside to him.] Hippolito! you yet are ignorant
Of your great happiness, but there is somewhat
Which for your own and fair *Dorinda's* sake
I must instruct you in.

Hi. Pray teach me quickly
How Men and Women in your world make love,
I shall soon learn I warrant you.

*Enter Ariel driving in Steph. Trinc. Must. Vent.
Calib. Syc.*

Pro p. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Master and the Saylor;
The Bosen too—my Prophecy is out,
That if a Gallows were on land, that Man
Could ne'er be drown'd. (ashore?)

Alonz to Trinc. Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath
Hast thou no mouth by land? Why stares thou so? (dom;

Trinc. What more Dukes yet! I must resign my Duke-
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl
Or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! Would I had now
our gallant Ship agen, and were her Master, I'd wil-
lingly give all my Island for her.

Tent. And I my Vice-Royship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall 'en hang
my self, now my Friend Butt has shed his last drop of life.
Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like Mad Men.

Prosp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves;
And now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prosp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Genz. But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Prosp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
She could controul the Moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

Syc. O *Setebos!* These be brave Sprights indeed.

Prosp. to *Calib.* Go *Sirrah* to my Cell, and as you hope
For pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when such as these were in the world?

Prosp. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will imploy in telling you my story.

Alonz. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prosp. When the Morn dawns I'll bring you to your
And promise you calm Seas and happy gales. (Ship.
My Ariel, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it Master.

S I N G S.

*Where the Bee sucks there suck I,
In a cowslips bell, I lye;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wing I flye
After Summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*



Syc. I'll to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy
Cabin.

Trinc. No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender
constitution, and will be sick a Ship-board. You are
partly Fish and may swim after me. I wish you a good
Voyage.

Prosp. Now to this Royal Company, my Servant,
Be

Be visible, and entertain them with
A Dance before they part.

Ariel. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
Who twice seven years hath waited for my freedom,
It shall appear and foot it featly with me.
Milcha, my Love, thy *Ariel* calls thee

Enter Milcha.

Milcha. Here! (*They dance a Saraband.*)

Prosp. Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be
A place of refuge as it was to me:
The promises of blooming Spring live here,
And all the blessings of the rip'ning Year:
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle.* [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.



CATALOGUE

OF ENGLISH PLAYS,

Neatly & correctly printed, in small volumes fit for the pocket, & sold by T. Johnson, Bookseller in the Hague.

P L A Y S.

Authors. prices

Julius Cæsar, with four Songs by the D. of Bucks.	- -	6
Macbeth.	- -	6
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. . .	- -	8
Othello, Moor of Venice.	- -	8
King Henry IV. with the Humours of Sr. John Falstaff.	<i>Shakespear.</i>	6
The Merry-Wives of Windsor, & Amours of Sr. John Falstaff. .	- -	6
The Tempest, or Enchanted Island: altered by Davenant & Dryden.	- -	8
The Jew of Venice: altered by Mr. Granville (Ld. Lansdown). . .	- -	6
Aurenge-Zebe, or the Great Mogul	- -	6
All for Love, or the World well lost	- -	8
Oedipus (by Dryden & Lee)	- -	6
The Spanish Fryar, or double disco- very.	<i>Dryden.</i>	8
The Indian Emperor, or Conquest of Mexico.	- -	6
The State of Innocence, or Fall of Man.	- -	6
Don Sebastian King of Portugal. .	- -	8
Amphitryon, or the two Sofias.	- -	6
The Orphan	<i>Orway.</i>	6
Venice preserved	- -	8
Oroonoko.	<i>Southerne</i>	8
Abra-Mule.	<i>Trappe.</i>	6

<i>P L A Y S.</i>	<i>Authors. price.</i>	
She wou'd if she cou'd.	} <i>Etherege.</i> 8	
The Man of Mode, Sr. Fop. Flutter.		
The Rehearsal, with a Key by	} <i>D. of Buck-</i> 8	
The Chances, altered by.		<i>ingham.</i> 6
The Old Batchelor.	} <i>Congreve.</i> 8	
The Double Dealer.		8
Love for Love.		8
The Way of the World.		8
The Mourning Bride.	} <i>Smith.</i> 6	
Phædra & Hippolitus.		6
The Adventures of Five Hours.	<i>Tuke.</i> 8	
The Plain-Dealer.	<i>Wicherley.</i> 8	
Loves last-shift, The Fool in Fashion.	} <i>Cibber.</i> 8	
The Careless Husband.		8
The Provoked Wife.	} <i>Vanbrug.</i> 8	
Æsop: with a Second part.		8
The Funeral, or Grief à la mode.	<i>Steel.</i> 6	
The Constant Couple.	} <i>Farquhar.</i> 6	
The Recruiting Officer.		6
The Beaux Stratagem.		6
Cato.	<i>Addison.</i> 8	
The Distrest Mother	<i>Phillips.</i> 6	
Volpone, or the Fox.	<i>B. Johnson.</i> 8	
Timon of Athens, altered by Shadwell.	<i>Shakespear.</i> 8	
The Non-Juror.	<i>Cibber.</i> 8	
The Relapse.	<i>Vanbrug.</i> 8	
Jane Shore.	} <i>Rowe.</i> 6	
The Lady Jane Gray.		6
Theodosius, or the force of Love	} <i>N. Lee.</i> 6	
Sophonisba, or Hannibals overthrow		6
Chit-Chat.	<i>Killegrew</i> 6	
Busiris K. of Egypt.	<i>Young.</i> 6	
The Siege of Damascus	<i>Hughes.</i> 6	

These Plays are sold together in Volumes, bound or stiched: most of them are also sold apart, at the prices here mark'd.

ENGLISH BOOKS,

Neatly printed in pocket volumes,
to be sold by *T. Johnson* in the
Hague.

	<i>gild. stu.</i>
Mr. <i>Pope's</i> Translation of Homer's Iliad. 6 vol.	6 - 0
— Poems & Miscellanies compleat.	1 - 0
The same on fine paper. 7 vol.	9 - 0
Mr. <i>Pope's</i> Homer, without notes. 2 vol.	3 - 0
Mr. <i>Frior's</i> Poems compleat, printed from the <i>folio</i> Edition; with Additions.	1 - 13
The same on fine paper.	2 - 0
<i>Lucan's</i> Pharsalia, translated by Mr. <i>Rowe</i> . 2 vol.	1 - 16
The same on fine Paper.	2 - 4
Miscellaneous Works comical & divert- ing; by D. S. - - - containing I. The <i>Tale of a Tub</i> , with Notes & Addi- tions. II. Miscellanys in Prose and Verse, by the Author of the first part.	} 1 - 10
Discourse of Free-thinking.	0 - 18
Mr. <i>Addison's</i> Remarks on Italy.	1 - 10
Mr. <i>Addison's</i> Poems &c now printing	

Most of the English Poets, as *Waller*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Congreve*, *Cowley*, *Butler*, *Denham*, *Suckling*, *Donn*, &c. the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, *Guardians*; and all sorts of English, French, & Latin Books, are sold at reasonable rates by the said *T. Johnson*.