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
TRAGICOMEDY,
By Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON.
Printed for T. JOHNSON.
M. DCC. XXI.
Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales.
Prince John of Lancaster, \( \text{sons to the King.} \)
Worcester.
Northumberland.
Hotspur.
Mortimer.
Archbishop of York.

Enemies to the King.

Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir Michell.
Westmorland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Lords attending the King.
Sir John Falstaff.

Points.
Gads-hill.

Lend fellows, companions to Henry Prince of Wales.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, Wife to Hotspur.
Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, 2 Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene England.
K. HENRY IV.
WITH
THE HUMOURS OF
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

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

King HENRY.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted 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 opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the irresistible shock,
And furious close of civil butchery.
Shall now in mutual well-besembling ranks
March all one away 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'stis 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 not 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 Welshmen 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?

If 'tis. This, matcht with other like, my gracious Lord.
Far more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus did it report:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur 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.

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil,
Betwixt the Holmedon, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas 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, Hotspur took
Mordake Earl of Fife, and the eldest son
To beat down Douglas, 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.

Well. 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
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of Honour's tongue:
Amongst a grove, the very fairest of all plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, 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 exchanged,
In cradle cloaths, our Children where they lay,
K. HENRY IV. &

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, Coz,
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 Uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent 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, to 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.

SCENE II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

FALSTAFF.
Now Hal, what time of day is it, Lad?

R. 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 haft forgot to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a Devil haft thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, 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
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 7

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 Purces, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by Phoebus, he, that wandering 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 are Squires of the Night’s body, be call’d Thieves of the Day’s beauty. Let us be Diana’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 Minx of 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 disolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with weeping, 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 side 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.  A 4  P. Hen.
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 fob'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 sayst thou to a Hate, or the Melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascallers 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.
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF.

Val. 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; so 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?

Val. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; and 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.

Val. 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 Monfieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldst 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. Elle 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 Traders
ders riding to London with fat Purse: I have Vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves; Gads-Hill lies to night in Rochester, I have bespoke Supper to-morrow in East cheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

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

Poins. You will Chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


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

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

Fal. Why, that's well said.

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 such reasons for this Adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the Spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false Thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in East cheap.

P. Hen. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewel: all hol-
lown Summer.

(Exit Fal.

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to excute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Harvey, Roscius, and Gads Hill shall rob these Men that we have already way laid; your self 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 shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins.
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 17

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 sooner achiev’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 Wizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask 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, lies 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 soul 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 wish for come;
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So
K. HENRY IV.

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 fallen 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.

SCENE III.

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

KING HENRY.

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 Soveraign Liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
And that fame greatness too, which our own hands
Have holf 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 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. [To Northumberland.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those Prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedow 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,
Breathles, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dress'd;
Fresb as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncter 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 coarse
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 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’t 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.

Blunt. 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 in 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 straight
His Brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who, in my Soul, hath willfully 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.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. 15

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 fedgie 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 ashamed? 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 straight
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 Bullingbrok.

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

Wor. Who struck 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 murthered. [mouth,

Wor. And for whose death, we in the Worlds wide
Live scandaliz'd, and fouly 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's
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 murderous 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 Bulgingbrokes;
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 unclap a secret book,
And to your quick conveying discounsents,
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 united foot of a spear.

Hor. 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 flies
To rowze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,

Driven
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 lift 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 despe, 
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. Farewell, 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;
Netted, and stung with pin'mires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician Bullying broke.
In Richard's time—what d'ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire—
'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 Bullying broke;
When you and he came back from Ravensburg.

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 itay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners;
Deliver them up without their ransom freight,
And make the Douglass, Son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be affur'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 belov'd,
The Arch-Bishop—

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Sloop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is rumination, 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’t 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 II.

SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his hand.

1. CARRIER.

H eigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd; Charles main is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, Offler?

Off. 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 cells.

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 Offler 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 sting 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 Chimney; And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a loach.
K. HENRY IV. &

1. Car. What Oftler, come away, and be hang'd; come away.

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

1. Car. The Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What Oftler? 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, haft no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

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

Car. I think it be two a-clock.

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


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 both from labouring, Thou lay'dst the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good-morrow Master Gads-hill, it holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the
the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred Marks
with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his com-
pany 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 star-
veling. 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 musta-
chio-purple-hu'd Malt-worms, but with Nobility and
Tranquility, Burgomasters, and great Oneys, 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 Re-
cipient of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding
to the night, than the Fern-seed, 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.

Gods. Go to, 

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

POINS.

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 bewitcht 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 e're 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. 2;

Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score 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 lift 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 Gar ters; 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.

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

Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Caste ye, caste ye; 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.

Petro. But how many be of them?

Gad. 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; farewel, 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. Jesus 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 gorbellyed 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'thath.

[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 posset with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned. Falstaff swears to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along; won't not for laughing, I should pity him.

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

SCENE III.

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 itself unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoise 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 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 Domestici 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 start so often when thou liest 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 watch'd,
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 Palisades, Frontiers, Parapets;
Of Basilsks, 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 hast 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 Gwilliam with the packet gone?

_Enter Servant._

_Serv._ He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

_Hot._ Hath Butler brought those Horles from the Sheriff?

_Serv._ One Horle, my Lord, he brought even now.

_Hot._ What Horle? A Roan, a Crop-car, 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?

_Hot._ 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 entreprise. But if you go—

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

Lady. Come, come, you Paroquet, 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 mammys, and to tilt with lips. We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns, And pass them currant too—Gods me, my Horse. What sayst 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 Then Harry Percy's Wife. Constant you are; But yet a Woman; and for secrecy,

No Lady clorer: 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?
SCENE IV.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

Poins. Where haft been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogsheads. I have founded the very bafestring of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a leafl 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 wartring, then they cry Pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am fo 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 haft loft 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 speake other English in his life, than Eight Shillings and Six pence, and, You are welcome Sir: With this thrill addition, Anon Sir, Anon Sir, Score a pint of Bastard in the half-Moon, or fo. 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. Forsooth 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 valiant, 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 morrow Francis; or Francis, on Thursday, or indeed Francis, when thou wilt. But Francis?
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF.

Franc. My Lord

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

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

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

Franc. What, Sir?

P. Oinds Francis!

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

Here they both call, the Drawer stand is amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'lt thou still, and hear'lt 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.—Pains!

Enter Pains.

Pains. Anon. anon, Sir.

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

Pains. As merry as crickets my Lad. But harke 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 shewn'd themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve a-clock at midnight.

Franc. 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 Stags 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 drench, 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.

Pons. 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.
Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether-socks, and
mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a
cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of but-
ter, 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 Wool'sack, 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
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 35
jects afores 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 Pains 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 frighten enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call yo u 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 arc scarce wip'd since thou drunk't it last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks. Ap lauge 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. I enry. Where is it Jack? Where is it?

Fall 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 thruft 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.

Peso. 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.

Poin. Pray Heav'n, you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two Rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me Hose. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay'd, and so 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.

Poin. 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.

Poin. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilt's, 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 lifting too; These
nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell his hole.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me
clee, 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, gros as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou
claybrain'd guts, thou knotty-pated Fool, thou horson
oblicence-greasey tallow-catch.

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

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

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason?

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the
strappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not
tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on com-
plusion! 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
fauigne Coward, this bed-preller, 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, outpac'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. Hostels, 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 lov'st me.

Enter Hostels:

Host. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hostels, what say'ft thou to me?
Hoft. 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?

Hoft. An old Man.

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

P. Henry. Prithee do, Jack.

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, fie.

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 blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stoldest a cup of Sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest 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 waist, 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 Bray 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 Ammon the Baltinado, 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?

Pows. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Son in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Dowglas, 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 be'wcaps more. Worces ter is stoll'n away by night: Thy Father's beard is turn'd white with the news: You may buy Land now as cheap as flinking Mackerel.
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 45

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 Mals, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again, as that Fiend Dowglase, 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 Rool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful 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 Cambyse's vein.

P. Henry. Well, there is my leg.

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

Host. This is excellent Sport, 'tis 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 tritful 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 spendet thy C 5 time.
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 waisted, 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 Micer, and eat
black-berries? a Question not to be ask’d. Shall the
Son of England prove a Thief, and take purses? a Que-
ッション to be ask’d. There is a thing, Harry, which thou
haft 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 desile; doth do 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 on-
ly, 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, including
to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: If that Man should be lewdly given, he de-
ceives 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 haft thou
been this month?

P. Henry. Doft 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 Rabbit sucker or a Poulter’s Hare.

P. Henry. Well, there I am set.
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. Swearest 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 bounting hutch of beastliness, that i'volf parcel of Dropfies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stuff Cloak-bag of guts, that rost'd Manning-tree Ox with the Puddings in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Russian, 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 Satan.

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-matter, 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 half 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?


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. [Execute Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.
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 gross 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 employ'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 to 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 snoring 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, a Sausce; 4 d.
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 half 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?


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

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

Item. Bread, ob.

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.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

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

MORTIMER.

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 Hot-spur:

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.
Sir JOHN FAULSTAFF. 47

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft 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,

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch’d and vex’d,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeples, and moss-grown Towers. At your birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperate,
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 frighted 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
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

_Ho._ I think there is no Man speaks better _Welsh._

I’ll to dinner.

_Mor._ Peace, _Cousin Percy_ , you will make him mad.

_Gle._ I can call Spirits from the vaulty deep.

_Ho._ Why, so can I, or so can any Man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

_Gle._ Why, I can teach thee, _Cousin_ , to command the _Devil._

_Ho._ 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 I’ll be sworn, I’ve power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the _Devil._

_Mor._ Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

_Gle._ Three times hath _Henry Bullin_ broke made head

Against my power; thrice from the _Banks of Wye,_
And handy bottom’d _Severn_ , have I sent him,

All bootsless home, and weather-beaten back.

_Ho._ Home without _Boats_ , and in foul weather too?
How scapes he _Agues in the Devil’s Name?_

_Gle._ Come, here’s the _Map_ : Shall we divide our _right_,
According to our threefold order ta’d?

_Mor._ 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 moity, 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, &c
With like advantage on the other side,
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.

Hor. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these fame 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.

Hor. 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.

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

Hor. 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 finnless Fish,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a molten 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,
Sr. John Falstaff. 31

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

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 crofs 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 ufe 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 leaft 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 fpight 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

Da  Shall
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

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

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 pow'rft down from these dwellings Heav'n's
I am too perfect in: And but for shame,
In such a party should I answer thee.

(The Lady again in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy kisfes, 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 fit, 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 a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

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

Come,
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFE.

Come, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
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't 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 farcener surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'th 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 low.
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go:
By this our Book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

D 3

Mort
K. HENRY IV. &
Mort. With all my heart. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

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

King HENRY.

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
Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy place in Council thou haft 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,
Soft 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 fire;
But like a Comet, I was wonder'd 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 dressed 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 wonder'd 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 Jefters, and rash bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools.
Had his great Name profan'd with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name
To laugh at bying Boys, and stand the push
Of every beardlets vain comparative:

D 5

Grew
Grew a Companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallowed by Mens eyes,
They forfeited 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 drows'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 it thou;
For thou hast lost thy Princely privilege,
Wit vile participation. Not an eye
But isa-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 tenderness.

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 Ravensburg,
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
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF: 37

To bloody Battell, and to bruising Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Against renowned Dowglas, whose high deeds,
Whole hot incursions, and great Name in Arms,
Holds from all Soldiers chief 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 entreprizes,
Discomfited great Dowglas, 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, Dowglas, & Mortimer.
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherfore 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 courtse at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. merry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And Heaven 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 hold 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 scourme my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when’er it lights,
That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
This gallant Hot-spur, this all-praised Kinght,
And your unthought of Harry, chance to meet:
For every Honour sitting on his helm,

D 5. Would
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 intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds.
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
E're 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 businesse that I come to speak of:
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglass 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 soul 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 Gloucestershire. By which account,
Our businesse valued, some twelve days hence,
Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: Let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Inter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FALSTAFF.

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 fretful, 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.
Burd. 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 Divine 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 darknets. When thou ranst up Gads-hill in the night to catch my Horle, 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.

Burd. 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 desist thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

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 away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoft. 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.

Hoft. 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 loft a Seal-Ring of my Grand fathers, worth forty Mark.

Hoft. 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 Truncheon like a Fife.

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

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion,

Hoft. 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.

Hoft. Good my Lord, hear me.

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

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

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the Arras,
fas, 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.

Hoft. 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?

Hoft. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

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

Hoft. Say, what thing? What thing?

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

Hoft. 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 other wise.

Hoft. Say, what beast, thou Knave thou?


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.

Hoft. 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, Hostels, and he flanders thee most grossly.

Hoft. 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.

Hoft 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, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis copper. Dar'ft 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't 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, imbot 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. Doft thou hear, Hal? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, Adam fell; and what would poor Jack Falsstaff do, in the days of Villany: Thou feest, I have more flesh than another Man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then you pickt my pocket?

Pr. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Holtes, 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 seeft, I am pacify'd still.
Nay, I prithee begone.

[Exit Hostes.

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 Angel 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 anything.

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 one 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 ere 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 mony, 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: Hostes, my breakfast. Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my drum. [ Exit
ACT IV.
SCENE I.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth:
In this fine Age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Dowglas 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 hear 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 I his Man

War. I pray thee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth:

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his Physician.

War. I would the state of time had first been whole,

E're he by sickness had been visit'd;

His health was never better than now.

Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'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 writeth, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possest

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

War. 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 to 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 lift, 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 fly 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 Fight-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 daft the World aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, 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 gorious 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 trim'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 watch the world with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more, worse than the Sun in March.
This praise doth nourish Agues. Let 'em 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 bear this rich Reprizal is no 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 coarse.

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 a 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.

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of Sack; our Soldiers shall march through; We'll to Stow-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 shamm'd of my Soldiers, I am a lowc'd Gurnet: I have mit us'd the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, three
three hundred and odd Pounds. I presf me none but
good Householders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out
contrasted 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 re-
port of a Caliver, worse than a struck Fool, or a hurt
wild-Duck. I presf me none but such Toasts and but-
ter, 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 rag-
ged as Lazarus in the painted cloath, where the Glutton’s
dogs licked his fores; and such as indeed were never
Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger
Sons to younger Brothers: revolted Tapsters and Ot-
ters, 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 Pro-
digals, 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 preft
the dead Bodies. No eye hath seen such far-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 toget-
ther, 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 e-
nough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?
Fal.
Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'ft 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 a-way 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 toss. Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuft man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but Sir John, methinks they are excedding 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 learnt 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, sits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueft.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

HOT-SPUR.

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 councel 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 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 mis led 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,
Swores his 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 Ravensburg:
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strict 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.

Blunt. 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 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

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

YORK:

Hye, good Sir Michell, bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste to the Lord Marephall,
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.

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 sickenss 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 Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear;
There is Dowglass, and Lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. 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 les: 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.
ACT V.

SCENE I.

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

King HENRY.

How bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above you busy hill: The Day looks pale
At his distemperate.

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 blighting day.

K. Henry. Then with the lower let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem sour to them that win.

[The Trumpet sounds.]

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms,
As now we meet. You have deceit'd our trust,
And made us doff our eafe 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?

Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the leg of my life
With quiet hours; For I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it; pray how comes it
Eal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

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-dar:
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose against 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 howring 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 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 sight
For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake, to fly
Outo' your sight, and raise this present Head;
Whereby we stand oppo'd 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. enry. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market-Croosse, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor disscontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly burly Innovation.
And never yet did Infurcation 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,
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 dothaccount 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.

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 Douglas 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 besstride 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.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. F

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 fet 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. Dot 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.

SCENE II.


WORCESTER.

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 suspecst 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 Hotspur, 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 Hotspur and Douglafs.

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

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dow. Desire him by the Lord of Westmorland.

Hot. Lord Douglafs; 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 Douglafs.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown  
A brave Defiance in King Henry's teeth:  
And Westmorland that was ingag'd did bear it,  
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales Rept forth before the King.
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;
Unlesa 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 defervings 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 courtesy.
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,
The 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 Consciences, 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 courtsey.

They embrace, then Exeunt. The Trumpets sound, the
King entreath 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? [crossest 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,
Unles'ls 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 Douglast, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the
Hot. Where;
(Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglast? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself
Doug. 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 wast a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. 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
Townis 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 unreveang’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 it thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?
Fal. Ay Hal, tis hot: There’s that will lack 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, willingly,
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.

SCENE III.

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

King. I prithee, Harry, withdrew thy self, thou bleededst
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. 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 lies trodden on,

And Rebels Arms triumph in massacres.

Lan. We breath too long, come Cousin Westmorland;

Our duty this way lies, for Heaven's sake come.

P. Henry. By Heaven 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 Dowglas.

Dow. Another King! They grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Dowglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them. What art thou

That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself; who, Dowglas grieves

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

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 aify 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.

P 4
[They fight, Dowglass retires.

Cearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gamsey 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 fav'd the treacherous labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gamsey.

Enter Hotspur.

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'er 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. (Fights.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal, to it Hal. Nay; you shall find
no boys play here, I can tell you.
Enter Douglass, 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 shrunck?
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 Heavn,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better Man.
O, I should have a heavy mifs 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 fee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lye.

Exit.

Falstaff
Falstaff riseth up.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowl 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 sav'd 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 no body 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?

'. 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
Without 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.
Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. gr

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 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 founded.

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.

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

KING HENRY.
Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldn't thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kin'sman'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 hadst truly born;
Betwixt our Armies, true intelligence.

War. 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 Douglas, 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 Douglas 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 Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His Valour shewn upon our crests 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 Turk shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Sroop.
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.]
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR;
WITH THE AMOURS OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
A COMEDY.
Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed for the Company.
DRAMATIS
PERSONÆ.

MEN.

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, two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.
Mr. Ford,
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch Parson.
Dr. Caius, a French Doctor.
Host of the Garter, a merry talking Fellow.
Bardolph,
Pistol,
Nym,
Robin, Page to Falstaff.
Simple, Servant to Slender.
Rugby, Servant to Dr. Caius.

WOMEN.

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.

SCENE, WINDSOR.
THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.

ACT I.
SCENE I.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

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 Caram.

Shal. Ay, Cousin Slender, and Custalorum.
Slen. Ay, and Rato-lorum too; and a Gentleman born, Master Parfon, who writes himself Armiger, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armiger.

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

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

Shal. It is an old Coat.

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

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

Slen. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying 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 compromizes 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 better 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.
OF WINDSOR.

Eva. It is thaterry person for all the orld, 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 (Gor deliver to a joyful resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old; it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prubbles, and desire a Marriage between Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

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

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

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

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and possiblity is got gifts.

Shal. 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 be-seech you be ruled by your well-willers. I will beat the door (Knocks) for Master Page. What hoa? Got bless your House here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is God's pleasing, and your Friend, and Justice Shallow; and here's young Master Sclender; 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.

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

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

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

Slender. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

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


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, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

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

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, killed my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Falstaff. But not kill'd your Keeper's Daughter.

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

Falstaff. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

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

Eva. Paucia 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 Cheefe.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, paucia, paucia: 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, Fideliciet, Master Page; and there is my self, fideliciet, 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 goat, I will make a brief 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?
Eva. No; it is false, if it is a Pick-purse.

Pift. 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 nut-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 whilst 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 Knaves.

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?
OF WINDSOR.

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 Pastry 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 Allhollowmas 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.
THE MERRY WIVES

Evw. 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.

Evw. 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?

Sbal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evw. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak profitable, if you can carre-her your desires towards her.

Sbal. 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.

Sbal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do is to please 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.

Evw. It is a very discretion answer; save the fall is in th'ord dissolutely: The ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his meaning is good.

Sbal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang', la.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Sbal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne: Would I were young for your sake, Mistress 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 pleased 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 forbear heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not so 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, for 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 tooth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your Dogs bark to be there Bears 'tch 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 been Stick'd on loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain, but, I warrant you, the Women have for't and shirk'd at it, that it past: But Women indeed cannot abide'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.
THE MERRY WIVES

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slend. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Fye you shall not chuse, Sir; come, come.

Slend. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slend. Mistres Anne, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slend. Truly I will not go first, truly la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slend. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

EVANS.

Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius House which is the way; and there dwells one Mistres Quickly, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Wa ther, and his Ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet; give her this Letter; for it is a 'omon that altogether acquaintance with Mistres Anne Page, and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicit your Master's desires to Mistres Anne Page: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. (Exeunt.

SCE-
OF WINDSOR.

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol
and Robin.

FALSTAFF.

Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully Rock? speak
scholarly, 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, Caesar, Kaisar, and
Pheazer. 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
concited?

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.
THE MERRY WIVES

**Pist.** Convey, the Wife it call: Steal! Foh; a sco
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 shif.

**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 a-
bour.

**Pist.** Two yards and more.

**Fal.** No quips now, **Pistol:** Indeed I am in the
waft two yards about; but I am now about no waft,
I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to
Ford's Wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discours-
es, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can
construe the action of her familiar style, and the har-
dest 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.

**Eal.** 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
iliads; 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 apetite of her eye did seem
to
to scorch me up like a burning glass: Here's another Letter to her; she bears the Purlie 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 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 havour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these Letters rightly; Sail like my Pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanity 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.
Teeter 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 discus 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-
enes,
THE MERRY WIVES of Windsor, 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.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple and John Rugby.

QUICKLY.

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, 'tis 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 Warrior.
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 boîtier 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, mafai 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.
Ruf. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: Od's me;
Qu'at je oublié: Dere is some Simples in my Clozet,
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 Clozet?
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 Clozet?
dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Clozet.
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, speake a yout tale.
Simp. To desire this honest Gentlewoman, your
Maid, to speake 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 lend-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
throughly moved, you should have heard him so
loud, and so melancholy: But notwithstanding,
Man, I'll do for your Master what 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, dresf 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 Mistref's 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 Challenge: 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 trow at his Dog. (Exit Simple.)

Quic. Alas; he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter a yer 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 Jartiere 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 Heaven.

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?
The better that it please 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 want 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 war: 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 war, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

(Exit)

Quic. Farewell 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)
OF WINDSOR

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter Mistress Page with a Letter.

MRS. PAGE.

What, have I 'scap'd Love-Letters in the Holyday 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 Physician, he admits him not for his Councellor. 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.

JOHN FALSTAFF,

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 picked, I th' Devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner aslay me? Why, he hath not been thrice
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 trifles, Woman, take the Honour: what is it? Dis pense 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 liest! 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 Tempeft, I row, 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 we're to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of Lust have melted him in his own greafe. 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 shew 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 fully the chariness of our Honesty:
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 jealousie 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 great- ie Knight. Come hither.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pistol. 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?

Pistol. With liver burning hot: Prevent, Or go thou, like Sir Astley, with Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pistol. The Horn, I say: Farewel.

Take heed, have open eyes; 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.
O F W I N D S O R. 25

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 Catian, 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, Tweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.

Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou haft 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 paulytry 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
THE MERRY WIVES

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 Hoist of the Garter
comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony
in his purse, when he looks so mercifully. How now,
mine Hoist?

Enter Hoist and Shallow.

Hoist. How now, Bully Rock? Thou’rt a Gentleman,
Cavaliero Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoist, I follow. Good Even,
and twenty, good Master Page. Master Page, will
you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Hoist. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bul-
ly Rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to he fought between Sir
Hugh, the Welsh Priest, and Cains, the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoist o’th’ Garter, a word with
you.

Hoist. What say’st thou, Bully Rock?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry
Hoist hath had the measuring of their weapons, and,
I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for,
believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoff. Haft thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest, Cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnet Sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broom; only for a jest.

Hoff. My hand, Bully; thou shalt have egress and regres; said I well? and thy name shall be Broom. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Hoff.

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.

Hoff. Here Boys, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. (Exeunt Hoff, 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 bestowed. (Exit.
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 Reprieves 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 Mistres Brigit 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 Pickthatch; 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 enconce 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!
Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your Worship good morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.
Quick. Not so, an't please your Worship.
Fal. Good Maid then.
Quick. I'll be sworn, As my Mother was the first hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?
Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?
Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.
Quick. 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.
Quick. 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.
Quick. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.
Fal. Well; Mistress Ford, what of her?
Quick. 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.
Quick. 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 ruffling; 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 the 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 jealous Man, she leads a very frumpold 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 fastuous 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, Ia; 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 Mistriss 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 the lift, rise when the lift, 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 another's 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; pursu'ee; up with your Fights; Give fire; she is my Prize, or Ocean whirlm them all. (Exit Pistol.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make
make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense 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 Broomehs 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.** Blefs 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 ly open.

**Fal.** Mony is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.
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 easy 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, bestowed much on her, follow'd her with a doating observance, ingroos'd opportunities to meet her, fee'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, meed 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 loft 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 Warlike, 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 Mistrefs 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 wittellyy Knave hath masses of mony, for which his Wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the key of the Cuckold-Rogue's coff'er; 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 Pelant, and thou shalt lye with his
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 coffer ransack'd, my reputation gnaw'd 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; Amaimon 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 As, a secure As, 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 chees'e, an Irish-man with my Aqua-vite 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, defect my Wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; bet-ter three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. (Exit.

S C F.
Enter Caius and Rugby.

C A I U S.

JACK Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Wat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis paff 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 wife, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead fo as I will kill him; take your rapier, Jack, I will tell you how I will kill him.


Caius. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoft, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Hoft. Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slend. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Wat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Hoft. To fee thee fight, to fee thee foigne, to fee thee traverse; to fee thee here, to fee thee there, to fee thee pass thy puncto, thy flock, thy reverfe;
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 Cástalion king Urinal: Hëctor 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? Wat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Va-lour, 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? Wat 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 will have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tanck 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 will 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 cholera; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistrel 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.)
ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter Evans and Simple.

EVANS.

I pray you now, good Master Slender's Servantman, and Friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physick?

Simp. Marty Sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the Town way.

Eva. I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pless my Soul, how full of chollars I am, and trembling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melancholly I am! I will knog his urinals about his Knaves coxtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke. Pless my Soul: To shallow Rivers, to whose falls, Melodious Birds 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. 'Pleas you from his mercy-take, 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 wise 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 mels 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.

Page.
THE MERRY WIVES

Page. I warrant you, 'he's the Man should fight with him.

Shal. O sweet Anne Page.

Enter Hotst, Caius and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Caius.

Pag. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hotst. 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 will 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. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine Host de Jarteeer, 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.


Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellant.

Hotst. 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 ade-

lot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-

flog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us

knog our prains together, to be revenge on this fame

raffall 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 noiddles; pray you

follow.

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

MRS. PAGE.

A y, 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, forthoof, 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, Mistres 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.  

(Exit 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 facile 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 Mistres 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, Hoft, 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 myself, 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 mony 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 Nuth a Quickly tell me so much.
Hoft. 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 carry’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
THE MERRY WIVES
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.

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and
Servants with a Basket.

MRS. FORD.

What John? what Robert?
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly? Is the Buckbasket...
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 Whitsers in Datchet-Mead, and
take it empty 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.

En*
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 unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpern; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nyly 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 Str -ip-Tire, the Tire-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchiff, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that weither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi -circled Farthingale. I see what you 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 ceg, 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 Mistres Page.

Fal. Thou mightst 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.) Mistres Ford, Mistres Ford, here's Mistres 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 enconce me behind the Arras.
OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very talking Woman.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, What have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're 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; orbis 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 cannot
see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Spy-Tire, the Tirc-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian adumbrance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, 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 fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what you were, 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 lisp ing Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Mens apparel, and smell like Bucklers Berry in simp ling 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 wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs.
OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tating Woman.

Enter Mistrefs Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistreffs Ford, What have you done? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistreffs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistreffs 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 mislook 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 lays is here now in the house, by your confetit, 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; orbid 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 be 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
THE MERRY WIVES

cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me
Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable
feature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen
upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is
whitting 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 linen.

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 cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowstaff?
Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landrels
in Datchet-Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page; Caious 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 Landrels, forlooth.

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 myself 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.
OF WINDSOR.

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, Master Page. Up Gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me; Gentlemen.

Eva. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. 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 distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here! I never saw him so grost in his jealousy 'till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: His dissolute diseafe will scarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrian, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

D 2 Mrs.
Mrs. Page. We'll do it, let him be sent for tomorrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the Knave brag'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 body in the house and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the presses, Heav'n forgive my sins.
Cainus. 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 bad Conscience; your Wife is as honest omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.
Cainus. 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?
OF WINDSOR.

Ford. Any thing.
Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.
Cainus. If there be one or two, I shall make a the turd.
Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.
Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lowtie Knave, mine Hoft.
Cainus. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.
Eva. A lowtie Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

FENTON.

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 sums 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 humble 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 dismaid.

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. Mistres' Anne, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman 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 Joinure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that:

Good
Of Windsor

Good comfort; she calls you Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.
Slender. Now good Mistress Anne.
Anne. What is your will?
Slender. 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?
Slender. 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.

Why how now? What does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my House:
I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is dispos'd of.
Fenton. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no Match for you.
Page. She is no Match for you.
(Child.
Fenton. 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.
(Execute Page, Shallow and Slender.
Quic. Speak to Mistress Page.
Fenton. 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.*

D 4 And
THE MERRY WIVES

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 Ennemy:
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. Farewell, 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 Ma-
ster 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 Fal-
staff from my two Mistresses; what a Beast am I to
lack it?

(Exit.

S. C. E.
Scene V.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff.

Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of Sack, put a tost 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-year's Gift. The Rogues sighted 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 Missus 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.

Quick. 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.
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 birthing; 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 money 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 the 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 embrace'd, kiss'd, protett'd, 
& as it were
spoke the Prologue of our Comedy, and at his heels
a rabble of his Companions, thicker provok'd and in-
stigated 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 Miftrels Page, gives intelligence of Ford's
approach, and in her invention, and Ford's Wife's di-
traction, 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 villainous 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 cou-
ples of Ford's Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth
by their Miftrels, to carry me in the name of foul
claths to Datchet-lane; they took me on their shoul-
ders, 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, least 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 sevetal Deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to
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'd, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths, that freasted 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 Ambassacie 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 left the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot
OF WINDSOR.  61

cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall nor
make me tame. If I have horns, to make one mad, let
the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad.  (Exit.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF.

Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my
sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your
Love, and I protest requital to a hairs breadth, not
only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of Love,
but in all the accoutrement, 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 no
body 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 forever, and sobuffets himself on the fore-head, crying peer-out peer-out, that any madness 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 draw 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 shamed, 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 in the 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'er he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.
OF WINDSOR

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 thrun's Hat, and her Muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John, Mistres Page and I will look some linen 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 threatened 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 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 Heavn't 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 pimmon'd.

Ev. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Mr. Ford, this is not well indeed.
Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither Mistres Ford, Mistres Ford, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous fool to her Husband: I suspect without cause, Mistres, 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 jealousie 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 nor 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-fort, let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-hut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, Mistres 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 Brain-
ford.

_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-tell-
ing. 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 Women's 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 Runyon, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll Fort-
tune-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; fee but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry our thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again.

_Page._ Let's obey his humour a little further: Come,
Gentlemen.

(Extren.  
_Mrs._
Mrs. Page. Trust me he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' Mafs 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 ser
vice.

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 Mi
nisters.

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.

SCENE II.

Enter Hoßt and Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

Sir, the German desires to have three of your hors
es; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court; and they are going to meet him.

Honß. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear
THE MERRY WIVES

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.

SCENE III.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

EVANS.

'Tis one of the best discretions of a Oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both those Letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quartet of an hour. (wilt)

Ford. Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou 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 e xtream 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 far 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, comes)

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, 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 makes 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 wife 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;

E 3

And
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 knavery.

(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
OF WINDSOR.

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.

HOST.

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! I 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 tarries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her descend, Bully; let her descend; my Chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy! Fie.
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 wife 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 Nymin, 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 herself; 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'ft.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistrésse 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 wife 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. O, alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage.
Hoft. 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 Faustusse.
Hoft. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not say they be fled; Germans are honest Men.

Enter Evans.

Ev. Where is mine Hoft?
Hoft. What is the matter, Sir?
Ev. 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 Hofts of Reading, of Maiden-Head, of Cole-Brook, of Horses and Mony. I tell you for good will, look you, you are wife, 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 Hoft de Jarteer?
Hoft. 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 Jar-
many; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is
know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu.

( Exit.

Hof. Hue and Cry, Villain, go; assist me, Knight,
I am undone; fly, run, Hue and cry, Villain. I am
undone.

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 far, drop by
drop, and liquor Fishermens boots with me; I war-
rant they would whip me with their fine wits, ’till I
were as crest-falan as a dry’d Pear. I never prosper’d
since I forswore my self at Primero. Well, if my
Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now,
whence come you?

Enter Mistress 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 villai-
nous inconstancy of Man’s disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer’d? Yes, I warrant,
specifically 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 deli-
ver’d me, the Knave Constable had set me i’th’ Stocks,
i’th’ common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic.
OF WINDSOR.

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.

SCENE V.

Enter Fenton and Hoft.

Host.

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 los'.

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. Fat 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 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.)

ACT
ACT V.
SCENE I.
Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF.

Prithce no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good Luck lies 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.

Fal. Away, I say, time wears; hold up your head, and mince.

(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 midnight; 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
The Merry Wives

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 Goliah 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.

Scene II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Page.

Come, come; we'll couch i'th'Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son Slender, my Daughter.

Slender. Ay Forthoof, 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.

Shall. 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-
OF WINDSOR.

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 Deaury, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know you 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 obscure'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.
THE MERRY WIVES

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

EVANS.

Tri b, trib, Fairies; come, and remember your parts: Be bold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the watch-ords do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. \( \text{Exeunt.} \)

SCENE V.

FALSTAFF.

The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God assist me. Remember, Jove, thou waft 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 aGoose; 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, 'tis 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. My Doe with the black scut? Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of Green-Sleeves, hail kissting comfits, and snow eringoies, 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. Heavn'g give our sins.
Fal. What should this be?
(The Women run out.

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Left 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.

Pift. Elves, lift your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou findst unrak'd, & hearths unswept;
There pinch the Maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates flutes & fluttery.

Fal. They're Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must see.

Lyes down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Bede? Go you, & where you find a maid
That e'er the sleep has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantastic
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those that sleep and think not on their fins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides & shins
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, Elves, within and out;
Strew good luck, Ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In state as wholesome, 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 flower;
Each fair Infallible, Coat, and every Crest,
With loyal Blazon evermore be blest.
And nightly medow-Fairies, look you sing
Like to the Garter compass in a ring,
The expressness 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 emrold tufts, flowers, purple, blue and white,
Like Sapphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies use flow'rs for their characterly.
Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one a clock
Our dance of custom round about the Oak.
Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.

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'n's defend me from that Welch Fairy;
Lettie transform me to a piece of cheese.

Pist. Vild worm, thou wilt o'er-look'd even in
thy birth.

Quic.
OF WINDSOR.

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 jeft no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these Husbands; Do not thefe fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Mr. Broom, Falstaff's a Knave, a cuckoldly Knave,
Here are his Horns, Master Broom:

F 2 And,
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 Afs.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox to: 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 God, 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 prize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seesse is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seesse 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 slandrous 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 Methegovlin, and to drink-
ings, 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 itself 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 Mony, to
whom you should have been a Pander: Over and above
that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that Mony 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
Cain'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?
THE MERRY WIVES

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubbery Boy. If it had not been '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 the 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 norangryry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my Daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, 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.
OF WINDSOR.

Page. Now Mistress, 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 lothes the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein doth evitate and thun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed, here is no remedy,
In Love, the Heav'ns themselves do guide the State;
Many buy's lands, and Wives are told by Fate.

Fal. I am glad, thou' you have ta'en a special stand to
strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanced.

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 Mistress Ford.

(Exeunt.)

FINIS,
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. DCC. XII.
TO THE MOST
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
GEORGE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of myself, 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 Sense admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly

A 2
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 shewn 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 Shakespear 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.

Since 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
Tops try a thouand 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 the Art of Judging you as wise are grown;
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shaft 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 Willings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brats,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wiss, '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.
ISANDER.
ISIDORE.
THRASillus.
DEMETRIUS, Timon's Steward.
DIPHILUS, Servant to Timon.
OLD MAN.
POET.
PAINTER.
JEWELLER.
MUSICIAN.
MERCHANT.
EVANDRA.
MELISSA.
CHLOE.
THAIS.
PHRINIAS.
MISTRESSES io Alcibiades.
SERVANTS.
MESSENGERS.
SEVERAL MASQUERADERS.
SOLDIERS.

SCENE ATHENS.
TIMON OF ATHENS,
OR, THE
MAN-HATER.

ACT I.
SCENE I.

Demetrius.

HOW strange is it to see my riotous Lord
With careless Luxury betray himself!
To Feast and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how fast his Treasure
ebbs,
How slowly flows; and when I warn'd
him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honesty i' th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite: and well for me he did so.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit.
But now like Evil Councillors I comply.

A 5

And
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 Offspring 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 Charior, where he in publick does not blush
to own the cordid 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 easiellanguage in Heroick Verse;
'Tis most unfit; for should I namea 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 Warrior 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 Valiance of your Eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance:
Phoebus 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 rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which sings its lump of body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clammers up in the steep Air

With
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
With warbling throat and makes each note a strain.

There's rapture for you! hah!...

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. This the solicitous Lover fraught alarms,
Who too long slumber'd in his Cæsias arms:
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads flagger 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.


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 flipt 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 sav'd 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 flound of Visitors his bounty draws!
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 Timon's prosperous 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 Yourself, and bate too
much of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must
receive it.

Ifidore. 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!

Pheax. 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.

Thrasi. 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 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 he love her?
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 Beggers 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
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 surprising 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 mean Trade
Of putting kindness out to Ufe.
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 welcome: 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.
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Aepm. Yes and without him too: vain credulous Timon.

If thou believest this Knave, thou art a Fool.

Tim. Well, gentle Aepamantus, good Morrow to thee.

Aepm. Till I am gentle stay for thy good Morrow, Till thou art Timon's Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Aepm. They are Athenians, and I'll not recant; They're all base Fawners; what a coil is here With smiling, cringing, jetting out of Bun's: 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?

Aepm. Did I not call you by your names?

Tim. Thou preachest against Vice, and thou thy self art proud, Aepamantus

Aepm. Proud! that I am not Timon.

Tim. Why so?

Aepm. 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 haft too much fowreness in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him,... ne'er mind him...

Aepm. 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.

Pheax. A Preaching Fool.

Apem. A Fool? If thou hast half my Wit thou'dst
find
Thy self an Afs! 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.

Pheax. Hang him, send him to the Areopagus,
and let him be whipt!

Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often
suffer;
Whilst Injurors, Oppressors and desartless 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.

Apern. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-Lecture, and I'll be gone...

Tim. Whither?

Apern. To knock out an honest Athenians Brains,

Tim. Why? That's a deed thou'lt die for, Apermantus.

Apern. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost thou like this Picture?

Apern. 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 traffic with Mans nature, He is but mere outside; your Pictures are Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see The inside 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?

Apern. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apern. 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 comparison That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon Thy finger, and art very proud to think A poor Man cannot have it: Childish pleasure! What stretch inventions must be found to make Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim.
Tim. What wouldst thou do?

Atem. 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, Apeamanus.

Atem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Atem. 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 Biaard 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.

Nici. 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 joyne our hands and hearts together.

Nici. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord,

Tim. 'Tis a Thousand Years.

Atem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat
All thy Calamities, that plague of Love?

That most unmanly madness of the mind,
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
That specious Cheat, as false as Friendship is?
Didst 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?

Pheas. 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 a' 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?

Evan. 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.

Evan. 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!

Evan. 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.

Evan. 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 possest,
I sacrifice'd to you, and rather chose
To throw myself away, than you shou'd be
TIMON OF ATHENS: or

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 soever 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 found!
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.
The Man-Hater.

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, Melissa's beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;
Even modesty may praise itself 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 foil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off.

Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake
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
defire.

Evan. I am not of so coarse a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought.

That's
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

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 resi'tless 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 Merchandise, 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
THE MAN-HATER.

To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish'd 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'ër 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 Parce:
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 wish'd 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 Gratitute and Love will rife,
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.
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear,
Farewel; but will you never see Melissa more?
Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.
Evan I will...will you remember your Evandra?
Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in Constancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits!
O could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting Joys, those furious Desires,
Those happy Trances which we found at first! But, oh!

Unhappy Man, whose most transporting joy,
Feeds on such luscious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy.

[ Exit Timon.

ACT II.

ENTER MELISSA AND CHLOE.

Melissa.

What think'rt thou, Chloe? Will this Dress become me?

Chloe. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty curl
Does give you such a killing Grace, I swear
That all the youth at the Lord Timons Mask will die for you.

Mel. No: But dost thou think so, Chloe? I love
To make those Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully, and then with my Head on one side, with a languishing Eye I do so

Kill
Kill 'em again: Prithee, what do they say of me, Chloe?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddess, their Destiny, and talk of Cupids Flames,
And Darts, and Wounds! Oh 'tis the rarest language,
'Twould 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, Thessaleus,
Eumolpides,
Memnon, and indeed all that see your Ladyship.

Mel. I'll swear? How is my Complexion to day?
ha, Chole?
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, Chloé?
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.
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, Chlo, for every one, I love to have all the Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me, And die for me: but I must have but one favor'd Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I Must look after in the rest.

Chlo. 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, Chlo, And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain see Any of those Admires make me a Whore.

Mel. Timon loves me honestly and is rich...

Chlo. You have forgot your Alcibiades:
He is the rarest Person!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he was the beautifulst Man,
The finest wit in Athens, the best Companion, fullest of mirth And pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please Ladies,
He would make his Enemies rejoice 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

Mercury’s

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. Doft 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,

Afresh 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 allay.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,

And that I am sure has no allay, ’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;  
Left 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 anything, 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.
THE MAN-HATER.

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 could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your Lordships Guests wait your wished Presence: the Lord Niciaus is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him, Melissa.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [Exeunt.

Enter Poet, Aemantius, 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.

Aem. How now, Poet? What piece of foppery Hast thou to present to Timon?

Poet. Thou art a senseless snarling Stoick, 
And hast no taste of Poetry.

Aem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who 
Writ'st nothing but high-founded frothy stuff; 
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little fence, 

'Tis
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
'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 Madmen's 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 Fidlers,
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 conffes'tis a daring piece of valour, for a
Man of fence 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 alway.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou,
That would't thus long omit it?

Iph. 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.
THE MAN-HATER.

Phæax. Go hang thy self.

Apm. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on Earth.

Phæax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will spurn thee from me.

Apm. Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog the heels of the As.

Nici. He's opposite to all humanity...

Ælius. Now we shall taste of Timons bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will...

Iphid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if Plutus the God of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phæax. No Meed but he repays ev'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.

Phæax. 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.

Phæax. I fear it is too true...
Well, 'tis pitty: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon with Melilda, 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
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Fill'd with good and faithful Friends, like you?
Dear Melitta! be pleas'd to know my Friends:
Oh Aphenmues! thou'rt welcome.

Aphen. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'lt 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.
Aphen. None are so honest to tell thee of thy

vanities.
So the gods bless me:
When all your offices have been oppressed
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 would once but use our hearts.
Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.
Pheax. 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
THE MAN-HATER. 37

Shall I distrust my Friends? I have often wifht
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.
Atem. Ho, ho, ho... I laugh to think
That it conceiv'd a Bastard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for?
Atem. To hear these smell-feasts lyce and fawn so,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy
Partridge.

These Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showerers
Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the Dog.

Phæax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.
Atem. 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.

Atem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good,

Timon.

Mel. This is an odd snarling Fellow; I like him.
Atem. If I could without lying, I'd say the fame
of thee.

Mel. Why? Prethee what dost thou think of me?

Tim. He'll snarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Atem. 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,

C 3

And
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 full; 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'st 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 feign'd 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 choke 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
THE MAN-HATER.

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, Left they shou'd spy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places. Great Men should drink with Harnefs 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 shews 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 myself, 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,
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

The frangick 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 fantallfick 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 recallment 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 Lacedemonian 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.

*Phæax.* Is there a thing on Earth you would com-
mand us

That we would disobey?

*Nicy.* I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

*Ælius.* How proud am I that I can serve Lord
*Timon*?

*Apem.* Thinkst thou thyself 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 Wantonnees,
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 poysous 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.
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.

_Chl.e._ 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 stol'n 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:
THE MAN-HATER.

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. But Winter puts out their desire,
with Flutes. 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 Aegipanes.

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
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Chorus

Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his soul,

Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can control,

If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.

Hoy-Boy.

Nymph. Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains o'er night and your Senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.
With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
The Empire he fliets he'd destroy.

1 Bach. Better our heads, than hearts should ake,
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2 Bach. Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the Terrore off from War:
To Loves affictions it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. 'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Ritornella of Haut-boys.

Bach. 'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Loves Chains despise.

Ritornella,

Nymphs
**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 join*  
*To sound the loud praises of Love and good Wine.*

Chorus. *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 Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you, and where I will distribute some small Presents, to testify my Love and Gratitude.

**Pheas.** 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.

**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 pleased, Madam, to retire with your Father,
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 driven 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 succ'd the subtle poison 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 tenderest 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 persuade 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 another's 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 deserved beyond all measure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her Stock of Love already.
Oh most accursed 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
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
From thee, and thus I'll place it on myself.
[Offers to stab himself.

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'r attempts not any mischief on herself:
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... farewell 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 fling all the enjoyments 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
THE MAN-HATER.

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; left 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.

ACT III.

Enter TIMON and DEMETRIUS.

Timon.

Demetrius! How comes it
That I have been thus encounter'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.

Dem.
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 Lacedæmon 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 three Servants.

Y Serv. My Lord!

Tim. Go you to Pheaux and to Cleon,
You to Isander and Aelius,
You to Isidore and Thrassilus.
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.

Y Serv. We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou Demetrius, shalt go to the Senate,
from whom, even to the States best health, I have deserv'd this hearing. Petition them to send me 500 Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of importunate 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 Stoics.

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.
Pheax. 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 Asf. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Asf!
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
THE MAN-HATER.

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 thou'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.

Phaax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal; the Govern-
ment'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 fence;
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 hard'n'd foreheads, and fear'd hearts! 'Tis a
weak and infirm Government, that is so froward it
cannot bear Mens words.

Aelius. Well, babling, Philosophical Rascal, we
shall make you tremble one day. Enter Timons

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 possest
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;

3 Man
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
Man undoes Man in wantonness and sport:
Brutes are much honester 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?
1 Serv. Yes! he says he's proud he has occasion to
make use of you.

Cleon. It's 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.

1 Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How Monstrous and
deform'd a thing is base Ingratitude! Here's Pheas.
My Lord?

Pheas. Oh! one of Lord Timon's Men? A gift I
warrant you. Why this hits right. I Dreamt of a
Silver Basin and Ewer to-night. How does that
honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman, thy
very bountiful good Lord?

1 Serv. Well in his health, my Lord.

Pheas. I am heartily glad: What hast thou under
thy Cloak, honest youth?

1 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.

Pheas. 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.

1 Serv.
THE MAN-HATER.

Serv. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Pheax. 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 are wife, here's Money for thee... good Lad wink at me and say thou saw'lt me not.

Serv. Is't possible the World should differ so, and we alive that liv'd in't?

Apetm. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves again
To Feast with thy Luxurious Lord?

Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him, and this Lord has given me this, to say, I did not see him.

Apetm. Is't come to that already? Base flavius Pheax, thou of the Nobility!
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Pheax. Peace, Dog.

Apetm. Thou worse! thou Frenchman, thou flatterer,
Thou hast Timon's meat still in thy glutinous paunch,
And dost deny him Money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?

Serv. My Noble Lord.

Isand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest Friend?

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?

Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion to ufe 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.

Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is assured of

D4 your
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
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 disurnish myself 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 bleed's 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...

Apm. 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'lt,
His Silver kisses thy base Lips, thou rid'st
Upon his Horses, lyest 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.

Apm. 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 Phæax, 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 flight, must I be last fought 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!

Aepm. 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 loth 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 Chole, 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.


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,
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’dst my Sleeps;
And whensoe’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.
Alcib. Oh my Divine Melissa! the Cordial of thy
love is so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me: one
kiss and take my Soul; another and 'twill sally out;
Oh, I could fix whole Ages on thy tender Lip; and
pity all the Fools that keep a senseless Rother in the
World for pow'r, and Pomp, and Noise, and lose
substantial bliss.

Mel. There is no bliss but love; and but for that
the World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a grief
I have sustayned thy absence! had not my Father
prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for Athens' safety that thou didn't
not;
I had neglected all my Conquests, which
preserved this base ungrateful Town; for I
in thee should have all that I fought for; Thou
wouldst 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 usurious bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houses, deflour 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 virtue
Without my life: but on my knees I vow
No other man, though crown'd the Emperor
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 knavish priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my father has not yet forgotten 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?

1 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 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 Honourable; 
But yet they could have will’d; they know not what; 
Something has been amiss; a noble nature 
May catch a wrench; would all were well; ’tis pity; 
And if intending other Serious matters, 
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions, 
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 Harpy’s?

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 Man's 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.


Tim. There's another Villain.
THE MAN-HATER.

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
Knavé, 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?
Serv. She is, my Lord; but will not see you.
Tim. What does the Rascal say?
Serv. Damned Villain to belye her so? [ Strikes him.
Tim. 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 fain indeed; fallen from all thy hopes of Happiness. Earth, open and swallow the Most miserable wretch that thou didst ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

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 Univerfe, 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 should have seen thee more;
Nor ever would, hadst thou continu'd prosperous.
Let false Mellissa safely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that coarse stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man!
Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd Timon
they have been fix't 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?

Evan. 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.

Evan. 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,
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 fight 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 Deferve 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 compose 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'lt 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 flat'ting Rogues an Entertainment, but such a one as shall befit 'em; and then I'll see thee.

Evand. Heav'n ever bless my Dear.

[Ex. Timon and Evandra
Enter Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Ifidore, 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.  
**Ifid.** 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 rejoice 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 haste. 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.

E 3  

**Phæax.**
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Pheax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord.

Thrast. 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.

Pheax. 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?

Ihid. Not a Man in Athens.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship may not call your own.

Thrast. 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.

Pheax. Doubt not of that; if money or

The Seafon can afford it.

Ihid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's fit! make it not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we agree upon our Places.

THE GRACE.

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
THE MAN-HATER.

would for sake 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?
Aelius. 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 over; what, doth 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.
Aelius. 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.

E 4     ACT
ACT IV.

TIMON Solsn.

Timon.

Let 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 oth' 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 Sciarica
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
THE MAN-HATER.

That 'gainst the stream of Virtue they may strive
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, Blains,
Sow all the Athenians Bofoins, 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 Suitior 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 stepped 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 spoil the fact with
Cowardice; but with a noble fury did revenge his
injur'd reputation.

Pheax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.
Nici. As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into form,

E 5

And
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

Aline. 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.

Iphid. If Injuries be evil, Death is most ill;
And then what folly is it for the less ill
To hazard life the chiefer 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 Asis a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that's
Loaden with Irons, is wiser than the Judge.

Nici. 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 pitiful and good.

Nici. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extremest guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Pheax. Honour! is any Honour to be sought 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 Laca-
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 punish'd.

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?

Ifand. 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!

Ifid. 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.

Ifand. 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 inoffolent! we have not forgotten yet your riot and destructive Vices, Whoredoms, profaneness, giddy-headed Passions.
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Pheax. Your breaking Mercury's Statues, and mocking the Mysteries of sacred Proserpine.

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am next 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 stoppt a hundred and fifty Gallies from Phœnia, 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 Men's 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 Jonia,
Of th' Hellespont, 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
Athen's a second time was fav'd by me.

Phæax. '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 Phoenicians from the Aid of the Lacademonians; 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 Menædorus in the Field, and took the City: I brought then the Bithynians to your Yoke, won Silibra on the Hellespont, and then Byzantium: Thus not only I diverte the Torrent of the Armies Fury from you, but turn'd it.
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 afham'd 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.

Nsc. Was ever... heard such daring Insolence?
Sall 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
base Villany; therefore be abhor'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! Thereby, I will use none, 'twill bring me Flatterers. I'll send a Pattern on'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 Transformation!
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'st upon two Legs, and haist a Face rect towards Heav'n; and all such Animals I
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

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 dissuad'st me from this Life, thou
hat'rt me;
For all the Principalities on Earth,
I would not change this Spade! Prithee be gone;
Thou tempt'rt 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 denyest 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 unfound, my Brain will be distracted.

Evand. 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 boisterous 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. Rife, 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
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 guid'd 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 Tith and Pasture,
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish draughts
And unctuous morfels 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 refreft
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.
THE MAN-HATER.

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,
Hag 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 Man's Breath blow of thy Cap,
Praise his most monstrous Deformities,
And call his foulest Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Doft thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou shou'dst hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not asume 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 con-
fllicting Elements expos'd, answer meer Nature,

F 2 bid
bid 'em flatter thee, and thou shalt find...

Tim. An Ass of thee...

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did...

Tim. I hate thee worse...

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 four life and habit
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doft it inordly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thould'ft be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thou ly'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 with;
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being;
Thould'ft 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'ft 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'ft have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lufts, and never learn't
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'ft pursu'd the alluring Game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'st... I would have liy'd just as I do.
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
Fall 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 burdens.
Thy Nature did commence in suff'rance; Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should't thou hate
Men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curse,
Curse then thy Father, who in spight, put stuff
To some the-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Asi!
The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didst know, but the extremity 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'dst 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 wouldn't 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

Mass 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;

Wouldst 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 higheft 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.

Evans. 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 moft Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to fee three honest Men?

Poet. Having so oft'en tafted of your bounty
And hearing you were retir'd, your Friends falfn off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of fo base a mould; shou'd we
Desert our noble Patron!

Tim. Moft 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.
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

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.

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; Prithlee 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 Melissâ 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! Prifhee 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, flighted 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 wouldest 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! couldst thou have been kind, I could
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of Greece;

But
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,
But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.
   Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade another's
   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; were 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 ha'st 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'l provoke me to do a
   thing unmanly, and beat thee hence.
   Mel. Farewel, Beast...    [Ex. Mel. and Chloe.
   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
ACT 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,
Berring 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 couldst 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 Evand-
ra 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
TIMON OF ATHENS: or
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 with 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 scurvy sample of that Body.
   Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best of all Mankind.
   Thras. And Equal with our selves.
   Isid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee
Isand. We would stake our Lives for you.
   Phæax.
THE MAN-HATER.

Phæax. 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 surprise 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.

Phæax. The Senate has refery'd some Special
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 savage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just Assistance.

Phæax. 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 purest Virgins to the Stain
Of beaftly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not:
And let him tak'et worft; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to answer. For my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverend Throat in Athens, tell'em so!
Be Alcibiades your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phæax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us
Ælius.
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.
Nici. He'll ne'er return; he truly is Misanthropos.
Pheæx. 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.
Pheæx. 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.
Pheæx. 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?
Pheæx. They must belong to Alcibiades!
To Horse and fly, least 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 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!
'Tis 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,
Pain 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'lt it when I was rich.
Alcib. Then was a happy time.
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 falt 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 miscal it,
Ye have been to 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,
The Man-Hater.

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 shouldst 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. Haft 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.

Here's
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 Terour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate.

[Exeunt.

Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Hidore,
Hander, 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.

Hid. If we should resist, he'll level Athens.

Hand. 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.
Nic. If we resist he'll use a Conqueror's Power,
And nothing then will escape the fury of
The Headstrong Soldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terror 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.
Hoa! 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.
Pheax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.
Nic. We've been ungrateful, and are much
ashamed on't,
Your Lordship shall tread upon our Necks if you think
good;
We cannot but condemn ourselves;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generosity.

Pheax. March, Noble Lord, into our City
With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.
Ælius. Your Footstools,
Ifid. What ever you will make us.
Thrásil. Enter our City, Noble Alcibindes:
But leave your Rage behind you.
Ifan. 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,
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

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.

Phæax. '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 Offracin:
Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet
Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our Necks, but pardon us
Phæax. 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 shott
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Must we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæax. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælitha. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good Alcibiades.

Thras. We heartily repent.

Ifid. We'll kifs thy Feet, good Lord.

Ifand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You fix of the foremost here must meet me
In the Agis, where I'll order the πρώτας
To assemble all the People...

And
And on your Knees Present your selves
With Halters 'bout your Neckes!

*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.

*Evân.* 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!
Left Death o'ertake me... he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last Office thou
Canst do for *Timon*.

*Evân.* 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 finisht! Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves.

G 3 Live,
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'lt 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'lt 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'lt 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 wilt 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 Melisfa.

Mel. My Alcibiades, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and Terour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy Melisfa's happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wish'd 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 banish'd 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 refuse'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, bailing in Apemantus
How now! what means this Violence?

G + 1 Sold.
TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

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, Apeamantus, didst thou call me Villain?

Apeam. 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?

Apeam. ’Tis true, that this base Town deserves thy
Scourge,
And all the Terour and the Punishment,
Thou canst 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.

Apeam. 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.
THE MAN-HATER.

Apem. I fear thee not.
Alicb. 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,
Ellius, 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.
Alicb. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful
Knaves?
All. We do.
Alicb. And that you have used me basely?
All. We have, but we are very sorry.
Alicb. 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
Strech't 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
If farther thou'dt declare my self. I come
First to free you, good Citizens of Athens,

From
From the most Infupportable 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 confess, 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'ring.
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 to 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

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 Knayes deyour'd thee,

And
THE MAN-HATER.

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.

---

EPILLOGUE.

If there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
This Play might then support the Criticks Shock,
This Science grafted upon Shakespares 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 Sense 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 suffain.
At these thin Feasts each Morrel'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 flight 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, affection, 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 Shakesp'ars 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 Periwigs 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 they can move,
To 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.
THE TEMPEST: OR THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.
A COMEDY.
First written by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, & since altered by Sr. WILLIAM DAVENANT AND Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

LONDON, Printed for the Company.
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 flourishies 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 Shakespeare'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-Friers: 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 Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare's Plot: Sir
John Suckling, a professed admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Regnella being an open imitation of Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counterpart to Shakespeare'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 en-
ough 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 togeth-
er, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthinesse of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his Repuration) 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 me-
rit and name of Shakespeare and Sir William Dave-

Decemb. 1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.
PROLOGUE

As when a Tree's cut down the secret root
A Lives under ground, and thence new branches grow;
So, from old Shakespear's Honour's dust, this day
Springs up and bids 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 neighbour shore;
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to pour.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletchier, 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't was 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 be 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 Youtbs 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 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.

EPILOGUE.

Galls, 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 general rot,
The rhyming Monsieur and the Spanish Plut:
Defie or court, all's one, they go to pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors where soever 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 Sheriff's 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,
The 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 never saw Man.

DORINDA.

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.

ACT I.

SCENE 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.

VENTOSO

Wha's a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather

A s

Enter
Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The foud comes against the wind; 'twill blow

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, cheerly, cheerly, 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. Cheeryly hood hearts! Out of our way, Sirs. [Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.

Gonz.
The ENCHANTED ISLAND.

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.
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-Cap'torm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other door.
Must. Up aloft! And Man your Steer-Cap'torm.
Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Cap'torm bar. Hoa up, hoa up, &c. (Exeunt 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 Cap'torm: You dogs, is this a time to sleep? (Trincalo whistles.
Heave together lads. [Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.
Must. within. Our Vial's broke.
Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-blok has given way. Come heave Lads! We are six'd again.
Heave together Bullys

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 lose the Misen!
 Trinc. Get the misen-tack aboard. Haul aft misen-sheet!

 Enter Mustacho.

 Must. Loose the main-top sail!
 Steph. Furle him again, there's too much wind.
 Trinc. Loose foresail! Haul aft both sheets!
 Trim her right afores 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. (Exit 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-sheet 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 whorsom 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
untanned'd wench. Enter
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 losse 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 tell beneath you.

Your Blessing, and I die contented. (Embrace, and Ex.

Enter Trincalo, Muffacho, and Ventofo.

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 all lift them.

Muff. 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 live drowning the long washing of ten tides.

(Ex Trincalo, Muffacho, and Ventoslo.

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 flink with the Duke, and the young Prince.

Enter Stephano, Trincalo

Trinc. The Ship is finking. (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-
The TEMPEST: Or,

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 composed 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.

Prosp. Miranda! where's your Sister?
Mir. I left her looking from the pointed rock, at the walks end, on the huge beat of waters.
Prosp. 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.
Prosp. Collect your self, and tell your piteous heart, there's no harm done.
Mir. O woe the day!
Prosp. 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 never indavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.
Prosp. I should inform thee farther: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort; the direful spectacle of the Wreck, which
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 15

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 stop't.

Prop. 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.

Prop. 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?

Prop. Thou hast, and more, Miranda: what see'st thou else in the dark back-ward, and abyss of time? If thou remembrest, o'ert e're thou cam'st here, Then, how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prop. Fifteen years since, Miranda, thy Father was the Duke of Millan, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prop. Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, thou wait my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we his-ther came; or was't a blessing that we did?

Prop. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have suffer'd; But, Sir, I pray proceed,

Prop. 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.

Prop. 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 stuck the verdure out on t: thou attendst not

**Mir.** O good Sir, I do.

**Prof.** I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent
To cloiseness, 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 Soveraignty.
Do'st thou still mark me?

**Mir.** Your story would cure deafness.

**Prof.** To have no screen between the part he plaid, And whom he plaid it for; he needs would be Absolute Millan, and confedates
( So dry he was for iway ) with Savoy's Duke,
To give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

**Mir.** False Man!

**Prof.** 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, hurrid me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

**Mir.** But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

**Prof.** They durst not, Girl, in Millan, for the love my People bore me. In short, they hurrid 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 carkaf of a Boat, not riggd, 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 figh to Winds, who pity fighing back again, did seem to do us loving wrong.

**Mir.** Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

**Prof.** Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infus'd with fortitude from Heaven.

**Mir.** How came we ashore?

**Prof.** By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, which a Nobleman of Savoy, called Gonzalo, appointed Master of the.
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 furnish'd me from mine own Library, with volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

**Mr.** Would I might see that Man.

**Pros.** 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 dullest, 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 bent 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.

**Pros.** Haft 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.

**Pros.** 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
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.

Prospero. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this night shore?

Ariel. Close by, my Master.

Prospero. But, Ariel, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd.

In troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself,
Whom I have left warming the air with fishes,
In an odd angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His arms folded in this sad knot.

Prospero. 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 calld'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still, yet Bermoothes, there she's hid,
The Mariners all under hatches how'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 dispers'd) 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.

Prospero. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ariel. Past the mid-season.

Prospero. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and
Morn by us both be spent more preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toy? since thou dost give me pains.
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
The ENCHANTED ISLAND.

Proph. How now, Moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Proph. 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. (mife;

Proph. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Proph. 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.

Proph. 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!

Proph. Thou hast; where was she born? speak, tel me

Ariel. Sir, in Argier.

Proph. 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 it was banisht: but for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. Ay, Sir. [child.

Proph. This blew: ey'd Hag was hither brought with-
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou, my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, waft then her Servant;
And 'caufe thou waft a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
Into a cloven Pine, within whole rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space the dy'd,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans;
As fast as Mill-weels strike. Then was this Isle,
(Save for two Brats, which she did litter here,
The brutish Caliban, and his twin Sister,
Two treckel'd-hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ariel. Yes! Caliban her Son, and Sycorax his Sister.

Prospero. Dull thing, say so; he, that Caliban,
And she that Sycorax, whom I now keep in service.
Thou best knows

What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry Bears: it was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could ne'er again undo: It was my Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, made the Pine
To gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Prospero. If thou more murrur'ft, I will rend an Oak;

And peg thee in his knotty entrails,

 Till thou halt howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command,

And be a gentle Spirit.

Prospero. Do so, and after two days I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble Master:

What shall I do: say! what, what shall I do;

Prospero. Be subject to no sight but mine;

Invisible to every eye-ball else: hence with diligence,

My Daughter wakes: Anon thou shalt more.

Thou hast slept well my Child,

Exeunt Ariel.

Mir. The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.

Prospero. Shake it off, come on, I'll now call

Caliban, my slave, who never yields us a kind answer,
The ENCHANTED ISLAND

**Mr.** '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 hoa! 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, get by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked dew, as e'er my Mother bruised

With Raven's feather from unwholesome 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

Slinging, 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 first, thou stroak'rt 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 fertile.

Curs'd be I, that I did so: All the Charms of Sycorax, Toads, Beetles, Bats 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' the Island.

**Prosp.** Thou most lying Slave, whom stripes may

B 3 move
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 didst prevent me, I had peop'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 wouldst gabble, like a thing molt brutish, I endow'd thy purposes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou didst't learn) had that in't, which good natures could not abide to be with: therefore wait 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-feed hence: fetch us in fell, 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, Sycobos,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So Slave, hence.

[Execut 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 my eyes cast down upon the Seas;

The
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, rustling in the wind;
Sometimes he nod'd 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 curtly'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 comethat we two are not
Brothers then, 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
The TEMPEST: Or, 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.]

ACT II.

SCENE 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.

GONZALO.

Beseech your Grace be merry; you have cause, so have we all, of joy for our strange escape: then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonzo. 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?

Sir. Sir, he may live.
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 25

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 above the contentious waves he kept, and
carr'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 betray'dst thy Brother Prospero, and Mantua's In-
fant Sovereign to my power: And when I, too ambi-
tious, took by force another's right; then loft we Fer-
dinand, 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 desart Isle.

Gonz. These '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.
Muit we teach Heaven what price to set on murthers?
What rate on lawless power, and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above.
And fell 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 enchant'd 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

B 5

Shall
Shall mark my Penitence and my bounty. Hark!
The sounds approach us. 

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 lies 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. Oho! Uneasily their Crowns they wear,
And their own guilt amidst their Guards they fear.
Cares when they make their minds unquiet keep.
And we in Visions lord it o'er their sleep.
Chor. Oho! 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 must not shew their crimes on either side:
Appear! Appear! Their first begotten, Pride. [Enter 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 now appear,
Their wand'ring 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 encompassing 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.

Alonzo. 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 Hippolita.

Gonz. Heaven have mercy on the penitent!

Alonzo. Lead from this cursed ground;
The Seas, in all their rage, are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of Despair and Death.

Gonz.
The TEMPEST: Or,

Gonz. Shall we not seek some food?
Alonzo. Beware all fruit but what the Birds have
The shadoys of the Trees are poisonousand 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 fealty here and there, and sweet sprites bear the
Burthen. (Burthen dispersedly.

Hark! Hark! Bow wag; the Watch-dogs bark,
Bow wag.

Hark! Hark! I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i th'Air, orth'
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 lies;
Of his bones is Coral made:
Those are 'ears 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.

(Ferdp, Dingdong.

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.

SCENE 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;
weam after it. And this scollop shell is all our plate now.
Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we
ended. prethee fill a spoon, and let it go round. Where
st 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 spoon before death, as well as oth-
ors drink at our funerals.

Must. This is Prize Brandy, we steal Custom, and it
its nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but myself.
Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.
Steph. Fill's another round.
Vent. Look! Muffle o w eeps. 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 Befs. She
gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But as
you say, hang losses. Prithee fill agen.
Vent. Beshtrew 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 Country, she may marry again:
and'tis from this Island thither at least seven years swim-
mimg.
Must. O at least, having no help of Boat nor Bladder.
Steph. Whoe'er she marries, poor Soul, she'll weep
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 heax
hull till the Wind blow more and by south, e'er we ca
cry a Sail, a Sail, at fight of a white apron. And there
fore here's another loop 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 ca
ches 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 Shipwrecks 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 coop.

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.
The Tempest: Of

Vent How! Trincalo our brave Bosun! —
Murf. 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, SINGS.

The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Law'd Mall, Mag. and Marrian, and Margery.
But none of us can'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Saylor, go hang:
She lov'd not the favour 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.

Steb. 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.

Murf. Hah, old Boy! How didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a But of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors threw overboard! But are you alive, hoa! 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.


Murf. 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 mayst 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 Trinc-
alo are not your self; but we pardon your first fault, be-
cause 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
setled 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 Matter, 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 Sub-
jects 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?
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 fear 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 Hedgehogs, 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 fixpence for the sight of him: well, if I could make him tame, he were a present for an Emperor. 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 Monster, open your mouth. How now, you pervert 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 Celestial liquor; I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is very hopeful Monster Monster what say'lt 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 wine
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 35

kis thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [ Drinks again.

Trinc. Well drawn, Monster, in good faith.

Calib. I'le shew thee the best Springs, I'le pluck thee
Berries, I'le fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A
curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'le 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 share the Marmazet;
I'le 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 myself; 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 dropping 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 damns I'II 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
C 2
again.
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.

SCENE 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 prizon, not to free me. I murmur not, but I may wonder at it. Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 37

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. 'I see 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 Natures 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 unarm'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.
The TEMPEST: Or,

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 Rainbow? 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 break 'em, make 'em gentle

— They would not hurt me.
The TEMPEST: Or,
again, wars will ensue, and so I drink. [Drinks] From
this worshipful Monster, and Milius 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.

SCENE 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 to usurp my Dukedom from me
Expos'd him to that Fate he meant for me.
By calculation of his birth I saw
Death threat'n ing him, if, till some time were past;
He should behold the face of any Woman;
And now the danger's nigh—Hippolito!

Enter Hippolito.

Hipp. 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.

Hipp. 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
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 37

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 Naturc’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: T’is 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’ll 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 go far thon 'em as I may with safety Of the umblemish'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 secure'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 fullen cloud bchin', 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.
The Enchanted Island, 39

Dr. Warren.
Mr. Smollett. The curlewed Lyon, and the rugged Bent, are not formidable to that Man.

Dr. Warren. All that you can imagine ill: there:

Mr. Smollett. Oh, why stay we here then?

Dr. Warren. I'll keep for enough from his denial, I warrant him.

Mr. Smollett. My dear Smollett, you are a Man:

Dr. Warren. Aye, Child! But I am a tame Man:

Mr. Smollett. Why do you run wild about the woods, in chambers, and in cloaks?

Dr. Warren. Do they not hurt me.

Mr. Smollett. No, they are wild within doors.

Dr. Warren. Then sure they would not hurt me.

Mr. Smollett. You must not trust them.

Dr. Warren. But Father, I would stave them.

Dr. Warren. Plop. No, they are wild within doors.

Mr. Smollett. I'll keep for enough from his denial, I warrant him.

Dr. Warren. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man:

Mr. Smollett. And yet you are not dreadful.

Dr. Warren. Ay, Child! But I am a tame Man.

Mr. Smollett. Oh, why stay we here then?

Dr. Warren. I'll keep for enough from his denial, I warrant him.
The Tempest: Or,

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 becken 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 threatned than looke 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 poyon 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. Fie are you not ashamed to be so much inquisitive?

Dor.
Th' ENCHANTED ISLAND. 4.

Don. You chide me for't, and yet you'd go your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my father.

Observe how he begins to flare already:
I'll meet the danger first, & then call you.

Don. Nay Sister you ha'nt vanquish me in kindness.
I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prof. within, Miranda! child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my father call? Go in.

Don. '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.

Don. Though I die for't, I must have th' other peep.

Hip. (Sees her) What thing is that? 'Tis some In-
The Sun, dress'd in its Father's gayest beams, [fant of
And comes to play with Birds: My sight is dazzl'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!

Don. 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 content
To do you any harm; though I was told
A Woman was my Enemy.

Don. I never knew what twas to be an Enemy;
Nor can I ever 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.

Don. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to each

Alas!
Alas! can we not meet but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! For when two poisonous creatures,
Both of the same kind meet, yet neither dies,
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twined into a mutual knot.
If we have any venom in us, sure,
We cannot be more poisonous 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 sister's 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 some thought
Was theirs; for still they mourn'd, & 'till 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 finds 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.

ACT
ACT III.

SCENE 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 wondered 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?
The TEMPEST: Or,

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 tear'd the pleasing form of this young Man
Might unawares poise is 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 poxyous; 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’n’er to you.

Prosp. Take heed Dorinda, you may be deceived;
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 first 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,

**Polf.** 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.

**Polf.** 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 seem'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.

**Polf.** 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 knew not how, and touching
His hand again, my heart did beat so strong
As I lackt breath to answer what he ask'd.

**Polf.** You've been too fond, and I should chide you
for it.

**Dor.** Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

**Polf.** Poor Child! thy Passion like a lazy Ague
Has seiz'd thy blood; instead of striving, thou
Humour it and feed it thy languishing disease;
Thou fight'st the Battels of thy Enemy;
And 'tis one part of what I threaten'd thee,
Not to perceive thy danger.

**Dor.** Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knew's not how:
He hath no claws, nor beak, nor horns to hurt me;
But looks about him like a callow bird
Just straggled from the nest: pray tryst me, Sir,
To go to him again.

**Prosp.** Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self rever'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.

**Dor.** This is hard

**Prosp.** 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?

**Prosp.** 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]

**Prosp.** 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.

**Prosp.** 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.

**Prosp.** And so it shall?
And thou shalt have the open Air at freedom.

**Ariel.** Thanks my great Lord

**Prosp.** But tell me first, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

Ariel. Contain'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime grove which weather sends your Cell.
Within that circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Prosp. How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes

Appear like Men distracted; their Attendants
Brimful of sorrow mourning over them;
But chiefly, he you tem'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.

Prosp. Doft thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane;

Prosp. 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 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.

Prosp. 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 mow.
Do you love me, Master, Ay or no?

Prosp. Dearly, my dainty Ariel, but say, Spirit:
What is become of my Slave Caliban,
And Sycorax his Sifter?

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.

Prosp. 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.

Prosp. Make haste then. (Exit severally:

**SCENE II.**

**A Lime Grove.**

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I’m weary, and can go no farther, Sir;
My old bones ache, 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; fit 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 resolve’d t’effect.

Alonz. I am 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.
The TEMPEST: Or,

Gonz. 'Tis cheerful Muffick, 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 overflowing,
All your storms are over blowing:
While you in this isle are biding,
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 from you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Alonz. This voice speaks comfort to us.
Ant. Wou'd 'twere come, there is no Muffick in a song
to me, my stomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a Heavenly Vision of boyl'd, 'baked', and roasted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-copias
in their hands.

Alonz. Are these plump shapes sent to deride our hum-

Gonz. No, no: it is a Masque of fat ten'd Devils,
The Burgo-Matters 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 furnish
With all varieties of meats and fruits.

Alonz. 'Tis so indeed, but who dares taste this Feast,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps 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.
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 straight, if, as
I fear, an evil Spirit be our Cook.

\[Exeunt.\]

SCENE 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
'tem both. O here she comes; now thou may'st judge
thy self, 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 gild
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 Bosca's Whistle, and his Bottle.)

Trinc. My dear blobber lips, this, observe my Chuck,
is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuss, thou dost not
know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a whistle for our first Babe; and when
the next Shipwreck 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
Da Widow,
Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a fucking-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 fortise my stomach first.

Syc. I shall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow.

(Pointing to his bottle, and Bofen'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 her self, 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. Umph! That's another question: for if she be thus flippant 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 merryest 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 myself. 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 liquorish 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 sakes.
Syc. Will not thy mightines revenge our wrong, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art valiant.
The TEMPEST: Or,

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 boisterous 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 (having 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 Embassay without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no squares betwixt us: Vice Roys, give him his title 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 esaud'd the lawful Inherifrix of this Island, Queen Blauze the first, and having homage done me, by this hestoring 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-Rois! 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 false, Duke Trincalo?

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 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 Ambassador, what your resolution is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and to 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 secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.


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?

D 4
The Tempest: 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 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
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 if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this brook.

He Sings.

Gothy way.

Ariel. Gothy way.

Ferd
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 57

Ferd. Why shouldst thou stay?
Ariel. Why shouldst 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 tain'd with grief (Beauty's worst canker) thou might'lt 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 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 title of Duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in state.

(Ventoso and Muitacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his cap.)

Muff. 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 Blasue the first, and having homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her Brother; from these two I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

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 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 Ambas-
sladors, 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.


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?

D 4

Trinc.
The *Tempest*: Or,

Trinc. What a careful Spouse have I? Well! If she does confute 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
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 if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this brook.

*He Sings.*

Ferd. Go thy way.

Ariel. Go thy way.

Ferd
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, ’tis 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 desart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot from 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.

Pros. 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.

Pros. 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
them.

[Enter Ferdinand.

Mir. I might call him a thing divine, for nothing
natural I ever saw so noble.

D 5 Pros.
It goes on as my Soul prompts it. Spirit, fine Spirit, I'll free thee within two days for this.

She's sure the Mistresses, on whom these Arts attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worshipted; so bright a Beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

My language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my own Country.

How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of Savoy heard thee?

As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy: He does hear me, and that he does I weep; my self and Savoy, whose fatal eyes (e'er since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.

Alack! for pity.

At the first fight they have chang'd eyes: dear I'll set thee free for this—Young Sir, a word.

With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Why speaks my Father now so urgently?

This is the third Man that e'er I saw, the first Whom e'er I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father To be inclin'd my way.

O! I, a Virgin!

And y our affection not gone forth, I'll make you Mistresses of Savoy.

Soft, Sir! One word more. They're in each other's power, but this swift bus'ness I must unseate make, left too light winning make the prize light—One word more. Thou usurp'as 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.

No, as I am a Man.

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.
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 5

Prosp. No more. Speak not 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 resign 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 can't not strike:
Thy Conscience is posset 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'st 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 subject, would seem light to me,
Might I but through my Prison once a day
Behold this Maid; all corners else o' th' Earth

Let
Let Liberty make use of, I have space
Enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, true 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
Shows 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 Prosp'ro'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 till I wish—yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Prosp. What would 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 fit and look till our eyes ak’d.

Prosp. You’d soon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir never.

Prosp. But you’d 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
Amis; perhaps my Art itself 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.

SCENE V.

A Cave.

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.

FERDINAND.

Your pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.
Hipp. Ay, and an only Father too, for sure
You said you had but one.
Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous simple [Aside.
Hipp. 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?
Hipp. Do not you know?
Ferd. How should I?
Hipp. 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 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 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 fester'd 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. 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.

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
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.

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 Friend-

ship 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

Am
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.

[Exeunt 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. (Exeunt

ACT. IV.

SCENE 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; intivate
Into his mind a kindness to that Youth,

E       Whom
Whom first you saw; I would have Friendship grow
Betwixt 'em.

Miss. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Pros. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.
Miss. I shall endeavour it.
Pros. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark danger which
My Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide
A double strength t' oppose th' assailants 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.

Miss. Sir! My Lord! Where are you?
Ferd. Is it your voice; my Love? Or do I dream?
Miss. 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!

Miss. 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.

Miss. 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.

Miss. 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 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 found,
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 los'd 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 unskil'd in forms, may judge,
I think can scarce be equal'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 meek a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you disapprove;
Not whom you praise.

Mir. I only ask this easie trial 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 accesse,
When my confinement makes me want that blessing.
I 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 poison to my hopes! (Aside.)
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?
The ENCHANTED ISLAND.

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 the Love reaches cunning even to Innocence, And where he gets possestion, his first work Is to dig deep within a heart, and there Lie hid, and like a Miser in the dark

To
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 near a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend;
Not whom you praise.

Mir. I only ask this easy trial 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.
This 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 poysion to my hopes! (Aside.
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?
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 Jealousy!
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 spake; 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
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 so 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
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 Muses 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 Sister's hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

E 4

Then
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.** 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.
**The ENCHANTED ISLAND.**

_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 lofty Woman if you see him once.

_Dor._ I would not willingly be lofty, for fear
You should not find me; therefore I'll avoid him.

(Exit Dorinda.

_Hip._ She faire would have deceived me; but I know
Her Sist'ermustbe 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 doe'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'll 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.

_E5_
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 '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 would 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. Won'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 would 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 siter 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.
Ferd. Then since you have refused this act of friendship, Provide yourself 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 yourself to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again, 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 blood, 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 II.

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.
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 Huwifry: 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 another's bellies? 
Trinc. Now won'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.
The TEMPEST: 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 be so many in the 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 would fain have my heart beat again;
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. If 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 unpractic'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.
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 blood,
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 II.

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 were 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, Ventosola, Mustachio.

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
The ENCHANTED ISLAND 77

and to the Vase in kelder; or rather Haddock in kelder,
for I guess it will be half fifth.  (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 Sifter'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 another's 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
The TEMPEST: Or,

hearkening 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 Bottle again; he has made a good Voyage; come, who begins a brindis to the Duke!

Trinc. I'll begin it myself: give me the bottle; it's 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; wouldst 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.

Musf. Brother 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, doth thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'lt me; hang my Family: thou art my Friend; prithee tell me what thou think'lt of my Princels?

Steph.
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 Mon-
sieur 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 foipt bottle, an't please your Grace.

Enter Caliban again 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, Romy, 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 aye: give me the bottle, Caliban! Did you knock the Butt? How does it found?
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.

Muf. 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 aye: 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
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. Doft thou hurt my Love? [Flies at Trincalo

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason, Treason! [Vent. Muft. Calib. run betwixt

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my bosom. (Whispers Muftacho hastily.

Muftacho strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Muft. 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 wouldst 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.
Trin. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?
Trincalo beats off Stephan to the door. Exit Stephan.

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.  

SCENE III.

The Cypress trees & Cave.

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, with their Swords drawn.

FERDINAND.

Come, Sir, our cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hipp. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we must fight?
Who first receives a wound is to submit.

Hipp. Come, come, this loses time; now for the Women, Sir.  (They fight a little. Ferdinand hurts him.

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hipp. No.

Ferd. Believe your blood.

Hipp. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferd. Remember our conditions.

Hipp. 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.

Hipp. 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 dazzle.

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 again. Pray stay for me. (Swoons.

Ferd. He's gone! He's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!

Help, help!

Enter Prospero.

Pros. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Pros. 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—

Pros. 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.

Pros. Ay, now thou com'st,

When Fate is past and not to be recall'd.

Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 85

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 didst thou not prevent, at least foretel;
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 threaten'd me if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the light'som 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 choke 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 a-gen.

Ariel. Pardon; dread Lord.

Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee;
Shalt thou e'er find from me: hence I flye, with speed,
Unbind the charms which hold this Murtherer's Father,
And bring him with my Brother straight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly
Thy thought. (Exit Ariel.

Ford. 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, Mur'drer, 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?
§2 The TEMPEST: 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?

Præf. You come to look your last;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.
But, on my Blessing, 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.

Præf. 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?

(He 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 fretght, and make a fire to warm him.

Exit Dorinda running.

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (invisible)

Alonz. Never were Beasts so hunted into toys,
As we have been purs'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 fiercer 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 life is full of nothing else.

Alonz.
Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the Walks above,
Wandr'ring by Star light, to have fought 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 didst 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 a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance would 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'rsers made; look on that corps,
This, whilst he liv'd, was young Hippolito,
That Infant Duke of Mantua. Sit, 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 unsheathe 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 disposset'd me of my Millan,
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die:

F 3

And
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.

Alonzo. And thinkst 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.

Prof. Nay then appear my Guards—I thought no more
To use their aids: (I am curs'd because I us'd it)

(He stampes, and many Spirits appear.

But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this murder.

Alonzo. Have I for this
Found thee my Son, so soon again to lose thee!

Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity:
He may hear you.

Ant. I dare not draw that blood
Upon my felt', by interfering for him.

Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you usurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.

Alonzo. Is this a time t' upbraid me with my sins,
When grief lies heavy on me? Y' are no more
My Friends, but crueler 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 Milrefs.

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.

Prof. This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To sit you for your death, that Cave's your Prison.
Alonzo. Ah, Prospero! Hear me speak: You are a Father, 
Look on my age, and look upon his youth. 

Prospero. No more! All you can say is urged 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. 

Dorinda. Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd? 
Prospero. He's dead, and vital warmth will never return. 

Dorinda. Dead, Sir, what's that? 
Prospero. His Soul has left his body. 
Dorinda. When will it come again? 
Prospero. O never, never! 
He must be laid in earth, and there consume. 

Dorinda. He shall not lie in earth, you do not know 
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come again; 
He told me he would go a little while, 
But promised me he would not tarry long. 

Prospero. 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. 

Miranda. Have you no pity? 
Prospero. Your disobedience has so much incensed 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. 

F 4
Ariel. I've been so chid for my neglect by Prospero.
That I must now watch all and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say aye, '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 scif; 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 satisfi'd.

Dor. I'll not be satisfi'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 shal 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;
The Enchanted Island. 91

But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.

_M. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And echo 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 unbless'd.
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 Winchave 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 Ätherial mould?
Accursed Magick we our selves have taught;
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought. [Exit.
ACT V.

SCENE 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 thou'd not you
Resemble them?

Prosp. The Powers above may pardon or reprieve,
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 flay, 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 Ministrer,
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,
The TEMPEST: Or,

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:
Burn 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 'tis to 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 caufe 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 jutly 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, least 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
For if I had that bloud, I then should find
A great delight in loving you.

_Mir_. But, Sir,
I am another, and your love is given
Already to my Sistcr.

_Hip_. Yet I find
That if you please I can love still a little.

_Mir_. I cannot be inconstant, nor thou'd you.

_Hip_. 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_. Sistcr, 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 dy’e, 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 betray 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 elle can recompence her love.

Ferd. ’Twas happy then we had this little tryal.
But how we all so much miscrook, I know not.

Mir. I’ve only this to say in my defence:
My Father sent me hither, to attend

The
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 fatal accidents in Love.
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Dor. To Prosp. Let it no more be thought of now; your
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 'ere this.
Look down sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blestac Crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence
For'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 blest'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.
Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks you give me nothing.

Prosp. You are to be Lord

Of great People, and o'er Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison.

But have a whole Cave to myself 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 joynd 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.

Alonzo. And Heav'n make

Those beds still fruitfull in producing Children,

To bless their Parents youth, and Grandfathers 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.
Ferd. A sisto 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.

Calib. Syc.

Pro p. Why that's my dainty Ariel, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O ook, Sir, look the Master and the Saylors,
The Bosun too—my Prophecy is out,
That if a Gallows were on land, that Man
Could never be drown'd.

(ahore?

Alonx to Trinc. Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath
Haft 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 will-
ingly give all my Island for her.

Tent. And I my Vice-Royship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall 'en hang
myself, now my Friend Butt has shed his last drop of life.
Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like Mad Men.

Prop. 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.

Alonx. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prop. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz.
Gonz. 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 Sethos! 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 comfits bell, I lye;
There I couche when Owls do cry.
On the Swallow's wing I flye
After Summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossoms 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,
The ENCHANTED ISLAND. 103

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 fealty with me.
Mileba, my Love, thy Ariel calls thee

Enter Mileba.

Mileba. 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.

FINIS
# CATALOGUE

## OF ENGLISH PLAYS,

*Neatly & correctly printed, in small volumes fit for the pocket,* & sold by T. Johnson, Bookseller in the Hague.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PLAYS</th>
<th>Authors</th>
<th>prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Julius Cæsar, with four Songs by the D. of Bucks.</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet, Prince of Denmark</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello, Moor of Venice</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Henry IV. with the Humours of St. John Falstaff</td>
<td>Shakespeare</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Merry Wives of Windsor, &amp; Amours of St. John Falstaff</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tempest, or Enchanted Island: altered by Davenant &amp; Dryden.</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Jew of Venice: altered by Mr. Granville (Ld. Lansdown)</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aureng-Zeb, or the Great Mogul</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All for Love, or the World well lost</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oedipus (by Dryden &amp; Lee)</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spanish Friar, or double discovery</td>
<td>Dryden</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Indian Emperor, or Conquest of Mexico</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The State of Innocence, or Fall of Man</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don Sebastian King of Portugal</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amphitryon, or the two Sostis</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Orphan</td>
<td>Orway</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venice preserved</td>
<td>Southerne</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oroonoko</td>
<td>Trappe</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abra-Mule</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PLAYS.

She wou'd if she cou'd.

The Man of Mode, Sr. Fop. Flutter.

The Rehearsal, with a Key by

The Chances, altered by.

The Old Batchelor.

The Double Dealer.

Love for Love.

The Way of the World.

The Mourning Bride.

Phaedra & Hippolitus.

The Adventures of Five Hours.

The Plain Dealer.

Loves last-shift, The Fool in Fashion.

The Careles Husband.

The Provoked Wife.

Ælop: with a Second part.

The Funeral, or Grief à la mode.

The Constant Couple.

The Recruiting Officer.

The Beaux Stratagem.

Cato.

The Distrest Mother

Volpone, or the Fox.

Timon of Athens, altered by Shadwell.

The Non-Juror.

The Relapse.

Jane Shore.

The Lady Jane Gray.

Theodosius, or the force of Love

Sophonisba, or Hannibals overthrow

Chit-Chat.

Bosiris K. of Egypt.

The Siege of Damascus

Authors.

Etherege. 1

D. of Buckingham. 8

Congreve. 8

Smith. 6

Tuke. 8

Wicherley. 8

Cibber. 8

Vanbrugh. 8

Steel. 6

Farquhar. 6

Addison. 6

Phillips. 6

B. Johnson. 8

Shakespeare. 8

Cibber. 8

Vanbrugh. 8

Rowe. 6

N. Lee. 6

Killegrew 6

Young 6

Hughes 6

These Plays are sold together in Volumes, bound or stitched: most of them are also sold apart, at the prices here marked.
Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer's Iliad. 6 vol. 6 - 0
— Poems & Miscellanies compleat. 1 - 0
The same on fine paper. 7 vol. 9 - 0
Mr. Pope's Homer, without notes. 2 vol. 3 - 0
Mr. Prior's Poems compleat, printed from the folio Edition; with Additions. 1 - 13
The same on fine paper. 2 - 9

Lucan's Pharsalia, translated by Mr. Rowe. 2 vol. 1 - 16
The same on fine paper. 2 - 4

Miscellaneous Works comical & diverting; by D. S---st containing I. The Tale of a Tub, with Notes & Additions. II. Miscellany in Prose and Verse, by the Author of the first part. x - 10
Discourse of Free-thinking. 0 - 18
Mr. Addison's Remarks on Italy. 1 - 10
Mr. Addison's Poems &c. now printing

Most of the English Poets, as Waller, Milton, Dryden, Congreve, Cowley, Butler, Denham, Suckling, Donn, &c. the Spectators, Tarlars, Guardians; and all sorts of English, French, & Latin Books, are sold at reasonable rates by the said T. Johnson.