

Call. Such another good day would make us all mad.

Vas. Yet I must to my old Trot again.

Duke. Let *Hymen* join those Hearts, whose stedfast Faith,
Pow'r, with the frowns of death, could never move:
This happy day I'll consecrate to Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

T *Roth, Gentlemen, you must vouchsafe a while
T'excuse my mirth, I cannot chuse but smile,
And 'tis to think, how like a subtle spye
Our Poet waits to hear his destiny;
Just in the Entry as you pass, the place
Where first you mention your dislike or grace:
Pray whisper softly that he may not hear,
Or else such words as shall not blast his ear.*

FINIS.

THE

Law against Lovers.

The Names of the Persons.

The Duke of *Savoy*.

Lord *Angelo*, his Deputy.

Benedict, Brother to *Angelo*.

Lucio } His Friends.

Balthazar }

Eschalus, a Counsellor.

Claudio, in love with *Julietta*.

Provost.

Fryer Thomas.

Bernardine, a Prisoner.

Jaylor.

Fool.

Hangman.

Pages.

Beatrice, a great Heiress

Isabella, Sister to *Claudio*.

Julietta, Mistress to *Claudio*.

Viola, Sister to *Beatrice*; very young.

Francisca, a Nun.

SCENE *Turin*.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Angelo, and Attendants.

Duke. I'M sure in this your science does exceed
The measures of advice; and to your skill,
By deputation, I resolve to leave a while
My place and strength.

Ang. Your Highness does amaze me with your trust.

Duke. Your Brother will be here to night; and brings
His share of Victory and fair renown.

That Victory gives me now free leisure to
Pursue my old design of travelling;

Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,

I may compare the Customs, prudent Laws,

And managements of foreign States with ours.

Ang. Your Highness has a plenteous choice of men,
Whom you may here depute with more success,
Than my abilities can promise.

Duke. Here, take our Commission—

In which we have enabled you with all

The sev'ral strengths and organs of my Pow'r:

Your youth may bear that weight, which tires my Age.

Ang. In this acceptance, Sir, I do with some
Unwillingness obey your pleasure.

Duke. Heaven does with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves, but others use.

For if our virtues go not forth of us,

It were alike as if we had them not.

Be thou at full our self, whilst we are absent

From our Seat in *Turin*.

Ang. Sir, I could wish

There were more tryal of my mettle made,

Before so noble and so great

A Figure as your own be stamp'd on it.

Duke. No more evasion,

I have proceeded towards you with choice,

Sufficiently prepar'd. Good *Eschalus*

Your ceremony now of taking leave

Must needs be short. You know the purpose of

My trust to *Angelo*, who here has my

Commission seal'd.

Esch. Your Highness having been

So long resolv'd to travel, could not leave

A Deputation of your Pow'r in better hands.

Duke. Farewel! our haste from hence is of import.

You shall, as time and fit occasion serves,

Have Letters from us; and I hope to know,

With equal care, what does befall you here.

Ang. Will not your Highness give us leave to bring
You onward on the way?

Duke. My haste permits it not.

M m 2

You

You need not (on mine honour) have to do
With scruple, for your scope is as mine own;
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privately away; I love the People;
But would not on a Stage salute the Crowd.
I never relisht their applause; nor think
the Prince has true discretion who affects it.
Be kind still to your Brother *Benedick*,
And give him that respect which he
Hath by his share in Victory deserv'd.
Once more farewell.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esch. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness. [Ex. Duke.

Ang. I shall desire you *Eschalus*, to let
Me have free speech with you: for it concerns
Me much to see the bottom of my place.
The Duke has left me pow'r, but of what strength
And nature it will prove, may haply
Require your friendship to consider.

Esch. My Lord, if it shall please you to withdraw,
You may command my secrecie and service.

Enter Beatrice, Julietta, Viola, Balthazar.

Beat. Does Signior *Benedick* return to night?

Balt. We may expect him presently. He brings
A share of conquest with him, and intends
To make a modest Entry here by stealth:
But he is still as pleasant as you left him.

Beat. How many has he kill'd, and eaten, in
These Wars? but pray, how many has he kill'd?
For I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Balt. He has done great service in these Wars, Lady.

Beat. Sure you had musty victual then;
And he has helpt to eat it. I know, Sir,
He is a valiant Trencher-man, and has
A good stomach.

Balt. He is a good Souldier, Lady.

Beat. A good Souldier

To a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

Balt. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man:
Stuft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. He is, indeed, no less than a stuf man.
But for the stuffing——Well, we are all mortal.

Jul. Do not mistake my Cousin *Beatrice*, Sir,
There is a kind of a merry war between
Count *Benedick* and her: they never meet,
But there is a skirmish of wit between 'em.

Beat. He got nothing by that. In our last encounter
Four of his five wits did go halting off;
And now the whole man is govern'd by one.
I pray, Sir, who's his Companion now? for he was wont,
Every Month to have a new sworn Brother.

Balt. Is't possible?

Beat. Very possible.

He

He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His Hat; it still changes with the next Block.

Balt. Madam, the Gentleman is not in your Books.

Viol. If he were, I have heard my Sister say
She would burn her Study.

Balt. Small Mistrefs, have you learnt that in your Primer?
This, Madam, is your pretty Bud of wit.

Viol. A Bud that has some prickles, Sir. Take heed;
You cannot gather me.

Beat. But, Signior *Balthazar*,
I pray who is Count *Benedick's* Companion?

Balt. At idle seasons, Madam, he is pleas'd
To use no better company than mine.

Beat. He will hang on you like a disease,
He's sooner caught than the Pestilence;
And the taker does run presently mad.
Heaven help you *Balthazar*, if you have caught
The *Benedickt*, for it will cost you more
Than a thousand pounds to be cur'd.

Balt. I wish I may hold friendship with you, Lady.

Beat. Y'ave the wit, Sir, to wish for your self.

Jul. You'll never run mad Cousin.

Beat. Not till a hot *January*.

[Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Guardian's Brother, Count *Benedick*,
Is newly enter'd.

Beat. The man of War, having been fleht
In the last Battel, will bear all before him.
Let us sound a retreat, and hide our selves
Behind the Hangings, to mark his behaviour.

Viol. Dear Sister, let me hide my self too——

[Beatrice, Viola, Juliet, step behind the Hangings.

Balt. O pray do, with a Bongrace from the Sun.
Madam, I'll leave you to your Ambush.

Enter Benedick, Eschalus.

Ben. My Brother private in affairs of State?

Esch. My Lord, he's at this instant much reserv'd;
But, when I shall acquaint him you are here,
He will dismiss his business to receive,
And welcome you?

Ben. Signior *Eschalus*, I thank you: but it
Is fit our private love should give free way
To service which concerns the publick profit.
I am, Sir, in some trouble, that I could
Not have the happiness of paying my
Obedience to his Highness e're he went.
Will he be absent long?

Esch. That is unknown
Even to your Brother *Angelo*; who is his full
Vicegerent here, and hath receiv'd commands
To let you taste his Pow'r, to every use
That can procure you any benefit,
In memory of your last service.

[Enter Lucio.

Luc. My Lord you are most happily return'd;
And met with all the joys we can exprefs.

Ben.

Ben. Lucio, I am much pleas'd to see you well;
It gives me hope that I shall have but few
Sad Evenings here in *Turin*, if the
Beauties which I left be not quite wither'd,
Their Voices craft, and their Lutes hung on Willows.

Luc. My Lord, I am not only hasten'd hither by
My Love to be the first that shall congratulate
Your good success abroad, but to entreat
Your aid at home. If you will please but to
Take leave of that grave Magistrate a while,
I shall deliver you a message from mankind.

Ben. How, *Lucio*? That is of concern indeed.
Signior, I shall beseech you to observe
My Brother's leisure, that I may attend him.

Esch. Your Lordship is most welcome to *Turin*. [Exit *Eschalus*.]

Ben. Now, *Lucio*, speak your affair from that great
Common-Wealth which sent you, Mankind.

Balth. They are too many for you to enquire
Particularly after their healths; therefore
He may without Ceremony proceed.

Luc. You have heard of the Supream Row'r plac'd in
Count *Angelo* your Brother?

Ben. I have, *Lucio*.

Luc. Under your favour, Sir,
I may say the beginning of his rule
Is not pleasing to the best sort of men,
He deals very hardly with Lovers.

Ben. I am sorry to hear that of a Brother.

Luc. My Lord, I am more sorry to report it.
He has already reviv'd an old Law,
Which condemns any man to death, who gets,
Being unmarried, a Woman with Child.

Ben. How *Lucio*? does he mean to govern like
The Tyrant Turk, with Ev'nuchs of his Council?

Luc. You must assuage the choler of his wisdom,
And put him in mind that men are frail.

Ben. This business, *Balthazar*, requires our care;
For we having professed against the bonds
Of Marriage, and he, restraining
The liberty of Lovers, the good Duke
When he returns, will find no Children left
In *Turin*.

Luc. For my part, Sir,
I only fear the destruction of Learning:
For if there be no Children, farewell Grammar-Schools.

Ben. Come, we must sit in Council, *Balthazar*,
Increase our party, and still despise marriage.

Beat. We cannot hear 'em, *Juliet*; let us enter. [Enter *Beat*, *Jul.*

Ben. My dear Lady disdain! are you yet living? (Viol.)

Beat. Can disdain dye when she has so fit food
To feed it as *Benedick*?

Ben. I am belov'd of all Ladies, only
You excepted; and I am sorry they must lose
Their sighs; for I have a hard heart,
And can love none.

Beat.

Beat. A happiness to Women; who would else
Be troubled with a most pernicious Sutor?
But I can answer your humour; for I
Had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow,
Than a Man swear he loves me.

Ben. Keep in that mind, Lady, for then some of my
Friends may scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse,
If it were such a Face as *Benedick*'s.

Ben. You are a rare Parrot-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better than a Beast of yours.

Ben. I would my Horse had the speed of your Tongue;
But keep your way: I have done.

Beat. *Juliet*, he always ends with a Jades trick.

Jul. The Gentleman's wit is tir'd after spurring.

Vio. Y'are welcome home my Lord. Have you brought
Any Pendants, and fine Fans, from the Wars?

Ben. What my sweet Bud, you are grown to a Blossom!

Vio. My Sister has promis'd me that I shall be
A Woman, and that you shall make love to me,
When you are old enough to have a Wife.

Ben. This is not a chip of the old Block, but will prove
A smart Twig of the young Branch.

Esch. Lord *Angelo* expects you, Sir, and this
Fair Company. [Enter *Esch.* and *Serv.*

Serv. Signior *Claudio*, now under an Arrest,
Desires to speak with you. [Ex. *Beat*, *Ben*, *Balth.*, *Jul.*, *Esch.*, *Vio.*

Luc. How! under Arrest? The Governour's house
Is no proper place for a Prisoners visit.
Pray favour me so much as to tell him that
I'll come down to receive his commands. [Ex. *Serv.*, *Luc.*

Enter *Provost*, *Claudio*, *Officers.*

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god Authority make
Us pay down for our offence by weight [Enter *Lucio*.]

Luc. *Claudio*! how now! from whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty.
As Surfet is the father of a Fast,
So Liberty by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our Nature does pursue
An evil Thirst, and when we drink we dye.

Luc. If I could speak as wisely under Arrest,
I would send for some of my Creditors;
Yet (to say truth) I had rather enjoy
The foppery of freedom, than the wife
Morality of Imprisonment. What
Is thy offence *Claudio*?

Claud. To speak of it were to offend again.

Luc. What is it, Murder?

Claud. No.

Luc. I believe 'tis that which the precise call Incontinence.

Claud. You may call it so.

Bal. I am told *Claudio* is Arrested. [Enter *Balthazar*.]

Luc. 'Tis too true, *Balthazar*.

Bal. What is his crime?

Luc.

Luc. Lord Angelo has taught us so much modesty,
That I am ashamed to name it.

Balth. What, is there a Maid with Child by him?

Luc. No, but I fear there is a Woman with Maid by him.

Prov. Signior, I shall offend if you stay here:
Be pleas'd to go.

Claud. *Provost*, allow me but a few words more.

Luc. Pray *Claudio* speak your mind: we are your friends.

Claud. I grieve to tell you, Gentlemen, that I
Have got possession of *Julietta's* bed.
She is my Wife by sacred vows, and by
A contract seal'd with form of witnesses.
But we the ceremony lack of marriage,
And that, unhappily, we did defer
Only for the assurance of a Dowry,
Remaining in the Coffers of her Friends;
From whom we thought it fit to hide our love,
Till time had master'd their consent to it.

But so it happens, that
Our oft stoln pleasure is now writ
With Characters too gross in *Juliet*.

Bal. With Child perhaps.

Claud. 'Tis so;

And the new Deputy
Awakens all the enroll'd penalties,
Which have been Nineteen years unread, and makes
Me feel the long neglected punishment,
By such a Law, as three days after
Arrest, requires the forfeit of my head.

Luc. Thy head stands now so slightly
On thy shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she
Be in love, may sigh it off.

Bal. *Lucio*, you are a stranger to Lord *Angelo*,
But I well know the sowreness of his Soul:
And I was told in passing to you hither,
That *Juliet* is Arrested in his house,
And forc'd from the protection of
The Lady *Beatrice* his fair Ward.

Luc. I like it not: send quickly to the Duke,
And then appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so; but he's not to be found.
I prethee, *Lucio*, lend me thy assistance;
This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger I am in.
Implore her in my name, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy: she must her self assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a sweet and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; and well she can persuade.

Luc. I wish she may. I would be loth
That any of my friends should foolishly
Play away their lives at a Game of Tick-tack.

Bal. We will both to her presently.

Claud.

Claud. Come Officers, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke and Fryer Thomas.

Duke. No, Holy Father; throw away that thought;
Lov's too tender to dwell in my cold bosom.
I desire you to give me secret harbour,
For a design more grave and wrinkled than
The aims of giddy youth can have.

Fryer. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. None, Holy Father, better knows than you,
How I have ever lik'd a life retir'd;
And still have weary of Assemblies been,
Where witless youth comes drest to be ador'd.
I have deliver'd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of strictness, and firm abstinence)
My absolute pow'r and place here in *Turin*;
And he believes me travelling to *Spain*;
Now (pious Sir) you will demand of me
Why I did this?

Fryer. I fain would know.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and chastising Laws,
Which I have suffer'd Nineteen years to sleep,
Even like an o'regrown Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to Prey. But as fond Fathers
Bind up the threatenng Rod, and stick it in
Their Childrens sight, for terror more than use,
Till it in time become more markt than fear'd;
So our decrees, dead to infliction, to
Themselves are dead, and froward liberty,
Does Justice strike, as Infants beat the Nurse.

Fryer. This ty'd-up Justice, Sir, you might have soon
Let loose, which would have seem'd more dreadful
Than in *Angelo*.

Duke. Too dreadful, Sir. For since
It was my fault to give the People scope,
It may seem tyranny to punish them,
For what I bid them act. We do no less
Than bid unlawful actions to be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive Pass.

Fry. I am convinc'd.

Duke. I have on *Angelo* impos'd
Th'unpleasant pow'r of punishing; who may
Within the Ambush of my name, — strike home.
And to behold how he does rule, I will,
As if I were a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People. Therefore, I pray,
Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me how
I may in person a true Fryar seem.
I can allow you no more reasons for
This action now, than that Lord *Angelo*
Stands at a Guard with Envy, and does scarce
Confess that his blood flows;
The Man seems singular, but we shall see,
If Pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

N n

Enter

Enter Isabella, and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. But have you Nuns no further priviledge?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. They are; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Were on the Sisterhood vow'd to Saint *Clare*.

Luc. Ho! peace be in this place! [Lucio, Balthazar within.]

Isab. Who is it that does call?

Nun. It is a mans voice. Gentle *Isabella*,
Pray turn the Key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Prioress;

Then if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.

Luc. Ho! the Sisterhood.

Nun. He calls again; I pray you answer him.

Isab. Peace and Prosperity. Who is't that calls? [Enter Luc. Balt.]

Luc. Hail Virgin! please you befriend us so,
As to permit us to the sight of *Isabell*,
A novice of this place, and Sister to
Young *Claudio*, her unhappy Brother.

Isab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask;
The rather since I now must make it known
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle, and fair; your Brother kindly greets you.

Bal. We cannot, *Lucio*, come too suddenly
With sorrows to a mind prepar'd; 'tis fit
You tell her that her Brother is in Prison.

Isab. Ay me! for what?

Luc. For that which cannot be excus'd;
And yet, perhaps if he were try'd
By Judges not much older than himself,
Would have an easie punishment. He has,
I hope unwillingly, got his friend with Child.

Is. Sir, make me not your scorn.

Luc. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
To jest with Maids, play with all Vigin's so.
I hold you as a thing inshrind, and to
Be talkt with as a Saint in all sincerity.

Is. You hurt the good in mocking me.

Bal. Believe what he has said is truth.

Isab. Some one with Child by him? my Cousin *Juliet*?

Luc. Is she your Cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as School-maids change their names.

Luc. She it is.

Isab. Let him marry her.

Bal. Marry'd, they are in sight of Heaven, though not
With such apparent forms, as makes the Law
Approve and witness it.

Luc. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
And with full force of his authority,
Lord *Angelo* now Rules; a man whose blood
Is very Snow-broth, one who never feels

The

The wanton motions of the sense; but does
Rebate and blunt his natural edge,
With Morals, Lady. He studies much,
And fasts.

Balt. To frighten Libertines (who long have scap'd,
And silently have run by th' sleeping face
Of hideous Law, as Mice by Lyons steal)

Lord *Angelo* has hastily awak'd
A dreadful act, under whose heavy sense,
Your Brothers life falls into desperate forfeit.

Luc. All hope is gone, unless you have the grace;
By moving Prayers, to soften *Angelo*.

Isab. Does he so sternly seek his life?

Luc. He has already sentenc'd him, and (as
I hear) the Provost has a Warrant for
His Execution.

Isab. Alas, what poor abilities
Have I to do him good?

Balt. Make tryal of what pow'r you have.

Isab. My pow'r alas I doubt!

Luc. Go to Lord *Angelo*, and let him know,
When Virgins sue, men give like Gods;
But when they weep and kneel, no pow'r has then
So much of Devil in't, as not to yield.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Luc. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
Not staying longer, than to give the Mother
Notice of my business. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my Brother. Soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Luc. We take our leaves.

Isab. Heaven guide you, Gentlemen;
And so prepare to *Angelo* my way,
As if Saint *Clare* did prompt me how to pray.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Angelo*, *Benedick*.

Ben. BUT for ill doing, Sir, must *Claudio* dye?

Ang. The Law appoints that he
Who gets a Child unlawfully must dye.

Ben. But must a man be requited with death,
For giving life to another?

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the Law;
Setting it up to fright our Birds of prey;
And let it keep one shape, till custom makes it
Not their terrour, but their Pearch.

Ben. Call, Sir, your own affections to accompt.
Had time concur'd with place, or place with wishing;

N n 2

And

And had the resolution of your blood,
Found means t'attain th' effect of your own purpose,
Perhaps, in some hot season of your life,
Even you, Sir, would have err'd in that,
For which you censure him.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Benedick*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury passing on a Prisoners life,
May in the sworn twelve, have a Thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What knows the Law,
Whether Thieves pass on Thieves?

You cannot lessen his offence, because
I have offended too: but tell me at
That time, when I, who censure him, do so
Offend; and my own judgment then shall be
A pattern for my death. Brother, he must dye.

Ben. Sir, when I heard you had the place of Justice,
I did not think your gravity did mean
To swagger with her broad Sword. Can Dame Justice
Become, so soon, so notable a Cutter?

Ang. You have leave to be pleasant; but I pray
Listen to *Eschalus*, he'll give you counsel. [*Exit, and Enter Eschalus.*]

Ben. Good *Eschalus*, I should have found you out.
Is there no means to save poor *Claudio's* life?

Esch. Your Brother has given order to the Provost,
To see his Execution punctually
Perform'd, by nine to morrow morning.

Ben. A short warning for a terrible long Journey.

Esch. A Confessor will be sent to prepare him.

Ben. I'm told, Signior *Eschalus*, you have counsel for me.

Esch. My Lord, I'll not presume to call it mine;
'Tis from your Brother, who does well advise,
That you would please to think of marriage.
You know the Lady *Beatrice* was his Ward;
And now her Wardship is expir'd.

Ben. Marry?

What to beget Boys for the Headsman?

Esch. Good my Lord, leaving your severity,
You needs must think her beauty worth your praise.

Ben. She's too low for a high praise, and too little
For a great praise; but thus far I'll commend her;
Were she other than she is, she were then
Unhandsom, and being no other but
As she is, I do not like her.

Esch. My proposal deserves a steady answer.

Ben. My Brother, Sir, and I, walk several ways.
He takes care to destroy unlawful Lovers;
And I'll endeavour to prevent th' increase
Of lawful Cuckolds.

Esch. None of the beauteous Sex can have more virtue,
Than fair *Beatrice*.

Ben. Sir, I sincerely allow your opinion.
She is yet very exceedingly virtuous,
And has a laziness towards love: but, Sir,

She

She has too much wit, and great Wits will not long
Lye idle.

Esch. You have too much mirth to have suspicion.

Ben. As I will not do Ladies so much wrong
To mistrust any, so I'll do my self
The right to trust none.

Esch. This sutes not with your Brothers purpose. [*Enter Lucio,*

Ben. Welcome, are either of you inclin'd to marriage? (*Balth.*

Balt. How, marriage? it is a noose for Ninnies;
Do you think I will have a Recheat winded
In my forehead, or hang my Bugle in
An invisible Baldrick?

Luc. If I ever marry, let mine eyes be
Pickt out with the Pen of a Ballad-maker,
And hang me up at the door of a Brothel,
For the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Ben. You see, Signior *Eschalus*, my Brother makes
So many Enemies to propagation,
That if the Duke stay long, he may chance find
A Dominion without Subjects.

Luc. If he have any, they will need
No Governour, for they will all be old
Enough to govern themselves.

[*Enter Beatrice, Viola.*]
Ben. Here comes the Lady *April*, whose fair face
Is always incident to some foul weather.

Beat. I wonder you will still be talking, *Benedick*;
No body marks you.

Ben. I mean to drink
Opium before I come in your Company,
That you may excuse my follies,
With saying, I talk in my sleep.

Beat. Where is Lord *Angelo*?

Esch. Madam, he is retir'd.

Beat. What to his Prayers?
As Executioners kneel down and ask pardon,
Before they handle the Axe.

Ben. Hale in Maine-Bolin! the storm begins!

Beat. Heaven send the good Duke here again! do you
Not hear, Signior, *Eschalus*, of the Mutiny
In Town?

Esch. No, Madam, is there a Mutiny?

Beat. All the Midwives, Nurfes, and Milk-women
Are up in Arms, because the Governour
Has made a Law against Lovers.

Ben. True, the Law is, that none who have not been
Bound Prentices to *Hymen*, shall set up
In the trade of making Children.

Esch. Madam, you will marry, and have your freedom.

Beat. Marry? yes, if you'll fashion me a man
Of a middle constitution, between
Lord *Angelo's* Carthusian gravity,
And his Brother *Benedick*; the one is
Too like a State-Image and says nothing;
And the other, too like a Country Lady's

Eldest

Eldest Son, evermore talking.

Ben. Nay do but persecute my Brother,
And I am satisfy'd.

Beat. Signior *Eschalus*, is not my Wardship out?

Esch. Yes, Madam.

Beat. And this House, where the Governour lives, mine own?

Esch. Madam, it is.

Beat. Methinks my Guardian
Is but a rude Tenant. How durst he with
Unmanly power, force my Cousin *Juliet* from me?

Esch. Lady, it was the Law that us'd that force.

Beat. The Law? is she not married by such Vows
As will stand firm in Heaven? that's the substantial part
Which carries the effect, and must she then
Be punisht for neglect of form?
Must conscience be made good by compliment?

Ben. My Brother will have men behave themselves
To Heaven, as Boys do to their Pedants: they
Must not say grace, without making their legs.

Beat. I am glad *Benedick*, to hear you
Sometimes in the right.

Ben. I'm in the right, Lady, only
As often as you are in the wrong.

Beat. Pray, Signior *Eschalus*, desire my Guardian
To let the Divines govern the Civilians.
I would have my Cousins spiritual marriage
Stand good in conscience, though 'tis bad in Law.
She must not be lockt up within thick Walls,
And Iron Grates. A Wood-bine Arbour will
Prove strong enough to hold a Lady, when
She is grown so weak as to be in love.

Viol. Pray, Sister, why is *Juliet* in Prison?

Beat. Peace, *Viola*, you are too young to know.

Ben. She play'd with a bearded Baby, Mistres,
Contrary to Law.

Viol. Alas, poor *Juliet*! I'll sing no more
To the Governour, till he lets her out.

Beat. Sir, the Deputy drinks too much Vinegar;
It makes his disposition sower.

Esch. Pray, Madam, tell him so.

Beat. No, Sir, you States-men manage your discourse
Amongst your selves by signs. I am not mute
Enough to understand your Mysteries.

Come, *Viola*, I'll write to the Duke. [Exit *Beat.* *Viol.*

Ben. This would make a rare Wife, were she not
A woman.

Balt. You with the men, and she with the maids, will
Quickly forbid all Banes.

Luc. If we do not
Bring ill Poesies of Wedding Rings out of
Fashion, let's not be numbred with the Wits.

Enter *Angelo* and *Provost*.

Ang. What is your business, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your will *Claudio* shall dye to morrow?

Ang.

Ang. Did I not say he should? had you not order?

Why do you ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, the wife Judge
Has his rash doom repented.

Ang. Do you your office, or else give it up,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Excellencies pardon.
What shall be done with the weeping *Juliet*?

Ang. Dispose of her to some apartment in
The Prison, where *Claudio* may not see her.

[Enter *Servant*.

serv. Here is a Sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Already is his Sister come,
She has the reputation, *Provost*, of
A virtuous Maid.

Prov. I, my good Lord, a very virtuous Maid,
And to be shortly of a Sisterhood.

Ang. Let her be admitted.
Provost take care that *Juliet* be remov'd
At distance from her Lover.

[Exit *Servant*.

[Enter *Lucio*, *Isabella*.

Prov. Heaven still preserve your Excellence.

Ang. Stay here awhile. Y'are welcome, what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful Sutor to your Excellence,
If you in goodness will vouchsafe to hear me.

Ang. What is your suit?

Isab. There is a vice which most I do abhor,
And most desire that it should meet rebuke;
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

Ang. Well, come to the matter.

Isab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to dye.
I would beseech you to condemn the fault, and not
My Brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Is not each fault condemn'd ere it be done?
I were the very Cipher of Authority,
If I should fine the fault, whose fine stands in
Record, and yet forgive the Actor.

Isab. Oh just! but yet severe Law!
I had a Brother then. Heaven keep you, Sir.

Luc. Give it not over so, to him again:
Kneel down before him; y'are too cold.

Isab. Must he needs dye?

Ang. Virgin, no remedy.

Isab. Yes, I believe that you might pardon him;
And neither Heaven, nor man, would at
The mercy grieve.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. You can then if you would?

Ang. That which I should not do, I cannot do.

Isab. But you may do it, Sir, and do the world
No hurt: I would your heart were toucht with such
Remorse, as mine is to him.

Ang.

Ang. He's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too tame.

Ifab. Too late? I who have spoke a word, may call
The meaning back. No Ceremony,
No Ornament which to the Great belongs;
Not the Kings Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Martial's Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe,
Become them with so beautiful a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you might have err'd like him;
But he like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. I pray be gone.

Ifab. Would Heaven, if you were *Ifabell*, that I
A while might have your pow'r, to let you see
How soon the sorrow of a Sisters tears,
Should cleanse the foulness of a Brothers fault.

Luc. That is the Vain, touch it boldly.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law;
And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alas, alas, all Souls were forfeit once;
And he who might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. What would you do
If he, who on the utmost top of heights,
On Judges sits, should judge you as you are?

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It was the Law, not I, condemn'd your Brother;
Were he my Kinsman or my Son, it should
Be with him thus. And he must dye to morrow.

Ifab. To morrow? Oh that's sudden! spare him! spare him!
He's not prepar'd. Even for our Kitchens we
The Fowl of Season kill. Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect, than we would minister
To our gross selves? My Lord, in mercy speak!
Who is it that has dy'd for this offence?
Too many have committed it.

Luc. Well said.

Ang. The Law has not been dead, though it has slept.
Those many had not dar'd to act that crime,
If he who first did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. 'Tis now awake;
Takes note of what is done, and Prophet-like,
Looks in a Glass, which shows what future ills,
Might by remissness be in progress hatcht.

Ifab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most, when I most Justice show,
For I commiserate then, even those whom I
Shall never know; and whose offences, if
They were forgiven, might afterwards destroy them.
And also do him right, who, punisht for
One pleasing crime, lives not to act another.
Be satisfy'd; your Brother dies to morrow.

Ifab. So you, my Lord, must be the first that e're
This sentence gave, and he the first that suffers it.
'Tis excellent to have a Giants strength;

But

But Tyrannous to use it like a Giant.

Luc. Well said again.

Ifab. If men could thunder
As great *Jove* does, *Jove* ne'er would quiet be;
For every choleric petty Officer,
Would use his Magazine in Heaven for Thunder:
We nothing should but Thunder hear. Sweet Heaven!
Thou rather with thy stiff and sulph'rous bolt
Dost split the knotty and obdurate Oak,
Than the soft Mirtle. O but man, proud man!
(Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he thinks himself
Assur'd) does in his glassy essence, like
An angry Ape, play such fantastick tricks
Before high Heaven, as would make Angels laugh
If they were mortal, and had spleens like us.

Luc. To him, he will relent, I feel him coming.

Prov. Pray Heaven she gain him!

Ang. Why do you use this passion before me?

Ifab. Authority, though it does err like others,
Yet has a kind of Med'cine in it self,
Which skins the top of every vice.
Knock at your bosom, Sir, and ask your heart
If it contains no crime, resembling my
Poor Brothers fault, and then, if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as his is,
Let it not sound a sentence from your tongue,
Against my Brothers life.

Ang. She speaks such sense
As with my reason breeds such Images,
As she has excellently form'd. Farewel.

Ifab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back!

Ang. I will bethink me, come again to morrow.

Ifab. Hark, how I'll bribe you; good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Ifab. I, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else.

Ifab. With early Prayers that shall be up at Heaven,
And enter there before

The mornings Casement opens to the World;
The Prayers of fasting maids.

Ang. Well, come to me to morrow.

Luc. Enough, away!

Ifab. All that is good be near your Excellence.

Ang. I thank you.

Ifab. At what hour shall I attend you.

Ang. At any time e're noon.

Ifab. The Angels still preserve you.

Ang. From all, but from thy virtue maid!

I love her virtue. But, temptation! O!
Thou false and cunning guide! who in disguise
Of Virtues shape lead'st us through Heaven to Hell.
No vitious Beauty could with practis'd Art
Subdue, like Virgin-innocence, my heart.

O o

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Duke in disguise of a Fryar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost, so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good Father?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blessed Orders,
I come to visit the afflicted minds
In Prison here. Do me the common right,
To let me see them; and to let me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
Accordingly to their relief.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one, who in her flames of youth *[Enter Juliet.*
Has blister'd her fair fame. She is with Child,
And he that got it sentenc'd.

Duke. When must he dye?

Prov. As I believe, to morrow.
I'll go in, and prepare him for your visit:
In the mean time bestow your counsel here. *[Exit Provost.]*

Duke. Repent you (fair one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I bear my punishment most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Lov'd you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I lov'd the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems you mutually have sin'd?

Jul. We mutually have sin'd against the Law:
And I repent for it, but am as much
Afflicted at my ignorance,
Not knowing 'twas a sin when I transgress,
As at the sin it self.

Duke. If Daughter you repent that sin, because
It brings you shame, it is a common, and
An erring grief, which looks more at our selves,
Than towards Heaven; not sparing Heaven for love,
But fear.

Jul. As 'tis an evil I repent, and grieve not for
The shame, because you think it is deserv'd.

Duke. There rest.

Your Partner (as I hear) must dye to morrow;
And I am going with instructions to him.
Grace go with you. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Must dye to morrow? oh injurious love!
It respites me a life whose very best
Is still a dying horror. *[Exit.]*

Enter Claudio, Lucio, Balthazar.

Balth. Claudio, to tarry longer with you now,
Were but to lose that time which we
Must husband for your benefit. No care
Is wanting in your Sister, nor in us.

Luc. Our Lawyers make good Merchandise of Women,
The head of a man pays for a maidenhead.

Claud. There is no rack so painful in this Prison,
As that which stretches me 'tween hope and doubt.
All I desire is certainty. *Balt.*

Balt. You speak as if you were already in
Another world; for there's no certainty
In this. We'll see you hourly, so farewell.

Luc. When I leave this wanting world, to meet death,
I'll ride Post to him on a Hobby-horse,
And fence against his Dart with a Fools Bauble.

Claud. By all your loyal friendship, *Balthazar,*
Let *Juliet* be protected with your care,
And courage, from injurious tongues.

Balt. I will deserve your trust.

Claud. Pray serve her with a noble tenderness,
In all that her afflictions shall require.

Balt. I need not such a strict command.
Away, let's leave him to his meditations.

Luc. Remember *Claudio,*
This wicked world does homage to rich Fools,
And witty men want money. *Enter Provost.*

Prov. A Father desires to speak with you. *[Ex. Claudio, Provost.]*

Luc. Methinks it is too late for *Claudio* to
Expect a Reprieve.

Balt. Hope is so familiar an acquaintance,
That though she stays with us all day, yet we
Are loth to part with her at night.

Luc. Where is *Benedick*?

Balt. Gone to *Beatrice*, she just now sent for him.

Luc. We shall never out-face the world with our
Investives against marriage, for I find
Sexes will meet, though Mountains and rough Seas
Make a long space between them. Our design
On *Benedick* and *Beatrice* must be pursu'd.

Balt. Let's to the Governours, and in the way
I'll tell thee how we ought to manage it. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. My weighty Office I can value now,
But as an idle plume worn in the wind. *[Enter Servant.]*

Serv. The Sister, Sir, of *Claudio* desires access.

Ang. Shew her the way into the Gallery. *[Exit Servant.]*

Why does my blood, thus flowing to my heart,
Make it unable for it self, whilst then
It dispossesses other parts of that
Which they in lesser streams would useful make?
So deal officious throngs, with him who swounds;
They come to help him, and they stop the air
By which he should revive; and so.

The numerous Subjects to a well-wisht King,
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to
His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love,
Does an offence, and an oppression prove. *[Exit.]*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Isabel, Angelo.

Ifab. I Am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot live.

Ifab. Even so, Heaven keep your Excellence.

Ang. Stay a little,
For he perhaps may live awhile: nay, and
As long as you or I, since none can know
Their own appointed ends. Yet, he must dye.

Ifab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yes.

Ifab. When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer or Shorter) he may be so fitted
That his Soul may not suffer with his body.

Ang. He had a filthy vice. It were as good
To pardon him that has from Nature stolon
A man already made, as to permit
Their sawcy sweetness, who Heavens Image coyn
In Stamps which are forbid.

Ifab. That is set down in Heaven, but not on Earth.

Ang. How? say you so? then I shall quickly poze you.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Should take your Brothers life, or to redeem him,
Give up your pretious self to such a blemish
As she permitted whom he stain'd?

Ifab. I'll rather give my Body than my Soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Do more for number stand, than for account.

Ifab. How say you, Sir?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say: answer to this.
I (now the voice of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this Brother's life?

Ifab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. You doing it at peril of your soul,
Make equal poize of sin and charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n let me bear't. If it be sin for you
To grant my suit, I'll make it still my Prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And not to your account.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine; sure you are ignorant;
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it does tax it self; as a black Mask
Often proclaims a cover'd beauty more,
Than beauty does it self, when openly
Displaid. But mark me *Ifabell*,
Or if I may more plainly be receiv'd,
I'll speak more home. Your Brother is to dye.

Ifab. So!

Ang. And his offence is such, as it appears
Accountant to the Law.

Ifab. True!

Ang. Admit no other way could save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
Unless by way of question) but that you
(Finding your self desir'd of such a man
Whose credit with the Judge, could free your Brother)
Must either yield the treasures of your youth,
Or else must let him dye: what would you do?

Ifab. As much for my poor Brother, as for *Ifabell*.
Th'impression of sharp whips I gladly would
As Rubies wear, and strip my self
Even for a Grave, as for a Bed, e're I
Would yield my honour up to shame.

Ang. Then must your Brother dye.

Ifab. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a Brother dye a while,
Than that a Sister, by redeeming him,
Should dye for ever.

Ang. Are you not then as cruel as that sentence
Which you have slander'd so?

Ifab. Ignoble ransom, no proportion bears
To pardon freely given; and lawful mercy,
Is not at all akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant;
And so your Brothers guiltiness excus'd,
As if it rather might be stil'd
A recreation than a vice.

Ifab. O pardon me my Lord. Oft it falls out,
That Pleaders speak not what they mean,
In hope to get what they would have.
I sometimes may excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage, whom I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ifab. Else let my Brother dye.

Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.

Ifab. I, as the glasses where they see themselves,
Which are as eas'ly broke, as they make forms.
Women? help Heaven! pray call us ten times frail,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And soon a bad impression take.

Ang. And from this testimony of your own Sex,
(Since I suppose we are not made so strong,
But that our faults, may shake our frames) let me

Be

Be bold t'arrest your words. Be what you are,
That is, a woman, if y'are more, y'are none,
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all external warrants) shew it now.

Ifab. I have no Tongue but one. Gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Ifab. My Brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me he shall dye for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Ifab. Your pow'r may your discretion licence give,
And make you seem much fouler than you are,
To draw on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words exprest my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! little honour, to be much believ'd,
Your purpose is pernicious now discern'd.
I will proclaim thee *Angelo*, look for't;
Sign me a present pardon for my Brother,
Or I will tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe you *Isabell*?
My unfoil'd name, austerity of life,
My word against you, and my place i'th' State,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you'll be stifled in your own report.
And now I give my sensual race the rains.
Yield to my passion, or your Brother must
Not only dye, but your unkindness shall
Draw out his death to lingring pains.
To morrow answer me, or by that love
Which now does guide me, I will be
A Tyrant to him.

Ifab. To whom shall I complain?
If I tell this, who will believ't?
I'll to my Brother straight,

That he may know false *Angelo's* request,
And then prepare for his eternal rest.

Enter Benedick and Beatrice, several ways.

Ben. I was told, Lady, you would speak with me.

Beat. I would, and I would not.

Ben. Then I'll stay, or I will not stay;
'Tis all one to me.

Beat. Nay, I know you are but an indifferent man:
Yet now by chance, I rather am inclin'd
That you should stay.

Ben. And 'tis a greater chance
That our inclinations should so soon meet;
For I will stay.

Beat. Your Brother is a proper Prince, he rules
With a Rod in's hand instead of a Scepter,
Like a Country School-Master in a Church;
He keeps a large Palace with no Attendants,
And is fit to have none but Boys for his Subjects.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

Ben.

Ben. As ill as he governs (if my
Design thrive against the Fetters of marriage,
As his does against the liberty of Lovers)
His rule may last till the end of the world;
For there will be no next Generation.

Beat. Would I might trust you *Benedick*.

Ben. Madam, you believe me to have some honour.
If you have most secretly invented
A new Dressing, can you think I'll reveal
The fashion, before you wear it?

Beat. Notwithstanding your seeming indisposition
To inventions of Fashions, yet there be
Those in *Turin*, who have intercepted
Packets between you and Taylors of *Paris*.
Well, though those are but light correspondents,
Yet I would trust you in matter of weight.

Ben. I hope, Lady, you have no plot upon me.
I'll marry no woman.

Beat. I did not think you had been so well natur'd,
As to prevent the having any of
Your breed. Marry you? what should I do with you?
Dress you in my old Gown, and make you my
Waiting Woman?

Ben. A waiting Woman with a Beard?

Beat. I shall ne'er endure a Husband with a Beard.
I had rather lye in woolen.

Ben. Though you disguise matrimonial pretensions,
With pretty scorn, yet I am glad I have
A Beard for my own defence. And though fashion
Makes me shave much (and that you believe me
A lover of fashions) yet mine shall grow
To a very bush, for my greater security.
But, pray proceed to your matter of weight.

Beat. I will trust you; not as a man of love,
But a man of Arms.

Ben. At your own peril.

And more t'encourage you, I will declare
That though I'm very loth to come within
The narrow compass of a Wedding Ring;
Yet I owe every fair Lady a good turn.
But to the business.

Beat. In brief you must
Renew familiarity with your Brother;
And steal the use of his Signet to seal
Julietta's pardon and her liberty,
And *Claudio's* too: this done, they shall practise
Their escape, I'll endeavour mine; and you
Signior may shift for your self.

Ben. This is but betraying an ill Brother,
For a good purpose; I'll do't if I can.

Beat. You shall give me the Signet, for I'll have
All in my own management.

Ben. No, though I rob my Brother of the Signet;
You shall not rob me of the danger.

Beat.

Beat. Then I'll proceed no further.

Ben. That as you please.

Beat. You would have the honour of the business.

Ben. 'Tis due to my Sex.

Beat. Fare you well Sir——yet you
May come again an hour hence, to receive
An ill look.

Ben. That will not fright me much; for you can look
No better than you use to do. [Ex. *Ben.* at one door. Enter *Viola*

Viol. Sister, I have got Verses. Signior *Lucio* (at another.
Made them: he and *Balthazar* are within.

Beat. Is *Lucio* become a man of meetre?
That's the next degree upward to the giddy
Station of a foolish Lover. They are
Compos'd into a Song too. Sing it *Viola*.

Viola sings the SONG.

Viol. **W**Ake all the dead! what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose Pillows lye low?
They mind not poor Lovers who walk above
On the Decks of the World in storms of love.

No whisper now nor glance can pass
Through Wickets or through Panes of Glass;
For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd.
I ye close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.
In ev'ry Grave make room, make room!
The Worlds at an end, and we come, we come.

2.

The State is now Love's foe, Love's foe;
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow;
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Because he made way for Lovers to meet.

But O sad chance, his Judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his process would draw.
O Heavens that love should be subject to law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!
Lye two in a Grave, and to Bed, to Bed!

Enter *Lucio*, *Balthazar*.

Beat. Signior *Lucio*, you are grown so desp'rate
As to write Verses.

Luc. Very little business, much love,
And no money makes up a parcel-Poet.
But the Verses are not mine.

Beat. Whose are they?

Luc. *Balthazar* knows the Author.

Balt. Not better than you, who had them from him.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let him tell you.

Balt. Excuse me, Sir, I am as chary of
Getting my friend the ill name of a Poet,
As you are.

Beat. Why Gentlemen, you will not make

And

A

A secret of telling the hour of the day,
When your Watches are ready to strike?
Pray whose are the Verses?

Luc. Madam, the Author's name is *Benedick*.

Beat. Is't possible? I am glad he lies bare
Under the lash of the Wits. There are now
No such Tormentors in *Turin* as the Wits.
Poor *Benedick*, they'll have him on the Rack
E're night; why they will draw a strong line, to
The subtle weakness of a Spinners thred.

Balt. I fear he will be quickly liable
To a greater torment, than any that
The Wits can inflict.

Luc. Madam, we are your vow'd Servants,
We cannot chuse but tell you all. *Balthazar*,
You made the first discovery, you may speak it.

Balt. Madam, 'tis not civil to lengthen your
Expectation. He is in love.

Beat. In love? that were a sudden change, and would shew
More of the Moon in him, than is in a Mad-woman.
Good *Balthazar* with whom?

Balt. *Lucio* was ready to dye laughing when
He found it, and swore then he would tell you.

Beat. Keep your oath, *Lucio*; who is't that has caught him?

Luc. Nay, Madam, you now impose upon me.

Beat. Let me intreat you.

Luc. Why then, as sure as you can love no Lover,
He loves you.

Beat. This sounds like fiction and design.
Good *Balthazar*, he is but newly gone
From hence, go seek him out, and bring him back;
Your friendship may prevail with him.

Luc. It will beget more mirth, than belongs
To a Morrice, in the month of *May*.

Balt. But I beseech you no words of our discov'ry.

Beat. Signior, you may trust me.

[Exit *Balthazar*.

Perhaps, *Lucio*, you cannot think it strange,
That I believe you of my Party;
And fitter for my trust than *Balthazar*.

Luc. O no, Madam, I have been trusted by
Young Ladies e're now.

Beat. Are you sure *Benedick* loves me? he has
No fashion of a Lover in publick.

Luc. Poor man, he has two contrary extreams
Of Love-madness. He is in company
As fantastical as a Fencer after
His victory in a Prize; but in private
He will sigh more than an old Dutch Pilot
That has lost his Ship.

Beat. I shall have rare diversion if his fit holds.

Luc. It is not good to jest away mens lives.

Beat. I see you are serious: but will you swear this?

Luc. If you can endure the coarseness of swearing;
I've been unlucky at play in my time.

P p

And

And shall quickly swear like a losing Gamester.

Beat. Stay Sir, you may take up the fools commodity
Of belief, without ingaging of oaths:

I know you are a man of excellent temper.

Luc. Madam, I swear by———.

Beat. I pray Sir hold!———

Luc. Nay if you would put me to't.

Beat. *Lucio*, you must diswade him from his love;
And I must trust you. I have but one heart,
And that is already dispos'd off.

Luc. Madam, all Lovers compar'd to *Benedick*,
Are but lamentable Courtiers in old Cloaths.

Beat. Truly, he was wont to be merry.

Luc. E're he felt Love, his heart was as found
As any Bell, and his Tongue was the Clapper:
For what his Heart thought, his Tongue would speak.
Take heed, you must not lose him.

Beat. *Lucio*, my heart is desigu'd to another.

Luc. Madam, may I be bold t'enquire to whom?

Beat. You know the man.

Luc. Be he what he will, he must shew as ugly
As a tall man, sitting on a low stool
Before a Chimney, compar'd to *Benedick*.

Beat. You ought not to say so, when I name him.

Luc. Madam, I dare justifie my friend.

Beat. I shall be angry if you compare him
To him whom I can name. Suppose it is
Signior *Lucio*.

Luc. Madam, I confesse Comparisons
Are somewhat odious.

Beat. O, are they so? I pray let me advise you
Not to lessen your self; though I perceive
You cannot chuse but make much of your friend.

Luc. Sits the wind on that side? I must hoite sail
With Top, and Top-gallant.

Beat. But are you not ty'd, Sir, by some deep vow
To wooe for *Benedick*? I am very tender
Of Mens vows.

Luc. Will you believe me, Madam?

Beat. Without oaths I beseech you.

Luc. He knows as much the matter of this visit,
As I do of the Great Turk's particular
Inclination to Red Herring.

Beat. Are you in earnest?

Luc. *Balthazar* and I

Were only over officious to serve him.

Beat. Nor he is not in love?

Luc. No more than a man that goes continually
To Sea to make discoveries.

Beat. Then it appears a little strange,
That you made this hearty address for him.

Luc. On my honour, Madam, it was to get
Some opportunity to move for my self.

Beat. And you think him no extraordinary wit?

Luc.

Luc. So, so, a modest wit, somewhat out of countenance
Being laught at; for then he grows as melancholy
As a Lodge in a Warren.

Beat. Right, I use to laugh at him.

And then there's a Partridge wing sav'd at night;
For the Fool will eat no Supper.

Luc. Madam, I see you know him.

Beat. Signior *Lucio*, be kind to your self.

[Exit.

Luc. *Lucio*, if thou were't any thing but *Lucio*,
I would hug thee to death. Some men in choler
Rail against Fortune, but I adore her:
She has made her fail of my Mothers Smock.
I would the Poets would send us a dozen
Such Goddesses.

[Enter Balthazar.

Bal. I have been seeking *Benedick*: and I
Am told now, he's gone up the back-stairs,
And is in private with the Deputy.
Where's the Lady *Beatrice*?

Luc. *Balthazar*, trouble not your self, for men
May often lose their labour.

Bal. How so?

Luc. *Benedick* is not the man she aims at.

Bal. He's very singular and eminent.
But I confesse, this angling for Ladies
Is a very subtle sport.

Luc. They are Fishes of fantastical palats;
And will sometimes sooner bite at a Worm,
Than at a *May-Flye*.

Bal. She has a full fortune. Twelve thousand Crowns
A year.

Luc. He will be safe from Creditors that has her. [Enter Viola.

Viol. Signior *Lucio*, my Sister would speak with you. [Exit.

Luc. *Balthazar*, I must e'en retire from business;
You see I cannot rest for Ladies.

Bal. I prethee put the matter home. [Exeunt several ways.

Enter Duke in Fryers Habit, Claudio, and Provost.

Claud. Father, I thank you! I am now of Death's
Small party, 'gainst the Crowd who strife for life. [Enter Isab.

Isab. What hoa! Grace dwell within!

Prov. Who's there? the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e're long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most rev'rend Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. You are welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

Duke. Provost, a word.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me, where I conceal'd

May hear them speak.

[Ex. Duke, Provost.

Claud. Now Sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. 'Tis such as earthly comforts use to be,

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to Heaven,

Intends you for his swift Ambassador.

Therefore your best appointment make with speed;

To morrow you set on.

P p 2

Claud.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. Yes Brother, you may live;
There is a devillish mercy in the Judge
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Ifab. 'Tis worse than close restraint, and painful too
Beyond all tortures which afflict the body;
For 'tis a Rack invented for the mind.

Claud. But of what nature is it?

Ifab. 'Tis such, as should you give it your consent,
Would leave you stript of all the wreaths of War,
All ornaments my Father's valour gain'd,
And shew you naked to the scornful world.

Claud. Acquaint me with my doom.

Ifab. If I could fear thee, *Claudio*, I should weep
Lest thou a shameful life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven short Winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou dye?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the small Beetle, when we tread on it,
In corp'ral suff'rance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Gyant dyes.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From tenderness? If I must dye,
I'll welcome darkness as a shining Bride.

Ifab. There spoke my Brother: there my Fathers Grave
Utter'd a chearful voice. Yes, you must dye,
You are too noble to conserve a life
By wretched remedies. Our outward Saint
Does in his gracious looks disguise the Devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond, as foul as Hell.

Claud. The princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh, he is uglier than the frightful Fiend,
By Pencils of our cloyster'd Virgins drawn.
Speak, *Claudio*, could you think, you might on earth
Be guiltless made by him, if I would Heaven
(Which never injur'd us) foully offend?

Claud. Infernal *Angelo*! can this be true?

Ifab. Yes, he would clear you from your blackest crimes,
By making me much blacker than himself,
This night's the time, when he would have me do
What I abhor to name, or else you must
Be dead to morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. O, were it but my life,
I would for your deliverance throw it down,
Most frankly, *Claudio*.

Claud. Thanks dear *Isabella*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Claud. Has he Religion in him? sure he thinks
It is no sin, or of the deadly seven

He

He does believe it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being wise
Why would he for the momentary taste
Of lust, eternally be fed with fire?
But *Isabell*—

Ifab. What says my Brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And living shame more hateful.
Sure you have study'd what it is to dye.

Claud. Oh Sister, 'tis to go we know not whither.
We lye in silent darkness, and we rot;
Where long our motion is not stopt; for though
In Graves none walk upright (proudly to face
The Stars) yet there we move again, when our
Corruption makes those worms in whom we crawl.
Perhaps the Spirit (which is future life)
Dwells *salamander*-like, unharm'd in fire:
Or else with wand'ring winds is blown about
The world. But if condemn'd like those
Whom our incertain thought imagines howling;
Than the most loath'd and the most weary life
Which Age, or Ache, want, or imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet Sister! I would live,
Were not the ransom of my life much more
Than all your honour and your virtue too
(By which you are maintain'd) can ever pay,
Without undoing both.

Ifab. Prepare your self, your line of life is short.

Claud. I am prepar'd: but Sister, if
Your Brother you did ever love; or if
Our Mothers pity may your pattern be,
Let *Juliet* in your tender bosom dwell;
Who has no blemish, if such Laws
As innocent antiquity allow'd,
Were now of force, or if Religion here
In *Turin*, did not more subsist
By publick form, than private use.

Ifab. You want Authority to tax the Law.
Let your submission your last virtue be.

Claud. Will you be good to *Juliet*?

Ifab. I will invite her to my breast, and to
A cloyster'd shade, where we with mutual grief
Will mourn, in sad remembrance of our loss.

Claud. Your promise is now register'd in Heaven.
Bear her this fatal pledge of our first Vows. [Gives her a Ring.
Farewel. To cloyst'rall kindness both
Retire, where you may ever live above
The rage of pow'r, and injuries of love. [Exit, and the Duke

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young Sister, but one word. [Steps in.

Ifab. What is your will?

Duke.

Duke. I would some satisfaction crave of that,
In which you likewise may have benefit.

Isab. My sorrows, Father, hasten me away.
I must beseech you to be brief.

Duke. The hand which made you fair, has made you good.
Th' assault which *Angelo* has to
Your virtue given, chance to my knowledge brings.
I have o'reheard you, and with much astonishment
I gaze on th' Image you have made of *Angelo*.

Isab. How is the noble Duke deceiv'd in such
A Substitute? whose wickedness I will
Proclaim to all the world.

Duke. Your accusation he will soon avoid,
By saying he but tryal of
Your virtue made; therefore I wish you would
Conceal his horrid purpose till fit time
Shall serve you at the Duke's return:
Do you conceive my counsel good?

Isab. Father I am oblig'd to follow it.

Duke. Where lodge you, virtuous Maid?

Isab. The Sisterhood of Saint *Clare* will soon inform you.
I lodge in the Apartment for probation.

Duke. There I'll attend you Daughter. Grace preserve you.
[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter Benedick and Beatrice at several doors,
and Viola with her.*

Beat. O Sir! you are a very princely Lover!
You cannot woo but by Ambassadors;
And may chance to marry by Proxy.

Ben. Your wit flows so fast
That I'll not stem the tyde; I'll cast Anchor,
And consult in your Cabin how t'avoid
Danger. The Rocks are very near us.

Beat. How now? afraid of the Deputy's Ghost
E're he be dead? my Sister shall lead you
Through the dark.

Ben. There is the Pardon
Sign'd for *Juliet* and for *Claudio* too.

Beat. I thank you, *Benedick*. Give it me.

Ben. You are as nimble as a Squirrel, but
The Nuts are not so soon crackt.

Beat. Unless I have it I'll take back my thanks.

Ben. If it be possible to fix Quick-silver
Stay but a little.

Beat. What would you say?

Ben. *Eschalus* is in the Plot,
And was brought to't with more fears, than a furr'd
Alderman to an insurrection
Of Prentices.

Beat. Signior *Eschalus*? could his gravity
Venture to change his Gold Chain for a Halter?

Ben. I was fain to pretend hourly correspondence
With th' absent Duke; which gain'd me his respect.
I assur'd him of promotion, and then

He

He grew willing to betray his Friend
And fellow-States-man my Brother. For men
Of that Tribe are very loving, but especially
To themselves. He surpriz'd the Signet,
And counterfeited the hand.

Beat. Give it me, I long to be about it.

Ben. A little patience; You would make your self
Ready without your Glafs.

Beat. These male-Conspirators are so tedious.

Ben. I must convey it to the Provost, and
Engage his secrecy.

Beat. Make haste, you must not stay
So long as to be civil to him at parting.

Ben. My Coach attends me at the Gate.

Beat. O, I forgot! your two Confed'rates have
Been here, and brought verses from you.

Ben. Verses? and from me?

Beat. Yes, and they woo'd for you, but *Lucio*
Was soon perswaded to speak for himself.

He says you are a meer Country-Wit.

Ben. I'll dip him in this Plot, till he grow solemn
With business. If it were fit

To be malicious, that *Caytiff*, *Lucio*, should have his
Coxcomb cut off for foolish Treason.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Eschalus meeting Benedick.

Esch. My Lord, the Warrant for the Pardon? have you it?

Ben. Why ask you, Sir?

Esch. Still wear it in your hand, and watch it there.

Ben. I keep it 'tween my Finger and my Thumb,
As close as a catch Flea.

Are you afraid it will skip from me?

Esch. The matter is of dreadful consequence.

Ben. Fear nothing, Sir; the World would still
Run swiftly round; but for you State-Cripples,
Who make it halt with your politick stops
Of too much caution.

Esch. If your Brother, the Deputy,
Circumvent us, you'll secure me by the Duke?

Ben. You shall add a lease of my life to your own.
Be resolute, I am in haste.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Jailor, Juliet. Viola knocking within.

Viol. within. My Cousin *Juliet*, are you here? [*Jailor opens the door.*]

This fellow looks like a man boyl'd

[*Enter Viola.*]

Jul. Are you not frighted with this dismal place?
How does your Sister? speak, does she not blush
When she remembers me?

Viol. I bring you good news!
Cousin, I would not meet that man in the dark.
Does he dwell here to lock up children

That are imprison'd for crying?

Jul. Tell me your happy news; Dear *Viola*!

Viol. Nay I can tell you none, yet 'tis very good.
You shall hear all to morrow.

Jul.

Jul. To morrow is the last in my short Calendar.

Viol. I have heard more than I will speak. You shall
Come forth and lye with me, and dream all night
Of new Dressings, and dance all day.

Jul. Would I had ne're outliv'd this innocence.

Viol. Do your Judges dwell here? were I that man,
I would walk in the dark and fright 'em.

Jul. That man does do you hurt. Let us retire.
Had I been wither'd at her Beauties Spring,
And stay'd from growing at her growth of mind,
I had not known the cruel nor the kind.
Those who outlive her years do but improve
The knowledge of those griefs which grow with Love. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Benedick, Lucio, Balthazar.

Ben. **L**ucio, you broke from our confed'racy
Against marriage, then woo'd in' my behalf;
And afterwards for your self.

Luc. Do but hear me.

Ben. Excuses are like weak
Reserves after a Battel is lost.

Luc. Let me be heard; for if poor Truth
Have a tongue of her own and must not use it;
Why then she may retire into a corner,
And weep out her eyes.

Ben. What can you say?

Luc. I meant no more love to the Lady Beatrice,
Than I do to wooe an arrested Widow,
With a Serenade at a Prison Grate.
Balthazar knows my heart.

Balt. I know sev'ral of your hearts.
Men are not i'th' fashion unless they have
Change of ev'ry thing.

Luc. I ever thought her a Mermaid.

Ben. How so?

Luc. From the Breasts downward she's as cold as a Fish.

Ben. Well *Lucio*, I'll call none but the Four Winds
T'accompt for what is past. Look, Sir, — thus I
Blow away your offences: but you must
Be stiddy now, and diligent. I told
You my design for *Claudio's* preservation.
The Provost was your Unkles Creature, and
By him prefer'd.

Balt. The Provost will make good
Our trust, and ev'ry character of gratitude.

Ben. You must engage him, *Lucio*, and discern
By what pretext or obstacle the Fryar
Proceeds so far to interrupt our hopes.

Luc.

Luc. I'll bind the Provost to your service in
His own shackles. And, concerning the Fryar,
I'll straight confes him, and you shall know all.

Ben. Be sudden and successful, go.

[Exit *Lucio*.

Enter *Beatrice*, and *Page*.

Beat. O, are you come? I would have cry'd you as
A lost thing, but that I knew I should have
The ill luck to find you again.

Ben. You trip it too fast.

You need not be so swift to meet misfortune.
I had just now a Letter from the Provost;
Who either suspects the truth of the Pardon,
Because I enjoin'd him to secrecie,
Or else is led by a Fryer to some fresh
Design.

Beat. Are we circumvented by a Fryer?
Rather than not vex that Fryer, I'll invent
A new Sect, and preach in a Hat and Feather.

Ben. 'Tis strange that men of their discretion,
Should come abroad in old fashion Gowns,
And drest with abominable negligence.

Beat. Bus'ness makes them great slovens, and they love
To be busie.

Ben. And never observe

The right seasons when they are necessary.
For though we are content with their company
When we are old and dying; yet (methinks)
They should not trouble us with their good counsel,
When we are young, and in good health.

Balt. Alas poor Book-men! they want breeding.

Beat. Can we not separate the wicked Provost,
From this scrupulous Fryer?

Ben. I have sent *Lucio* to him.

Beat. *Benedick*,

We will cast off the serious faces of
Conspirators, and appear to the Deputy
As merry, and as gay, as Nature in
The Spring. This House shall be all Carnival,
All Masquerade.

Ben. Good! we will laugh him out
Of's Politicks, till he make Paper-Kites
Of *Machiavel's* Books, and play with his Pages
In the Fields.

Balt. And shall we sing and dance.

Beat. 'Till the old Senators lead forth
The Burghers Widows, and cry out for a Pavin.
Page, call *Viola* with her *Castanietos*;
And bid *Bernardo* bring his Guittar.

[Exit *Page*.

Ben. My Brother will not endure this habitation.

Balt. He'll rather to Sea, and dwell in a Gun-room.

Ben. Or lye round like a Sextons Dog, beneath
The great Bell in a Steeple. [Viola strikes the *Castanietos* within.

Beat. Heark! *Viola* has ta'ne th' alarm.

Ben. Those *Castanietos* sound

Q q

Like

Like a Consort of Squirrels cracking of Nuts.

Enter Viola dancing a Saraband awhile with Castanietos.

Beat. Shall we stand idle in seasons of business?
You have Feathers on your head *Benedick*;
Have you none at your heels?

Ben. I am, Lady,
So very a Kid at cap'ring, that you
May make Gloves of my skin. *Balthazar*!
Call for more Musick.

Balt. Not for me, Sir.
I can dance at the meer tolling of a Bell.

[*They dance.*]

After the Dance, enter Eschalus.

Esch. Have you no apprehension of the Deputy?
Are you insensible?

Beat. Do you suspect
We are insensible by our want of motion?

Ben. You should provide my Brother-Deputy
A Politicians quilted Cap to cover
His ears. 'Twill preserve him from noise.

Beat. These politick men should keep company
With their fellow-Foxes in deep holes.

Balt. He'll grow so angry, that he'll lay the punishments
Of Law aside, and Pistol us with his own hand.

Esch. This, Signior, is not the right way to meet
Your Brothers temper.

Ben. Signior, my meaning is:
T'avoid the way where I may meet my Brother.
I'll prove a very Crab to him; for still
As he proceeds, I purpose to go backward.

Esch. I hope you'll be cautious about the Pardon.

Ben. Pray mingle so much courage with your wisdom,
As may bring you into the possibility
Of sleep again.

Esch. Sir, I more than beseech you
Not to provoke your Brothers gravity
With fantastical noises.

Ben. Believe me, we
Are politick; and do it to disguise
That melancholly which belongs to design.

Esch. That may do well.

Ben. Go up and retire with him.
If you stay here, he'll take you for a man
Of mirth; and then you'll lose his favour.

[*Exit Eschalus.*]

Beat. 'Tis fit, *Benedick*, you seek *Lucio* out,
To learn quickly the Provosts resolution.
I'll go change my scene to the Garden-Terras,
Under your Brother's Window, that I may
Torment him with new noises.

Viol. Shall I fetch the great Girls that make Bone-Lace,
To sing out of tune to their Bobbins?

Beat. Do, *Viola*. Let them be long lean Wenches.

Viol. And we'll hang a dozen Cages of Parrots
At his Window, to tell him what's a Clock.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter

Enter Lucio and Provost.

Luc. I'd speak with that Fryer who obstructs the Pardon.

Prov. His business with *Claudio* being done, he shall attend you.

Luc. Fool! what, a Pris'ner? I thought fooling had.
[*Enter Fool in a Shackle.*]
Been free.

Fool. Fooling is free before the wife:
But truly, Signior, a Fool can no more
Suffer a Fool, than one of the Wits can
Endure another Wit.

Prov. You, Sirrah, are committed for the worst
Kind of fooling. You have brought both Sexes
Together:

Luc. A Bawd? alas poor Fool! instead of being
In jeast, you have been in earnest!

Fool. I dealt with persons of quality,
With whom I thought fit to be mannerly.
Was't civil to let them meet to no purpose?

Prov. You have been civil indeed.

Fool. All deeds must submit to interpretation.
For my part to prevent all animosities
And heart-burnings between young men and women,
I brought them lovingly together.

Luc. A Bawd in a Fools Coat?

Prov. Mistress *Mitigation* gave him the Livery.

Luc. 'Tis a villainous new disguise
For the good old Cause.

How does Mother Midnight? what, she grows rich?

Fool. Signior, sh'as eaten up all her Beef now,
And is her self in the Tub.

Luc. Powder'd to make her last. 'Tis not amiss.
But prethee, what mean those Keys at thy Girdle?

Prov. I have preferr'd him. He's an under-Jaylor.

Luc. You have but chang'd your dwelling, Fool; your office
Is the same; for you were wont to keep doors.

Prov. Sirrah, look to your Pris'ners. Signior *Lucio*,
I shall leave you with this rev'rend Father. [*Enter Duke.*]

Luc. Good day, Father. [*Ex. Provost, Fool.*]

Duke. And to you, Sir, a long and a good life.

Luc. Father, I aim at no difficult things:
If it be short and sweet, I'm satisfy'd.

Duke. How mean you, Sir?

Luc. Nay, I'm not now prepar'd for confession; besides
I'm in great haste. You must needs prevail
With the Provost to let the Pardon pass.

Duke. Some hours after the date of the Pardon,
An Order came hither for Execution,
Which had proceeded too, if Fryer *Thomas*
Had not, by help of the Deputy's Confessor,
Got a Reprieve till to morrow.

Luc. Th' absent Duke was a true friend to Lovers.

Duke. It seems you know the Duke?

Luc. Know him? yes Fryar, very well. I had th' honour
To be of his Council: but I mean, Sir,

In midnight matters. He was about once
To raise a charitable foundation;
Not for lousie learning, or such Cripples
As creep from lost Battels, but for poor
Diseas'd Lovers.

Duke. I did not think he had been amorous.

Luc. Who, he? yes as far as to your Begger
Of fifty: and he us'd to put a Ducket
In her Clack-Dish.

Duke. Is't possible?

He was not, sure, in's youth this way inclin'd.

Luc. No, he began to steer
The right course about forty; but, good man,
He repented the lost time of his youth.

[Exit.

Duke. Virtue's defensive Armour must be strong,
To scape the merry, and malicious Tongue.

[Exit.

Enter Jaylor, Isabella.

Isab. Good Friend be courteous, and let *Juliet* know
My name is *Isabella*, and I come
To serve her. Will you so much favour me?
There's for your pains—

Jayl. You must stay here, till I shall send her to you. [Exit *Jaylor*.

Isab. A Prison is too good a Den for
This rude Beast.

[Enter *Juliet*.

Have comfort Sister! I must call you so;
Though the uncivil Law will not allow
You yet that name.

[*Isab.* salutes her.

Jul. I am not worthy of it.

Isab. Since you have spoke so humbly of your self,
You must and shall be comforted: perhaps
Like conscience, love, when satisfy'd within,
May oft offend the Law, and yet not sin.

Jul. I find the greatest love is an offence;
For greatest love is greatest confidence;
When, trusting those who for our credence woo,
We trust them with our love and honour too.

Isab. I come to bring your sorrows some relief;
And would your crime not lessen but your grief.

Jul. How can I lose that honour which I gave
To him, who can and will that honour save?

Isab. When you your honour did to *Claudio* give,
Coz'ning your self, you did our Sex deceive.
Honour is publick treasure, and 'tis fit
Law should in publick form dispose of it.

Jul. Oh *Isabella*! you are cruel grown.

Isab. Sister! you gave much more than was your own.

Jul. I lov'd too much; yet for your Brother's sake,
Who had that love, you my excuse should make.

Isab. My Mothers life did fair example give
How, after death we might unpunisht live.

She, dying, did my Childhood then assign
To *Claudio*'s care; he leaves you now to mine.

Jul. Oh Heav'n! you mean that *Claudio* now must dye;
And I am now become a Legacy?

Isab. My

Isab. My friends are suing for your liberty,
And that you may secure from penance be.

Jul. What need I for the shame of Penance care?
No blush e're dy'd the paleness of despair.

Isab. Do not, with weeping, vainly quench your eyes.
Tears are to Heaven a useful Sacrifice

Where ev'ry drop moves mercy; but they gain
On Earth no more remorse than common Rain.

Jul. Is there no means your Brother's life to save?

Isab. None that I would afford, or he would have?
Yet can I not affirm that there is none.

Jul. Oh call back Hope, which faste does from us run.

Isab. Sister, you call in vain; for when you know
How wicked now Saint *Angelo* does grow,
You will rejoice that Death makes *Claudio* free;
And think your Bonds more safe than liberty.

Jul. Is *Angelo* as wicked as severe?

Isab. I more his kindness now than anger fear.

Jul. To what would Tyrant-force kindly perswade!

Isab. He gently treats, then rudely does invade.
I dare not give his purpos'd sin a name;
It is too hard a word for untaught shame.

Jul. False Image of refin'd authority!

Isab. Unless I yield my Brother is to dye.
Just now I left the Guards drawn up, who wait
For Execution at the Prison Gate.

Jul. Oh *Isabell*! why are we useles made?
Too weak t'inforce, and artles to perswade:
Nor you nor I can any help afford
To your dear Brother, and my plighted Lord.
Yet you have means; but must not have the will
By evil to prevent a greater ill.

Isab. Have I the means? your grief misleads your tongue.—

[*She is going out.*

Jul. I would do *Claudio* good, and you no wrong.
Your vertue is severe! hear me but speak!
My heart will else out of my bosom break.

Isab. speak clearly then. You are not understood.
May none do ill, that so they may do good?
Nature no greater gift than life can give.

Isab. By vertue we our nature long outlive.

Jul. Can it be vertue to let *Claudio* dye?

Isab. His life should not be sav'd by infamy.

Jul. Loath'd Infamy consists of evils grown
So impudent as covet to be known.

But those seem least which bashfully we shun,
At first, and then for good intent are done.

Isab. Sister, you argue wildly in your grief.
You are too good to seek a bad relief
For *Claudio*; therefore look for no reply.

Jul. I look for none; yet would not have him dye.—

[*Going out.*

Isab. You seem'd to intimate that bashfulness
At evil doing makes the evil les;

That

That when we good intend by doing ill,
We bring necessity t' excuse our will:
And that our faults, when hidden by our shame,
Pass free from blemish, if they scape from blame.

Jul. Forget my words. How could they be but weak,
When grief did make those thoughts which fear did speak.

Isab. Suppose I can a likely way devise,
That you, assisted aptly by disguise,
May take to night my place with *Angelo*:
The means is not remote: what will you do?

Jul. I am amaz'd and apprehend you not.

Isab. Your sudden ignorance is strangely got.

I now am going to the Deputy;
To make to his request my last reply;
And I perhaps may promise willingness,
But on conditions made for my access
With bashful privacy retir'd from light;
From ev'ry witness too but secret night;
Whose thickest Curtains shall immure the Room;
Where for my promis't person you may come.
Thus *Claudio's* life you save and lose no fame;
For where none sees we cannot feel our shame.
As soon to dire necessity the ill,
The good of it belongs then to your will.
Quickly resolve and I'll prepare your way.

Jul. E're I will *Claudio* in my self betray,
I will the torment of his death endure:
His sickness more becomes him than the cure.

Isab. How *Juliet*? can you righteously refuse
Th' expedient which you plead that I should use?
Go chide the passion which would have me do,
That which, though ill in both, seems least in you:
The good or ill redemption of his life,
Does less concern his Sister than his Wife.

Jul. Alas, we know not what is good or ill.

Isab. Perhaps we should not learn that fatal skill.

The Serpent taught it first. Sister, away!
We'll more for patience, than for knowledge pray. [Ex. several ways.

Enter Balthazar, Beatrice, Jaylor, Page.

Beat. Where's *Viola*? have I lost her? that scare-crow
Makes a very Bird of her.

Balt. She's run up stairs, Madam, to inform
Your Cousin *Juliet* of your being here.

Beat. Methinks this Fellow looks not only ill,
But saucily ill.

Balt. How so Madam?

Beat. 'Tis impudence to shew so bad a face
In good company—Friend, I'll reward you.

Jayl. The sooner the better.

Beat. You shall wear my Colours;
Boy, when he comes abroad

Bid my Lacquies be careful to cudjel him.

Jayl. I thank you.

[Exit *Jaylor*.

Enter

Enter *Viola*.

Viol. My Cousin *Juliet* has lockt her self in
Her Chamber. I saw her through the Keyhole,
Weeping like Nurse when she lost her Wedding Ring.

Beat. ~~Juliet~~, I cannot but
Pity thy ~~private~~ friendship, but am more
Vext at our publick Enemy, thy Judge—

Balt. Your tears, Madam, shew more pity than anger.

Beat. No, Sir, great storms do oft begin with Rain. [Enter *Benedick*.

Ben. I saw your Coach at the Prison Gate, Lady,
And thought y' had been arrested on
Suspicion of love; which now is made high-Trease
Natural Bodies by the Body politick.

Beat. I should marvel, *Benedick*, how you had
The face to come within sight of my Sex.
But that ill faces, being common, are
No cause of wonder.

Ben. Mine's a politick face; and few of that sort
Are held handsom: so politick that it
Will hardly be seduc'd to make another
In these dangerous times.

Beat. So politick, as I'd have you walk only
At night, and with a dark Lanthorn before you;
That, though you see others, none may see you.
You are one of those whom I think unlucky.

Ben. This gloomy place presents you with strange visions,
Your Coach attends you. I pray change the Scene.

Beat. Whither? to see your Brothers Guards drawn up
For *Claudio's* execution, 'las poor women
They get much by you men.

Ben. Truly, 'tis thought they might get more;
For men are always civilly willing,
Though ever blam'd. But patience, and we shall
Have right when we are heard.

Beat. Heard? yes, may she
Who henceforth listens to your sighing Sex,
Have her Ass-ears in publick bor'd, as Love's
Known Slave, and wear for Pendants Morrice-Bells
As his fantastick Fool.

Ben. No whisp'ring the Platonick way?

Beat. Platonick way? my Cousin has Plato'd it
Profoundly; has she not? i'th' name of mischief,
Make friendship with your selves, and not with us.
Let ev'ry *Damon* of you, chuse his *Pitheat*,
And tattle Romantick Philosophy
Together, like bearded Gossips.

Ben. Though such conversation might breed peace in
A Palace, yet 'twould make but a thin Court.

Beat. Discourse all day; lolling like lazy ill-
Bred-Wits, with your right Legs o're your left Knees:
Defining love, 'till he become as raw,

As if he were defected by Anatomists.
Give Balls and Serenades to your dear selves.

Ben.

Ben. That were (as we are taught by the old Proverb)
To Be merry and wise. [Enter Lucio.]

Luc. We shall be more
Troubled with this fiddling Fryer, than with ten
Lay-Fools. He has so infected the Provost
With good counsel, that there is no hope from him. *Stey*
The Guards are doubled at the Prison Gate;
And *Claudio* is to dye at break of day.

Beat. Where's now your valour, Sir?
Is furious *Benedick* like Beasts of prey,
Couragious only in the Field,
And with familiar tameness creep in Towns
Beneath the anger of your Feeders Law?
Jaylor, where are you? bring me to my Cousin? [Ex. Beat. Viol.]

Ben. She's rais'd to a most amiable humour.
Now is your time, *Lucio*, to make love to her.

Luc. I am now for the Platonick way of billing
Like meek Turtles, without the noise of passion.

Balt. We, *Lucio*, who are parcel-Lovers, should
Mourn like Turtles over a Bottle in
These days of persecution.

Ben. Signiors prepare t'offend the Laws, I find
I must grow rude, and make bold with my Brother. [Ex. Omnes.]

Prov. The Guards thus doubled at the Prison Gate,
Confirms my doubt that Signior *Benedick*
Did counterfeit the pardon which he brought.

Duke. You have another Prisoner here
Condemn'd to dye?

Prov. The wicked *Bernardin*, hath long
Been a most painful, and a watchful Robber,
But now the short remainder of his life,
He lazily consumes in sleep.

Duke. Is he so careless before death.

Prov. He minds
Not what is past, or present, or to come.

Duke. He wants advice.
Prov. We oft have wakened him, as if he were
To go to execution, and shew'd him too
A seeming Warrant, but he seem'd not mov'd. [Enter Fool.]

Fool. The Hangman waits to dispatch his business
With your Worship.

Prov. Sirrah, his business is with you.
Fool. My Worship will hardly be at leisure for him.

Prov. Call him in. [Enter Hangman.]
This Fellow early in the morning is
To help you in your execution.

He cannot plead a quality above
Your service, he has been a noted Bawd.
Hang. A Bawd! fye on him, he'll disgrace our Mystery.

Fool. Sir, by your good favour (for surely, Sir,
You would have a good favour, had you not
A hanging look) d'you call your trade a Mystery?

Hang. Yes, you will find it so.

Fool.

Fool. What mystery there should be in hanging, if
I were to be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Hang. It is a Mystery: but you must be hang'd
E're you can find it out.

Prov. Provide your Block and Ax;
And call *Bernardine*.

Duke. What horrid Instruments are us'd by pow'r. [Exit Hangman.]

Fool. Mr. *Bernardine* you must rise and be hang'd.
Mr. Bernardine.

Bern. with in. Curse on your throat! who makes that noise?
What are you?

Fool. Your friend the Hangman; you must be so good
As to rise, and be put to death.

Bern. Away you Rogue, I am sleepy.

Prov. Tell him he must wake.

Fool. Pray Mr. *Bernardine* awake till you
Are executed and sleep afterwards.

Prov. Go in and fetch him out.

Fool. He's coming, Sir, for I hear his straw rustle.

Enter *Bernardine*.

Bern. How now, Fool, what's the news with you?

Fool. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap close to
Your prayers, for the Warrant's come.

Bern. Y'are a Rogue, I've been drinking all night,
And am not fitted for the Warrant.

Fool. The better, Sir; for he that drinks all night,
And is hang'd very betimes in the morning,
May sleep the soundlier all the next day.

Prov. Look, Sir, here comes your Ghostly father.
D'you think we jest now?

Duke. Induc'd, Sir, by my charity, and hearing how
Hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bern. Fryer, not I, I've been drinking hard all night,
And will have more time to prepare me, or they
Shall beat out my brains with Billets.
I'll not dye to day.

Duke. O, Sir, you must, and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the Journey you shall go.

Bern. I'll not dye till I have slept for any
Mans persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bern. Not a word; if you have any thing to speak
Come to my Ward, for I'll not thence to day. [Ex. Bern. Fool.]

Prov. What think you of this Prisoner, Father?

Duke. Nature did never make a thing more wretched.
He is unfit to live or dye. 'Twere want

Of common charity to transport him
In the mind he is, let him have more time,
And be restrain'd from ev'ry punishment but sleep
Till I have made him fit for death. [Enter Jaylor.]

Jayl. Sir, a Messenger at the Prison Gate
Knocks hard, and says that he must speak with you.

Prov. I come! Father, if it please you, let's retire.

R. r

Enter

Enter Claudio and Fool.

Claud. Bolting the door we are unheard and safe.
Thou art a man, though in an ill disguise;
And should'st support thy being worthily.

Fool. Why, truly Sir, though I have had a couple
Of ill callings, yet I would live as well
As I could by both.

Claud. Thou hast a Servant been to shame, and now
Art but an Officer to cruelty.
There, take this Gold; it is a thousand Crowns.
Wilt thou not run a little hazard for
Much happiness. The venter is not great;
And it may probably produce at once
Thy freedom and support.

Fool. Sir, mine is but
A thin Summer-skin; 't has been often cut
And flapt with whipping. I would very fain
Sleep whole in it now.

Claud. Have courage, friend, 'tis Gold.

Fool. My Grandam left me nothing at her death
But a good old Proverb, that's *Touch and Take*.
And I may say 't has been a lucky Proverb
To me. What would you have me do?

Claud. I have within a Pages habit, pack up
Close. Prethee convey it by your friend,
The Jaylor, to *Julietta*, whose escape,
In that disguise, I newly have contriv'd,
By correspondence with an Officer
Who has the foremost station of
The Guards without, and has been servant to
My Father. If thou hast any tenderness
Do this, that she may scape from publick penance.

Fool. But how shall I scape, Sir? I shall do Penance
Without a Sheet or Shirt: for my kind Tutor,
The Hangman, will strip me stark naked
When I'm swinging, though the wind blow northerly.

Claud. The Law for thy offence can doom thee
But to Fetters during life, and half that Gold
May purchase thy release.

Fool. A sore whipping may come into the bargain.
But 'tis a poor back that cannot sometimes
Pay for the maint'nance of the belly. I'll do't.

Claud. Pray lose no time; I have but little left.

Fool. Have you no more Gold? sure you might scape too.

Claud. Friend, I have given you all I have, nor could
My greater plenty work my liberty;
For my Confederate dares not undertake
To make the passage clear for more than one,
Or if he could, I want disguise for two.

Fool. If you get out, Sir, you then scape from Death.

Claud. And she by freedom scapes from dreadful shame
Of doing Penance. Pray dispute it not. [Knocking within.]
What hand is that? if you prove faithful now
You'll gain forgiveness for your past offences.

Fool

Fool. My golden guests retire you straight into
The closet of my Breeches.
Much in all ages, good innocent Gold,
Has been lay'd to your charge—— [Puts up the Bag and looks
(through the Key-hole.)
It is the Lady *Juliet's* Maid, I'll let
Her in; and bear the Habit to her Mistress. [Exit Fool.]

Enter Maid

Maid. My Lady with this Letter, Sir, sends you
Her dearest prayers and love.

Claud. Heaven value both, so much as they
Are priz'd by me—— [Reads the Letter.]

*The Provost's wife, in pity of your distress; or perhaps out of love
to your person, or rather, (as I hope) out of respect to your virtue,
has devis'd means for your escape. She has by large gifts prevail'd with
my Keeper to leave your passage free to my Chamber. I beseech you, with
the efficacy of my last breath, to make use of this occasion and to hasten
hither. Your way to liberty must be out of my Window, from whence
by a small Engine she will wrench the Bars.*

Maid. Can you find leisure to consider, Sir,
Of that which by my Lady is so well
Resolv'd?

Claud. The Provost's wife? will she facilitate
Your Ladies liberty with mine?

Maid. She says, she cannot undertake so far.

Claud. Then I'll refuse her courtesie.

Maid. My Lady sends you this request in tears.
Will you deny it her?

Claud. If my escape I from her Chamber make,
The Law will lay the guilt of it on her;
And she remains behind to bear
The punishment.

Maid. She hath agreed to that
Condition with the Provost's wife.

Claud. Your Lady makes me an unkind request.

Maid. Have you the heart to judge it so?

Claud. Can she be ign'rant that the rigid Law
Does judge it in a Prisoner forfeiture
Of life, to help another Prisoner to
Escape, who is condemn'd to dye?

Maid. That forfeiture she cheerfully will pay:
But has so govern'd me with desp'rate vows,
That I lackt courage to refuse to bring
This message to you.

Claud. How pow'rful, fatal *Juliet*, is thy love?
Yet must it not more valiant be than mine—— [Weeps.]
Tell her, I've newly sent her a request
More just than that which she has sent by you;
It will be brought her with a Present too:

Which if, unkindly, she denys to take,
She does by example my denial make.

[Ex. several ways.]

Enter Angelo, Servant.

Ang. Attend her in, and then wait you at distance. [Ex. Serv.]

R r 2

O

O Love! how much thy borrow'd shapes disguise,
Even to themselves, the valiant and the wife?

Enter Isabella.

Ang. Had you not fear'd th' approach of *Claudio's* fate
(Which shews you are to him compassionate,
Though not to me) I had not seen you here.
He may your pity thank, and I your fear.

Ifab. My Lord, I hardly could my self forgive
For suing still to have my Brother live,
But that a higher hope directs my aim;
Which, saving his frail life, would yours reclaim.

Ang. How desp'rate all your hopeful visits prove!
You bring me counsel still instead of love.
And would in storms of passion make me wise.
Bid Pilots preach to winds when tempests rise.

Ifab. But yet as tempests are by showers allay'd,
So may your anger by my tears be sway'd.

Ang. You must by yielding teach me to relent.
Make haste! the Mourners tears are almost spent,
Courtiers to Tyrant-Death who basely wait,
To do that Tyrant honour whom they hate.
Inviting formal Fools to see his Feast
To which your Brother is th' unwilling Guest.
And the absolving Priest must say the Grace:
Nights progress done, *Claudio* begins his Race.

Ifab. And with the mornings wings your cruel doom
He shall convey where you must trembling come,
Before that Judge, whose pow'r you use so ill,
As if, like Law, 'twere subject to your will.
The cruel there shall wish they had been just,
And that their seeming love had not been lust.

Ang. These useless sayings were from Cloysters brought:
You cannot teach so soon as you were taught.
You must example to my mercy give;
First save my life, and then let *Claudio* live.

Ifab. Have you no words but what are only good,
Because their ill is quickly understood?
Dispose of *Claudio's* life! whilst cruel you
Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue.
Till by long custom of forgiving none
Y'are so averse to all forgiveness grown.
That in your own behalf you shall deny,
To hear of absolution when you dye.

Ang. How *Isabel!* from calms of bashfulness
(Even such as suppliant Saints to Heaven express,
When patience makes her self a Sacrifice)
Can you to storms of execration rise?

[*Isabel is going out.*]

Leave me not full of evil wonder, stay!
Ifab. Can it be good to hear what you would say?

[*He steps in and reaches a Cabinet.*]

Ang. In this behold Nature's Reserves of light,
When the lost day yields to advancing night.
When that black Goddess fine in Frosts appears,
Then starry Jewels bright as these she wears.

The

The wealth of many Parents who did spare
In plenteous peace, and get by prosperous War.

Ifab. Of that which evil life may get, you make
A wonder in a monstrous boast;
Which death from you as certainly will take,
As 'tis already by your Parents lost.

Ang. Be in this world, like other mortals, wise;
And take this treasure as your Beauty's prize.
Wealth draws a Curtain o're the face of shame;
Restores lost beauty, and recovers fame.

Ifab. Catch Fools in Nets without a Covert laid;
Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?

[*Going out.*]

Ang. Stay *Isabel!* stay but a moments space!
You know me not by knowing but my face.
My heart does differ from my looks and tongue.
To know you much, I have deceiv'd you long.

Ifab. Have you more shapes, or would you new devise?

Ang. I'll now at once cast off my whole disguise.
Keep still your virtue, which is dignify'd
And has new value got by being try'd.

Claudio shall live longer than I can do,
Who was his Judge, but am condemn'd by you.
The martial of the Guards keeps secretly
His pardon seal'd; nor meant I he should dye.

Ifab. By shifting your disguise, you seem much more
In borrow'd darkness than you were before.

Ang. Forgive me who, till now, thought I should find
Too many of your beauteous Sex too kind.
I strove, as jealous Lovers curious grow,
Vainly to learn, what I was loth to know.
And of your virtue I was doubtful grown,
As men judge womens frailties by their own.
But since you fully have endur'd the test,
And are not only good, but prove the best
Of all your Sex, submissively I woo
To be your Lover, and your Husband too.

Ifab. Can I when free, be by your words subdu'd,
Whose actions have my Brother's life pursu'd?

Ang. I never meant to take your Brother's life;
But if in tryal how to chuse a wife,
I have too diffident, too curious been,
I'll pardon ask for folly, as for sin;
I lov'd you e're your pretious beauties were
In your probation shaded at Saint *Clare*:
And when with sacred Sisterhood confin'd,
A double enterprise perplext my mind;
By *Claudio's* danger to provoke you forth
From that blest shade, and then to try your worth.

Ifab. She that can credit give to things so strange,
And can comply with such a sudden change,
Has mighty faith, and kindness too so strong,
That the extream cannot continue long.
I am so pleas'd with *Claudio's* liberty,
That the example shall preserve me free.

Ang.

Ang. Was I when bad so quickly understood;
And cannot be believ'd when I am good.

Ifab. In favour of my Sex and not of you,
I wish your love so violent and true,
That those who shall hereafter curious be,
To seek that frailty, which they would not see,
May by your punishment become afraid,
To use those Nets which you ignobly laid.

Ang. Ah *Ifabel!* you blam'd my cruelty!
Will you, when I shew mercy, cruel be?

Ifab. You might have met a weaker breast than mine,
Which at approach to parley would incline:
How little honour then you had obtain'd,
If, where but little was, you that had stain'd?
Had you been great of mind, you would have strove
T' have hid, or helpt the weaknesses of love;
And not have us'd temptations to the frail,
Or pow'r, where 'twas dishonour to prevail.
You will (if now your love dissembled be)
Deceive your self, in not deceiving me.
If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,
Lest you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

Ang. Break heart! farewell the cruel and the just!
Fools seek belief, where they have bred distrust:
Because she doubts my virtue I must dye;
Who did with vitious arts her virtue try.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke and Isabel.

Duke. YOU told me, Daughter, that the Marshal has
Your Brother's pardon seal'd, and I shall watch
All means to keep him safe, lest *Angelo*
Should turn his clemency into revenge.
Do not th' assurance of his freedom buy
With hazard of a Virgins liberty.

Ifab. I shall with patience follow your instruction.

Duke. Night's shady Curtains are already drawn;
And you shall hear strange news before the dawn.

[Exit Duke.]

Enter Francisca.

Franc. Is the good Father gone?

Ifab. Yes, Sister, and has left my breast in peace. [A Bell rings.]

Franc. This Bell does nightly warn us e're we sleep,
T' appease offended Heaven. Let us go pray,
That the worlds crimes may vanish with the day.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Benedick, Eschalus, Beatrice, Viola, Lucio,
singing a Chorus within.

Esch. Your Brother, Sir, has an unquiet mind:
He's late, and he would take his rest.

Viol. We'll sing him asleep.

Ben.

Ben. Shall he who should
Live lean with care of the whole Common-wealth,
Grow fat with sleep like a *Groenland-Bear*?

Esch. Rulers are but mortal; and should have rest.

Ben. A States-man should take a nap in his Chair,
And only dream of sleep.

Beat. These great tame Lions of the Law
(Who make Offenders of the weak)
Should still seem watchful, and like wild Lions
Sleep with their eyes open.

Esch. Is night a season for singing?

Viol. We'll sing like Nightingales, and they sing at night.

Esch. Take heed; for the Grand-Watch does walk the Round.

Beat. Signior, when did you hear of Nightingales
Taken by the Watch?

Luc. Madam, we'll sing. The Governour
May come (if he please) and sigh to the Chorus.

Esch. I'll bear no part, Sir, in your Song,
Nor in your punishment.

[Exit Eschalus.]

The SONG.

Luc. Our Ruler has got the vertigo of State;
The world turns round in his politick pate.
He steers in a Sea, where his Course cannot last;
And bears too much sail for the strength of his Mast.

Cho. Let him plot all he can,
Like a politick man,
Yet Love though a Child may fit him.
The small Archer though blind,
Such an Arrow will find,
As with an old trick shall hit him.

2.

Beat. Sure *Angelo* knows Loves party is strong;
Love melts, like soft wax, the hearts of the young.
And none are so old but they think on the taste,
And weep with remembrance of kindnesses past.

Cho. Let him plot all he can, &c.

3.

Ben. Love in the wisest is held a mad fit;
And madness in Fools is reckon'd for Wit.
The Wise value Love, just as Fools Wisdom prize;
Which when they can't gain, they seem to despise.

Cho. Let him plot all he can, &c.

4.

Viol. Cold Cowards all perils of anger shun;
To dangers of Love they leap when they run.
The valiant in frolics did follow the Boy,
When he led them a Dance from Greece to old Troy.

Cho. Let him plot all he can, &c.

Enter Balthazar.

Balt. Behind the Garden of the *Augustines*
Your friends attend. You must be sudden if
You'll be successful.

Ben.

Ben. I come. Bid *Lucio* in a whisper to Retire, and to expect my Orders at Saint *Laurence* Gate. Lady, though you deny Sleep to my Brother, yet, you may do well To allow a little of it to your self. It grows late; and *Viola*, methinks, begins To lose an eye with watching in your service.

Viola. I love watching and dancing too in Moon-shine nights, Like any Fairy.

Beat. Can whispers hide your business, *Benedick*, When you are such a Weather-Cock, that with But looking on you I can quickly find Where the wind sits. Well, I wish you some danger, That you may get the more honour. [Exeunt several ways.]

Enter Angelo, Eschalus.
Ang. It is not just I should rebuke them for Their harmony of mind; that were to shew The rage, and envious malice of the Devil, Who quarrels with the good, because they have That happiness, which he can ne'er enjoy.

Esch. My Lord, you are sick for want of rest; And grieve to him, the cause of your Disease is in your self.

Ang. No sickness, *Eschalus*, Can be more dangerous than mine, of which The cause is known to that Physician, who Enjoins me to despair of cure.

Esch. Your words amaze me. [Enter 1. Servant.]

1. Serv. To Arms, my Lord, to Arms! The ancient Citizens are wakt in terrour By the insulting youth; who in loud throngs March through the Streets to the Parade.

Ang. Hence Coward! thou art frightened by thy dream. [Ex. Serv.]

Enter 2. Servant.

2. Serv. Arm, arm, my Lord! your Brother is revolted, Heading a Body of disbanded Officers. He is in skirmish with your Guards, To rescue *Claudio* from the Law.

Ang. My Brother grown my publick Enemy? This iteration sounds like truth. I was Just now sending to declare *Claudio's* Pardon, And to hasten his and *Juliet's* liberty.

Esch. You purpos'd well, but your performance was Too slow. [Enter 1. Servant.]

1. Serv. 'Tis said the Marshal of your Guards is slain.

Ang. That's a surprize of fortune; for he had *Claudio's* Pardon, and, had he shewn it, might Perhaps have quencht the mutiny. My Armour! and command my Guard of *Switzs* To march, and to make good the Pass, which leads To Saint *Jago's* Port. Haste, *Eschalus*, And bid *Montano* make a sally from The Citadel. [Exeunt several ways.]

Enter

Enter Duke, Provost.

Duk. Lock up your Pris'ners, and secure the Gates.

Prov. I did suspect by *Lucio's* menacings, That *Benedick* would *Claudio's* liberty Attempt by force; and therefore did provide For opposition to attend th' assault. Forty selected from the Guards without, I have drawn in.

Duke. Are they enter'd?

Prov. They are, and bold *Ursino* does command 'em.

Duke. Th' expedient which, in haste, I have prescrib'd, Will in extremity be fit to use;

Though when you threaten't men may think you cruel.

Prov. Father, I'll strictly follow your advice.

Duke. Offer a parly from the Battlements, Be careful, valiant Provost, of your charge, And Heaven take care of you.

Prov. I'll through the Postern lead you out: Your function will protect you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Benedick, Balthazar, Officers.

Ben. Remove the Martial straight where Surgeons may Attend his wound, which is not mortal, though His loss of blood deprive him of his speech.

Balt. A Squadron of the Guards at our approach, Retir'd into the Prison, to make good The Gates against assault.

Ben. Their sudden fear begot that policy, Rather to make conditions for themselves, Than for the place.

Balt. The Provost will be obstinate.

Ben. It may be safer for him to preserve His courage for some other use.

Enter Lucio, Duke.

Luc. Father *Fox* the Fryer, is stoln out of his hole; And is going to make a visit to The Geese of his Parish.

Ben. *Lucio*, let him pass.

Luc. If you give quarter to the Enemies Of Lovers, you will be follow'd in your Next War, by none but decrepid old Souldiers; The youth will all forsake you.

Ben. Unhand him straight: we must in rev'rence to His function make him free.

Duke. Peace be with your Lordship.

Luc. Take care of Lovers in your Orizons, And the rather, because praying for them, You pray for the Duke. Remember that Fryer.

Duke. If e're I see the Duke, Sir, he shall know How much he is oblig'd to you.

Ben. *Lucio*, be stedfast in your station. [Exeunt Duke, Lucio.]

Provost from the Battlements.

Ben. Look up! the Provost does relent: he seems Inclind to parly.

Prov. May Fortune serve the valiant *Benedick*

S f

In

In all attempts, but when he does invade
The Forts of Law, where Justice would secure
The Trophies of her Victories.

Ben. Provost, I take your greeting well, and wish
Your courage more success, than you in your
Resistance now are like to find. You are
Too wise to talk of Law to those who mean
To justify their actions by their Swords.

Prov. My Lord, some honour I have gotten in
The face of Enemies; and will not lose
It in the sight of friends.

Ben. You must give *Claudio* and *Julietta's* liberty;
And then your other Pris'ners, and your self,
Shall, undisturb'd, be at your own dispose.

Prov. *Claudio* by sentence is condemn'd; and sure
My Office does engage my honour to
Make good the sentence of the Law.

Balt. Provost, we come not here to make a War,
Like Women, with vain words.

Ben. Accept of peace by yielding that which I
Would gain by a request, or else expect
The worst event of force.

Prov. Your force I will
Oppose; and when my temper is too much
Provokt, perhaps the extremity may make
Me shew you such an object, as will hurt
Your eyes.

[Enter Lucio.

Luc. My Lord retire to face your Brother's pow'r,
Which now is doubled by a sally from
The Citadel.

Ben. Make good the passage at Saint *Laurence Gate*:
And, whilst my Squadron does advance,
You, *Balthazar*, must march at distance with
The Reer.

Prov. *Ursino*! range your Partizans!
'Tis now our time to make a sally too.

[Exeunt.

[Clashing of Arms within.

Enter *Beatrice*, *Viola*, *Lacquay*.

Viol. Sister! Sister! can we not hide our selves?

Beat. Fear nothing, *Viola*, till you are in love.
But then our Faces we like Wood-Cocks hide;
Whilst foolish fear (which is in women shame)
Makes us but tempt the Fowler to give aim.

Enter 1. Page.

1. Page. Madam, all's our own.

Beat. Well, speak! you are one of those Messengers
Who lost his Wages by his diligence;
Running so fast to bring good news, that he
Wanted breath to utter it.

1. Page. Count *Benedick's* a most substantial man.
Would the Sun were up, that his friends might see
How he stands to't, whilst his Enemies flye from him.

Beat. He is a substance fit to stand i'th' Sun
To make a shadow. And being the substance,

Lucio

Lucio must be the shadow? if *Benedick*
Flye first, *Lucio* will not fail to follow him.

1. Page. There is no end of Count *Benedick's* valour.

Beat. Valiant without end; that is, stout to no purpose.

Enter 2. Page.

2. Page. Oh Madam! Count *Benedick* is lost.

Beat. How? this foolish Boy was ever given to lying:
Lacquay, go out, and bring me truth; such truth
As I shall like, or else return no more.

2. Page. Madam, all the Maids—

Beat. Peace! your Intelligence comes from the Laundry.

Viol. Well, I fear the news may be too true then;

They know what they say. *Carlo*, tell it me. [Page and *Viola* whisper.

Beat. My eyes are not prophetic; perhaps
They melt too soon. Lost, valiant *Benedick*,
Lost by thy noble kindness for my sake;
Who whilst I pity'd *Claudio* in his danger,
Had of thy safety no indulgent care.

Enter *Balthazar*.

Balt. Madam, pardon my haste, which is as rude
As my unseasonable visit.

Beat. Tell me, I pray, the business of this night?

Balt. Count *Benedick* began it with success;
Who to redeem unhappy *Claudio* from
The arms of death, and *Juliet* from the shame
Of publick penance, did assault the Guards
Attending near the Prison Gate; and at
The first encounter did disperse that force.

Beat. This is no wonder; for in Honours Game
(Where many throw at the last great stake, life,
As if 'twere but light Gold) young Gamblers oft
Are lucky.

Balt. The Provost offer'd parly, but deny'd
To yield the Pris'ners, and the cause which made
Him obstinate grew quickly evident;
By old *Montano's* sally from the Citadel,
And *Angelo's* advance with all his *Zwits*.
These were by valiant *Benedick* repulst.

Beat. I'm not sorry now that I have his Picture:
For the vain Gentleman will quickly grow
So alter'd by success, that without his
Image I should hardly know him.

Balt. Lord *Angelo* would have retir'd into the Citadel;
But in the strife of that retreat
Brave *Benedick* receiv'd a wound.

Beat. A wound----Excuse me, *Balthazar*, if I
Assume the feeling of your friendship to him,
And pity him for your sake.

Balt. The wound was slight;
And rather serv'd t'augment his courage, than
To waste his strength.

Beat. Well, I'll allow him courage. Pray proceed.

Balt. With many shouts saluted, he again
Summon'd the Provost; who enraged at our

S f 2

Resistance

Resistance of his sally from the Prison,
Licens'd his anger even to cruelty;
For, as a dire expedient to prevent
Th' occasion of a new assault, he doom'd
Young *Claudio* to endure the bloody Axe;
And from the Battlements shew'd us his head.

Beat. Enough! your story grows too dismal to
Be heard. Dead *Claudio*, yet more happy is
Than living *Juliet*. Pray be brief, if you
Have any other sorrows to reveal!

Balt. The cruel Provost having thus provokt
Count *Benedick*; he straight prepares to storm
The Prison; and th' assault was scarce begun,
When suddenly our Sov'raign Duke breaks forth,
From the dark Cloud of that disguise, in which,
It seems, he hath remain'd conceal'd in *Turin*.

Beat. The Duke in Town?

Balt. Most visibly in person, and in pow'r.
For by his high command victorious *Benedick*,
Is now with conquer'd *Angelo*, and both
Are Pris'ners to the Provost.

Beat. Sudden and strange.

Balt. Lord *Angelo* is kept from Visitants,
To make him ignorant of what is past;
And by the strictness of the Guards to *Benedick*,
'Tis whisper'd and suspected, that he will
Be sentenc'd for Rebellion.

Beat. I'll to the Duke. He's full of clemency:
A Prince who by forgiving does reclaim,
And tenderly preserve for noble use,
Many whom rigid Justice, by exemplar death,
Would make for ever useless to the world.

Balt. 'Tis fit you hasten to him.

Beat. In his own arms he bred my infancy.
He ever yielded to me when I su'd
For men who had no other plea to get
Their pardon but their misery; and sure
He'll not deny me when in tears I kneel,
For valiant *Benedick*.

Enter Duke in his own Habit, Eschalus, Provost,
Fryer Thomas, Attendants.

Duke. In favour of that pow'r, which I did leave
In *Angelo's* possession, as my Substitute,
I have reliev'd him from his Brother's fury.
But *Angelo* in his short Government,
Disfigur'd and disgrac'd that fair
Resemblance which he wore of me,
By many blemishes.

Esch. Though your accustom'd clemency should give
Him leave to use his eloquence, in's own
Defence, yet he would silence it, and hope
For no relief, but from your gracious mercy.

Duke. Provost, he is your Pris'ner now,
With *Benedick*. Take care they do not meet.

Exit.

Prov.

Prov. Sir, they are sever'd under watchful Guards.

Duke. 'Tis well. Go do what further I enjoin'd you.

Prov. I humbly beg your Highness pardon, for my
Ignorance of what you were when you
Were pleas'd to make your visits in disguise.

Duke. You need no pardon, but have merited
My thanks and favour.

Fry.Tho. Is it your Highness will that I attend you? [Exit Provost.]

Duke. I've left your habit, but will ne'er forsake
Your company nor counsel. Father now
You must make haste, and do as I directed.

Fry.Tho. I shall be diligent in both of your
Commands.

Duke. You, *Eschalus*, complain of being wrong'd [Exit Fryer Thomas.]
By having been made ignorant of all
These evils past. I left you not to sleep
Away your time.

Esch. If you vouchsafe me not your pardon,
I shall with shame receive my punishment;
Though it is better to be ignorant,
Than to be guilty.

Enter Beatrice, Viola, 2 Pages, Lacquay.

Beat. As virtuous Virgins, by their vows to Heaven,
Have brought you here, so may their Prayers
Preserve you long amongst us.

Duke. I thank you, beauteous Maid. But I perceive
Affliction in your Eyes. Whence does it come?

Beat. I am a lowly Sutor to your Highness.

Duke. I hope you are not so unfortunate,
As to desire a benefit, which I
Unwillingly shall grant.

Beat. If no offenders were, then Sov'raign Pow'r
Would have no use of mercy:
Though *Benedick* has much offended, yet
Forgive that valour which by yours was bred;
And let him not be lost who was miss'd.

Duke. Your heart is alter'd since I saw you last.

Can *Benedick* in his affliction now
Prevail; and be petition'd for by you
Who scorn'd him when he did in triumph sue?
This riddle I will leave to *Eschalus*.

Give me a quick account of it. I shall
Consider and take care of your request.

[Exit several ways.]

Enter Angelo, Fryer Thomas.

Ang. In the perplexity of Fight, when I
Was forc'd to a retreat, I did suppose
My Brother (to procure the people to
His side) had publish'd but in artifice
The Dukes return.

Fry.Tho. The Duke is certainly in Town, and has,
During the time of your Vicegerency,
Remain'd here in disguise, he did converse,
With *Isabella*, and continually
Receiv'd from her, true knowledge of her griefs,

And

And by what art you have afflicted her.

Ang. Oh, Father, I am lost.

Fryer Tho. Could you suppose
You were your Brother's Prisoner here?

Ang. In the dark mist of our encounter,
I was led to that mistake.

Fryer Tho. 'Twas a mistake indeed;
For *Benedick's* your fellow prisoner now,
And under strict command.

Ang. I know him noble, though by passion urg'd
To this outrageous violence, against
My ill dispos'd authority: and had
He now been free, I easily should have hop'd
His favour with the Duke, might have procur'd
My peace and pardon too. But, in my strict
Restraint, how, Father, did you get this visit?

Fryer Tho. By an especial leave to comfort you. [Enter Provost.
The Provost has perhaps occasion of concernment
With you. I'll take leave a while. [Exit Fryer.

Prov. My Lord, with blushes I appear
I'th' presence of your most unhappy fortune,
Asham'd of my authority; but 'tis
His Highness will, that you should now
Be subject to my pow'r, who have been long
Govern'd by yours.

Ang. You will be civil to me, Provost, if
You think I am contented with this change.

Prov. You are so well prepar'd for grief,
That I may now ask leave, to tell you, he, whom
You did hastily condemn, was with dispatch,
As fatal as your sentence, executed.

Ang. who can you mean?

Prov. Th'unhappy *Claudio*.

Ang. Is he executed? The Marshal had his Pardon seal'd.
Prov. The Marshal (who is now in hope of cure)
Was by his wound last night in the first charge
Depriv'd of speech; so by the Law of destiny,
Your purpos'd remedy against your Law
Was known too late: for (to divert
The fury of th'assault, by taking from
His friends that hope which was the cause of strife)
I did appoint him for the Ax; and from
Our Battlements shew'd them his head.

Ang. All my sinister Stars, have met at once,
In consultation how to ruine me.

Prov. A moment e're his death, a Fryer who was
Official here, did marry him to *Juliet*:
And therefore now I come to know, how far
You by your plentiful Estate, will please
To give subsistence to his mourning Widow?
You know that his Possessions, and her Dowry,
(He dying guilty by the sentence of
The Law) are both confiscate to the Duke.

Ang. My bosom is too narrow for this grief;
I give her all I have.

Enter

Enter Eschalus.

Esch. My Lord, I grieve to tell you, that the Duke
As a reward to *Isabella's* vertue for
Her suff'rings, has already by his promise,
Given her th'intended confiscation of
Your Lands and Treasure.

Ang. 'Tis righteously bestow'd. But where alas,
She having all, is *Juliet's* recompence?

Prov. Let's leave him, Signior, to his thoughts. [Ex. Provost.

Ang. How wisely Fate ordain'd for humane kind
Calamity, which is the perfect Glas
Wherein we truly see and know our selves.
How justly it created life but short;
For being incident to many griefs,
Had it been destin'd to continue long,
Fate, to please Fools, had done the Wise great wrong.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I come, my Lord, to see you in eclipse:
You did too hurtful to mine eyes appear,
When with your glory you did fill your Sphear.

Ang. Is it revenge that hath this visit bred;
Or are you hither by compassion led?

Isab. With no revenge nor pity I comply;
But come, perhaps, in curiosity;

As in a great Eclipse the curious run
T'inform themselves exactly of the Sun:
For when his light is lessen'd, they see more
Of his unevenness, than they saw before.

Ang. The spots in him only imagin'd be;
But all reported stains are true in me.

Isab. As your confession of the worst of you
Seems now to utter more than does seem true,
So of the best of you, which is your love,
Perhaps you told much more than you could prove.

Ang. In an ill season you require a test,
T'assure you of that love which I profess;
When I can offer nothing that is fit,
To be a pledge to make you credit it;
Since all I had is by the Duke (as due
To injur'd virtue) freely given to you.

Isab. Take back your wealth; improperly consign'd
To me, who prize no wealth, but of the mind.

Ang. How *Isabell?* would you a present make
Of such a gift, as you disdain to take.

It would more worthy of your bounty prove,
To keep such trifles, and to give me love.
But I would have what you can never give;
Claudio is dead, whose life should make me live.

Isab. I shall redeem you now from half your fear;
I must be gone, but *Claudio* shall appear.

Ang. What may this mean? Virgins so soft as she
Can never pleasure take in cruelty.
Heav'n oft in wonders does propitious grow,
Fortune no faster ebbs than it can flow.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Claudio, Julietta.

Claud. Let those who lost their youth retire to Graves,
Deaths Closets, where, though there be privacy,
Yet there is never use of thoughts. Let us thank
Heaven that we have life, since we together
May enjoy it.

Jul. From a wild Tempest, where we both were lost,
Heaven lands us strangely on a Floury coast.

Claud. Since none could thus recover'd be by Heaven,
Were not the crimes which lost them quite forgiven,
Let us express a kind forgiveness too;

Jul. Honour would that without Religion do.

Ang. Are you the mortal substances of forms
Which you resemble, *Claudio* and *Julietta*;
Yet, like immortal Angels, can so much
Of good forgiveness speak?

Claud. What act hath *Angelo* severely done,
For which his Brother *Benedick* hath not
By kindness ample satisfaction given?

Ang. How is this wonder to be understood? [Enter *Benedick*.

Ben. The Provost, Brother, has to happy purpose
Deceiv'd us by the death of *Bernardine*.
Let us embrace and mutually exchange
Forgiveness.

Ang. Sure our offences to each other will
Admit excuse, since the authority of mighty love
Did sway us both. This meeting has much comfort
In it though it be in Prison. [Enter *Beatrice*, *Viola*.

Beat. Where is the Rebel?

Ben. No Rebel, Lady, to your pow'r.

Beat. If you had err'd that way, y'had never been
Forgiven; but you may offend your Prince
As often as you please. There's your Pardon— [Gives him a Paper
(seal'd.

Ben. I hope you will not undo me.

Beat. How so, Sir?

Ben. I am afraid 'tis a Licence for Marriage.

Beat. No, Sir, Plays that end so, begin to be
Out of fashion.

Ben. Do you not see your Cousin *Juliet*?
She has been advis'd by a bauld Dramatick Poet
Of the next Cloister, to end her Tragy-Comedy
With Hymen the old way. [Beatrice salutes *Juliet*.

Beat. Alas poor Cousin! Love has led thee a Dance
Through a Brake of Thorns and Briers.

Jul. Madam, take heed; though he be blind
He may find the way to lead you too.

Viol. Warrant ye I'll run from that foolish Boy,
And then let him try to overtake me. [A shout within.

Within. The Duke! the Duke!

Enter *Duke*, *Isabella*, *Eschalus*, *Provost*, *Fryar Thomas*, *Guards*,
Attendants, *Balthazar*, *Lucio*, behind the rest.

Duke. The motive which last caus'd my visits
To this Prison, was to give good counsel and to

Reclaim

Reclaim the ill advis'd. But now I come
To count'nance the Reclaim'd. I can relate
Your latter Story, *Angelo*, and am
Not ignorant, *Benedick*, of yours; but in
Remembrance of your former merits I
Forget your late attempts.

Ang. Your Highness makes
An hourly conquest of our hearts, and we
Most humbly bow in thankfulness for your
Continual clemency.

Duke. The eye of Pow'r does not alone observe
The heights, but lower Regions of the world.
I have a Convert here, whom I would see.

Prov. Call *Bernardine*.

Ben. Is he alive?

Duke. I am more willingly pleas'd, because
The fury of the last encounter has
Not lost me any of my Subjects lives.
The Martial's free from danger of his wound;
And as the military Sword has not
Prevail'd so far as life, so Justice, with
Contrition satisfy'd, did sheath up hers.

[Enter *Jaylor*, *Fool*, *Bernardine*.

Balt. There's no harm yet.

Luc. I hope we shall all scape.

Duke. The Provost (whose fidelity I shall
Reward) did in the storm preserve from wrack
This Penitent: and from the Battlements
Deceiv'd you with a Head of one, who of
A natural sickness dy'd i'th' Prison.

Luc. Under your Highness favour I suspected
Afar off, that 'twas not *Bernardine's*, by
A small Wart upon his left eye-lid.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Luc. No an't please your Highness,
Nor wisht to hold my peace.

Balt. *Lucio*, you will be talking.

Duke. Remember, *Bernardine*, your Vows to Heaven;
And so behave your self in future life,
That I shall ne'er repent my mercy.

Bern. I am your Highness Debtor for this life,
And for th' occasion of that happiness,
Which may succeed it after death.

Duke. Is there not, Father, in this Company
One too much troubled with a lib'ral tongue,
Who hath traduc'd me to a Brother of
Your Cloister?

Fry. Tho. Yes, Sir, and here behold the man.

Luc. Who I, Father? I know you not.

Fry. Tho. No, Sir, but I know you.

Luc. I shall be glad, Sir, of your acquaintance,
For my Confessor is lately dead.

Duke. But, *Lucio*, you perhaps, would know me too,
Should I again put on the Habit which

T t

I wore

I wore, when boldly to my face you did
Traduce me in this Prison.

Luc. If your Highness, forgiving now so many,
Will pardon me too, I'll hereafter hang
A Padlock at my lips, and this good Father
Shall keep the Key of it.

Duke. Your slanders, *Lucio*, cannot do me harm.
Be sorrowful, and be forgiven.

Balt. Thy Mother hath bewicht thee the right way,
For no Sword can pierce thee.

Duke. Think me not singular, because
I did my self a while depose;
For many Monarchs have their Thrones
Forsaken for a Cloistral life; and I,
Perhaps, may really that Habit take,
Which I have worn but in disguise.

Ang. That were t'undo the world by leaving it.

Ben. Whilst so you seek imagin'd happiness,
We all shall find essential misery.

Duke. My resolutions are not soon remov'd:
I'm old and weary of authority.

But, e're I leave it quite (since I have no
Successors of my own) let me dispose
Of best advantages to those whom I
Esteem, who may enjoy my pow'r. Lend me,
Chast *Isabella*, your fair hand; which with
Your heart I dedicate to *Angelo*;

He now sufficiently that virtue knows,
Which he too much, too curiously has try'd.

Isab. I have so long your counsel follow'd with
Success, as I am taught not to suspect
Much happiness will still attend
Th' obedience which does yield
To your command.

Ang. I fear my joys are grown too great to last.

Duke. I have a good occasion, *Benedick*,
To thank you now for your successful toils
And Victory in the *Millain* War; for which,
In ample recompence, I give you but
The heart, which I perceive you had before.
The witty war which you so long have had
With virtuous *Be'trice*, now must gently end,
In joyful triumphs of a nuptial peace.

Beat. Take heed! our quarrel will begin again;
And th' end of this long Treaty will but bring
The war home to your own doors.

Ben. I'll venture. 'Tis but providing good store of
Cradles for Barracadoes to line my Chamber.

Duke. Be happy, *Claudio*, in your faithful *Juliet*,
The persecutions of your loves the past.

Claud. They feel not joy who have not sorrow felt.
We through afflictions make our way to Heaven.

Luc. Fool, I've a mind to marry your Grandmother.

Fool. She stays for you in the Church, and will prove

A sweet Bed-fellow, for she has not been
Bury'd above a Month.

Duke. Provost, open your Prison Gates, and make
Your Pris'ners free. The story of this day,
When 'tis to future Ages told, will seem
A moral drawn from a poetick Dream.

FINIS.

THE

Man's the Master.

PROLOGUE.

1.
NO Country Lady ever yet did ask
Such shrewd advice before a Ball or Masque
(When curious dressing is the Courts great task.)

2.
As now young Poets do, in this nice Age,
To gain the froward Lovers of the Stage;
Whose heat of humours nothing can assuage.

3.
The Muse, disdain'd, does as fond Women do;
Instead of being courted she courts you:
But Women are less valu'd when they woo.

4.
And as young Poets, like young Ladies, fear
A Concourse, great as this Assembly here,
'Till they seek counsel how they should appear.

5.
So all old Poets, like old Ladies, may
Be more afraid to venture the survey
Of many apt to censure their decay.

6.
Both know they have been out of fashion long;
And, e're they come before a shining Throng,
Would dress themselves by Patterns of the Young.