

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Source: <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/47240/47240-h/47240-h.htm>

Act One. Scene Two.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite: Dear *Palamon*, dearer in Love than Blood
And our prime Cousin, yet unhard'ned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth,

Palamon: 'Tis in our power, to
Be Masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd;
What Canon is there

That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the street be foul?

Arcite: Our Uncle Creon.

Palamon: He,
A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured
Beyond its power: Let
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
From me with Leeches, let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption.

Arcite: Clear spirited Cousin,
Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
Of his loud infamy.

Palamon: Nothing truer:

Letter is received by Arcite.

Arcite, Reading: "The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
Till his great rage be off him. "

Palamon: Small winds shake him,
But what's the matter?

Arcite, reading: “*Theseus*, who where he threats appalls, hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to *Thebes*.”

Palamon:

Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutral to him, were dishonor;
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arcite: So we must; Let's to the King, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honor, which
His enemy came in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health. [*Exeunt.*]

Act One. Scene Three.

Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia.

Pirithous: No further.

Hippolyta: Sir farewell; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess, and overflow of power,

Emilia: Remember me

To our all-Royal Brother, for whose speed
The great *Bellona* I'll solicit; I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes; our hearts
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hippolyta: In's bosom:

We have been Soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our Friends don their helms, or put to Sea

Pirithous: Peace be to you

As I pursue this war. [*Exit Pirithous:*]

Emilia: How his longing

Follows his friend; Have you observed him
Since our great lord departed?

HIPPOLYTA: With much labor,
And I did love him for't. Their knot of love,
Tied, weaved, entangled,

May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like Justice, which he loves best.

Emilia: I was acquainted

Once with a time, when I enjoyed a Play-fellow;
You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,

Hippolyta: 'Twas *Flavina*.

Emilia: Yes,

You talk of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love;

Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgement, and their needs

The one of th' other may be said to water

Their intertangled roots of love, but I

And she I sigh and spoke of were things innocent,

Lov'd for we did, and like the Elements

That know not what, nor why, yet do effect

Rare issues by their operance; our souls

Did so to one another; what she lik'd,

Was then of me approved,

the flower that I would pluck

And put between my breasts, oh she would long

Till she had such another, and commit it

To the like innocent Cradle.

100 The true love 'tween Maid, and Maid, may be
More than in sex individual.

Hippolyta: Y'are out of breath,
And this high speeded-pace is but to say
That you shall never (like the Maid *Flavina*)
Love any that's call'd Man.

105 **Emilia:** I'm sure I shall not.

Hippolyta: Now alack, weak Sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
Though in't I know thou dost believe thy self
Then I will trust a sickly appetite,
110 That loathes even as it longs.

Emilia: I am not against your faith,
Yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt Cornets.*]

Act One. Scene Four.

A Battle struck within: then a Retreat: Flourish. Then Enter Theseus (victor)

115 **Theseus:** What are those?

Pirithous. Men of great quality, Nephews to the King.

Theseus: By th' Helm of *Mars*, I saw them in the War,
Like to a pair of Lions, smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops agast. I fixed my note
120 Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?

Pirithous. With leave, they're called
Arcite and *Palamon*.

125 **Theseus:** We had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us, than death; bear 'em speedily
From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister
What man to man may do [*Exeunt. Musick.*]

130 **Act Two. Scene One.**

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor.

Alas the Prison I
Keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom
135 Come; before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
Of Minnows. Marry, what I have (be it what
It will) I will assure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer,
140 And I will estate your Daughter, in what I
Have promised.

Jailor. Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

Enter Daughter.

145 When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have Sir; here she comes.

Jailor. Look tenderly
To the two prisoners. I can tell you they are Princes.

150 **Daughter:** 'tis pity they
Are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out:
the prison itself is proud of 'em.
It seems to me, they have no more sense of their
Captivity, than I of ruling *Athens*: they eat
Well, look merrily, discourse of many things,
155 But nothing of their own restraint, and disasters:
Jailor.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite above.

Look, yonder they are; that's *Arcite* looks out.
Daughter: No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*:
160 **Jailor.** Go to, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their sight.
Daughter: It is a holiday to look on them: Lord, the
Difference of men.[*Exeunt.*

Act Two. Scene Two.

165 *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

Palamon: How do you, Noble Cousin?
Arcite: How do you, Sir?
Palamon: Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet, we are prisoners
170 I fear forever, Cousin.
Arcite: I believe it,
Palamon: Oh Cousin *Arcite*,
Where is *Thebes* now? Where is our noble Country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
175 Must we behold those comforts,
Arcite: Yet, Cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
180 If I think this our prison.

Palamon: Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, Cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, so they grow together,
185 Will never sink.

Arcite: Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

Palamon: How, gentle Cousin?
Arcite: Let's think this prison, Holy Sanctuary,
190 To keep us from corruption of worse men,
We are young, And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one anothers Wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are Father, Friends, Acquaintance,
195 We are, in one another, Families,

Palamon: You have made me almost wanton
With my Captivity:
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we two, *Arcite*?

200 **Arcite:** Sure there cannot.
Palamon: I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
Arcite: Till our deaths it cannot.

Enter Emilia and her Woman.

205 And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on Sir.
This Garden has a world of pleasures in't.
Emilia: What Flower is this?
Woman: 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*, Madam.

210 **Emilia:** That was a fair Boy certain, but a fool,
To love himself. Were there not Maids enough?
Or were they all hard-hearted?
Woman: They could not be to one so fair.
Emilia: Thou wouldst not.

215 **Woman:** I think I should not, Madam.
Emilia: Men are mad things.
Of all Flowers,
Methinks a Rose is best.
Woman: Why gentle Madam?

220 **Emilia:** It is the very Emblem of a Maid.
For when the West wind courts her gently
How modestly she blows, and paints the Sun,
With her chaste blushes! When the North comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like Chastity

225 She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Woman: Yet, good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for't: a Maid

230 If she have any honor, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emilia: Thou art wanton.
Woman: I could lie down I am sure.
Emilia: And take one with you?

235 **Woman:** That's as we bargain, Madam.
Emilia: Well, agree then. *[Exeunt Emilia and Woman.]*
Palamon: What think you of this beauty?
Arcite: 'Tis a rare one.
Palamon: You love her then?

240 **Arcite:** Who would not?
Palamon: And desire her?
Arcite: Before my liberty.
Palamon: I saw her first.
Arcite: That's nothing.

245 **Palamon:** But it shall be.
Arcite: I saw her too.
Palamon: Yes, but you must not love her.
Arcite: I will not as you do; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess;

250 I love her as a woman, to enjoy her

So both may love.

Palamon: You shall not love at all.

Arcite: Not love at all;
Who shall denie me?

255 **Palamon:** I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her reveal'd to mankind: if thou lov'st her;
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traitor, *Arcite*, and a fellow
260 False as thy Title to her: friendship, bloud
And all the ties between us I disclaim
If thou once think upon her.

Arcite: Yes, I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
265 I must do so, I love her with my soul,
If that will lose ye, farewell, *Palamon*.

Palamon: Have I call'd thee friend?

Arcite: Yes, and have found me so
Why then would you deal so cunningly,
270 So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman
To love alone? speak truly, do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Palamon: No, but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.

275 **Arcite:** You are mad.

Palamon: I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concerns me,
And in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

280 **Arcite:** Fie Sir.
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Enter Jailor.

285 **Palamon:** No more; the Jailors coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my Shackles.

Arcite: Do.

Jailor. By your leave, Gentlemen.

Palamon: Now, honest Jailor?

290 **Jailor.**.. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to th' Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arcite: I am ready, Jailor.

Jailor... Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair Cousins company.[*Exeunt Arcite, and Jailor.*

295 **Palamon:** Why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his Blood and Body: but his falsehood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? if that
300 Get him a Wife so noble, and so fair;
Let honest men ne'er love again.

Enter Jailor.

How now Jailor,
Where's *Arcite*?

305 **Jailor.** Banish'd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more
Upon his oath and life must he set foot
Upon this Kingdom.

310 **Palamon:** He's a blessed man,
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this Lady,
This blushing Virgin should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.

315 **Jailor.** My Lord, for you
I have this charge too.

Palamon: To discharge my life.

Jailor. No, but from this place to remove your Lordship,
The windows are too open.

320 **Palamon:** Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me; prithee kill me.

Jailor. And hang for't afterward.

Palamon: I will not go.

Jailor. Indeed you must my Lord.

Palamon: May I see the Garden?

325 **Jailor.** No.

Palamon: Farewell kind window.

May rude wind never hurt thee. Oh my Lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dream how I suffer. Come; now bury me. *[Exeunt Palamon and Jailor.]*

330 **Act Two, Scene Three**

Enter Arcite

Arcite: Banish'd the Kingdom? *Palamon*;
Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
335 Good gods! what happiness has *Palamon*!
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,
I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild Rocks wanton.

340 Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdom,
If I go, he has her,
I'm resolv'd an other shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I'm happy:
345 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter. Country people, & one with a garland before them.

Arcite: By your leave honest friend: Pray you whither go you.

Countryman. Whither? Why, what a question's that!

Arcite: Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know not.

350 **Countryman.** To the *Games*, my Friend. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arcite: Not far, Sir,
Are there such *Games* today?

Countryman:. Yes marry are there:
And such as you never saw; The *Duke*, himself
Will be in person there.

Arcite: What pastimes are they?

Countryman Wrastling, and Running
Thou wilt not goe along?

ARCITE: Not yet, Sir.

COUNTREYMAN: Well, Sir, Take your owne time[*Exit*.

Arcite: This is an offered opportunity
I durst not wish for. I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there, who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands?
And happiness prefer me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her.[*Exit Arcite*

Act Two. Scene Four

Enter Jailor's Daughter alone.

Daughter: Why should I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am base,
My Father the mean Jailor of his Prison,
And he a Prince; To marry him is hopeless;
To be his whore, is witless. Out upon't
What pushes are we wenches driven to? First I saw him,
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
And so would any young wench o'my Conscience
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maidenhead
To a young handsome Man; Then I lov'd him,
(Extremely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a Cousin, fair as he too.
But in my heart was *Palamon*., and there
Lord, what a coil he keeps! When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
Fair, gentle Maid, good morrow, may thy goodness,
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kissed me,
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after,
Would he would do so ev'ry day; Say I ventured
To set him free? What says the Law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will do it,
And this night, or tomorrow he shall love me.[*Exit*.

[This short florish of Cornets and Shouts within.

Act Two. Scene Five

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.

Theseus: You have done worthily;
What Country bred you?

Arcite: This; But far off, Prince.

Theseus: Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite: My father said so;

Pirithous. Upon my soul, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.
 405 **Pirithous:** How do you like him, Lady?
Hippolyta: I admire him,
 I have not seen so young a man, so noble
 (If he say true,) of his sort.
Emilia: Believe,
 410 His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,
 His face me thinks, goes that way.
Theseus: What made you seek this place, Sir?
Arcite: Noble *Theseus*.
 To purchase name, and do my ablest service
 415 To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
Theseus: Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
 Nor shall you lose your wish: *Pirithous*
 Dispose of this faire Gentleman.
Pirithous. Thanks *Theseus*.
 420 What ere you are y'are mine, and I shall give you
 To a most noble service, to this Lady,
 This bright young Virgin; Pray observe her goodness;
Arcite: Sir, y'are a noble Giver: dearest Beauty,
Emilia:
 425 Y'are mine, and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.
Theseus: Go lead the way; You have won it:
 Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,
 That if I were a woman, would be Master,
 But you are wise.[*Flourish*.
 430 **Emilia:** I hope too wise for that Sir.[*Exeunt omnes*.

Act Two. Scene Six.
Enter Jailors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes and all the devils roar,
 He is at liberty: I have ventured for him:
 435 And out I have brought him to a little wood
 A mile hence, and there he shall keep close,
 Till I provide him files and food; for yet
 His iron bracelets are not off.
 I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
 440 Or wit, or safety: I have made him know it
 I care not, I am desperate: Sure he cannot
 Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
 If he do, Maids will not so easily
 Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
 445 For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,
 And that (me thinks) is not so well; Yet I hope
 When he considers more, this love of mine
 Will take more root within him: Let him do
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
 450 For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
 And to his face, no man: Now to him.

[Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hollowing as people a Maying.

Act Three. Scene One.

Enter Arcite alone.

455

Arcite:

Alas, alas

Poor Cousin *Palamon*, poor prisoner, thou

So little dream'st upon my fortune. But if

460

Thou knew'st my Mistress breath'd on me, and that

I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye; O Coz

What passion would enclose thee.

Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles: bends his fist at Arcite.

Palamon: Traitor kinsman,

465

Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs

Of prisonment were off me, and this hand

But owner of a Sword: thou ly'st, and art

A very thief in love.

Arcite: Be content,

470

Again betake you to your hawthorn house,

With counsel of the night, I will be here

With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and

Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison, after

475

When you shall stretch yourself, and say but *Arcite*

I am in plight, there shall be at your choice

Both Sword, and Armor.

Palamon: Oh you heavens, dare any

So noble bear a guilty business! none

480

But only *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*

In this kind is so bold.

Arcite: [*Wind horns.*

Hark Sir, they call

Palamon: Sir your attendance

485

Cannot please heaven, and I know your office

Unjustly is achieved.

Arcite: I'm a Suitor,

That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,

And talk of it no more.

490

Palamon: But this one word:

You are going now to gaze upon my Mistress,

For note you, mine she is.

Arcite: Nay then.

Palamon: Nay pray you,

495

You talk of feeding me to breed me strength

You are going now to look upon a Sun

That strengthens what it looks on, there

You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till

I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

500

Act Three. Scene Two

Enter Jailors daughter alone.

Daughter:

'Tis now well nigh morning,

Hark 'tis a wolf:

505 In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.
I wreak not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this File; what if I hollow'd for him?
I cannot hollow: if I whoop'd; what then?
510 If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night, why may't not be
They have made prey of him? I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces, they howl'd many together
515 And then they fed on him: So which way now?
The best way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Loe
The Moon is down, the Cr'ckets chirp, the Screech-owl
Calls in the dawn; all offices are done
520 Save what I fail in: But the point is this
An end, and that is all.[*Exit.*

Act Three. Scene Three.

Enter Arcite, with Meat, Wine, and Files.

Enter Palamon.

525 **Arcite:** I have brought you food and files,
here Sir drink:
I know you're faint, then I'll talk further with you.
and let me entreat you
By all the honesty and honor in you,
530 No mention of this woman, 't will disturb us,
We shall have time enough.
Palamon: Well Sir, I'll pledge you.
Arcite: I am glad you have so good a stomach.
Palamon: I am gladder I have so good meat to't.
535 Give me more wine; here, **Arcite:** to the wenches
We have known in our days. The Lord Stewards daughter.
Do you remember her?
Arcite: After you, Cuz.
Palamon: She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
540 **Arcite:** She did so; well Sir.
Palamon: And I have heard some call him *Arcite*.
Arcite: The Marshals Sister,
Had her share too, as I remember, Cousin,
Palamon: For *Emily*, upon my life, fool
545 A way with this strain'd mirth; I say again
That sigh was breath'd for *Emily*; base Cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
There's nothing in thee honest.
Arcite: Then I'll leave you: you are a Beast now:
550 **Palamon:** As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arcite:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
Thee that shall quiet all.
Palamon: A Sword and Armor.
555 **Arcite:** Fear me not; you are now too foul; farewell.

[Exit.

Act Three. Scene Four.

Enter Jailors daughter.

560 **Daughter:** I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that look like aglets:
The Sun has seen my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; he's in heaven; where am I now?
Good night, good night, y'are gone; I'm very hungry,
Would I could find a fine Frog; he would tell me
565 News from all parts o'th' world,

Sing.

*For I'll cut my green coat, afoot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks; an inch below mine eie.
He's buy me a whit Cut, forth for to ride
570 And I'll go seek him, throw the world that is so wide.*
O for a prick now like a Nightingale, to put my brest
Against. I shall sleep like a Top else.[Exit.

Act Three. Scene Six

Enter Palamon from the Bush.

575 *[Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.*

Arcite: Good morrow noble kinsman.

Palamon: I have put you
To too much pains Sir.

580 **Arcite:** That too much fair Cousin,
Is but a debt to honor, and my duty.

Palamon: *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy Cousin's fit to kill thee,
I'm well, and lusty, choose your Arms.

Arcite: Choose you, Sir.

585 **Palamon:** This I'll take.

Arcite: That's mine then,
I'll arme you first.
do I pinch you?

Palamon: No.

590 **Arcite:** Is't not too heavy?

Palamon: I have worn a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.

Arcite: But use your Gauntlets though; those are o'th' least,
Prithee take, mine good Cousin.

595 **Palamon:** Thank you, *Arcite*.

How do I look, am I fallen much away?

Arcite: Faith very little; Love has us'd you kindly.

Palamon: I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.

600 **Arcite:** Doe, and spare not;
I'll give you cause sweet Cousin.

Palamon: Now to you Sir,
Me thinks this Armor's very like that, *Arcite*,
Thou wor'st that day the three Kings fell, but lighter.

605 **Arcite:** That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you out-did me, Cousin,
I never saw such valour:

Palamon:

You are modest Cousin.

Stay a little,

610 Is not this piece too straight?

Arcite: No, no, 'tis well.

Palamon: I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,

A bruise would be dishonor.

Arcite: Now I'm perfect.

615 **Palamon:** Stand off then.

My Cause and honor guard me.

[*They bow several ways: then advance and stand.*]

Arcite: And me my love:

Palamon: My Sword

620 Is in my hand, and if thou killst me

The gods, and I forgive thee Fight bravely Cousin, give me thy noble hand.

Arcite: Here **Palamon:** This hand shall never more

Come near thee with such friendship.

Palamon: I commend thee.

625 **Arcite:** If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,

For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.

Once more farewell my Cousin.

Palamon: Farewell **Arcite:**

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Pirithous and train.

630 **Theseus.** What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,

Are you? That 'gainst the tenor of my Laws

Are making Battail? By **Castor** both shall die.

Palamon: Hold thy word **Theseus**

We are certainly both Traitors .I'm **Palamon**

635 That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,

Think well, what that deserves; And this is **Arcite**

Was beg'd and banish'd, and in this disguise

Against this own Edict follows thy Sister,

That fortunate bright Star, the fair **Emilia**. If thou be'st

640 As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,

Say, Fight again, and thou shalt see me **Theseus**

Doe such a Justice, thou thy self wilt envy

Then take my life, I'll woo thee to't.

Pirithous: O Heaven,

645 What more than man is this!

Arcite: Let me say thus much;

If in love be Treason, aske that Lady

Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me

Stay here to love her. And if she say traitor,

650 I'm a villain fit to lie unburied.

Palamon: Thou shalt have pity of us both, O **Theseus**,

Let's die together, at one instant, Duke,

Only a little let him fall before me,

655 That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.

Theseus: I grant your wish, None here speak for 'em

For ere the Sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hippolyta Alas the pity, now or never Sister
 Speak not to be denied; That face of yours
 660 Will bear the curses else of after ages
 For these lost Cousins.
Emilia: In my face, dear Sister,
 I find no anger to'em; Nor no ruin,
 The misadventure of their own eyes kill'em;
 665 Yet that I will be woman, I'll get mercy.
 Help me dear Sister, in a deed so virtuous,
 The powers of all women will be with us,
 Most royally Brother.
Hippolyta. Sir by our tie of Marriage.
 670 **Emilia:** By your own spotless honor.
Hippolyta: By that faith,
 That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me.
Emilia: By that you would have pity in another,
 By your own virtues infinite.
 675 **Hippolyta:** By valor,
 By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.
Theseus: These are strange Conjurings.
Pirithous: Nay then I'll in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all our dangers,
 By all you love most, wars; And this sweet Lady.
 680 **Emilia:** let me intreat Sir.
Pirithous: For mercy.
Hippolyta: Mercy.
Emilia: Mercy on these Princes.
Theseus: Ye make my faith reel: Say I felt
 685 Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emilia: Upon their lives: But with their banishments.
Theseus: Can these two live
 And have the agony of love about 'em,
 And not kill one another? Every day
 690 They'd fight about you; Say, *Emilia*,
 If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
 Content to take th'other to your husband?
 They cannot both enjoy you; Look upon'em,
 And if you can love, end this difference,
 695 I give consent, are you content too, Princes?
Palamon. With all our souls.
Theseus: He that she refuses
 Must die then.
Arcite Any death thou canst invent Duke.
 700 **Palamon:** If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favor.
 And Lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arcite: If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
 And Soldiers sing my Epitaph.
Theseus: Make choice then.
 705 **Emilia:** I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent
 For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hippolyta: What will become of 'em?
Theseus: Thus I ordain it,

710 And by mine honor, once again it stands,
Or both shall die. You shall appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a Pyramid; And whether
Before us that are here, can force his Cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,
He shall enjoy her: The other loose his head,
715 Will this content ye?
Palamon: Yes: Here, Cousin *Arcite*,
I'm friends again, till that hour.
Arcite: I embrace ye.
Theseus: Are you content, Sister?
720 **Emilia:** Yes, I must Sir,
Else both miscarry.
[*Exeunt.*]

Act Four. Scene One

725 *Enter Jailor*
Enter Wooer.
Wooer. Alas, Sir, where's your Daughter?
Jailor. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh Sir, when did you see her?
730 **Jailor.** This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? Was she in health, Sir? When did she sleep?
Jailor: These are strange questions.
I do not think she was very well, for now
You make me mind her, but this very day
735 I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An Innocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her Sir?
740 **Wooer.** Nothing but my pity, but you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her:
Jailor. Well Sir. [*Wooer: Headshake*] Not well?—
Wooer. No Sir, not well.
'Tis too true, she is mad.
745 As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Palace,
I saw it was your Daughter.
Jailor. Pray go on, Sir?
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
750 Repeat this often. *Palamon is gone,*
Is gone to th' wood to gather Mulberries,
I'll find him out tomorrow.
I made in to her,
She saw me, and straight sought the flood, I sav'd her,
755 And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipped away, and to the City made,
Enter Daughter.
Daughter: May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine Song?
 760 **Wooer.** Oh, a very fine one.
Daughter: I can sing twenty more.
Wooer. . I think you can.
Daughter: Where's my wedding-Gown?
Wooer. . I'll bring it tomorrow.
 765 **Daughter:** Do, very rarely, I must be abroad else
 To call the Maids, and pay the Minstrels
 For I must lose my Maiden-head by cock-light
 'Twill never thrive else.
Oh fair, oh sweet, &c.[Sings.
 770 Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever hear
 Of one young *Palamon*?
Jailor. Yes wench, we know him.
Daughter: Is't not a fine young Gentleman?
Jailor. Yes, he's a fine man.
 775 **Daughter:** Oh, is he so? you have a Sister.
Wooer.: . Yes.
Daughter: But she shall never have him, tell her so,
 For a trick that I know, y'had best look to her,
 For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
 780 And undone in an hour. All the young Maids
 Of our Town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
 And let 'em all alone, is't not a wise course?
Jailor. She's lost Past all cure.
Wooer: . Does she know you?
 785 **Jailor** No, would she did.
Wooer. . Let's get her in.
[Exeunt.

Act Four. Scene Two

790 *Enter Emilia: and Gent.*
Emilia:
 What sins have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
 That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
 With blood of Princes? and my Chastity
 795 Be made the Altar, where the Lives of Lovers,
 Two greater, and two better never yet
 Made Mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
 To my unhappy Beauty? How now, sir?
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Pirithous, and Attendants.
 800 **Theseus:**
 Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
 You must love one of them.
Emilia: I had rather both,
 So neither for my sake should fall untimely.
 805 **Theseus:** Now as I have a soul, I long to see 'em,
 Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hippolyta:
 'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous:
 Oh my soft-hearted Sister, what think you?

810 Weep not, till they weep blood: Wench it must be.

Theseus: You have steeled 'em with your Beauty

Pirithous: There shall want no bravery. [*Exeunt.*]

Emilia: Poor wench go weep, for whosoever wins,
Looses a noble Cousin, for thy sins.

815 **Act Four. Scene Three.**

Enter Jailor, Wooer, Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon,
Than at other some, is it not?

820 **Jailor.** She is continually in a harmless distemper, sleeps
Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what
Broken piece of matter so e'er she's about, the name
Palamon lards it, that she farces ev'ry business

Enter Daughter.

825 Withal, fits it to every question; Look where
She comes, you shall perceive her behaviour.

830 **Daughter:** Lords and Courtiers, that have got Maids with child, they are in this
place, they shall stand in fire up to the Navel, and in Ice up to th' heart, and there
th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth a very grievous
punishment, as one would think, for such a Trifle, believe me one would marry a
leprous witch, to be rid on't I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted madness but a most
thick, and profound melancholy.

835 **Daughter:** To hear there a proud Lady, and a proud City wife, howl together: I were
a beast, and I'd call it good sport: one cries, oh this smoak, another this fire; one
cries oh that I ever did it behind the Arras, and then howls; th' other curses a suing
fellow and her Garden-house.

Sings. *I will be true, my Stars, my Fate, &c.* [*Exit Daughter:*]

Jailor. What think you of her, Sir?

840 **Doctor.** I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

Jailor. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you, she ever affected any man, e'r
She beheld *Palamon*?

845 **Jailor.** I was once, Sir, in great hope she had fix'd her
Liking on this Gentleman my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too, and would account, that both
She and I at this present stood unfainedly on the
Same terms.

850 **Doctor.** This you
Must do, confine her to a place, where the light
May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted; take
Upon you (young Sir, her friend) the name of
Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to
Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for
855 This her mind beats upon; It is a falsehood
She is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated.
This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's
Now out of square in her, into their former Law, and
Regiment; Let us
860 Put it in execution; and hasten the success, which doubt not

Will bring forth comfort.[Flourish. *Exeunt*.

Act Five. Scene One.

Enter Thesius, Arcite, Palamon

865 **Palamon:** Let me embrace thee Cousin
This I shall never do again.

Arcite: One farewell.

Palamon: Why let it be so: Farewell Coz.

Arcite: Farewell Sir;

870 **Theseus:**

Now let 'em enter, and before the gods

Tender their holy Prayers: [*Exeunt* Palamon, Theseus.

875 **Arcite:** True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear and th'apprehension
Which still is father of it. You know my prize
must be dragged out of blood— force and great feat
must put my garland on.

Give me great *Mars*

880 Some token of thy Pleasure.

[a short Thunder.

Oh great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dusty, and old Titles, that heal'st with blood
885 The earth when it is sick, and curst the world
O' th' pleurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design; march boldly.[*Exeunt*.

Enter Palamon.

890 **Palamon:** to the goddess *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our partie.
Hail Sovereign Queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest Tyrant from his rage;
895 that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance, to choak *Mars*'s Drum
And turn th' alarm to whispers,
bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

900 [Here Music is heard, Doves are seen to flutter, they fall again
upon their faces, then on their knees.

Oh then most soft sweet goddess
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit. Time comes on.

905 [*Exeunt*. Still Music of Records.

Enter Emilia

Emilia: Oh sacred, shadowy, cold and constant Queen,
Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
910 As wind-fan'd Snow, this is my last

Of vestal office, I'm Bride-habited,
But Maiden-hearted: a Husband I have pointed,
But do not know him, out of two, I should
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
915 Am guiltless of election of mine eyes,
Were I to lose one, they are equal precious,
I could doom neither, that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenced: Therefore most modest Queen,
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me
920 And has the truest Title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten Garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

[*They curtsey, and Exeunt.*]

925 **Act Five, Scene Two.**

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer, in habit of Palamon.

Doctor. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

Wooer. Oh very much; the Maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
930 Half hour she came smiling to me, and ask'd me what I
Would eat, and when I would kiss her: I told her,
Presently, and kist her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done;

Wooer. She would have me sing.

935 **Doctor.** You did so?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her every way.

Wooer. Alas

940 I have no voice Sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if ye make a noise,
If she intreat again, do any thing,
Lie with her if she ask you.

Jailor. Hoa there, Doctor.

945 **Doctor.** Yes, in the way of cure.

Pray bring her in
And let's see how she is.

Jailor. I will, and tell her

950 Her *Palamon* stays for her: but Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still.[*Exit Jailor.*]

Doctor. Go, go: you Fathers are fine fools
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose,
What ev'r her Father says, if you perceive
Her Mood inclining that way that I spoke of
955 Please her appetite

And do it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humor that infects her.

Wooer. Yes very well sir.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, Maid.

960 **Jailor.** Come, your Love *Palamon* stays for you child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daughter: I thank him for his gentle patience,
 He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Wooer . Pretty soul How do ye?
 965 **Daughter:** Yours to command i'th' way of honesty;
 How far is't now to th' end o'th' world, my Masters?
Doctor. Why a day's journey wench.
Daughter: Will you go with me?
Wooer . What shall we do there wench?
 970 **Daughter:** Why play at Stool-ball.
 What is there else to do?
Wooer . I am content
 If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daughter: 'Tis true
 975 For there I will assure you, we shall find
 Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
 To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
 Are not you *Palamon*?
Wooer . Do not you know me?
 980 **Daughter:** Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
 But this poor Petticoat, and two course Smocks.
Wooer . That's all one, I will have you.
Daughter: Will you surely?
Wooer . Yes, by this fair hand will I.
 985 **Daughter:** We'll to bed then.
Wooer . Ev'n when you will.
Daughter: We shall have many children
Wooer . Come, Sweet, we'll go to dinner
 And then we'll play at Cards.
 990 **Daughter:** And shall we kiss too?
Wooer . A hundred times.
Daughter: And twenty.
Wooer . I, and twenty.
Daughter: And then we'll sleep together.
 995 **Doctor.** Take her offer.
Wooer . Yes, marry will we.
Daughter: But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer . I will not, Sweet.
Daughter: If you do, Love, I'll cry.[*Flourish Exeunt.*
 1000 **Act Five. Scene Three.**
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Pirithous: and some Attendants,
T. Tuck: Curtis.
Emilia: I'll not step further.
Pirithous: Will you lose this sight?
 1005 **Emilia:** I had rather see a Wren hawk at a Fly
 Than this decision; I will stay here,
 It is enough, my hearing shall be punished,
 With what shall happen
Hippolyta: You must go.
 1010 **Emilia:** In faith I will not.
Theseus: You must be there;
 This trial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you

The only Star to shine.

1015 **Emilia:** I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other:

Theseus: Well, well then, at your pleasure,

1020 **Hippolyta:** Farewell Sister,
I am like to know your Husband 'fore yourself

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, &c.*]

Emilia: *Arcite* is gently visag'd, *Palamon*
his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on,
1025 Melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does *Arcite's* mirth,
But *Palamon's* sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad.
And sadness, merry;

1030 [Cornets. *Trumpets sound as to a Charge.*
Hark how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The Princes to their proof, it is much better
I am not there, oh better never born
Than minister to such harm, what is the chance?

1035 *Cry within, Palamon, Palamon*

Emilia . The cry's a *Palamon*.
Then he has won: 'twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men:

1040 [Shout, and Cornets: crying a *Palamon*.]

Emilia . Still *Palamon*.

Enter Pirithous.

Pirithous . They said that *Palamon* had *Arcite's* body
Within an inch o'th' Pyramid, that the cry
1045 Was general a *Palamon*: but anon,
He made a brave redemption, at this instant they are
Hand to hand at it.

Emilia: I prithee pay attention to the Cry.[*Cornets. A great shout, and cry, Arcite, victory.*]

1050 **Pirithous** . The cry is
Arcite, and victory, hark *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats consummation is proclaimed

Emilia: I did think
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think so; Our reasons are not prophets
1055 When oft our fancies are: they are coming off:
Alas poor *Palamon*.[*Cornets.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Arcite as Victor and Attendants, &c.

1060 **Theseus:** Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled: fairest *Emilia*,
The gods by their Divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one

1065 Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that grows, as you decay.

Arcite: *Emily.*

To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value. [*Exeunt*]

1070 **Emilia:** Is this winning?
Oh all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable Prince that cuts away
1075 A life more worthy from him, than all women;
I should, and would die too.

Act Five. Scene Four.

*Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd: Jailor Executioner, &c.
Gard.*

1080 **Palamon:** ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
1085 Gave me some sorrow.

Jailor. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

Palamon: By my short life
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
1090 I shall be glad of, prithee tell her so:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

Jailor. The gods requite you,
And make her thankful.

1095 **Palamon:** Adieu; and let my life be now as short,
As my leave taking. [*Lies on the Block.*]

Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pirithous: Hold, ho: Arise great Sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

1100 **Palamon:** What
Hath waked us from our dream? [*exit Jailor*]

Pirithous: List then: your Cousin
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did first bestow on him, On this horse is *Arcite*
1105 Trotting the stones of *Athens*, as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'were to'th' Music
His own hoofs made; what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him possessed
With fire malevolent, darted a Spark,
1110 Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; The hot horse, hot as fire,
Took Toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, Seeks all foul means

1115 Of boisterous and rough Jad'rie, to dis-seat
His Lord, that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,
on his hind hooves on end he stands
That *Arcites* legs being higher than his head
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head: And presently
1120 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poyze
Becomes the Riders load: Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: He much desires
To have some speech with you: Lo he appears.
1125 *Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chair.*
Palamon: O miserable end of our alliance
Give me thy last words
Arcite: Take *Emilia*
And with her, all the worlds joy
1130 Farewell: I have told my last hour; I was false,
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cousin:
One kiss from fair *Emilia*: 'Tis done:
Take her: I die.
Emilia: Blessed souls be with thee
1135 Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day I give to tears.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*
