

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

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

The Persons represented in the Play.

- 5 ● Hymen;
- Theseus;
- Hippolyta, }
- Emilia,) Sisters to Theseus
- Nymphs,
- Three Queens,
- Three valiant Knights,
- Palamon,) *The two Noble Kinsmen, in*
- Arcite,) *love with fair Emilia.*
- Pirithous,
- Jailer,
- 15 ● His Daughter, *in love with Palamon;*
- Country men,
- Wenches,
- A Taborer,
- Gerrold, A Schoolmaster.

PROLOGUE.

Fleurish.

New Plays and Maiden-heads are near a-kin,
Much follow'd both; for both much money g'i'n,
25 If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play
(Whose modest Scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tie, and first nights stir
Yet still is Modesty, and still retains
30 More of the Maid to sight, than Husbands pains;
We pray our Play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A Learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent.
35 Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There constant to eternity it lives:
If we let fall the Nobleness of this,
And the first sound this Child hear, be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man
40 And make him cry from under-ground. Oh fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my Bayes, and my fam'd Works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood, this is the fear we bring

45 *For to say Truth, it were an endless thing:
And too ambitious to aspire to him:
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: You shall hear
50 Scænes, though below his Art, may yet appear
Worth two hours travel. To his bones sweet sleep:
Content to you. If this Play do not keep,
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. Florish.*

55 **Act One. Scene One.**

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before, singing, and strewing Flowers: after Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then Theseus between two other Nymphs, with wheaten Chaplets on their heads. Then Hippolita the Bride lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia holding up her Train.

The SONG. Musick.

Roses their sharp spines being gone,
60 Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hew,
Maiden-Pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell less, yet most quaint
And sweet Time true.
70 Primrose first born, child of Ver,
Merry Spring time's Harbinger,
With her blets dimm,
Ox lips in their Cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
75 Larks heels trim.
All dear natures children sweet,
Lie fore Bride and Bridegrooms feet, [Strew Flowers.
Blessing their sense.
Not an Angel of the Air,
80 Bird melodious, or Bird fair,
Is absent hence.
The Crow, the slanderous Cuckoo, nor
The boading Raven, nor Cleugh-hore
Nor chatt'ring Pie,
85 May on our Birdhouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring
But from it fly.

Enter three Queens in Black, with vails stained, with Imperial Crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus;
90 The second falls down at the foot of Hippolyta. The third before Emilia.

First Queen: For pity's sake, and true gentilites,
Hear and respect me.

95 **Second Queen:** For your Mothers sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me.

100 **Third Queen:** Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honor of your Bed, and for the sake
Of clear Virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our distresses: This good deed
Shall raze you out o'th' Book of Trespasses
All you are set down there.

105 **Theseus:** Sad Lady, rise.
Hippolyta: Stand up.
Emilia: No knees to me.
What Woman I may steed that is distrest,
Dees bind me to her.

110 **Theseus:** What's your request? Deliver you for all?
First Queen: We are three Queens, whose Sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured
The Beaks of Ravens, Talons of the Kites,
And pecks of Crows in the foul fields of *Thebes*.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
115 Of mortal leathesomeness from the blest eye
Of holy *Phœbus*, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain Lords. Oh pity Duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd Sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the Bones
120 Of our dead Kings, that we may Chapel them;
And of thy boundless goodness take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof;
Save this which is the Lions and the Bears,
And vault to everything.

125 **Theseus:** Pray you kneel not,
I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em:
130 King Capaneus, was your Lord the day
That he should marry you, at such a season,
As now it is with me, I met your Groom,
By Mars's Altar, you were that time fair;
Not Juno's Mantle, fairer than your Tresses,
135 Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
Was then not thrash'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her Cheek with smiles: Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his Club,
He tumbled down upon his Nenuan hide
140 And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh grief, and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour.
First Queen: Oh I hope some God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth

145

Our undertaker.

Theseus: Oh no knees, none, Widow,
Unto the Helmeted *Belona* use them,
And pray for me your Soldier.

Troubled I am. [Turns away.]

150

Second Queen: Honour'd *Hippolita*,
Meet dreaded *Amazonian*, that hast slain
The Sith-tusk'd Bear; that with thy Arm as strong
As it is white, was't near to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Born to uphold Creation, in that honor
First nature stil'd it in, shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er flowing; at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldieress
That equally canst poize sternness with pity,
Whom now I know hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee, who ew'et his strength,
And his Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenor of the Speech. Dear Glass of Ladies.
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his Sword, may cool us:
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key: like such a woman
As any of us three; weep o'r you fail; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th' blood-ciz'd field, lay swoln
Showing the Sun his Teeth, grinning at the Moon
What you would do.

165

Hippolyta: Peer Lady, say no more:
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willingly. My Lord is taken
Heart deep with your distress: Let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

175

Third Queen: Oh my petition was, [Kneel to Emilia.
Set down in Ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting form
Is prest with deeper matter.

180

Emilia: Pray stand up,

185

Your grief is written in your cheek.

190

Third Queen: Oh woe,
You cannot read it there; there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a Glass stream
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alack)
He that will all the treasure knew o'th' earth
Must know the Center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh pardon me;
Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a fool.

195

Emilia: Pray you say nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feel, nor see the rain being in't,
Knows neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground piece of some Painter, I would buy you
T'instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed
Such heart pierc'd demonstration; but alas
Being a natural Sister of our Sex
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me:
That it shall make a counter reflect 'gainst
My Brothers heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort:
Theseus: Forward to th' Temple, leave not out a jot
O' th' sacred ceremony.
First Queen: Oh this celebration
Will long last, and be more costly than
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knewls in the ear o' th' world: what you do quickly,
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more,
Than others laboured meditation: your premeditating
More than their actions: But oh Jove, your actions,
Seen as they move, as Asprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear Duke, think
What beds our slain Kings have.
Second Queen: What grieves our beds
That our dear Lords have none.
Third Queen: None fit for th' dead:
These that with Cords, Knives, Drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves
Been deaths most horrid Agents, humane grace
Affords them dust and shadow.
First Queen: But our Lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating Sun,
And were good Kings, when living.
Theseus: It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
First Queen: And that work presents it self to th' doing:
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone tomorrow,
Then bootless toil must recompence itself,
With its own sweat: Now he's secure,
Not dreams, we stand before your puissance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition clear.
Second Queen: Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
Third Queen: And his Army full
Of Bread, and sloth.
Theseus: Artesis that best knowest
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business, forth and low.

Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of Fate in wedlock.

250 ***First Queen:*** Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widows to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All Farewell

255 *Am. Fairwell.*
Second Queen: We come unseasonably: But when could grief
Cull forth as unpang'd judgement can, fit'st time
For best solicitation.

265 *First Queen:* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Arms,
Able to leek Jove from a Synod, shall
By warranting Moon-light corslet thee, oh when
Her twining Cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful Lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten Kings, or blubber'd Queens, what care
For what thou feel'st not? what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his Drom. Oh if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what
That Banquet bids thee too.

275 **Hippolyta:** Though much unlike
 You should be so transported, as much sorry
 I should be such a Suitor; yet I think
 Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy
 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
280 That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
 All Ladies scandal on me. Therefore, Sir,
 As I shall here make trial of my Prayers,
 Either presuming them to have some force,
 Or sentencing for ay their vigor dumb,
285 Prerogue this business, we are going about, and hang
 Your Shield afore your heart, about that neck
 Which is my Fee, and which I freely lend
 To do these poor Queens service.

290 To do these poor Queens service.
All Queens: Oh help now
Our Cause cries for your knee.
Emilia: If you grant me
My Sister, I will give her to you.

295 My Sister her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
She makes it in: from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a Husband.
Thesous: Pray stand up.

1 am entreating of my self to do
That which you kneel to have me; *Pirithous*,
Lead on the Bride; get you and pray the gods
For success, and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration; Queens;
Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
And at the banks of *Ally* meet us with
300 The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business;
More bigger look't; since that our Theme is haste
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip,
Sweet keep it as my token; set you forward
305 For I will see you gone. [*Exeunt towards the Temple*.
Farewell my beauteous Sister; *Pirithous*,
Keep the Feast full, bate not an hour on't.
Pirithous: Sir,
310 I'll follow you at heels; The Feasts solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Theseus: Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from *Athens*; we shall be returning
E'r you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
315 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.
First Queen: Thus doest thou still make good the tongue o'th' world.
Second Queen: And earnest a Deity equal with *Mars*.
Third Queen: If not above him, for
320 Thou being but mortal, makest affections bond
To godlike honors; they themselves some say
Groan under such a Mast'ry.
Theseus: As we are men
325 Thus should we be, being sensually subdued
We loose our humane Title; good cheer, Ladies. *Flourish*.
Now turn we towards our Comforts. [*Exeunt*.
330 *Act One. Scene Two.*
Enter Palamon, and Arcite.
Arcite: Dear *Palamon*, dearer in Love than Blood
And our prime Cousin, yet unhard'ned in
335 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth,
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in Incontinence; for not to swim
340 *I th' aid o'th' current, were almost to sink;*
At least to frustrate striving, and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an Eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life, and weakness.
Palamon: Your advice
345 Is cry'd up with example; what strange ruins
Since first we went to School, may we perceive
Walking in *Thebes*! Skars, and bare weeds
The gain o'th' Martialist, who did prepossess

350 To his bold ends, honor, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought, who then shall offer
To Mars's so scorn'd Altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
355 Resume her ancient fit of jealousy
To get the Soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher
Than strife, or war could be.
Arcite: Are you not out?
360 Meet you no ruin, but the Soldier in
The cranks and turns of *Thebes*? you did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none, that do arouse your pity
But th' unconsidered Soldier?
365 **Palamon:** Yes, I pity
Decays where e'er I find them, but such most
That sweating in an honourable toil
Are paid with lee to cool 'em.
Arcite: 'Tis not this
370 I did begin to speak of, this is virtue
Of no respect in *Thebes*, I spake of *Thebes*
How dangerous if we will keep our honore,
It is for our residing, where every evil
375 Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's
A certain evil, where not to be ev'n jump
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere Monsters.
Palamon: 'Tis in our power,
(Unless we fear that Apes can Tutor's) to
380 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; *say'd too,*
385 *Speaking it truly; why am I bound*
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his Taylor, haply so long, until
The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
Why mine own Barber is unblest, with him
390 My poor Chinn too, for 'tis not Cizard just
To such a Favorites glass:
What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
395 Before the street be foul? *either I am*
The fore-horse in the Team, or I am none
That draw i' th' sequent trace: these poor slight sores,
Need not a Plantain; That which rips my bosom
Almost to th' heart.

400 **Arcite:** Our Uncle Creon.
401 **Palamon:** He,
402 A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
403 Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured
404 Beyond its power: *there's nothing, almost puts*
405 *Faith in a Fever, and deifies alone*
406 *Voluble chance, who only attributes*
407 *The faculties of other Instruments*
408 *To his own Nerves and act; Commands men service,*
409 *And what they win in't, boot and glory on;*
410 *That fears not to do harm; good, dares not;*—Let
411 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
412 From me with Leeches, let them break and fall
413 Off me with that corruption.
414 **Arcite:** Clear spirited Cousin,
415 Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
416 Of his loud infamy: *for our milk,*
417 *Will relish of the pasture, and we must*
418 *Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen*
419 *In blood, unless in quality.*
420 **Palamon:** Nothing truer:
421 *I think the echoes of his shames have deaf't*
422 *The ears of heav'nly Justice: widows cries*
423 *Descend again into their throats, and have not*
424 *Due audience of the gods: Valerius.*
425 *Enter Valerius**Letter is received by Arcite.*
426 **Valerius***Arcite, Reading:* "The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
427 Till his great rage be off him. *"Phebus when*
428 *He broke his whipstock, and exclaimed against*
429 *The Horses of the Sun, but whispered to*
430 *The loudness of his fury.*
431 **Palamon:** Small winds shake him,
432 But what's the matter?
433 **Valerius***Arcite, reading:* "Theseus, *who where he threats appalls,*) hath sent
434 Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
435 Ruin to *Thebes, who is at hand to seal*
436 *The promise of his wrath.*"—
437 **Arcite:** Let him approach:
438 But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
439 A jot of terror to us; yet what man
440 Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
441 When that his actions dregg'd, with mind assured
442 *'Tis bad he goes about.*
443 **Palamon:** Leave that unreasoned.
444 Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not Creon,
445 Yet to be neutral to him, were dishonor;
446 Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
447 With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
448 Who hath bounded our last minute.
449 **Arcite:** So we must;
450 *Let sed this wars afoot? or it shall be*

On fail of some condition.

Valerius: 'Tis in motion

The intelligence of state came in the instant

With the defier.

455 **Palamon:** 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, ~~which were not spent,~~

~~Rather laid out for purchase: but alas~~

460 Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?

Arci: Let th' event,

That never erring Arbitrator, tell us

When we know all our selves, and let us follow

465 The becking of our chance. [Exeunt.

Act One. Scene Three.

Enter Pirithous, Hippolita, Emilia.

Pirithous: No further.

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

~~To dure ill-dealing fortune; speed to him;~~

~~Store never hurts good Governors.~~

475 **Pirithous:** Though I know

~~His Ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they~~
Must yield their tribute there: My precious Maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best tempered pieces, keep enthroned

480 ~~In your dear heart.~~

Emilia: Thanks, Sir; ~~r~~Remember me

To our all-Royal Brother, for whose speed

~~The great Bellona I'll solicit; and~~

485 ~~Since in our terrene State, petitions are not~~

~~Without gifts understood:~~ 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:

490 We have been Soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our Friends don their helms, or put to Sea,
~~Or tell of Babes broach'd on the Lance, or Women~~

~~That have sod their Infants in (and after eat them)~~

~~The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if~~

~~You stay to see of us such Spinsters, we~~

495 ~~Should hold you here forever.~~

Pirithous: Peace be to you

As I pursue this war, ~~which shall be then~~

~~Beyond further requiring.~~ [Exit Pirithous:

Emilia: How his longing

500 Follows his friend; ~~since his depart, his sports~~

~~Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly~~

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His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or less consider, but
Playing e'er business in his hand, another
505 Directing in his head, his mind, nurse equal
To these so diff'reng Twins; have you observed him,
Since our great Lord departed?

Hippolyta: With much labour:
And I did love him for't, they two have Cabin'd
510 In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skift
Torrents, whose rearing tyranny and power
I'th' least of these was dreadful, and they have
Fought out together, where Death's self was lodg'd,
515 Yet Fate hath brought them off: their knot of love
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning
May be out worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself
520 Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like Justice, which he loves best.

Emilia: Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you: Have you observed him
525 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
530 *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;
535 You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the Bed, took leave o' th' Moon
(Which then looked pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hippolyta: 'Twas FlaviaFlavina.

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
545 The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertwined 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
550 Did so to one another; what she lik'd,
Was then of me approved, what not condemn'd
No more arraignment,

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the flower that I would pluck
555 And put between my breasts, oh then but beginning
To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where Phenix-like
They di'd in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern, her affections pretty
560 Though happily, her careless, were, I followed
For my most serious decking, had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure hummed on
From musical Coinage, why, it was a Note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)
565 And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearsal
(Which fury innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments bastard, has this end;
That 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.

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
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in't I know thou dost believe thy self)

570 Then I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs, but sure my Sister
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you

575 Have said enough to shake me from the Arm
Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,
I will now in, and kneel with great assurance,
That we, more than his *Pirathous*, possess
The high Throne in his heart.

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

580 **Act One. Scene Four.**

A Battle struck within: then a Retreat: Flourish. Then Enter *Theseus* (victor)
the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

First Queen: To thee no Star be dark.

Second Queen: Both Heaven and Earth

585 Friend thee for ever.

Third Queen: All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to't.

Theseus: Thimpartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal Herd, behold who erre,
600 And in their time chastise: gee and find out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honor them
With treble ceremony, rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rights, we would supplyt.

605 But those we will depute, which shall invest
 You in your dignities, and even each thing
 Our haste does leave imperfect; So adieu
 And heavens good eyes look on you, w^What are those? [Exeunt Queens.
 HeraldPirithous. Men of great quality, as may be judged
 By their appointment; some of *Thebes* have told's
610 They are Sisters children, 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
 Constantly on them; for they were a mark
615 Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me
 When I enquired their names?
 HeraldPirithous. Wthe leave, they're called
 Arcite and Palamon.
620 *Theseus*: 'Tis right, those, those
 They are not dead? [Three Hearses ready.
 Herald. Nor in a state of life, had they been taken
 When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
 They might have been recovered; Yet they breathe
 And have the name of men.
625 *Theseus*: Then like men use 'em
 The very less of such (millions of rates)
 Exceed the Wine of others, all our Surgeons
 Convent in their behoof, our richest balmes
630 Rather than niggard waste, their lives concern us,
 Much more than *Thebes* is worth, rather than have 'em
 Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
 (Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
 But forty thousand fold, w^We had rather have 'em
635 Prisoners to us, than death; bear 'em speedily
 From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister
 What man to man may do for our sake more,
 Since I have known frights, fury, friends, behoasts,
 Loves, provocations, zeal, a Mistress task,
640 Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
 Hath set a mark which nature could not reach too
 Without some imposition, sickness in Will
 Or wrestling strength in reason, for our Love
 And great Apollos mercy, all our best,
645 Their best skill tender. Lead into the City,
 Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post. [Flourish.
 To Athens for our Army. [Exeunt. Musick.

Act One. Scene Five.

*Enter the Queens, with the Hearses of their Knights, in a Funeral
Solemnity, &c.*

650 Urn^s and Odours, bring away,
 Vapors, sighs, darken the day;
 Our deale more deadly looks, than dying
 Balms, and Gums, and heavy cheers,
 Sacred vials fill'd with tears,

655 *And clamors, through the wild air flying:
Come all sad and solemn Shows,
That are quick ey'd pleasures foes;
We convert nought else but woes.
We convert, &c.*

660 *Third Queen:* This funeral path, brings to your households grave:
Joy seize on you again: peace, sleep with him.
Second Queen: And this to yours.
First Queen: Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.
665 *Third Queen:* This world's a City full of straying streets,
And Death's the Market-place, where each one meets. [Exeunt severally.]

Act Two. Scene One.

Enter Jailer and Wooer.

670 *Jailer.*
*I may depart with little, while I live, something I
May cast to you, not much:* Alas the Prison I
Keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom
Come; before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
675 Of Minnows. *I am given out to be better lin'd
Than it can appear, to me report is a true
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am
Deliver'd to be:* Marry, what I have (be it what
680 It will) I will assure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.
Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer,
And I will estate your Daughter, in what I
Have promised.
Jailer. Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity
685 Is past; But have you a full promise of her?
Enter Daughter.
When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.
Wooer. I have Sir; here she comes.
Jailer. *Your friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old business: but no more of that.
Now, so soon as the Court hurry is over, we will
Have an end of it: I' th' meantime I Look tenderly*
To the two prisoners. I can tell you they are Princes.
Daughter: *These strewings are for their Chamber;* 'tis pity they
695 Are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out: I
Do think they have patience to make any adversity
Asham'd;
the prison itself is proud of 'em; *and*
They have all the world in their Chamber.
Jailer. They are fam'd to be a pair of absolute men.
Daughter: By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em, they
700 Stand a grief above the reach of report.
Jailer. I heard them reported in the battle, to be the only doers.
Daughter: Nay, most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I

705 *Marvel how they would have look'd, had they been
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.*
Jailor. Do they so?

710 *Daughter.*
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,
But nothing of their own restraint, and disasters:
*Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyr'd as 'twere
I' th' deliverance, will break from one of them,
When the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke,
That I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a sigher to be comforted.*

715 *Wooer.* I never saw 'em:
Jailor. *The Duke himself came privately in the night.*
Enter Palamon, and Arcite above.
*And so did they, what the reason of it is, I
Know not.* Look, yonder they are; that's
720 Arcite looks out.
Daughter. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite is the
Lower of the twain; you may perceive a part
Of him.*
725 *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*.]

730 *Act Two. Scene Two.*
Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.

735 *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
I fear forever, Cousin.

740 *Arcite.* I believe it,
*And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.*
Palamon. Oh Cousin *Arcite*,
Where is *Thebes* now? Where is our noble Country?
745 Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
Must we behold those comforts, *never see
The hardy youths strive for the Games of honor
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)*
Like tall Ships under Sail: then start amongst 'em
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behind us,
*Like lazy Clouds, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*,*
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
Out stripped the people's praises, won the Garlands,
750 *Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,*

Our Arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
(Better the red-eyed god of War never were)
Bravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
760 And deck the Temples of these gods that hate us,
These hands shall never draw 'em out like light'ning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite: No, *Palamon*,
These hopes are prisoners with us, here we are
765 And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must find us,
And which is heaviest, *Palamon*, unmarried,
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
770 Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids
Shall never claspe our necks, no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
775 Remember what your Fathers were, and conquer.
The fair ey'd Maids, shall weep our banishments,
And in their Songs, curse ever blinded fortune
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
780 We shall know nothing here, but one another,
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes.
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead cold winter must inhabit here still.

Palamon: 'Tis too true, *Arcite*, To our Theban hounds,
785 That shook the aged Forest with their echoes,
No more now must we hello, no more shake
Our pointed Javelins, whilst the angry Swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-stealed Darts: All valiant uses,
790 (The food and nourishment of noble minds,) In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(Which is the curse of honor) lastly,
Children of grief, and Ignorance.

Arcite: Yet, Cousin,
795 Even from the bottom of these miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two meer blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.

800 Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
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
805 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gaul of hazard, so they grow together,

Will never sink, *they must not, say they could,*
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

810 **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,
To keep us from corruption of worse men,
We are young, *and yet desire the wayes of honour,*
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our imaginations

815 *May make it ours?* 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,
We are, in one another, Families,
I am your Heir, and you are mine: This place
Is our Inheritance: no hard oppressor

820 *Dare take this from us; here with a little patience*
We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seek us:
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
825 *A Wife might part us lawfully, or business,*
Quarrels consume us: Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken, Cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,

830 *Or prayers to the gods; a thousand chances*
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Palamon: You have made me -
I thank you, Cousin Arcite - almost wanton
With my Captivity: *what a misery*

835 *It is to live abroad! and every where:*
'Tis like a Beast me thinks: I find the Court here,
I'm sure a mere content, and all these pleasures
That woo the Wills of men to vanity,
I see through now: and am sufficient

840 *To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,*
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him,
What had we been old in the Court of Creon,
Where sin is Justice, Lust, and Ignorance,
The virtues of the great ones: Cousin Arcite,

845 *Had not the loving gods found this place for us*
We had did as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their Epitaphs, the peoples Curses.

Shall I say more?

850 **Arcite:** I would hear you still.
Palamon: Ye shall.

855 Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we two, *Arcite?*

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

865 *Enter Emilia and her Woman.*

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

Emilia: That was a fair Boy certain, but a fool,

To love himself; Where there not Maids enough?

870 **Arcite:** Pray forward.

Palamon: Yes.

Emilia: Or were they all hard-hearted?

Woman: They could not be to one so fair.

Emilia: Thou wouldest not.

875 **Woman:** I think I should not, Madam.

Emilia: That's a good wench:

But take heed to your kindness though.

Woman: Why, Madam?

Emilia: Men are mad things.

880 **Arcite:** Will ye go forward, Cousin?

Emilia: Canst not thou work such Flowers in Silk, wench?

Woman: Yes.

Emilia: I'll have a Gown full of 'em, and of these,

This is a pretty colour, wil't not do

885 Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

Woman: Dainty, Madam.

Arcite: Cousin, Cousin, how do you, Sir? Why *Palamon*?

Palamon: Never till now, I was in prison, *Arcite*.

890 **Arcite:** Why, what's the matter man?

Palamon: Behold, and wonder.

By heaven she is a Goddess.

Arcite: Ha.

Palamon: Do reverence.

She is a Goddess, *Arcite*.

895 **Emilia:** Of all Flowers,

Methinks a Rose is best.

Woman: Why gentle Madam?

Emilia: It is the very Emblem of a Maid.

900 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
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.

905 **Woman:** Yet, good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for't: a Maid
If she have any honor, would be loth

910 To take example by her.
Emilia: Thou art wanton.
Arcite: She is wondrous fair.
Palamon: She is all the beauty extant.
Emilia: The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep these flowers,
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours;
I'm wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.
Woman: I could lie down I am sure.
Emilia: And take one with you?
Woman: That's as we bargain, Madam.
Emilia: Well, agree then.
Exeunt Emilia and Woman.
915
Palamon: What think you of this beauty?
Arcite: 'Tis a rare one.
Palamon: Is't but a rare one?
Arcite: Yes, a matchless beauty.
Palamon: Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
920
Arcite: I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't, now I feel my shackles.
Palamon: You love her then?
Arcite: Who would not?
Palamon: And desire her?
925
Arcite: Before my liberty.
Palamon: I saw her first.
Arcite: That's nothing.
Palamon: But it shall be.
Arcite: I saw her too.
930
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;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her.)
So both may love.
935
Palamon: You shall not love at all.
Arcite: Not love at all;
Who shall denie me?
Palamon: I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
940
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
False as thy Title to her: friendship, bloud
And all the ties between us I disclaim
945
If thou once think upon her.
Arcite: Yes, I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so, I love her with my soul,
If that will lose ye, farewell, *Palamon*.
950
I say again, I love, and in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a Lover
And have as just a title to her beauty
As any *Palamon*, or any living
That is a man's Son.
955

960 **Palamon:** Have I call'd thee friend?
 Arcite: Yes, and have found me so; ~~why are you mov'd thus?~~
 ~~Let me deal coldly with you, am not I~~
 ~~Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me~~
 ~~That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.~~
965 **Palamon:** Yes.
 Arcite: Am not I liable to these affections,
 Those joyes, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
 Palamon: Ye may be.
 Arcite:
970 Why then would you deal so cunningly,
 So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman
 To love alone? speak truly, do you think me
 Unworthy of her sight?
975 **Palamon:** No, but unjust,
 If thou pursue that sight.
 Arcite: Because another
 First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still
 And let mine honor down, and never charge?
 Palamon: Yes, if he be but one.
980 **Arcite:** But say that one
 Had rather combat me?
 Palamon: Let that one say so,
 And use thy freedom: else if thou pursuest her,
985 Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,
 A branded villain.
 Arcite: You are mad.
 Palamon: I must be.
 Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concerns me,
990 And in this madness, if I hazard thee
 And take thy life, I deal but truly.
 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.
995 **Palamon:** Oh that now, that now
 Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune
 To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
 Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
 What 'twere to filch affection from another:
1000 Thou art baser in it than a Cutpurse;
 Put but thy head out of this window more,
 And as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't.
 Arcite: Thou dar'st not fool, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
1005 Put my head out? I'll throw my Body out,
 And leap the Garden, when I see her next.
 Enter Jailer.
 And pitch between her Arms to anger thee.
 Palamon: No more; the Jailors coming; I shall live
 To knock thy brains out with my Shackles.
 Arcite: Do.

1015 **Jailor.** By your leave, Gentlemen.
 Palamon: Now, honest Jailer?
 Jailor... Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to th' Duke;
The cause I know not yet.
Arcite: I am ready, Jailer.
 Jailor... Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair Cousins company.[*Exeunt Arcite, and Jailer.*
Palamon: *And me too,*
*Even when you please of life; w*hy is he sent for?
1020 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
Get him a Wife so noble, and so fair;
1025 Let honest men ne'er love again. *Once more*
I would but see this fair one: blessed Garden,
And Fruit, and Flowers more blessed that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye. Would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
1030 *Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricock;*
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window; I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
1035 *And if she be not heavenly, I would make her*
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her.

Enter Jailer.

1040 *And then I'm sure she would love me: h*ow now Jailer,
Where's *Arcite*?
 Jailor... Banish'd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more
Upon his oath and life must he set foot
Upon this Kingdom.
Palamon: He's a blessed man,
1045 *He shall see Thebes again, and call to Arms*
The bold young men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire. Arcite shall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Field to strike a battle for her;
1050 *And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;*
How bravely may he bear himself to win her
If he be noble Arcite; thousand ways.
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this Lady,
1055 This blushing Virgin should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.
 Jailor... My Lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Palamon: To discharge my life.
1060 **Jailor.**.. No, but from this place to remove your Lordship,
The windows are too open.

1065 **Palamon:** Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me; prithee kill me.
Jailor.. And hang for't afterward.
Palamon: By this good light
Had I a sword I would kill thee.
Jailor.. Why my Lord?
Palamon: Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not go.
1070 **Jailor..** Indeed you must my Lord.
Palamon: May I see the Garden?
Jailor.. No.
Palamon: Then I am resolv'd, I will not go.
Jailor.. I must constrain you then: and, for you are dangerous
1075 I'll clap more irons on you.
Palamon: Do, good Jailer.
I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep,
I'll make ye a new Morris, must I go?
Jailor.. There is no remedy.
1080 **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.]

Act Two, Scene Three

Enter Arcite

1085 **Arcite:** Banish'd the Kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for, but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh 'twas a studied punishment, a death
1090 **Beyond Imagination:** Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me, Palamon;
Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
1095 And let in life into thee; Thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature never exceeded, nor never shall:
Good gods! what happiness has *Palamon!*
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
1100 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.
Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdom,
1105 I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there, 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:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

1110 Enter *Four. Country people, & one with a garland before them.*

First Countryman: My Masters, I'll be there that's certain.
Second Countryman: And I'll be there.

Third Countryman And I.

1115 **Fourth Countryman** Why then have with ye Boys; 'Tis but a chiding,
Let the plough play today, I'll tick'it out
Of the jades tails tomorrow.

First Countryman: I'm sure
To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:

But that's all one, I'll go through, let her mumble.

1120 **Second Countryman** Clap her aboard tomorrow night, and stoa her,
And all's made up again.

Third Countryman: I, do but put a fesku in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.

1125 Do we all hold, against the Maying?

Fourth Countryman Hold? what should all us?

Third Countryman Arcas will be there.

Second Countryman And Sennois.

1130 And Rycas, and threebetter lads never danc'd under green Tree,
And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty Domine, the Schoelmaster keep touch
Do you think: For he do's all ye know. **Third Countryman** He'll eat a hornbeek ere he fail:
go too, the matter's too far driven between him, and the Tanners daughter, to let
slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must dance too.

1135 **Fourth Countryman** Shall we be lusty.

Second Countryman All the Boys in Athens blow wind i'th' breech on's,
and here I'll be and there I'll be, for our Town, and here again, and there again: Ha,
Boys, heigh for the weavers.

First Countryman: This must be done i'th' woods.

1140 **Fourth Countryman**: O pardon me.

Second Countryman By any means our thing of learning sees so: Where he himself will
edifie the Duke most parlously in our behalfs: He's excellent i'th' woods, bring him to th' plains, his
learning makes no cry.

1145 **Third Countryman**: We'll see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and
Sweet Companions let's rehearse by any means, before
The Ladies see us, and do sweetly, and God knows what
May come on't.

Fourth Countryman: Content; the sports once ended, we'll perform. Away
Boys and hold.

Arcite: By your leaves honest friends: Pray you whither go you.

1150 **Fourth Countryman**: Whither? Why, what a question's that!

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

Third Countryman: To the Games, my Friend.

Second Countryman: Where were you bred you know it not?

1155 **Arcite**: Not far, Sir,

Are there such Games today?

First Countryman: Yes marry are there:

And such as you never saw; The Duke, himself
Will be in person there.

1160 **Arcite**: What pastimes are they?

Second Countryman: Wrastling, and Running: 'Tis a pretty Fellow.

Third Countryman: Thou wilt not go along.

Arcite: Not yet Sir.

Fourth Countryman: Well, Sir,

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Take your own time, come, Boys.

1165 **First Countryman:** My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance trick o'th hip,
Marke how his Bedi's made for't.

Second Countryman: I'll be hang'd though
If he dare venture, hang him plum porridge,
He wrestle? He roast eggs.

Thou wilt not goe along?

ARCITE: Not yet, Sir.

COUNTRYMAN: Well, Sir, Take your owne time Come let's be gone Lads. *[Exi*teunt
Four.

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1175 **Arcite:** This is an offered opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent, and run
Swifter, than wind upon a field of Corn
(Curling the wealthy ears) never flew: I'll venture,
1180 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 Jailer's Daughter alone.

1185 **Daughter:** Why should I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am base,
My Father the mean Jailer of his Prison,
And he a Prince; To marry him is hopeless;

1190 To be his whore, is witless. Out upon't
What pushes are we wenches driven to? ; Out upon't;

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What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fifteen once has found us? First I saw him,

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1195 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 pittid him,
And so would any young wench o'my Conscience
1200 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

1205 Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a Heaven it is!

And yet his Songs are sad ones; Fairer spoken;
Was never Gentleman: When I come in

1210 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 do so ev'ry day; He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:

1215 *What should I do, to make him know I love him,
For I would fain enjoy him?* 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.]

1220 [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; *I have not seen*
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews;
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.

Arcite: I'm proud to please you.

Theseus:

What Country bred you?
Arcite: This; But far off, Prince.
Theseus: Are you a Gentleman?
Arcite: My father said so;

And to these gentle uses gave me life.

Theseus: Are you his heir?

Arcite: His youngest, Sir.

Theseus: Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire, then: What proves you?

Arcite: A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawk, and well have hollow'd
To a deep crie of Dogs; I dare not praise
Myfeat in horsemanship: yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best peoce: last, and greatest,
I would be thought a Soldier.

Theseus: You are perfect.

Pirithous. Upon my soul, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

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,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,
His face me thinks, goes that way.

Hippolyta: But his Body

And fiery mind, illustrate a brave Father.

Pirithous: Mark how his virtue, like a hidden Sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.

Hippolyta: He's well got sure.

Theseus: What made you seek this place, Sir?

Arcite: Noble Theseus.
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
For only in thy Court, of all the world

Dwells fair-ey'd honor.

Pirithous: All his words are worthy.

Theseus: Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wish: *Pirithous*
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

1270 **Pirithous.** Thanks *Theseus*.

What ere you are y're mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this Lady,
This bright young Virgin; Pray observe her goodness;
You have honour'd her fair birth-day, with your virtues,
And as your due y're hers: kiss her fair hand Sir.

1275 **Arcite:** Sir, y're a noble Giver: dearest Beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: when your Servant,
Your most unworthy Creature, but offends you;
Command him die, he shall.

Emilia: That were too cruel.

1280 *If you deserve well, Sir; I shall soon see't:*

Y're mine, and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.

Pirithous: I'll see you furnish'd, and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride, but 'tis a rough one.

1285 **Arcite:** I like him better, Prince, I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

Theseus: Sweet, you must be ready,
And you *Emilia*, and you, Friend, and all
Tomorrow by the Sun, to do observance
1290 To flowery May, in *Dian's wood*: wait well Sir,
Upon your Mistress: *Emily*, I hope
He shall not go a foot.

Emilia: That were a shame Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and what
1295 You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving Mistress.

Arcite: If I do not,
Let me find that my Father ever hated,
1300 Disgrace, and blows.

Theseus: Go lead the way; You have won it:
It shall be so; You shall receive all dues
Fit for the honor you have won; 'Twere wrong else.

1305 Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wise. [Flourish.

Emilia: I hope too wise for that Sir. [Exeunt omnes.
Act Two. Scene Six.

Enter *Jailors Daughter* alone.

1310 **Daughter.** Let all the Dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty: I have ventured for him:
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, *I have sent him, where a Cedar,*
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
1315 *Fast by a Brook*, and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet

His iron bracelets are not off. *O Love*
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durst better have endured cold iron, than done it.
1320 I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety: I have made him know it
I care not, I am desperate: *If the Law*
Find me, and then condemn me for't; Some wenches,
Some honest hearted Maids will sing my Dirge.
1325 *And tell to memory, my death was noble,*
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
His purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he do, Maids will not so easily
1330 Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,
And that (me thinks) is not so well; *Nor scarcely*
Could I persuade him to become a free man;
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
1335 *To me, and to my Father.* 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,
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
1340 And to his face, no man: *I'll presently*
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture
So he be with me; By him, like a shadow
I'll ever dwell; Within this hour the whoebub
1345 *Will be all o'er the prison: I am then*
Kissing the man they look for: Farewell Father,
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep your self. Now to him.
[Cromets in sundry places. Noise and hollowing as people a Maying.

Act Three. Scene One.

Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite:
The Duke has lost Hypolita; Each took
1355 A several land. This is a solemn Right
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To 'th' heart of Ceremony: O Queen *Emilia*
Fresher than May, sweeter
Then her gold Buttons on the bows, or all
1360 Th'enamell'd knacks o'th' Mead, or garden, yea
We challenge too the banck of any Nymph
That makes the stream seem flowers; Thou o Jewell
O'th' wood, o'th' world, hast likewise blest a pace
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
1365 That I poor man might eftsoones come between
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance

To drop on such a Mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't: tell me O Lady Fortune
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her; and this beauteous Morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
Be by a pair of Kings backt, in a Field
That their crowns titles tried. Alas, alas
Poor Cousin *Palamon*, poor prisoner, thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, *that*
Thou thinkst thyself, the happier thing, to be
*So near *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,*
And therein wretched, although free. But if
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,
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a Sword: *By all oaths in one*
I, and the justice of my love would make thee
A confest traitor. O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd the voids of honor.
That ev'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cousin
That ever blood made kin, call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
A very thief in love, a Chaffy Lord
Nor worth the name of villain: had I a Sword
And these house cloggs away.

Arcite: Dear Cousin *Palamon*.

Palamon: Cosener *Arcite*, give me language, such
As thou hast shew'd mefeat.

Arcite: Not finding in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer; 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie
I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
You skip them in me, and with them, fair Coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
To shew in generous terms, your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way, with the mind and Sword
Of a true Gentleman.

Palamon: That thou durst, *Arcite*.

Arcite: My Coz, my Coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare, y'ave seen me use my Sword

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Against th' advice of fear: sure of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i'th' Sanctuary.

1420 **Palamon:** Sir,

I have seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood, you were call'd
A good knight and a bold; But the whole week's not fair
If any day it rain: Their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like coupled bears, would fly
Were they not ty'd.

1430 **Arcite:** Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your Glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you.

1435 **Palamon:** Come up to me,
Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me: Come before me then,
A good Sword in thy hand, and do but say
That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life
If then thou carry't, and brave souls in shades
1440 That have di'd manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave, and noble.

1445 **Arcite:** Be content,
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
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but *Arcite*
1450 I am in plight, there shall be at your choice
Both Sword, and Armor.

1455 **Palamon:** Oh you heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business! none
But only *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kind is so bold.

1460 **Arcite:** Sweet *Palamon*.

Palamon: I do embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer do't I only, Sir your person
Without hypoerisy I may not wish [Wind horns of Cornets.
More than my Swords edge ent.

1465 **Arcite:** You hear the Horns;
Enter your Musick least this match between's
Be crost o'r met, give me your hand, farewell.
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be strong.
Palamon: Pray hold your promise;
And do the deed with a bent brow, most certain
You love me not, be rough with me, and pour

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1470 This oil out of your language; by this air
1470 I could for each word, give a Cuff: my stomach
1470 Not reconciled by reason.
Arcite: Plainly spoken,
1475 Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur [Wind horns.
1475 My horse, I chide him not; content, and anger
1475 In me have but one face. Hark Sir, they call
1475 The scatter'd to the Banket; you must guess
1475 I have an office there.
Palamon: Sir your attendance
1480 Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
1480 Unjustly is achieved.
Arcite: If a good title,
1485 I'm persuaded this question sick-between's,
1485 By bleeding must be cured. I'm a Suitor,
1485 That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,
1485 And talk of it no more.
Palamon: But this one word:
1490 You are going now to gaze upon my Mistress,
1490 For note you, mine she is.
Arcite: Nay then.
1495 **Palamon:** Nay pray you,
1495 You talk of feeding me to breed me strength
1495 You are going now to look upon a Sun
1495 That strengthens what it looks on, there
1495 You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till
1495 I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [Exeunt.

Act Three. Scene Two

Enter Jailors daughter alone.

Daughter: He has mistook; the Beak I meant, is gone
1500 After his fancy,
1500 'Tis now well nigh morning,
1500 No matter, would it were perpetual night,
1500 And darkness Lord o'th' world. Hark 'tis a wolf:
1505 In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing
1505 I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.
1505 I wreak not if the wolves would jaw me, so
1505 He had this File; what if I hollow'd for him?
1505 I cannot hollow: if I whoop'd; what then?
1505 If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
1510 And do him but that service. I have heard
1510 Strange howls this live-long night, why may't not be
1510 They have made prey of him? *he has no weapons,*
1510 *He cannot run, the jangling of his* Gives
1510 *Might call fell things to listen, who have in them*
1510 *A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can*
1515 *Smell where resistance is.* I'll set it down
1515 He's torn to pieces, they howl'd many together
1515 And then they fed on him: *So much for that,*
1515 *Be bold to ring the Bell; How stand I then?*
1515 *All's char'd when he is gone, No, no lie,*

1520 My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,
My self to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,
Should I try death by duessons: I am mope't,
Feed took I none these two days.

1525 Sipt some water, I have not closed mine eyes
Save when my lids scowrd off their bine, alas
Dissolve my life, Let not my sense unsettle
Least I should drown, or stab or hang my self.
O state of Nature, fail together in me,

1530 Since thy best props are warpt: 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

1535 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.
Arcite: I should be near the place, ho. Cousin Palamon.

1540 Enter Palamon.

Palamon: Arcite?
*Arcite: The same: I have brought you food and files,
Come forth and fear not, here's no Theseus.*

1545 *Palamon: Nor none so honest, Arcite.*
Arcite: That's no matter,
We'll argue that hereafter. *Come take courage,*
You shall not die thus beastly—here Sir drink:
I know you're faint, then I'll talk further with you.

1550 *Palamon: Arcite, thou mightst now peyson me.*
Arcite: I might.
But I must fear you first: *Sit down, and good now*
No more of these vain parties; let us not
Having our ancient reputation with us
Make talk for Fools, and Cowards, *To your health. &c.*

1555 *Palamon: Dee.*
Arcite: Pray sit down then, and let me entreat you
By all the honesty and honor in you,
No mention of this woman, 't will disturb us,
We shall have time enough.

1560 *Palamon: Well Sir, I'll pledge you.*
Arcite: Drink a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?

1565 *Palamon: Stay, I'll tell you after a draught or two more.*
Arcite: Spare it not, the Duke has more, Cuz: Eat now.
Palamon: Yes.

Arcite: I am glad you have so good a stomach.
Palamon: I am gladder I have so good meat to't.

1570 *Arcite: Is't not mad lodging here in the wild woods, Cousin?*
Palamon: Yes, for them that have wild Consciences.
Arcite: How tastes your vituals? your hunger needs no sauce I see.

Palamon: Not much.
But if it did, yours is too tart: sweet **Cousin:** what is this?
Arcite: Venisen.
Palamon: 'Tis a lusty meat:
1575 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.
1580 **Arcite:** She did so; well Sir.
Palamon: And I have heard some call him **Arcite:** an.
Arcite: Out with' faith.
Palamon: She met him in an Arbor:
1585 What did she there, Cuz? play o'the virginals?
Arcite: Something she did Sir.
Palamon: Made her groan a Month for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.
Arcite: The Marshals Sister,
Had her share too, as I remember, Cousin,
Else there be tales abroad, you'll pledge her?
1590 **Palamon:** Yes.
Arcite: A pretty brown wench 'tis: There was a time
When young men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.
1595 **Palamon:** For *Emily*, upon my life, fool
A way with this strain'd mirth; I say again
That sigh was breath'd for *Emily*; base Cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arcite: You are wide.
1600 **Palamon:** By heaven and earth, t]here's nothing in thee honest.
Arcite: Then I'll leave you: you are a Beast now:
Palamon: As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arcite: There's all things needful, files and shirts, and perfumes.
1605 I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
Thatee that shall quiet all.
Palamon: A Sword and Armor.
Arcite: Fear me not; you are now too foul; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought.
Palamon: Sir ha:
1610 **Arcite:** I'll here no more. [Exit.
Palamon: If he keep touch, he dies for't. [Exit.

Act Three. Scene Four.

Enter *Jailors daughter.*

Daughter: I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that look like aglets:
1615 The Sun has seen my Folly: **Palamon:**
Alas no; he's in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the sea, and there's a Ship; how't tumbles
And there's a Rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
1620 There's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry!
Upon her before the wind, you'll loose all els:

Up with a course or two, and tack about Boys.

Good night, good night, y're gone; I'm very hungry,
Would I could find a fine Frog; he would tell me
News from all parts o'th' world, then would I make
A Careek of a Ceeckle shell, and sayll
By East and North East to the King of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice
Tomorrow morning, I'll say never a word.

Sing.

For I'll cut my green coat, afoot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks; an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a whit Cut, forth for to ride
And I'll go seek him, throw the world that is so wide.
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a prick now like a Nightingale, to put my brest
Against. I shall sleep like a Top else.[Exit.

Act Three. Scene Five

Enter a Schoolmaster 4. Countrymen: and Bavian. 2. or 3., with a Taborer.

Schoolmaster: Fy, fy, what tediousity, & disensancy is here among ye? have my
Rudiments bin labour'd so long with ye? milk'd unto ye, and, by a figure, even the
very plumbroth & marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you still cry
where, and how, & wherefore? you most course freeze capacities, ye jave
Judgements, have I said thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man
understand me, prob deum, medius fidius, ye are all dunces: For why here stand
I. Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the Duke appears, I
meet him, and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he hears, and
nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I go forward, at length I fling my Cap up;
mark there; then do you as once did Meleager, and the Bore break comely out
before him: like true lovers, cast your selves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a
figure trace, and turn Boys.

First Countryman And sweetly we will do it Master Gerrold.

Second Countryman Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborer?

Third Countryman Why, Timothy!

Taborer Here, my mad boys, have at ye.

Schoolmaster But I say where's their women?

Fourth Countryman Here's Friz and Maudiline.

Second Countryman And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.

First Countryman And freckled Nel; that never fail'd her Master.

Schoolmaster Where be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies

And carry it sweetly, and deliverly

And now and then a faver, and a friske.

Nel. Let us alone Sir.

Schoolmaster Where's the rest o'th' Musick.

Third Countryman Dispers'd as you commanded.

Schoolmaster Couple then

And see what's wanting: where's the Bavian?

My friend, carry your tail without offence

Or scandal to the Ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity, and manhood,

1675 And when you bark do it with judgement.
Bavian. Yes Sir.
Schoolmaster. Quo usque tandem? Here is a woman wanting.
Fourth Countryman. We may go whistling: all the fat's i'th' fire.
Schoolmaster. We have,
As learned Authors utter, wash'd a Tile,
We have been fatuous, and labour'd vainly.
1680 **Second Countryman.** This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:
The next gloves that I give her shall be dogs skin;
Nay and she fail me once, you can tell Arcas,
1685 She swore by wine, and bread, she would not break.
Schoolmaster. An Eel and woman;
A learned Poet says: unles by'th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail,
In manners this was false position.
1690 **First Countryman.** A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?
Third Countryman. What
Shall we determine Sir?
Schoolmaster. Nothing,
Our business is become a nullity.
1695 Yea, and a woeful, and a piteous nullity.
Fourth Countryman. Now when the credit of our Town lay on it,
Now to be frampall, now to piss o'th' nettle,
Go thy ways, I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee.
1700 *Enter Jailer's daughter.*
Daughter.
The George a low, came from the South, from
The coast of Barbary a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war
By one, by two, by three, a.
1705 *Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants, [Chair and stools out.*
And whither now are you bound a?
O let me have your company
till I come to the sound a.
There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
1710 *The one sed it was an owl*
The other he sed nay,
The third he sed it was a hawk, and her bels were cut away.
Third Countryman. There's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th' Nick, as
1715 mad as a march Hare; If we can get her dance, we are made
again: I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols.
First Countryman. A mad woman? we are made Boys.
Schoolmaster. And are you mad good woman?
Daughter. I would be sorry else,
Give me your hand.
1720 **Schoolmaster.** Why?
Daughter. I can tell your fortune.
You are a fool: tell ten, I have poz'd him: Buz
Friend you must eat no white bread, if you do

1725 Your teeth will bleed extremely, shall we dance ho?
I know you, y're a Tinker: Sir, ha Tinker
Step no more holes, but what you should.
Schoolmaster: *Dii boni.* A Tinker Damsel?
Daug. Or a Conjuror: raise me a devil now, and let him play.
Quipassa, o'th' bals and bones.
1730 **Schoolmaster:** Go take her, and fluently persuade her to a peace:
Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis.
Strike up, and lead her in.
Second Countryman. Come Lass, let's trip it.
Daughter: I'll lead. [Wind Horns.
1735 **Third Countryman.** Do, do.
Schoolmaster: Persuasively, and cunningly: away boys,
[Ex. all but Schoolemaster.
I hear the horns: give me some
Meditation, and mark your Cue;
1740 **Pallas** inspire me.
Enter Theseus: Pirithous: Hippolyta: Emilia: Arcite: and train.
Theseus: This way the Stag took.
Schoolmaster: Stay, and edify.
Theseus: What have we here?
1745 **Pirithous:** Some Country sport, upon my life, Sir.
Theseus: Well, Sir, goo forward, we will edifie.
Ladies sit down, we'll stay it.
Schoolmaster: Thou doughty Duke all hail: all hail sweet Ladies.
1750 **Theseus:** This is a cold beginning.
Schoolmaster: If you but favor, our Country pastime made is,
We are a few of those collected here
That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,
And to say verity, and not to fable;
1755 We are a merry rout, or else a rable
Or company, or by a figure, **Chorus**
That for thy dignity will dance a Morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
1760 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
Dee here present this Machine, or this frame
And dainty Duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
Is blown abroad; help me thy poor well willer,
1765 And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty Merr— of mickle weight
Is— now comes in, which being glued together
Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hither
The body of our sport of no small study
1770 I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble grace, this tenner:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night

1775 That seek out silent hanging: Then mine Host
And his fat Spouse, that welcomes to their cost
The gauled Traveler, and with a beck'ning
Informs the Tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast eating Clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance,
Say I, and all shall presently advance.
Theseus: I, I by any means, dear Domine.
Pirithous: Produce.
1780 *Intrate filii*, Come forth, and foot it.
[Musick Dance. Knock for Schoolmaster. Enter The Dance.
Ladies, if we have been merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a down
1790 *Say the Schoolmaster's no Clown.*
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boys should do
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again
1795 *Ere another year run out*
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.
Theseus: Take 20. Domine; how does my sweet heart?
Hippolyta: Never so pleased Sir.
1800 **Emilia:** 'Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface
I never heard a better.
Theseus: Schoolmaster, I thank you, One see'em all rewarded.
Pirithous: And here's something to paint your Pole withal.
Theseus: Now to our sports again.
Schoolmaster: May the Stag thou huntst stand long,
1805 And thy dogs be swift and strong:
May they kill him without lets,
And the Ladies eat his dowssets: Come we are all made. [Wind Horns.
Dii Deæq: Omnes, ye have danced rarely wenches. [Exeunt.
1810 **Act Three. Scene Six**
Enter Palamon from the Bush.
Palamon: About this hour my Cousin gave his faith
1815 To visit me again, and with him bring
Two Swords, and two good Armors; If he fail
He's neither man, nor Soldier; When he left me
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low,
And Crest fal'n with my wants: I thank thee Arcte,
Thou art yet a fair Foe; And I feel myself
1820 With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger: To delay it longer
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a Swine, to fight
And not a Soldier: Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last; And that Sword he refuses,
1825 If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis Justice:

Se love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

[Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arcite: Good morrow noble kinsman.

Palamon: I have put you

To too much pains Sir.

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

Palamon: Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye

As kind a kinsman, as you force me find

A-beneficial fee, that my embraces

Might thank ye, not my blows.

Arcite: I shall think either

Well done, a noble recompense.

Palamon: Then I shall quit you.

Arcite: Defy me in these fair terms, and you show

More than a Mistress to me, no more anger

As you love any thing that's honorable:

We were not bred to talk man, when we are arm'd

And both upon our guards, then let our fury

Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,

And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty

Truly pertains (without upbraiding, scorns,

Despisings of our persons, and such poutings

Fitter for Girls and Schoolboys) will be seen

And quickly, yours, or mine: Wilt please you arm, Sir?

Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet

And furnished with your old strength, I'll stay, Cousin

And ev'ry day discourse you into health,

As I'm spar'd, your person I'm friends with

And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her

Though I had dide; But loving such a Lady

And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

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.

Palamon: Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it

To make me spare thee?

Arcite: If you think so, Cousin,

You are deceived, for as I'm a Soldier,

I will not spare you.

Palamon: That's well said.

Arcite: You'll find it.

Palamon: Then as I am an honest man and love,

With all the justice of affection

I'll pay thee soundly: This I'll take.

Arcite: That's mine then,

I'll arme you first.

Palamon: Do: Pray thee tell me Cousin,

Where gotst thou this good Armor?

Arcite: 'Tis the Dukes;

1880 *And to say true, I stole it,* do I pinch you?
Palamon: No.
Arcite: Is't not too heavy?
Palamon: I have worn a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.
Arcite: I'll buckl't close.
Palamon: By any means.
Arcite: You care not for a Grand guard?
Palamon: No, no, we'll use no horses, I perceive
You would fain be at that Fight.
Arcite: I'm indifferent.
Palamon: Faith so am I. Good Cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
Arcite: I warrant you.
Palamon: My Cask now.
Arcite: Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Palamon: We shall be the nimbler.
Arcite: But use your Gauntlets though; those are o'th' least,
Prithee take, mine good Cousin.
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.
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.
Arcite: That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you out-did me, Cousin,
I never saw such valour: *When you charged*
Upon the left wing of the Enemy,
I spurred hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Palamon: You had indeed
A bright Bay I remember.
Arcite: Yes but all
Was vainly labour'd in me, you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you; Yet a little
I did by imitation.
Palamon: More by virtue,
You are modest Cousin.
Arcite: When I saw you charge first,
Me thought I heard a dreadful clap of Thunder
Break from the Troop.
Palamon: But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little,
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.

1930 **Arcite:** Now I'm perfect.
Palamon: Stand off then.
Arcite: Take my Sword, I hold it better.
Palamon: I thank ye: No, keep it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more.
For all my hopes: My Cause and honor guard me.
[They bow several ways: then advance and stand.]

1935 **Arcite:** And me my love: Is there ought else to say?
Palamon: This only, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual.
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me
The gods, and I forgive thee: If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honor,
I wish his wearie soul, that falls may win it:
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.
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.

1950 **Palamon:** Farewell Arcite: *Fight. [Horns within: they stand.]*

1955 **Arcite:** Lo, Cousin, lo, our Folly has undone us.
Palamon: Why?
Arcite: This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we're wretched, O retire
For honor's sake, and safely presently
Into your Bush aghen; Sir we shall find
Too many hours to die in, gentle Cousin:
If you be seen you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

1960 **Palamon:** No, no, Cousin
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy self
Upon thy present guard.

1965 **Arcite:** You are not mad?
Palamon: Orl will make th'advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me;
I fear less then my fortune: Know weak Cousin
Hove Emilia, and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

1970 **Arcite:** Then come, what can come
Thou shalt know Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honer of our ends;

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1980 Have at thy life.
Palamon: Look to thine own well. **Arcite:** [Fight again. Horns.
 Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Pirithous and train.
Arcite: Lo, Cousin, lo, our Folly has undone us.
Theseus: What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That 'gainst the tenor of my Laws
1985 Are making Battail, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By Castor both shall die.
Palamon: Hold thy word *Theseus*.

1990 We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I'm *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Think well, what that deserves; And this is *Arcite*
1995 A bolder traitor never trod thy ground;
A Falser never seem'd friend: This is the man
Was beg'd and banish'd, this is he condemns thee
And what thou dar'st do: and in this disguise
Against this own Edict follows thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the fair *Emilia*
2000 Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to) justly
I am, and which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery like a most trusty Lover,
I call'd him now to answer; If thou be'st
2005 As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
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,
What more than man is this!
Theseus: I have sworn.
Arcite: We seek not

2015 Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much;
If in love be Treason,
2020 In service of so excellent a Beauty,
As I have meet, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this Cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me:
2025 For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her. And if she say traitor,
I'm a villain fit to lie unburied.
Palamon: Thou shalt have pity of us both, O *Theseus*,

2030 *If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop
(As thou art just) thy noble ear against us,
As thou art valiant; For thy Cousin's soul
Whose twelve strong labors crown his memory,*
2035 Let's die together, at one instant, Duke,
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.
Theseus: I grant your wish, *for to say true, your Cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, Sir, your offences
Being no more than his.* None here speak for 'em
2040 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
Will bear the curses else of after ages
2045 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;
Yet that I will be woman, *and have pity,*
2050 *My knees shall grow to th' ground but* 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.
2055 **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.
2060 **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.
2065 **Emilia:** *By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maid.*
Hippolyta: *By your own eyes. By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded Theseus.*
2070 **Pirithous:** To crown all this; *By your most noble soul*
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first.
Hippolyta: *Next hear my prayers.*
Emilia: Last let me intreat Sir.
Pirithous: For mercy.
2075 **Hippolyta:** Mercy.
Emilia: Mercy on these Princes.
Theseus: Ye make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emilia: Upon their lives: But with their banishments.
2080 **Theseus:** *You are a right woman, Sister; You have pity,*

But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: Can these two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'd fight about you; **Hourly bring your honor**
In public question with their Swords; Be wise then
And here forget 'em; It concerns your credit,
And my oth equally: I have said they die,
Better they fall byth' Law, than one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emilia: O my noble Brother,
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,
Your reason will not hold it, if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath, against yours
Of more authority, I'm sure more love,
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Theseus: What is it, Sister?
Pirithous: Urge it home brave Lady.
Emilia: That you would never deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now, if ye fall int',
Think how you maim your honor;
(For now I'm set a beggning Sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name; Opinion,
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom, do men prayn
The straight young Bows that blush with thousand Blossoms
Because they may be rotten? O Duke **Theseus**
The goodly Mothers that have greaned for these,
And all the longing Maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,
And in their funeral songs, for these two Cousins
Despise my cruelty, and cry wee worth me,
Till I'm nothing but the scorn of women;
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.
Theseus: On what conditions?
Emilia: Swear'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to know me,
To tread upon the Dukedom, and to be
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.
Palamon: I'll be cut a peeces
Before I take this oath, forget I love her?
O all ye gods despise me then: Thy Banishment
Not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our Swords, and cause along: Else never trifl,
But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,
And for that love, must and dare kill this Cousin
On any peece the earth has.

2135 *Theseus*: Will you, *Arcite*,
Take these conditions?
Palamon: He's a villain then.
Pirithous: These are men.
Arcite: No, never Duke: 'Tis worse to me than begging
To take my life so basely, though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honor of affection, and die for her,
Make death a Devil.

2140 *Theseus*: What may be done? For now I feel compassion.
Pirithous: Let it not fall again Sir.
Theseus: 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; *They are Princes*
As greedily as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of: Look upon'em,
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give consent, are you content too, Princes?
2150 *Both Palamon*: With all our souls.
Theseus: He that she refuses
Must die then.
Arcite Both: Any death thou canst invent Duke.
2155 *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.
2160 *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,
And by mine honor, once again it stands,
2165 Or both shall die. You shall *both to your Country*,
And each within this month accompanied
With three fair Knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a Pyramid; And whether
Before us that are here, can force his Cousin
2170 By fair and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,
He shall enjoy her: The other loose his head,
And all his friends: *Nor shall he grudge to fall*,
Nor think he dies with interest in this Lady:
Will this content ye?
2175 *Palamon*: Yes: Here, Cousin *Arcite*,
I'm friends again, till that hour.
Arcite: I embrace ye.
Theseus: Are you content, Sister?
Emilia: Yes, I must Sir,
2180 Else both miscarry.
Theseus: Come shake hands again then,
And take heed, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrel

2185 Sleep till the hour pre fixed, and hold your course.

Palamon: We dare not fail thee, *Theseus*.

Theseus: Come, I'll give ye

Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:

When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;

Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his Beer. [Exeunt.]

2190 *Act Four. Scene One*

Enter Jailer *and his Friend.*

Jailer.

Hear you no more? was nothing said of me

Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?

Good Sir remember.

First Friend: Nothing that I heard,

For I came home before the business

Was fully ended: yet I might perceive

E'r I departed, a great likelihood

Of both their pardons: for *Hippolita*,

And fair ey'd *Emilia*, upon their knees,

Begged with such handsome pity, that the Duke

Methought stood staggering whether he should follow

His rash oath, or the sweet compassion

Of these two Ladies; and to second them,

That truly noble Prince *Pirithous*

Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope

All shall be well: neither heard I one question

Of your name, or his scape.

Enter Second Friend

Jailer: Pray Heaven it held so.

Second Friend: Be of good comfort man; I bring you news

Good news.

Jailer: They are welcome.

Second Friend: *Palamon* has clear'd you,

And got your pardon, and discover'd

How, and by whose means he scap'd, which was your Daughter's,

Whose pardon is procured too, and the prisoner

Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,

Has given a sum of money to her Marriage;

A large one I'll assure you.

Jailer: Ye are a good man

And ever bring good news.

First Friend: How was it ended?

Second Friend: Why, as it should be; they that ne'er begg'd

But they prevailed, had their suits fairly granted.

The prisoners have their lives.

First Friend: I knew 'twould be so.

Second Friend: But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of

At better time.

Jailer: I hope they are good.

Second Friend: They are honourable,

How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

2235 **First Friend**. 'Twill be known.

Wooer. Alas, Sir, where's your Daughter?

Jailor. Why do you ask?

Wooer. Oh Sir, when did you see her?

Second Friend How he looks!

2240 **Jailor**. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? Was she in health, Sir? When did she sleep?

First Friend **Jailor**: These are strange questions.

2245 **Jailor** - I do not think she was very well, for now

You make me mind her, but this very day

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?

2250 **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.

First Friend: Not right?

2255 **Second Friend** - **[Wooer: Headshake]** Not well?—

Wooer. No Sir, not well.

'Tis too true, she is mad.

First Friend: It cannot be.

Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.

2260 **Jailor**. I half suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her:

Either this was her love to **Palamon**,

Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,

Or both.

2265 **Wooer**. 'Tis likely.

Jailor. But why all this haste, Sir?

2270 **Wooer**. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling

In the great Lake that lies behind the Palace,

From the far shore, thick set with **Reeds and Sedges**.

As patiently I was attending sport,

2275 I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive

I gave my ear, when I might well perceive

'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it

A Boy or Woman. I then left my angle

To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not

2280 Who made the sound, the **Rushes**, and the **Reeds**

Had so encompassed it: I laid me down

And listened to the words she sung, for then

Through a small glade cut by the Fisher-men,

I saw it was your Daughter.

Jailor. Pray go on, Sir?

2285 **Wooer**. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her

Repeat this often, **Palamon is gone**,

Is gone to th' wood to gather **Mulberries**,

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2285 *I'll find him out tomorrow.*

First Friend: Pretty soul.

Wooer—His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black ey'd Maids that love as I do
With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
2290 With cherry lips, and cheeks of Damask Roses,
And all we'll dance an Antique 'fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; then she talk'd of you, Sir;
That you must lose your head tomorrow morning
And she must gather Flowers to bury you,
2295 And see the house made handsome, then she sung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was, *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon*, was a tall young man. The place
Was knee deep where she sate; her careless Tresses,
2300 A wreath of Bull rush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh Water Flowers of several colours.
That methought she appear'd like the fair Nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as *Iris*
Newly dropped down from heaven; Rings she made
2305 Of Ruches that grew by, and to 'em speke
The prettiest posies: thus our true love's tied,
This you may lose, not me, and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smiled, and kissed her hand.

Second Friend Alas what pity it is!

Wooer—I made in to her,
She saw me, and straight sought the flood, I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipped away, and to the City made,
2315 *With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me*
She left me far behind her, three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother, where she staid,
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter *Brother, Daughter, and others*
Daughter. *And hither came to tell you: Here they are.*

Daughter: May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine Song?

BrotherWooer. Oh, a very fine one.

Daughter: I can sing twenty more.

BrotherWooer. I think you can.

Daughter: Yes truly can I, I can sing the *Broom*,
And *Bonny Robbin*. Are not you a Tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daughter: Where's my wedding-Gown?

BrotherWooer. I'll bring it tomorrow.

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

2335 'Twill never thrive else.
 Oh fair, oh sweet, &c. [Sings.]
Brother. *You must ev'n take it patiently.*
Jailor. 'Tis true.
Daughter. Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever hear
2340 Of one young *Palamon*?
Jailor. Yes wench, we know him.
Daughter. Is't not a fine young Gentleman?
Jailor. 'Tis *Love*.
Brother. *By no mean cross her, she is then distemper'd*
2345 *For worse than now she shows.*
First Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.
Daughter. Oh, is he so? you have a Sister.
First FriendWooer. Yes.
2350 **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,
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?
2355 **First Friend.** Yes.
Daughter. *There is at least two hundred now with child by him,*
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a Cockle; and all these must be boye,
2360 *He has the trick on't, and at ten years old*
They must be all gelt for Musicians,
*And sing the wars of *Theseus*.*
Second Friend. This is strange.
Daughter. As ever you heard, but say nothing.
First Friend. No.
2365 **Daughter.** They come from all parts of the Dukedom to him,
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty, to dispatch, he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.
Jailor. She's lost
2370 Past all cure.
Brother. Heaven forbid man.
Daughter. *Come hither, you are a wise man.*
First FriendWooer. Does she know *himyou*?
2375 **Second FriendJailor.** No, would she did.
Daughter. You are master of a Ship?
Jailor. Yes.
Daughter. Where's your Compass?
Jailor. Here.
2380 **Daughter.** Set it to th' North.
And now direct your course to th' wood, where *Palamon*
Lies longing for me; for the Tackling
Let me alone; come weigh my hearts, cheerly.
2385 **All.** Owgh, owgh, owgh, 'tis up, the wind's fair, top the
Bowling; out with the main sail, where's your
Whistle Master?

2390 *BrotherWooer*. . Let's get her in.

Jailer. Up to the top Boy.

Brother. Where's the Pilot?

First Friend. Here.

Daughter. What ken'st thou?

Second Friend. A fair weed.

Daughter. Bear for it maister: tack about: *Sings*.

When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. [Exeunt.

2395 **Act Four. Scene Two**

Enter Emilia alone, with two Pictures.

2400 *Emilia*: Yet I may bind these wounds up, that must open

And bleed to death for my sake else; I'll choose,

And end their strife: two such young handsome men

Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,

Following the dead cold ashes of their Sons

Shall never curse my cruelty: Good Heaven;

What a sweet face has *Arcite*, if wise nature

With all her best endowments, all those beauties

She sows into the births of noble bodies;

2405 Were here a mortal woman, and had in her

The coy denials of young Maids, yet doubtless,

She would run mad for this man: what an eye!

Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetnesse:

Has this young Prince! here Love himself sits smiling,

2410 Just such another wanton *Ganymead*,

Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god

Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him

A shining constellation: what a brow,

Of what a spacious Majesty he carries!

Arch'd like the great ey'd *Juno*'s, but far sweeter,

2415 Smoother than *Pelops* Shoulder! Fame and Honor

Methinks from hence, as from a Promontory

Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing

To all the underworld, the Loves, and Fights

2420 Of gods, and such men near 'em. *Palamon*,

Is but his foil, to him, a mere dull shadow,

He's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy

As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,

No stirring in him, no alacrity,

2425 Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;

Yet these that we count errors, may become him:

Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:

Oh who can find the bent of women's fancy?

I'm a fool, my reason is lost in me,

2430 I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly

That Women ought to beat me. On my knees

I ask thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,

And only beautiful, and these the eyes,

These the bright lamps of Beauty that command

2435 And threaten Love, and what young Maid dare cross 'em

What a bold gravity, and yet inviting

Has this brown manly face! Oh Love, this only
From this hour is complexion: lye there *Arcite*,
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere Gipsie.
And this the noble *Bedio*: I am scotched,
Utterly lost: My Virgin's faith has fled me.
For if my Brother, but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*:
Now if my Sister; More for *Palamon*:
Stand both together: now, come ask me Brother,
Alas, I know not: ask me now sweet Sister,
I may go look; what a mere child is *Fancie*,
That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness;

Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both.

Enter *Emilia*: and *Gent.*

Emilia: How now Sir?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you news: the Knights are come.

Emilia: To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emilia: Would I might end first:

What sins have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of Princes? and my Chastity
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*.

Theseus: Bring 'em in quickly,

By any means I long to see 'em.

Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair Knights: Now my fair Sister,

You must love one of them.

Emilia: I had rather both,

So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter *Messenger*. *Curtie*.

Theseus: Who saw 'em?

Pirithous: I a while.

Gent. And I.

Theseus: From whence come you, Sir?

Mess. From the Knights.

Theseus: Pray speak

You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,

And truly what I think: six braver spirits

Than these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)

I never saw, nor read of: he that stands

In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming

Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,

(His very looks so say him) his complexion,

Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,

Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers:
The circles of his eyes, shew fair within him,
And as a heated Lion, so he looks:
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad, and strong,
Arm'd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldrick: when he frowns
To seal his Will with, better o' my conscience
Was never Soldier's friend.

Theseus: Thou hast well described him.

Pirithous: Yet, a great deal short
Methinks, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Theseus: Pray speak him friend.

Pirithous: I guess he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honor in't:
He's somewhat bigger than the Knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe Grape) ruddy: he has feet
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own: in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things: Fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hair'd, and curled, thick twin'd, like Ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The Livery of the warlike Maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him.
And in his rowling eyes sits victory,
As if she ever meant to correct his valour:

Emilia: Must these men die too?

Pirithous: When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean,
He wears a well-stealed Axe, the staff of Gold,
His age some five and twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any, fairer promises
In such a Body yet I never look'd on.

Pirithous: Oh he that's freckle fac'd?

Mess. The same my Lord,
Are they not sweet ones?

Pirithous: Yes, they are well.

Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well disposed, they show
Great, and fine Art in nature, he's white hair'd,

2540 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
Next to an aborn, tough, and nimble set,
Which shows an active soul: his arms are brawny
Lin'd with strong sinews: to the shoulder piece,
Gently they swell, like Women new conceived,
2545 Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of Arms, stout hearted still,
But when he stirs, a Tiger; he's grey eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers: sharp
To spie advantages, and where he finds 'em,
2550 He's swift to make 'em his: He does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles
He shows a Lover, when he frowns, a Soldier:
About his head he wears the winners oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his Lady:
2555 His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a Charging Staffe, embossed with Silver.
Theseus: Are they all thus?
Pirithous: They are all the sons of honor.

2560 *Theseus:* Now as I have a soul, I long to see 'em,
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hippolyta: I wish it,
But not the cause my Lord, They would shew
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdoms;
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous:
Oh my soft-hearted Sister, what think you?
2565 Weep not, till they weep blood: Wench it must be.
Theseus: You have steeled 'em with your Beauty: honored friend,
To you I give the Field; pray order it,
Fitting the persons that must use it.

Pirithous: Yes Sir.

2570 *Theseus:* Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay,
Their fame has fir'd me so; till they appear,
Good friend be royal.

Pirithous: There shall want no bravery. [Exeunt.

2575 *Emilia:* Poor wench go weep, for whosoever wins,
Looses a noble Cousin, for thy sins. [Exeunt.

Act Four. Scene Three.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, Doctor.

2580 *Doctor.* Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon,
Than at other some, is it not?

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

2585 *Enter Daughter.*

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

Daughter: I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was Down
A down a; and penned by no worse man, than

2590 *Giraldo, Emilia's Schoolmaster; he's as
 Fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs,
 For in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and
 Then will she be out of love with Aeneas.*

2595 *Doctor.* What stuff's here? poor soul.
Jailer. Ev'n thus all day long.

2600 *Daughter:* Now for this Charm, that I told you of, you must
 Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
 Or no ferry then if it be your chance to come where
 The blessed spirits, as there's a sight now; we Maids
 That have our Livers, porisht, cracked to pieces with
 Love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long
 But pick Flowers with Proserpine, then will I make
 Palamon a Nosegay, then let him mark me, — then.

2605 *Doctor.* How prettily she's amiss! note her a little farther.

2610 *Daughter* Faith I'll tell you, sometime we go to Barly-break,
 We of the blessed; alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th'
 Other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing,
 Howling, chatt'ring, cursing, oh they have shrowd
 Measure, take heed; if one be mad, or hang, or
 Drown themselves, thither they goo, Jupiter bless
 Us, and there shall we be put in a Cauldron of
 Lead, and Usurers grease, amongst a whole million of
 Cut purses, and there boil like a Gammon of Bacon
 That will never be enough. [Exit.]

2615 *Doctor.* How her brain coins!

2620 *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.

2625 *Doctor.* How she continues this fancie! 'Tis not an engraffed madness but a most
 thick, and profound melancholy.

2630 *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.

2635 Sings. *I will be true, my Stars, my Fate, &c.* [Exit *Daughter*]
Jailer. What think you of her, Sir?

2640 *Doctor.* I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.
Jailer. Alas, what then?
Doctor. Understand you, she ever affected any man, e'r
 She beheld Palamon?

2645 *Jailer.* 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 I had a great
 Pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both
 She and I at this present stood unfainely on the
 Same terms.
Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye, hath distemper'd the
 Other senses, they may return and settle again to

Execute their preordained faculties, but they are
Now in a most extravagant vagary. 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
This her mind beats upon; *other objects that are
Inserted 'ween her mind and eye, become the pranks
And friskins of her madness; sing to her such green
Songs of Love, as she says Palamon hath sung in
Prison; Come to her, stuck in as sweet Flowers as the
Season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of
Some other compounded odors, which are grateful to the
Sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can
Sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing, desire
To eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still
Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour: learn what Maids have been her
Companions, and Play phees; and let them repair to
Her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with
Tokens, as if they suggested for him, *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; *I have seen it approved, how many times
I knew not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will between the passages of
This project, come in with my appliance:* Let us
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, Pirithous, Hippolita, Attendants.

Theseus:
Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy Prayers: Let the Temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense
To these above us: Let no due be wanting, [Flourish of Cornets.
They have a noble work in hand, will honor
The very powers that love 'em.
Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.
Pirithous: Sir, they enter.
Theseus: You valiant and strong-hearted enemies
You royal German foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out, that flames between ye;
Lay by your anger for an hour, and Dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies,

Your ire is more than mortal; So your help be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Justice,
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

2695 **Pirithous:** Honor crown the worthiest.
[Exit Theseus and his train.]

Palamon: The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another: Arm opprest by Arm:
I would destroy th' offender, Coz. I would
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

2700 **Arcite:** I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i' th' self same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The saile, that must these vessels port, even where
The heavenly Limitor pleases.

2705 **Palamon:** You speak well;
Before I turn, I let me embrace thee Cousin
This I shall never do again.

2710 **Arcite:** One farewell.
Palamon: Why let it be so: Farewell Coz.

[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*]

Arcite: Farewell Sir;

Theseus:

Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
2720 Tender their holy Prayers: [*Exeunt Palamon, Theseus.*]

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2725 **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 dragg'd out of blood— force and great feat
must put my garland on.

Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worshipers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is farther off it, goe with me
Before the god of our profession: There
Require of him the hearts of Lions, and
The breath of Tygers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also, to go on, I mean
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood, force and great feat
Must put my Garland on, where she sticks
The Queen of Flowers: our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the Camp, a Cestron
Brim'd with the blood of men: give me your aid
2730 And bend your spirits towards him: [They kneel.]

2745 Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
 Green Neptune into purple.
 Comets prewarn, whose havoc in vast Field
 Unearthed skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down,
 The teeming Ceres foyzon, who dest pluck
 With hand armenipotent from forth blew clouds,
 The mason'd Turrets, that both mak'st and break'st
 The stony girths of Cities: me thy pupil,
 2750 Youngest follower of thy Drum, instruct this day
 With military skill, that to thy laud
 I may advance my streamor, and by thee,
 Be styled the Lord o' th' day, gGive me great Mars
 Some token of thy Pleasure.

2755 [Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
 clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder, as the burst of a
 battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the Altar.

2760 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
 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, let us go. [Exeunt.

2765 Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former observance.

Palamon: Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
 Today extinct; our argument is love,
 Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
 Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
 2770 You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
 Your personal hazard; to the goddess Venus
 Commend we our proceeding, and implore
 Her power unto our partie. [Here they kneel as formerly.
 Hail Sovereign Queen of secrets, who hast power
 2775 To call the fiercest Tyrant from his rage;
 And weep unto a Girl; that hast the might
 Even with an eye-glance, to choak Marsis Drum
 And turn th' alarm to whispers, that canst make
 A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him
 2780 Before Apollo; that mayst force the King
 To be his subjects vassal, and induce
 Stale gravity to dance, the pould Batchelor
 Whose youth like wanton boys through Bonfires
 2785 Have skipt thy flame, at seventy, thou canst catch
 And make him to the scorn of his hoarse throat
 Abuse young lays of Love; what godlike power
 Hast thou not power upon? To Pheobus thou
 Add'st flames, hotter than his the heavenly fires
 Did scorch his mortal Son, thine him; the huntress
 2790 All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
 Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
 Me thy vow'd Soldier, who do bear thy yeak

As 'twere a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier
Than Lead it self, stings more than Nettles;
I have never been foul mouthed against thy Law,
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practised
Upon man's wife, nor would the Libels read
Of liberal wits: I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blushed
At simp'ring Sirs that did: I have been harsh
To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, this I told them, whe
A Lass of fourteen bridled, 'twas thy power
To put life into dust, the aged Cramp
Had screw'd his square feet round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulsions from his globy eyes,
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture: this Anatomie
Had by his young fair pheare a Boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? brief I am
To those that prate, and have done, no Companion;
To those that boast and have not, a defyer;
To those that would and cannot, a Rejoycer.
Yea him I do not love, that tells close offices
The feulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language, such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I.
bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

[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: and, Time comes on, bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

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

Palamon: Oh thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bessoms, whose Chase is this world
And we in Herds thy Game; I give thee thanks
For this fair Token, which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance [They bow.

My body to this business; Let us rise
And bow before the goddess: Time comes on.

[Exeunt. Still Music of Records.]

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath:
One in white, holding up her train, her hair stuck with Flowers: One

before her carrying a silver Hynd, in which is conveyed Incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the Altar, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it, then they curtsey and kneel.

Emilia: Oh sacred, shadowy, cold and constant Queen,
Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fan'd Snow, who to thy female Knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their Orders Rebe. I here thy Priest
Am humbled for thine Altar, oh vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy Virgin,
And sacred silver Mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'r heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton sound,) to my petition
Season'd with holy fear; 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
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
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.

~~Here the Hind vanishes under the Altar: and in the place ascends a Rose Tree, having one Rose upon it.~~

See what our General of Ebbs and Flow

Out from the bowels of her holy Altar

With sacred Act advances: But one Rose

If well inspired, this Battle shall confound

Both these brave Knights, an

~~Must grow alone unplucked.~~

~~Here is heard a sudden twang of Instruments, and~~

The Flower is fall'n, the Tree descends: o

~~Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gathered,~~

I think so, but I know not thine own Will;

Unclasp thy Mystery: I hope she's please

~~Her Signs were gracious.~~

5 5

[They curtsey, and Exeunt.

Act Five, Scene Two.

Enter Doctor, Jailer, 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

Half hour she came smiling to me, and ask'd me what

Then hear she came smiling to me, and ask'd me
Would eat, and when I would kiss her: I told her,

2895 Presently, and kist her twice.
Doctor. 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.
Wooer. Then she told me
She would watch with me tonight, for well she knew
2900 What hour my fit would take me.
Doctor. Let her do so,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,
And presently.
Wooer. She would have me sing.
2905 **Doctor.** You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her every way.
Wooer. Alas
2910 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.
2915 **Doctor.** Yes, in the way of cure.
Jailor. But first, by your leave
I th' way of honesty.
Doctor. That's but a nice ness,
2920 Nev'r cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.
Jailor. Thank ye, Doctor.
Doctor. Pray bring her in
And let's see how she is.
2925 **Jailor.** I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: but Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still.[*Exit Jailor.*]
Doctor. Go, go: you Fathers are fine fools: her honesty?
2930 And we should give her physick till we find that:
Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, Sir?
Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be,
2935 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
Videlicet, The way of flesh, you have me.
Wooer. Yes very well Sir.
2940 **Doctor.** Please her appetite
And do it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humor that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor. Yes very well sir.
Enter *Jailor, Daughter, Maid.*
2945 **Doctor.** You'll find it so; she comes, pray honor her.
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,
Did you never see the horse he gave me?
2950 **Jailer.** Yes.
Daughter: How do you like him?
Jailer. He's a very fair one.
Daughter: You never saw him dance?
Jailer. No.
2955 **Daughter:** I have often,
He dances very finely, very comely,
And for a Jig, come cut and long tail to him,
He turns ye like a Top.
2960 **Jailer.** That's fine indeed.
Daughter: He'll dance the *Morris* twenty mile an hour.
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish;
And gallops to the turn of *Light a'love*,
What think you of this horse?
2965 **Jailer.** Having these virtues
I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.
Daughter: Alas that's nothing.
Jailer. Can he write and read too?
2970 **Daughter:** A very fair hand, and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his Hay and Provender: that Hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know
The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?
Jailer. Very well.
2975 **Daughter:** She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his Master, coy and scornful.
Jailer. What Dowry has she?
Daughter: Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty strike of Oats; but he'll ne'er have her;
2980 **He lisps, in's neighing, able to entice**
A Miller's Mare,
He'll be the death of her.
Wooer. What stuff she utters!
Jailer. Make curtesy, here your love comes.
2985 **Wooer.** Pretty soul,
How do ye? **that's a fine Maid, there's a curtesy.**
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?
2990 **Wooer.** What shall we do there wench?
Daughter: Why play at Stool-ball.
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content
If we shall keep our wedding there.
2995 **Daughter:** 'Tis true
For there I will assure you, we shall find

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Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my Father must be hang'd tomorrow
And that would be a blot i'th' business.

3000 *Wooer*. Are not you *Palamon*?
Daughter. Do not you know me?
Daughter: Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this poor Petticoat, and two course Smocks.

3005 *Wooer*. That's all one, I will have you.
Daughter: Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand will I.
Daughter: We'll to bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.

3010 *Daughter*: Oh Sir, you would fain be nibling.
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daughter: 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding:
Is not this your Cousin *Arcite*?

3015 *Doctor*. Yes Sweet heart,
And I am glad my Cousin *Palamon*
Has made so fair a choice.

Daughter: Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.

3020 *Daughter*: Do you think so too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daughter: We shall have many children: *Lord, how y'are grown*
My Palamon I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: alas poor *Chicken*,
He was kept down with hard Meat, and ill Lodging,
But I'll kiss him up again.

3025 *Enter a Messenger*.
Messenger. What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight,
That e'er was seen.

3030 *Doctor*. Are they i'th' field?
Messenger. They are
You bear a charge there too.

3035 *Doctor*. I'll away straight
I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you,
I will not lose the Fight.

Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again. You must not from her
But still preserve her in this way.

3040 *Wooer*. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.

3045 *Wooer*. Come, Sweet, we'll go to dinner
And then we'll play at Cards.
Daughter: And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daughter: And twenty.

3050 **Wooer** . I, and twenty.
Daughter: And then we'll sleep together.
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*.

3055 **Act Five. Scene Three.**

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Pirithous: and some Attendants,
T. Tuck: Curtis.

3060 **Emilia**: I'll not step further.

Pirithous: Will you lose this sight?

3065 **Emilia**: I had rather see a Wren hawk at a Fly
Than this decision; *ev'ry blow that falls*
Threats a brave life, each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, than Blade; I will stay here,
It is enough, my hearing shall be punished,
With what shall happen, *gainst the which there is*
No deafing, but to hear; not taint mine eye
With dread sights, it may shun.

3070 **Pirithous**: Sir, my good Lord

Your Sister will no further.

Theseus: Oh she must.

3075 She shall see deeds of Honor in their kind,
Which sometime show well penciled. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye, and ear; you must be present,
You are the victors mood, the price, and garland
To crown the Questions Title.

Emilia: Pardon me,

If I were there, I'd wink.

3080 **Hippolyta**: You must go.

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.

3085 **Emilia**: I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other: *darkness which ever was*
The dam of horror, who does stand accurst
Of many mortal Millions, may even now
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get her self
Some part of a good name, and many a murther
Set off whereto she's guilty.

Hippolyta: You must go.

Emilia: In faith I will not.

3090 **Theseus**: Why the Knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know of this war
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by

3100 To give the Service pay.

Emilia: Sir, pardon me,

The Title of a Kingdom may be try'd
Out of itself.

Theseus: Well, well then, at your pleasure,

Those that remain with you, could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hippolyta: Farewell Sister,
I am like to know your Husband 'fore yourself
By some small start of time, he whom the gods
Do of the two, know best, I pray them, he
Be made your Lot.

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[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolita, Pirithous, &c.

Emilia: Arcite is gently visag'd; *yet his eye*

Is like an Engine bent, or a sharp weapon

In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage

Are bedfellows in his visage: *Palamon*
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow

Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on,
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to

The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye

Will dwell upon his object: 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; *these darker humors that*
Stick mis-becomingly on others, on them

Live in fair dwelling.

[C cornets. Trumpets sound as to a Charge.

Hark how yon spurs to spirit do incite

The Princes to their proof, *Arcite may win me,*

And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to

The spoiling of his figure. Oh what pity

Enough for such a chance; if I were by

I might do hurt, for they would glance their eyes

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might

Omit a Ward, or forfeit an offence

Which craved that very time: it is much better

[C cornets. A great cry, and noise within, crying a Palamon.

I am not there, oh better never born

Than minister to such harm, what is the chance?

Enter Servant. Cry within, Palamon, Palamon

ServantEmilia . The cry's a *Palamon*.

Emilia: Then he has won: 'twas ever likely,

He look'd all grace and success, and he is

Doubtless the prim'st of men: *I prithee run*

And tell me how it goes.

[Shout, and Cornets: crying a Palamon.

ServantEmilia . Still *Palamon*.

Emilia: Run and enquire, poor Servant thou hast lost,

Upon my right side still I wore thy Picture,
Palamon's on the left, why so I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.[*Another cry and shout within, and
Cornets.*

On the sinister side the heart lies; *Palamon*
Had the best beding chance: this burst of clamor
Is sure th' end o'th' combat.

Enter *ServantPirithous*.

ServantPirithous. They said that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th' Pyramid, that the cry
Was general a *Palamon*: but anon,
Th' Assistants *He* made a brave redemption, *and*
The two bold *Tylers*, at this instant *they* are
Hand to hand at it.
Emilia: *Were they metamorphos'd*
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compes'd a man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortness[*Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite!*
To any Lady breathing—More exulting?
Palamon still?

Servant. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*.

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

Set both thine ears to th' business.

ServantPirithous. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, hark Arcite, victory,
The Combats consummation is proclaimed

By the wind Instruments.

Emilia: *Half-sights saw*
That Arcite was no babe, god's lyd, his richness
And costliness of spirit looked through him; it could
No more be hid in him, than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds, force to raging: I did think
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think so; Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: they are coming off:
Alas poor *Palamon*.[*Cornets.*

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

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
As ever struck at head: 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*

3200 *Theseus:* Oh loved Sister,
He speaks now of as brave a Knight as e'er
Did spur a noble Steed: surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i'th' world too godlike: his behaviour
3205 So charm'd me, that methought *Alcides* was
To him a Sew of Lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your *Arcite*
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
Encountered yet his Better, I have heard
3210 Two emulous *Philomels*, beat the ear o'th' night
With their contentious threats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
3215 Good-space between these kinsmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner: wear the Garland
With joy that you have won: for the subdued,
Give them our present Justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em, let it here be done:
3220 The Scene's not for our seeing, goo we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow, Arm your prize,
I know you will not lose her: *Hippolyta*,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear
The which it will deliver! *Flourish.*

3225 *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
3230 A life more worthy from him, than all women;
I should, and would die too.

3235 *Hippolyta:* Infinite pity
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one
That two must needs be blind for't.

3240 *Theseus:* So it is. *[Exeunt.*

Act Five. Scene Four.
Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd: Jailor Executioner, &c.
Gard.

3240 *Palamon:* There's many a man alive that hath out liv'd
The love o'th' people, yea, i'th' self same state
Stands many a Father with his child; some comfort
We have by so considering: we expire
And not without mens pity. To live still,
3245 Have their good wishes, we prevent
The leathsome misery of age, beguile
The Gout and Rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Young, and unwapper'd, not halting under Crimes
3250 Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em;

For we are mere clear Spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You have sold 'em too too cheap.

3255 **First Knight.** What ending could be
Of more content? o'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose Title is as momentary,
As to us death is certain: a grain of honor
They not o'er-weigh us.

3260 **Second Knight.** Let us bid farewell;
And, with our patience, anger tottering Fortune,
Who at her certain't reels.

3265 **Third Knight.** Come: who begins?

Palamon: Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, shall
Taste to you all: 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
Gave me some sorrow.

3270 **Jailor.** Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

3275 **Palamon:** By my short life
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of, prithee tell her so:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

3280 **First Knight.** Nay, let's be offerers all.
Second Knight. Is it a maid?

3285 **Palamon:** Verily I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quight or speak of.

All Knights. Commend us to her. [They give their purses.

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

3290 **Palamon:** Adieu; and let my life be now as short,
As my leave taking. [Lies on the Block.

First Knight. Lead, courageous Cousin.
Second Knight. We'll follow cheerfully.

*{A great noise within, crying, run, save, hold.
Enter in haste a Messenger.*

3295 **Messenger.** Hold, hold, oh hold, hold, hold.
Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pirithous: Hold, hoa: *It is a cursed haste you made*
If you have done so quickly: noble Palamon;
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

3300 **Palamon:** Can that be,
When Venus I have said is false? How do things fare?
Pirithous: Arise great Sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

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Pirithous: List then: your Cousin
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did first bestow on him, *a black one, ewing*
Not a hayr worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note: Which superstition
Hear finds allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*
Trotting the stones of *Athens, which the Calkins*
Did rather tell, than trample; For the horse
Would make his length a mile, ift pleas'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'were to'th' Music
His own hoofs made; (*For as they say from iron*
Came Musicks origin) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him possessed
With fire malevolent, darted a Spark,
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, *bounds, comes on end,*
Forgets school doeing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage, pig like he whines
At the sharp Rowell, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; Seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough *Jad'rie*, to dis-seat
His Lord, that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,
When neither Curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis root his Rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, 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
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.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chair.

Palamon: O miserable end of our alliance
The gods are mighty Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:
Give me thy last words, *I'm Palamon,*
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arcite: Take *Emilia*
And with her, all the worlds joy: *Reach thy hand,*
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.

Palamon: *Thy brave soul seek Elysium.*
Emilia: *I'll close thine eyes, Prince;* Blessed souls be with thee

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day I give to tears.

3355 *Palamon: And I to honor.*

*Theseus: In this place first you fought: Even very here
I hundred you, acknowledge to the gods*

*Our thanks that you are living:
His part is play'd, and though it were too short*

3360 *He did it well: your day is lengthened, and
The blissful dew of heaven do's arouse you:*

*The powerful Venus, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Master Mars,*

3365 *Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to Arcite, gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities*

Have shew'd due justice: Bear this hence.

Palamon: O Cousin,

*That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire: That nought could buy*

3370 *Dear love, but loss of dear love.*

Theseus: Never Fortune

*Did play a subtler Game: The conquer'd triumphant,
The victor has the Loss: yet in the passage,*

3375 *The gods have been most equal: Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess the right o'th' Lady*

*Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancie: He restor'd her*

3380 *As your stolen Jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: The gods my justice*

*Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The Executioners: Lead your Lady off,*

*And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my Friends. A day or two*

3385 *Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The Funeral of Arcite, in whose end*

*The visages of Bridegrooms we'll put on
And smile with Palamon: For whom an hour,*

3390 *But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite: And am now as glad,*

*As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
What things you make of us? For what we lack*

3395 *We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful*

*For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question: Let's go off,*

And bear us like the time. [Flourish. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

3400 *I would now ask ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with School Boys, cannot say,
I'm cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye: No man smile?*

Then it goes hard I see; He that has
Lev'd a young handsome wench then, show his face:
'Tis strange if none be here, and if he will
Against his Conscience let him hiss and kill
Our Market: 'Tis in vain, I see to stay ye,
Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold
We have no such cause. If th' tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)
We have our end; And ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

3405

3410

3415

3420

[Flourish.]