

Bacon. I came ¹ not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
 With such a novice as is Vandermast;
 I came to have your royalties to dine
 With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose:
 And, for this German troubles but the place,
 And holds this audience with a long suspence,
 I'll send him to his académy hence.—
 Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
 Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
 That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,² 1260
 More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
 Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

[*Exit Hercules with Vandermast and the tree.*]

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?

Bacon. To Hapsburg: there your highness at return
 Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy skill,
 And made fair Oxford famous by thine art:
 I will be English Henry to thyself.³
 But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer, 1270
 See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
 Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. [*Exit.*]

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
 How martial is the figure of his face!
 Yet lovely and beset with amoretts.⁴

K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?

P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks
 If they could scape the teasers or the toil.
 But hearing of these lordly potentates
 Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town, 1280

¹ The 4tos "come" (but see what follows).

² The 4tos "springs."

³ Something wanting here.

⁴ So afterwards, p. 210—

"those piercing amoretts.

That Daphne glancèd at his deity,"—

whence it is plain that Greene uses the word as equivalent to—love-kindling looks. (Cotgrave has "*Amourettes*. Loue-tricks, wanton loue-toyes, tickling, ticklings, daliances," etc).

I posted to give entertain to them:
 Chief to the Almain monarch; next to him,
 And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
 Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
 Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,
 Or one

That overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
 Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
 Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once,
 Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
 Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
 If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

1290

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
 The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
 I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
 And so as in so short a time I may;
 Yet so as time shall never break that so,
 And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
 If love may creep into their wanton eyes:—
 And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
 Without suspence, as my adopted son.

1300

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
 And glory in these honours done to Ned,
 Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,
 And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES with a cloth and trenchers and salt.

Miles. *Salvete, omnes reges,*
 That govern your *greges*
 In Saxony and Spain,
 In England and in Almain!
 For all this frolic rabble
 Must I cover the table
 With trenchers, salt, and cloth;
 And then look for your broth

1310

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

Miles. [*aside.*] My master hath made me sewer of these great
 lords; and, God knows, I am as serviceable at a table as
 a sow is under an apple-tree: 'tis no matter; their cheer

shall not be great, and therefore what skills where the salt stand,¹ before or behind? [Exit.

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in axioms, 1322
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter MILES with a mess of pottage and broth; and, after him, BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop before in my life?—

By your leave, *nobile decus*,
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire not if your cheer be this, 1330
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign:
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emp. Presumptuous friar! what, scoff'st thou at a king?
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants' fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?—
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a ² pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long. 1340

K. Hen. By Henry's honour, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I show'd these ³ cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
How little meat refines our English wits.—
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, sir, I will.

This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. 1350

Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,

¹ *Skills*, *i. e.*, signifies.—The seats at table above the salt-cellar (which used to be placed about the middle) were assigned to the more distinguished guests; the seats below it, to those of inferior rank.

² The 4to of 1594 "with such a."

³ The 4tos "thee."

So royal and so full of majesty,
 As Bacon will present to Frederick.
 The basest waiter that attends thy cups
 Shall be in honours greater than thyself;
 And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,
 Fetch'd by carvels from Ægypt's richest¹ streights,
 Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
 Shall royalise the table of my king; 1360
 Wines richer than th' Ægyptian courtesan
 Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
 Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feast;
 Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
 Persia, down her Volga² by canoes,
 Send down the secrets of her spicery;
 The Afric dates, mirabolans³ of Spain,
 Conserves and suckets from Tiberias,
 Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp 1370
 That firèd Rome with sparks of gluttony,⁴
 Shall beautify the board for Frederick:
 And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast- [Exeunt.]

Enter LAMBERT and SERLSBY with the Keeper.

Lam. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
 Whose table spread hath ever venison
 And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
 Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,
 That overshines our damsels as the moon
 Darkeneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
 In Laxfield here my land and living lies: 1380
 I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
 So thou consent to give her to my wife;
 And I can spend five hundred marks a-year.

¹ An error. (In the preceding line we have had "rich," and just after this we have "richer" and "richest!")

² "This," observes my friend, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "is much as if France were to send claret and burgundy down her Thames."

³ i.e., dried plums. The 4tos "*mirabiles*" in italics. "I have eaten Spanishe *mirabolanes*, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed."—Greene's *Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 2.

⁴ A corrupted or rather (as I think) a mutilated passage. The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) alters "*lamp*" to "*balm*;" which, he feels confident, restores the true reading: "*Balm*," he says, "or the exudation of the Balsamum, was the *only export* of Judea to Rome; and the balm was peculiar to Judæa." But the correction "*balm*" does not suit what immediately follows.

Ser. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
 By copy all thy living lies in me;
 Laxfield did never see me raise my due:
 I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
 So she will take her to a lusty squire.

Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl
 Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both, 1390
 And with her beauty hath subdu'd your thoughts,
 'Tis doubtful to decide the question.

It joys me ¹ that such men of great esteem
 Should lay their liking on this base estate,
 And that her state should grow so fortunate
 To be a wife to meaner men than you:
 But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
 I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
 Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice.

Lam. Content, Keeper; send her unto us. [Exit Keeper. 1400

Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead, 1401
 Are all thy loves so lightly passèd over,
 As thou canst wed before the year be out?

Ser. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
 Nor was I wedded but for life to her:
 The grave ² ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
 Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
 Whose beauty, temper'd with her huswifery,
 Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield! 1410

Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
 Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
 Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves:
 But this believe me,—Laxfield here is mine,
 Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year,
 And if thou canst but love a country squire,
 I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all:
 I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.

Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
 A keeper's daughter is too base in gree ³ 1420

¹ If this be what the author wrote, it is at least very obscurely expressed.

² The 4to of 1594 "graves."

³ *i.e.*, degree.

I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field.

Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouch'd.—
Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.

1459
[Exit.

Lam. I'll follow.—Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love.

[Exit.

Mar. How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs¹ me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expir'd,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

1470

Enter a Post with a letter and a bag of gold.

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is right:
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield;
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

1480

Post. Lovely, and once belovèd of my lord,—
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens,—
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.

[Gives letter and bag.

Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,

1490

¹ Qy. "wrings"?

Lives Lacy well? how fares my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

Mar. [reads.] *The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely¹ loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean dainties: eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honourable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much.*

1509

Farewell.

Not thine, nor his own,

EDWARD LACY.

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wrapp'st proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars
As lighten'd mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.

Post. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forc'd
To love the lady by the king's command. 1520

Mar. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves,
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from her lord.²

Post. What answer shall I return to my lord?

Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I lov'd,—
Ah, give me leave to sigh at very³ thought!—
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent;
For Margaret's resolution craves no dower:
The world shall be to her as vanity;

1530

¹ *i.e.*, early.

² *Qy.* "from him"? But the earlier part of the speech is also evidently corrupted.

³ The 4tos "euery."

Wealth, trash; ¹ love, hate; pleasure, despair:
 For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
 And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
 And yield my loves and liberty to God.
 Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
 For those be hateful unto Margaret,
 But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
 I'll make report of them unto the earl.

Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
 And prays that his misfortunes may be hers.

1540

[*Exeunt.*]

FRIAR BACON is discovered in his cell, lying on a bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him; and the Brazen Head, and MILES with weapons by him.

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Here, sir.

Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?

Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves
 no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself
 that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.

Bacon. Miles,

Thou know'st that I have dividè into hell,
 And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
 That with my magic spells great Belcephon
 Hath left his lodge and kneelèd at my cell;
 The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
 And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
 Trembling upon her concave continent,
 When Bacon read upon his magic book.

1550

With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
 Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
 I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
 That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
 Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
 And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
 Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
 And now our vital spirits crave some rest:
 If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes,
 They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.

1560

¹ Qy. "Wealth shall be trash," etc.?

Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
 The honour and renown of all his life
 Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
 Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God, 1570
 That holds the souls of men within his fist,
 This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
 Sends out his glorious glisten on the north,
 The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
 Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work
 To end my seven years' task with excellence.
 If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
 Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
 Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life, 1579
 Be watchful, and— [Falls asleep.]

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days: now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare*; but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem popolare* for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*. Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! [A great noise.] Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill¹ in your hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad. 1594

The Brazen Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, "Time is"? is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon: well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! [A great noise.] Up, Miles; list how they rumble. 1605

The Brazen Head. Time was.

¹ A weapon formerly borne by our foot-soldiers, and afterwards by watchmen: it was a sort of pike or halbert, with a hooked point.

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven-years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while¹ your arse ache, an your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. [*A great noise.*] What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles. 1615

The Brazen Head. Time is past.

[*A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the Head with a hammer.*]

Miles. Master, master, up! hell's broken loose; your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come. 1620

Bacon. Miles, I come. [*Rises and comes forward.*] O, passing warily watched!

Bacon will make thee next himself in love.

When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head! did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

Bacon. As how? 1630

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said "Time is," as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounced a sentence; [the second time] he said "Time was;" and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, "Time is past."

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:

My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—

Bacon,

The turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,

Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust: 1640

Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave,

That watch'd, and would not when the head did will.—

What said the head first?

Miles. Even, sir, "Time is."

¹ *i.e.*, until.

Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon then,
 If thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,
 The Brazen Head had utter'd aphorisms,
 And England had been circled round with brass:
 But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
 And Demogorgon, master of the fates, 1650
 Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
 Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
 Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match;
 Bacon might boast more than a man might boast
 But now the braves of Bacon have an end,
 Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
 His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end:
 And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
 I will appoint thee to some fatal end.¹
 Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight! 1660
 Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
 And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
 That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb,—
 The more the fox is cursed, the better he fares. God be
 with you, sir; I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-
 sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head,
 and see if I can want promotion. 1670

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
 Until they do transport thee quick to hell:
 For Bacon shall have never merry day,
 To lose the fame and honour of his head. [Exeunt.

*Enter the EMPEROR, the KING OF CASTILE, KING HENRY, ELINOR,
 PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, and RALPH SIMNELL.*

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime ² of Albion's wealth,
 How fare the Lady Elinor and you?
 What, have you courted and found Castile fit
 To answer England in equivalence?
 Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece, 1680
 And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?

¹ The 4tos "fatal to some end."

² The 4tos "prince."

Or Phœbus scape those piercing amoretts
 That Daphne glanced at his deity?
 Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,
 Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
 Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.

K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,¹
 And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
 I came not, troop'd with all this warlike train, 1690
 Doubting of love, but so affectionate,
 As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.²

K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love:
 Men must have wives, and women will be wed:
 Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K. Hen. Ay, Ralph: how then?

Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon
 to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his
 necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb
 whilst they live. 1701

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have
 Elinor to thy lady?

Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me.—
 Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing impossible.

K. Hen. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could
 both hold her tongue and her hands? no: but when egg-
 pies grow on apple-trees, then will thy grey mare prove a
 bag-piper. 1712

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that
 they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazed at his talk,
 How he discourseth of the constancy
 Of one surnam'd, for beauty's excellence,
 The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.³

K. Hen. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;
 Her beauty passing Mars's paramour, 1720

¹ *i. e.*, portrait.

² Corrupted.

³ Here "fair" is a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146.

Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.

Lacy and Ned have told me miracles.

K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy? shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live.—

May it please your highness give me leave to post

To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,

And prove, in true appearance at the court,

What I have vouchèd often with my tongue.

K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'query of my stable,

And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn:

1730

Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;

And, for her fame flies through the English coast,

If it may please the Lady Elinor,

One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy;

Your highness may command a greater boon:

And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl

With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,

As he that's second to thyself¹ in love.

1740

Ralph. You love her?—Madam Nell, never believe him you,
though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken
with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield
once out of all ho²—Nay, Ned, never wink upon me; I care
not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of
him.—

But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;

1750

For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,

The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.

Lacy. I go, my lord.

[Exit.

Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord?

K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,

We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.

Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport. [Exeunt.

Enter, to FRIAR BACON in his cell, FRIAR BUNGAY.

Bun. What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,

¹ The 4tos "myselfe."

² i.e., out of measure. ("Out of all ho, Immodicè." Coles's Dict.)

To sit as melancholy in his cell ¹

As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

1760

Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my ² Brazen Head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.

1770

Bun. My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.

[*Knocking within.*

Bacon. Who's that knocks?

Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak with you.

Bacon. Bid them come in.

Enter two Scholars.

Now, my youths, what would you have?

First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighbouring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin: in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.

1780

Bacon. To what end is all this?

Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how ³
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.⁴
Meanwhile, tell me your names.

1790

First Schol. Mine Lambert.

¹ This line is printed twice over in the 4to of 1594.

² Qy. "Ah, Bungay, ah, my," etc.?

³ Qy. "ere long, sirs, how"?

⁴ The 4to of 1594 "father liues."

Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.

Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT and SERLSBY with rapiers and daggers.

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:¹
 Thou'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
 That durst, for proof of thy affection
 And for thy mistress' favour, prize² thy blood.
 Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,
 Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook: 1800
 Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
 Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.

Ser. Thou see'st I single [meet] thee [in] the field,
 And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword:
 Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
 An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
 That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,
 Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
 That dares at weapon buckle with thy son, 1810
 And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
 But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.

Bacon. Now, lusty youngers, look within the glass,
 And tell me if you can discern your sires.

First Schol. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
 To combat with my father in the field.

Second Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse,
 And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.

Bun. How goes it, sirs?

First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.

Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event. 1821

Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? doubt'st thou of thy life?
 A veney,³ man! fair Margaret craves so much.

Ser. Then this for her.

First Schol. Ah, well thrust!

Second Schol. But mark the ward.

[*Lambert and Serlsby stab each other.*

Lam. O, I am slain! [Dies.]

¹ I may just notice that the author intended this line to be read thus—

“Serlsby, *thou'st* kept thine *hower* like a man.”

² *i.e.*, venture, risk, in combat.

³ *i.e.*, A bout.

Ser. And, I,—Lord have mercy on me!

[Dies.

First Schol. My father slain!—Sersby, ward that.

Second Schol. And so is mine!—Lambert, I'll quite thee well.

[The two Scholars stab each other, and die.

Bun. O strange stratagem!

1831

Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers¹ both lie dead!—

Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:

This glass prospective worketh many woes;

And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,

These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,

End all thy magic and thine art at once.

The poniard that did end their² fatal lives,

Shall break the cause efficiat of their woes.

So fade the glass, and end with it the shows

1840

That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.

[Breaks the glass.

Bun. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass?

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore

That ever Bacon meddled in this art.

The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,

The fearful tossing in the latest night

Of papers full of necromantic charms,

Conjuring and abjuring devils and fiends,

With stole and alb and strong³ pentageron;

The wresting of the holy name of God,

As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,

1850

Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,

With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,

Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd

For using devils to countervail his God.—

Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:

Sins have their salves, repentance can do much:

Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,

And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,

Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,

1860

From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,

To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,

And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.—

Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life

¹ Oy. "scholars"?

² The 4tos "the."

³ The 4tos "strange." But compare, in p. 155, "Bow to the force of his pentageron."

In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. [Exeunt.

Enter MARGARET in nun's apparel, the Keeper, and their Friend.

- Keeper.* Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:
O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms 1870
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forego his lovely Margaret.
- Mar.* Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I lovèd once,—Lord Lacy was my love;
And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doted more on him than on my God,— 1880
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty used for love is vanity:
The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride,¹ flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed; 1890
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.
- Friend.* And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so
leave us all?
- Mar.* Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!
Adieu to dainty robes! this base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Farewell, O love!² and, with fond love, farewell 1900
Sweet Lacy, whom I lovèd once so dear!

¹ A slightly mutilated line.

² The 4tos "Loue, O loue."

Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter LACY, WARREN, and ERMSBY, *booted and spurred*.

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. 'Tis the same.

Erms. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton¹ to him; a nun,
my lord. 1911

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? holla, man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham:
She leaves the world because she left your love.
O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! what, a malcontent?
A nun? what holy father taught you this, 1920
To task yourself to such a tedious life
As die a maid? 'twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of my² former 'miss,³
How fond⁴ the prime of wanton years were spent⁵
In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him. 1930

Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-ropes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.

¹ A cant term for a prostitute.

² The earlier 4tos "thy."

³ For *amiss*, *i.e.*, fault.

⁴ *i.e.*, *fondly*—foolishly, vainly.

⁵ In almost all our early writers (Shakespeare included) are similar instances of a nominative singular being followed by a verb plural when a genitive plural intervenes.

- Mar.* Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
- Lacy.* 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord? 1940
- Mar.* Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?
- Lacy.* Why, then, Margaret, will be shorn a nun?
- Mar.* Margaret
Hath made a vow which may not be revok'd.
- War.* We cannot stay, my lord;¹ an if she be so strict,
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.
- Erms.* Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours,—
Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy: which contents you best, 1950
To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?
- Lacy.* A good motion.—Peggy, your answer must be short.
- Mar.* The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whate'er² betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham,
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.
- Lacy.* Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.³ 1960
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.—
How say'st thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?
- Keep.* As if⁴ the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.
- Erms.* I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown
study?
- War.* To see the nature of women; that be they never so near
God, yet they love to die in a man's arms. 1971
- Lacy.* What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fressingfield.

¹ Most probably an addition by some transcriber; which not only injures the metre, but is out of place in the mouth of Warren, who is himself a "lord," and who, when he last addressed Lacy, called him "Sirrah Ned."

² The 4tos "Whatsoe'er."

³ Qy. "thy husband, I"?

⁴ Qy. "As glad as if"?

Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles¹ of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?

Mar. We'll find one for my lord.

Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Devil.

Devil. How restless are the ghosts of hellish sprites,²
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenchèd Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head.
See where he comes: O, he is mine.

1980

1989

Enter MILES in a gown and a corner-cap.

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been a
bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get
neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not
the clerk of a parish. Some call me a dunce; another saith,
my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus
I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunt me.—
Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak
to him.—What, Master Plutus, how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my master's
devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon,
at Brazen-nose?

2001

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand
times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to
make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conform-
able you are to the statute.—I warrant you, he's as yeomanly
a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain

¹ *i. e.*, the inward parts.

² The 4to of 1594 "spirits."

honest man, without welt or guard.¹—But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

Dev. Ay, marry: how then? 2010

Miles. Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tipping-houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair² of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be? 2019

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself.—But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that? 2030

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. 'Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot: but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it. [Puts on spurs.]

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my back. [Miles mounts on the Devil's back.]

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back! [Exeunt, the Devil roaring.]

¹ Or *gard*—*i.e.*, facing, trimming.

² *i.e.*, pack: "out commeth an old *paire* of cardes, whereat the Barnard teacheth the Verser a new game," etc. Greene's *Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 4.

Enter the EMPEROR with a pointless sword; next the KING OF CASTILE carrying a sword with a point; LACY carrying the globe; PRINCE EDWARD; WARREN carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it; ERMSBY with a crown and sceptre; PRINCESS ELINOR with MARGARET Countess of Lincoln on her left hand; KING HENRY; BACON; and Lords attending.

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state, 2042
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceivèd joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms, 2050
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Elinor, may quite his favourites.¹
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

Mar. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state; 2060
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl, 2070
Attends on Elinor,—gramercies, lord, for her,—
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solémnizèd,

¹ Qy. "favourers"?

Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.—

But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm. 2080

K. Hen. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

Bacon. I find ¹ by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves. 2090
Till then Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladdened wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these ² leaves
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower:
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall veil ³ her top; 2100
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical.—
But, glorious ⁴ commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and swift Euphrates,⁵
In royalizing Henry's Albion

¹ One of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth which frequently occur at the conclusion of dramas acted during her lifetime.

² Qy. "those"? but our early writers did not always make the distinction between "these" and "those" which is made at the present day.

³ *i.e.*, lower.

⁴ Some corruption here. Qy. "But, glorious comrades of," etc.?

⁵ The 4tos "first Euphrates."—That I have rightly corrected the text is proved by the following line of our author's *Orlando Furioso*—

"From whence floweth Gihon and swift Euphrates."

With presence of your princely mightiness,—
 Let's march: ¹ the tables all are spread,
 And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
 Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
 You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
 It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
 Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
 Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
 Thus glories England over all the west.

2110

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Omne tulit² punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, on which Greene founded his drama, has been already noticed. A specimen of it is now subjoined:—

“How Fryer Bacon made a Brasen Head to speake, by the which hee would have walled England about with brasse.

“FRYER BACON, reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himselfe how he might keepe it hereafter from the like conquests, and so make himselfe famous hereafter to all posterities. This, after great study, hee found could be no way so well done as one; which was to make a head of brasse, and if he could make this head to speake, and heare it when it speakes, then might hee be able to wall all England about with brasse. To this purpose hee got one Fryer Bungey to assist him, who was a great scholler and a magician, but not to bee compared to Fryer Bacon: these two with great study and paines so framed a head of brasse, that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a naturall man's head. This being done, they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they were before, for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speake: many bookes they read, but yet could not finde out any hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attaine to by their owne studies. To do this they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a wood thereby, and after many ceremonies used, they spake the words

¹ Oy. “*Let us march hence*”?

² Greene's favourite motto: see the titles of his prose-works in the List appended to the *Account of his life*.

of coniuration; which the Devill straight obeyed, and appeared unto them, asking what they would? 'Know,' said Fryer Bacon, 'that wee have made an artificiall head of brasse, which we would have to speake, to the furtherance of which wee have raised thee; and being raised, wee will here keepe thee, unlesse thou tell to us the way and manner how to make this head to speake.' The Devill told him that he had not that power of himselfe. 'Beginner of lyes,' said Fryer Bacon, 'I know that thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else wee will here bind thee to remaine during our pleasures.' At these threatnings the Devill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuel fume of the six hottest simples it should have motion, and in one month space speake; the time of the month or day hee knew not: also hee told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost. They being satisfied, licensed the spirit for to depart.

"Then went these two learned fryers home againe, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fume, and with continuall watching attended when this brasen head would speake. Thus watched they for three weekes without any rest, so that they were so weary and sleepy that they could not any longer refraine from rest: then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him, that it was not unknown to him what paines Fryer Bungey and himselfe had taken for three weekes space, onely to make, and to heare the Brazen-head speake, which if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great losse thereby; therefore hee intreated Miles that he would watch whilst that they slept, and call them if the head speake. 'Feare not, good master,' said Miles, 'I will not sleepe, but harken and attend upon the head, and if it doe chance to speake, I will call you; therefore I pray take you both your rests and let mee alone for watching this head.' After Fryer Bacon had given him a great charge the second time, Fryer Bungey and he went to sleepe, and Miles, alone to watch the brasen head. Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this song to a northren tune of

'CAM'ST THOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?'

To couple is a custome,
all things thereto agree:
Why should not I, then, love?
since love to all is free.

But Ile have one that's pretty,
 her cheekes of scarlet die,
 For to breed my delight,
 When that I ligge¹ her by.

Though vertue be a dowry,
 yet Ile chuse money store:
 If my love prove untrue,
 with that I can get more.

The faire is oft unconstant,
 the blacke is often proud:
 Ile chuse a lovely browne;—
 come, fidler, scrape thy crowd.²

Come, fidler, scrape thy crowd,
 for Peggie the browne is she
 Must be my bride: God guide
 that Peggy and I agree!

“ With his owne musicke and such songs as these spent he his time, and kept from sleeping at last. After some noyse the head spake these two words, TIME IS. Miles, hearing it to speake no more, thought his master would be angry if hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner; ‘Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all this paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, TIME IS? Had hee watched with a lawyer so long as he hath watched with thee, he would have given him more and better words then thou hast yet. If thou canst speake no wiser, they shal sleepe till doomes day for me: TIME IS! I know Time is, and that you shall heare, Goodman Brazen-face:—

TO THE TUNE OF ‘DAINTIE, COME THOU TO ME.’

Time is for some to plant,
 Time is for some to sowe,
 Time is for some to graft
 The horne, as some doe knowe.

Time is for some to eate,
 Time is for some to sleepe,
 Time is for some to laugh,
 Time is for some to weepe.

Time is for some to sing,
 Time is for some to pray,
 Time is for some to creepe,
 That have drunke all the day.

¹ *i.e.*, lie.

² *i.e.*, fiddle.

Time is to cart a bawd,
 Time is to whip a whore,
 Time is to hang a theeefe,
 And time is for much more.

“ ‘Do you tell us, copper-nose, when TIME IS? I hope we schollers know our times, when to drinke drunke, when to kisse our hostes, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it,—that time comes seldome.’ After halfe an houre had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were these, TIME WAS. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, büt still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and have such a tutor as his master: and in scorne of it sung this song:—

TO THE TUNE OF ‘A RICH MERCHANT-MAN.’

Time was when thou, a kettle,
 wert fill'd with better matter;
 But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle
 when he thy sides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwellèd
 with men of occupation;
 Time was when lawyers did not thrive
 so well by mens vexation.

Time was when kings and beggars
 of one poore stuffe had being;
 Time was when office kept no knaves,—
 that time it was worth seeing.

Time was a bowle of water
 did give the face reflection;
 Time was when women knew no paint,
 Which now they call complexion.

“ ‘TIME WAS! I know that, brazen-face, without your telling, I know Time was, and I know what things there was when Time was; and if you speake no wiser, no master shall be waked for mee.’ Thus Miles talked and sung till another halfe-houre was gone: then the brazen head spake againe these words, TIME IS PAST; and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare. At this noyse the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake; but that being vanished they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. At this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know

how this came. Miles, halfe dead with feare, said that it fell downe of itselfe, and that with the noyse and fire that followed he was almost frighted out of his wits. Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not speake? 'Yes,' quoth Miles, 'it spake, but to no purpose: Ile have a parret speake better in that time that you have been teaching this brazen head.' 'Out on thee, villaine!' said Fryer Bacon; 'thou hast undone us both: hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had been walled round about with brasse, to its glory and our eternal fames. What were the wordes it spake?' 'Very few,' said Miles, 'and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither: first he said, *TIME IS.*' 'Hadst thou call'd us then,' said Fryer Bacon, 'we had been made for ever.' 'Then,' said Miles, 'half-an-hour after it spake againe and said, *TIME WAS.*' 'And wouldst thou not call us then?' said Bungey. 'Alas,' said Miles, 'I thought he would have told me some long tale, and then I purposed to have called you: then half-an-houre after he cried, *TIME IS PAST,* and made such a noyse that hee hath waked you himselve, mee thinkes.' At this Fryer Bacon was in such a rage that hee would have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey: but neverthesse, for his punishment, he with his art struck him dumbe for one whole months space. Thus the greate worke of these learned fryers was overthrowen, to their great griefes, by this simple fellow."

JAMES THE FOURTH

The Scottish Historie of Iames the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram King of Fayeries : As it hath bene sundrie times publikely plaide. Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598, 4to.

JAMES THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF ENGLAND.	SLIPPER,	} sons to Bohan.
LORD PERCY.	NANO, a dwarf,	
SAMLES.	ANDREW.	
KING OF SCOTS.	Purveyor, Herald, Scout, Hunts-	
LORD DOUGLAS.	men, Soldiers, Revellers, etc.	
LORD MORTON.		
LORD ROSS.	DOROTHEA, Queen of Scots.	
BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.	COUNTRESS OF ARRAN.	
LORD EUSTACE.	IDA, her daughter.	
SIR BARTRAM.	LADY ANDERSON.	
SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON.	Ladies, etc.	
ATEUKIN.		
JAQUES.	OBERON, King of Fairies.	
A Lawyer.	BOHAN.	
A Merchant.	Antics, Fairies, etc.	
A Divine.		

Music playing within, enter ASTER OBERON, King of Fairies; and Antics, who dance about a tomb placed conveniently on the stage; out of the which suddenly starts up, as they dance, BOHAN, a Scot, attired like a ridstall¹ man, from whom the Antics fly. OBERON manet.

Boh. Ay say, what's thou?

Ober. Thy friend, Bohan.

Boh. What wot I or reck I that? Whay, guid man, I reck no friend nor ay reck no foe; als ene to me. Git thee ganging, and trouble not may whayet,² or ays gar³ thee recon me nene of thay friend, by the Mary mass, sall I.

Ober. Why, angry Scot,⁴ I visit thee for love; then what moves thee to wrath? 8

Boh. The deil a whit reck I thy love; for I know too well that

¹ A mis-spelling, if not a corruption.

² *i.e.*, I suppose, my quiet.

³ *i.e.*, I'll make. (Bohan, the reader will observe, sometimes says "Ay" and sometimes "I": nor in several other words does he always adhere to the Scottish dialect.)

⁴ Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 167) would make this speech verse—

"Why, angry Scot, I visit thee for love;
Then what moves thee to wrath?"

true love took her flight twenty winter sence to heaven,
whither till ay can, weel I wot, ay sal ne'er find love: an
thou lovest me, leave me to myself. But what were those
puppets that hopped and skipped about me year whayle? ¹

Ober. My subjects.

Boh. Thy subjects! whay, art thou a king?

Ober. I am.

Boh. The deil thou art! whay, thou lookest not so big as the
King of Clubs, nor so sharp as the King of Spades, nor so
fain as the King o' Daymonds: be the mass, ay take thee
to be the king of false hearts; therefore I rid ² thee away,
or ayse so curry your kingdom that you's be glad to run
to save your life. 22

Ober. Why, stoical Scot, ³ do what thou darest to me: here is
my breast, strike.

Boh. Thou wilt not threap me, ⁴ this whinyard has gard many
better men to lope than thou? [*Tries to draw his sword.*]
But how now! Gos sayds, what, will't not out? Whay,
thou witch, thou deil! Gad's fute, may whinyard!

Ober. Why, pull, man: but what an 'twere out, how then? 29

Boh. This, then,—thou weart best be gone first; for ay'l so lop
thy limbs that thou's go with half a knave's carcass to the
deil.

Ober. Draw it out: now strike, fool, canst thou not?

Boh. Bread ay gad, what deil is in me? Whay, tell me, thou
skipjack, what art thou?

Ober. Nay, first tell me what thou wast from thy birth, what
thou hast passed hitherto, why thou dwellest in a tomb
and leavest the world? and then I will release thee of these
bonds; before, not. 39

Boh. And not before! then needs must, needs sall. I was born
a gentleman of the best blood in all Scotland, except the
king. When time brought me to age, and death took my
parents, I became a courtier; where, though ay list not
praise myself, ay engraved the memory of Bohan ⁵ on the
skin-coat of some of them, and revelled with the proudest.

¹ *i.e.*, erewhile.

² *i.e.*, rede—advise.

³ Here again Walker (*ubi supra*) would arrange as verse—

“Why, stoical Scot, do what thou dar'st to me:
Here is my breast, strike.”

⁴ *i.e.*, obstinately contradict me, that this sword has made many better
men to leap, etc.

⁵ Here the 4to “*Boughon*.”

Ober. But why, living in such reputation, didst thou leave to be a courtier? 47

Boh. Because my pride was vanity, my expense loss, my reward fair words and large promises, and my hopes spilt, for that after many years' service one outran me; and what the deil should I then do there? No, no; flattering knaves, that can cog and prate fastest, speed best in the court.

Ober. To what life didst thou then betake thee?

Boh. I then changed the court for the country, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swains more vile than the knavery of courtiers, the charge of children more heavy than servants, and wives' tongues worse than the wars itself; and therefore I gave o'er that, and went to the city to dwell; and there I kept a great house with small cheer, but all was ne'er the near.¹ 60

Ober. And why?

Boh. Because, in seeking friends, I found table-guests to eat me and my meat, my wife's gossips to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life: which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the city worst of all, in good time my wife died—ay would she had died twenty winter sooner, by the mass!—leaving² my two sons to the world, and shutting myself into this tomb, where if I die I am sure I am safe from wild beasts, but whilst I live cannot be free from ill company. Besides, now I am sure, gif all my friends fail me, I sall have a grave of mine own providing. This is all. Now, what art thou? 72

Ober. Oberon, King of Fairies, that loves thee because thou hatest the world; and to gratulate thee, I brought these antics to show thee some sport in dancing, which thou hast loved well.

Boh. Ha, ha, ha! Thinkest thou those puppets can please me? whay, I have two sons, that with one Scottish jig shall break the neck of thy antics.

Ober. That would I fain see. 80

Boh. Why, thou shalt.—Ho,³ boys!

¹ See note ¹ p. 182.

² Some words are wanting here.

³ The 4to "Howe"—which, as innumerable passages in early books prove, was frequently the spelling of "Ho:" so in the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623:

"Ware pensals. How?" ["Ware pencils, ho!"]

Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. 2.

"How? Let the doore be lock'd."

Hamlet, last scene.

Enter SLIPPER and NANO.

Haud your clacks, lads,¹ trattle not for thy life, but gather up your legs, and dance me forthwith a jig worth the sight.

Slip. Why, I must talk, an² I die for't: wherefore was my tongue made?

Boh. Prattle, an thou darest, ene word more, and ais dib this whinyard in thy wemb.

Ober. Be quiet, Bohan. I'll strike him dumb, and his brother too: their talk shall not hinder our jig.—Fall to it; dance, I say, man. 90

Boh. Dance Humer,³ dance, ay rid⁴ thee.

[*The two dance a jig devised for the nonst.*⁵

Now get you to the wide world with more than my father gave me, that's learning enough both kinds, knavery and honesty; and that I gave you, spend at pleasure.

Ober. Nay, for their sport I will give them this gift: to the dwarf I give a quick wit, pretty⁶ of body, and awarrant⁷ his preferment to a prince's service, where by his wisdom he shall gain more love than common; and to loggerhead your son I give a wandering life, and promise he shall never lack, and avow,⁸ if in all distresses he call upon me, to help him. Now let them go. 101

[*Exeunt Slipper and Nano with courtesies.*

Boh. Now, king, if thou be a king, I will show thee whay I hate the world by demonstration. In the year fifteen hundred and twenty, was in Scotland a king, over-ruled with parasites, misled by lust, and many circumstances too long to trattle on now, much like our court of Scotland this day. That story have I set down. Gang with me to the gallery, and I'll show thee the same in action by guid fellows of our countrymen; and then when thou see'st that, judge if any wise man would not leave the world if he could. 110

Ober. That will I see: lead, and I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *i.e.*, Hold you your chattering.

² The 4to "on."

³ In my former edition I gave "Heimore," because I found that reading in the only copy of the 4to (Mr. Mitford's) which I was then able to see: but in that copy the leaf containing the present passage was a very modern reprint. After all, the alteration "Heimore" may be right.

⁴ *i.e.*, I rede, I advise.

⁵ Or nonce—*i.e.*, occasion.

⁶ The substantive to which this epithet belongs has dropt out (unless Greene wrote "prettiness.")

⁷ *i.e.*, warrant.

⁸ The 4to "auow that."

Laus Deo detur in æternum.

ACT I

SCENE I

Enter the KING OF ENGLAND, the KING OF SCOTS, QUEEN DOROTHEA, the COUNTESS OF ARRAN, IDA, and Lords; and ATEUKIN aloof.

K. of Scots. Brother of England, since our neighbouring land[s]
And near alliance do invite our loves,
The more I think upon our last accord,
The more I grieve your sudden parting hence.
First, laws of friendship did confirm our peace,
Now both the seal of faith and marriage-bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend;
These force in me affection full confirm'd;
So that I grieve—and this my hearty grief
The heavens record, the world may witness well— 10
To lose your presence, who are now to me
A father, brother, and a vowèd friend.

K. of Eng. Link all these lovely¹ styles, good king, in one:
And since thy grief exceeds in my depart,
I leave my Dorothea to enjoy
Thy whole compact [of] loves and plighted vows.
Brother of Scotland, this is my joy,² my life,
Her father's honour, and her country's hope,
Her mother's comfort, and her husband's bliss:
I tell thee, king, in loving of my Doll, 20
Thou bind'st her father's heart, and all his friends,

¹ Mr. Collier somewhere pronounces this to be a misprint for "loving."
But compare Shakespeare:

"And seal the title with a lovely kiss."
Taming of the Shrew, act iii. sc. 2.

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem," etc.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii. sc. 3.

and Peele;

"And I will give thee many a lovely kiss," etc.
The Arraignment of Paris, act ii.

² Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 88) would read "this"
[contraction for "this is"] my joy," etc.

In bands of love that death can not dissolve,
K. of Scots. Nor can her father love her like to me,
 My life's light, and the comfort of my soul.—
 Fair Dorothea, that wast England's pride,
 Welcome to Scotland; and, in sign of love,
 Lo, I invest thee with the Scottish crown.—
 Nobles and ladies, stoop unto your queen,
 And trumpets sound, that heralds may proclaim
 Fair Dorothea peerless Queen of Scots.

All. Long live and prosper our fair Queen of Scots!

[*They install and crown her.*]

Q. Dor. Thanks to the king of kings for my dignity;
 Thanks to my father that provides so carefully;
 Thanks to my lord and husband for this honour;
 And thanks to all that love their king and me.

All. Long live fair Dorothea, our true queen!

K. of Eng. Long shine the sun of Scotland in her pride,
 Her father's comfort, and fair Scotland's bride!

But, Dorothea, since I must depart,
 And leave thee from thy tender mother's charge,

Let me advise my lovely daughter first
 What best befits her in a foreign land.

Live, Doll, for many eyes shall look on thee,
 With ¹ care of honour and the present state;

For she that steps to height of majesty
 Is even the mark whereat the enemy aims:

Thy virtues shall be construed to vice,
 Thine affable discourse to abject mind;

If, coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.
 Be therefore wary in this slippery state:

Honour thy husband, love him as thy life,
 Make choice of friends, as eagles of their young,

Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
 But love such friends as do the truth maintain.

Think on these lessons when thou art alone,
 And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

Q. Dor. I will engrave these precepts in my heart:
 And as the wind with calmness woos you hence,
 Even so I wish the heavens in all mishaps
 May bless my father with continual grace.

K. of Eng. Then, son, farewell!

¹ The 4to "Hauc."

The favouring winds invite us to depart.
 Long circumstance in taking princely leaves
 Is more officious than convenient.

Brother of Scotland, love me in my child;
 You greet me well, if so you will her good.

K. of Scots. Then, lovely Doll, and all that favour me,
 Attend to see our English friends at sea:

Let all their charge depend upon my purse:

They are our neighbours, by whose kind accord
 We dare attempt the proudest potentate.

70

Only, fair countess, and your daughter, stay;
 With you I have some other thing to say.

[*Exeunt, in all royalty, the King of England, Queen
 Dorothea, and Lords.*]

[*Aside.*] So let them triumph that have cause to joy:

But, wretched king, thy nuptial knot is death,

Thy bride the breeder of thy country's ill;

For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,

Misled by love, hath ¹ made another choice,

Another choice, even when thou vow'd'st thy soul

To Dorothea, England's choicest pride:

80

O, then thy wandering eyes bewitch'd thy heart!

Even in the chapel did thy fancy change,

When, perjurd man, though fair Doll had thy hand,

The Scottish Ida's beauty stale thy heart:

Yet fear and love have tied thy ready tongue

From blabbing forth the passions of thy mind,

'Less ² fearful silence have in subtle looks

Bewray'd the treason of my new-vow'd love.

Be fair and lovely, Doll; but here's the prize,

That lodgeth here, and enter'd through mine eyes:

90

Yet, howsoe'er I love, I must be wise.—

Now, lovely countess, what reward or grace

May I employ ³ on you for this your zeal,

And humble honours, done us in our court,

¹ The 4to "hast."

² The 4to "lest."

³ In my former edition I altered this word to "impose;" but I have since met with several passages in our early writers which forbid the alteration: e.g.—

"Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
 And one by one employ 'em to the block," etc.

Fletcher and ——'s *Bloody Brother*, act iv. sc. 1 (where, according to Mr. Collier in one of his notes on Shakespeare, "employ" is a misprint).

In entertainment of the English king?

Count. of A. It was of duty, prince, that I have done;
And what in favour may content me most,
Is, that it please your grace to give me leave
For to return unto my country-home.

K. of Scots. But, lovely Ida, is your mind the same? 100

Ida. I count of court, my lord, as wise men do,
'Tis fit for those that know what 'longs thereto:
Each person to his place; the wise to art,
The cobbler to his clout, the swain to cart.

K. of Scots. But, Ida, you are fair, and beauty shines,
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

Ida. If beauty, as I know there's none in me,
Were sworn my love, and I his life should be,
The farther from the court I were remov'd,
The more, I think, of heaven I were belov'd. 110

K. of Scots. And why?

Ida. Because the court is counted Venus' net,
Where gifts and vows for stales¹ are often set:
None, be she chaste as Vesta, but shall meet
A curious tongue to charm her ears with sweet.

K. of Scots. Why, Ida, then I see you set at naught
The force of love.

Ida. In sooth, this is my thought,
Most gracious king,—that they that little prove,
Are mickle blest from bitter sweets of love. 120
And weel I wot, I heard a shepherd sing,
That, like a bee, Love hath a little sting:
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees,
He on kings' pillows bends his pretty knees;
The boy is blind, but when he will not spy,
He hath a leaden foot and wings to fly:
Beshrew me yet, for all these strange effects,
If I would like the lad that so infects.

K. of Scots. [*aside.*] Rare wit, fair face, what heart could more
desire?

But Doll is fair and doth concern thee near: 130

Let Doll be fair, she is won; but I must woo
And win fair Ida, there's some choice in two.—
But, Ida, thou art coy.

Ida. And why, dread king?

¹ *i.e.*, decoys.

K. of Scots. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing
As love. Had I my wish——

Ida. What then?

K. of Scots. Then would I place
His arrow here, his beauty in that face.

Ida. And were Apollo mov'd and rul'd by me, 140
His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

K. of Scots. But here returns our train.

Re-enter QUEEN DOROTHEA and Lords.

Welcome, fair Doll:

How fares our father? is he shipp'd and gone?

Q. Dor. My royal father is both shipp'd and gone:
God and fair winds direct him to his home!

K. of Scots. Amen, say I.—[*Aside.*] Would thou wert with him
too!

Then might I have a fitter time to woo.—

But, countess, you would be gone, therefore, farewell,—

Yet, *Ida*, if thou wilt, stay thou behind

To accompany my queen: 150

But if thou like the pleasures of the court,—

Or if she lik'd me, though she left the court,—

What should I say? I know not what to say.—

You may depart:—and you, my courteous queen,

Leave me a space; I have a weighty cause

To think upon:—*Ida*, it nips me near;

It came from thence, I feel it burning here.

[*Exeunt all except the King of Scots and Ateukin.*]

Now am I free from sight of common eye,

Where to myself I may disclose the grief

That hath too great a part in mine affects. 160

Ateu. [*aside.*] And now is my time by wiles and words to rise,
Greater than those that think themselves more wise.

K. of Scots. And first, fond king, thy honour doth engrave
Upon thy brows the drift of thy disgrace.

Thy new-vow'd love, in sight of God and men,

Links¹ thee to *Dorothea* during life;

For who more fair and virtuous than thy wife?

Deceitful murderer of a quiet mind,

Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,

¹ The 4to "Linke."

To vow our faiths, and fall to sin again!
 But kings stoop not to every common thought:
 Ida is fair and wise, fit for a king;
 And for fair Ida will I hazard life,
 Venture my kingdom, country, and my crown:
 Such fire hath love to burn a kingdom down.
 Say Doll dislikes that I estrange my love;
 Am I obedient to a woman's look?

170

Nay, say her father frown when he shall hear
 That I do hold fair Ida's love so dear;

Let father frown and fret, and fret and die,
 Nor earth nor heaven shall part my love and I.

180

Yea, they shall part us, but we first must meet,
 And woo and win, and yet the world not see't.

Yea, there's the wound, and wounded with that thought,
 So let me die, for all my drift is naught.

Ateu. [*coming forward.*] Most gracious and imperial majesty,—
 [*Aside.*] A little¹ flattery more were but too much.

K. of Scots. Villain, what art thou

That thus dar'st interrupt a prince's secrets?

Ateu. Dread king, thy vassal is a man of art,

190

Who knows, by constellation of the stars,

By oppositions and by dry aspects,

The things are past and those that are to come.

K. of Scots. But where's thy warrant to approach my presence?

Ateu. My zeal, and ruth to see your grace's wrong,

Make me lament I did detract² so long.

K. of Scots. If thou know'st thoughts, tell me, what mean I now?

Ateu. I'll calculate the cause

Of those your highness' smiles, and tell your thoughts.

K. of Scots. But lest thou spend thy time in idleness,

200

And miss the matter that my mind aims at,

Tell me,

What star was opposite when that was thought?

[*Strikes him on the ear.*]

Ateu. 'Tis inconvenient,³ mighty potentate,

Whose looks resemble Jove in majesty,

To scorn the sooth of science with contempt.

I see in those imperial looks of yours

The whole discourse of love: Saturn combust,

¹ This line the 4to gives to the king.

² *i.e.*, avoid, forbear.

³ *i.e.*, unbecoming, improper.

With direful looks, at you nativity,
Beheld fair Venus in her silver orb: 210
I know, by certain axioms I have read,
Your grace's griefs, and further can express
Her name that holds you thus in fancy's bands.

K. of Scots. Thou talkest wonders.

Ateu. Naught but truth, O king.

'Tis Ida is the mistress of your heart,
Whose youth must take impression of affects;
For tender twigs will bow, and milder minds
Will yield to fancy, be they follow'd well.

K. of Scots. What god art thou, compos'd in human shape, 220
Or bold Trophonius, to decide our doubts?
How know'st thou this?

Ateu. Even as I know the means

To work your grace's freedom and your love.
Had I the mind, as many courtiers have,
To creep into your bosom for your coin,
And beg rewards for every cap and knee,
I then would say, "If that your grace would give
This lease, this manor, or this patent seal'd,
For this or that I would effect your love:" 230

But Ateukin is no parasite, O prince.

I know your grace knows scholars are but poor;
And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,
Your mightiness is so magnificent,
You cannot choose but cast some gift apart,
To ease my bashful need that cannot beg.
As for your love, O, might I be employ'd,
How faithfully would Ateukin compass it!
But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,
Than men of art that can accept the time. 240

K. of Scots. Ateukin, if so thy name, for so thou say'st,
Thine art appears in entrance of my love;
And since I deem thy wisdom match'd with truth,
I will exalt thee, and thyself alone
Shalt be the agent to dissolve my grief.
Sooth is, I love, and Ida is my love;
But my new marriage nips me near, Ateukin,
For Dorothea may not brook th' abuse.

Ateu. These lets are but as motes against the sun,
Yet not so great; like dust before the wind, 250

Yet not so light. Tut, pacify your grace:
 You have the sword and sceptre in your hand;
 You are the king, the state depends on you;
 Your will is law. Say that the case were mine:
 Were she my sister whom your highness loves,
 She should consent, for that our lives, our goods,
 Depend on you; and if your queen repine,
 Although my nature cannot brook of blood,
 And scholars grieve to hear of murderous deeds,
 But if the lamb should let the lion's way, 260
 By my advice the lamb should lose her life.
 Thus am I bold to speak unto your grace,
 Who am too base to kiss your royal feet,
 For I am poor, nor have I land nor rent,
 Nor countenance here in court, but for my love,
 Your grace shall find none such within the realm.

K. of Scots. Wilt thou effect my love? shall she be mine?

Ateu. I'll gather moly, crocus,¹ and the herbs
 That heal the wounds of body and the mind;
 I'll set out charms and spells, naught² shall be left 270
 To tame the wanton if she shall rebel:
 Give me but tokens of your highness' trust.

K. of Scots. Thou shalt have gold, honour, and wealth enough;
 Win my love,³ and I will make thee great.

Ateu. These words do make me rich, most noble prince;
 I am more proud of them than any wealth.
 Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,
 Believe me, I would boldly publish this;—
 Was never eye that saw a sweeter face,
 Nor never ear that heard a deeper wit: 280
 O God, how I am ravish'd in your worth!

K. of Scots. Ateukin, follow me; love must have ease.

Ateu. I'll kiss your highness' feet, march when you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217.—
 The 4to "Moly-rocus."

² The 4to "nought else."

³ Qy. "Win thou my love," etc., or "Win but my love," etc.?

SCENE II

Enter SLIPPER, NANO, and ANDREW, with their bills, ready written, in their hand.

And. Stand back, sir; mine shall stand highest.

Slip. Come under mine arm, sir, or get a footstool; or else, by the light of the moon, I must come to it.

Nano. Agree, my masters; every man to his height: though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best master.

And. Ere I will stoop to a thistle, I will change turns; as good luck comes on the right hand as the left: here's for me, and me, and mine. [*They set up their bills.*] But tell me, fellows, till better occasion come, do you seek masters? 292

Slip. }
Nano. } We do.

And. But what can you do worthy preferment?

Nano. Marry, I can smell a knave from a rat.

Slip. And I can lick a dish before a cat.

And. And, I can find two fools unsought,—how like you that? But, in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you two?

Slip. How mean you that, sir, of what trade? Marry, I'll tell you, I have many trades: the honest trade when I needs must; the filching trade when time serves; the cozening trade as I find occasion. And I have more qualities: I cannot abide a full cup unkissed, a fat capon uncarved, a full purse unpicked, nor a fool to prove a justice as you do.

And. Why, sot, why callest thou me fool?

Nano. For examining wiser than thyself.

And. So do many more than I in Scotland.

Nano. Yea, those are such as have more authority than wit, and more wealth than honesty. 309

Slip. This is my little brother with the great wit; 'ware him!—But what canst thou do, tell me, that art so inquisitive of us?

And. Any thing that concerns a gentleman to do, that can I do.

Slip. So you are of the gentle trade?

And. True.

Slip. Then, gentle sir, leave us to ourselves, for here comes one as if he would lack a servant ere he went.

[*Andrew stands aside.*]

Enter ATEUKIN.

Ateu. Why, so, Ateukin this becomes thee best,
 Wealth, honour, ease, and angels in thy chest:
 Now may I say, as many often sing,
 "No fishing to ¹ the sea, nor service to a king." 320
 Unto this high promotion ² doth belong
 Means to be talk'd of in the thickest throng.
 And first, to fit the humours of my lord,
 Sweet lays and lines of love I must record;
 And such sweet lines and love-lays I'll indite,
 As men may wish for, and my liege ³ delight:
 And next a train of gallants at my heels,
 That men may say, the world doth run on wheels;
 For men of art, that rise by indirection
 To honour and the favour of their king, 330
 Must use all means to save what they have got,
 And win their favours whom they ⁴ never knew.
 If any frown to see my fortunes such,
 A man must bear a little, not too much.
 But, in good time, these bills portend, I think,
 That some good fellows do for service seek. [Reads.

If any gentleman, spiritual or temporal, will entertain out of his service a young stripling of the age of thirty years, that can sleep with the soundest, eat with the hungriest, work with the sickest,⁵ lie with the loudest, face with the proudest, etc., that can wait in a gentleman's chamber when his master is a mile off, keep his stable when 'tis empty, and his purse when 'tis full, and hath many qualities worse than all these,—let him write his name and go his way, and attendance shall be given.

By my faith, a good servant: which is he? 345

Slip. Truly, sir, that am I.

Ateu. And why dost thou write such a bill? are all these qualities in thee?

Slip. O Lord, ay, sir, and a great many more, some better, some worse, some richer, some poorer. Why, sir, do you look so? do they not please you? 351

Ateu. Truly, no, for they are naught, and so art thou: if thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

¹ i.e., compared with.

² The 4to "leech."

³ A friend conjectures "sickerest."—Qy. "stoutest"?

⁴ The 4to "promotions."

⁵ The 4to "he."

Slip. O, sir, I tell the worst first; but, an you lack a man, I am for you: I'll tell you the best qualities I have.

Ateu. Be brief, then.

Slip. If you need me in your chamber, I can keep the door at a whistle; in your kitchen, turn the spit, and lick the pan, and make the fire burn; but if in the stable,—

Ateu. Yea, there would I use thee.

360

Slip. Why, there you kill me, there am I,¹ and turn me to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer.

Ateu. Art thou so good in keeping a horse? I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

Slip. Why, so, sir: a horse hath two properties of a man, that is, a proud heart and a hardy stomach; four properties of a lion, a broad breast, a stiff docket,—hold your nose, master,—a wild countenance, and four good legs; nine properties of a fox, nine of a hare, nine of an ass, and ten of a woman.

370

Ateu. A woman! why, what properties of a woman hath a horse?

Slip. O, master, know you not that? draw your tables,² and write what wise I speak. First, a merry countenance; second, a soft pace; third, a broad forehead; fourth, broad buttocks; fifth, hard of ward; sixth, easy to leap upon; seventh, good at long journey; eighth, moving under a man; ninth, alway busy with the mouth; tenth, ever chewing on the bridle.

Ateu. Thou art a man for me: what's thy name?

Slip. An ancient name, sir, belonging to the chamber and the night-gown: guess you that.

371

Ateu. What's that? Slipper?

Slip. By my faith, well guessed; and so 'tis indeed. You'll be my master?

Ateu. I mean so.

Slip. Read this first.

Ateu. [*reads.*] *Pleaseth it any gentleman to entertain a servant of more wit than stature, let them subscribe, and attendance shall be given.*

What of this?

380

Slip. He is my brother, sir; and we two were born together,

¹ A corrupted passage.—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 217) suggests "am I a per se, turn me to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer."

² i.e., take out your memorandum book.

must serve together, and will die together, though we be both hanged.

Ateu. What's thy name?

Nano. Nano.

Ateu. The etymology of which word is a dwarf. Art not thou the old stoic's son that dwells in his tomb?

Slip. }
Nano. } We are.

Ateu. Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou give thyself wholly to be at my disposition? 390

Nano. In all humility I submit myself.

Ateu. Then will I deck thee princely, instruct thee courtly, and present thee to the queen as my gift: art thou content?

Nano. Yes, and thank your honour too.

Slip. Then welcome, brother, and fellow now.

And. [*coming forward.*] May it please your honour to abase your eye so low as to look either on my bill or myself?

Ateu. What are you? 398

And. By birth a gentleman; in profession a scholar; and one that knew your honour in Edinburgh, before your worthiness called you to this reputation: by me, Andrew Snoord.

Ateu. Andrew, I remember thee: follow me, and we will confer further, for my weighty affairs for the king command me to be brief at this time.—Come on, Nano.—Slipper, follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Enter SIR BARTRAM, with EUSTACE, and others, booted.

Sir Bar. But tell me, lovely Eustace, as thou lov'st me,
Among the many pleasures we have pass'd,
Which is the rifest in thy memory,
To draw thee over to thine ancient friend?

Eust. What makes Sir Bartram thus inquisitive?

Tell me, good knight, am I welcome or no? 410

Sir Bar. By sweet Saint Andrew and may sale¹ I swear,
As welcome is my honest Dick to me
As morning's sun, or as the watery moon
In merkest² night, when we the borders track.

¹ *i.e.*, my soul—the author thinking it necessary to interlard the dialogue with Scottish forms of words.

² *i.e.*, murkiest, darkest.

I tell thee, Dick, thy sight hath clear'd my thoughts
Of many baneful troubles that there woon'd¹:

Welcome to² Sir Bartram as his life!

Tell me, bonny Dick, hast got a wife?

Eust. A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were ill,
To leave my wife and wander thus astray: 420
But time and good advice, ere many years,
May chance to make my fancy bend that way.
What news in Scotland? therefore came I hither,
To see your country and to chat together.

Sir Bar. Why, man, our country's blithe, our king is well,
Our queen so-so, the nobles well and worse,
And weel are they that are³ about the king,
But better are the country gentlemen:
And I may tell thee, Eustace, in our lives
We old men never saw so wondrous change. 430
But leave this trattle, and tell me what news
In lovely England with our honest friends?

Eust. The king, the court, and all our noble friends
Are well; and God in mercy keep them so!
The northern lords and ladies hereabouts,
That know I come⁴ to see your queen and court,
Commend them to my honest friend Sir Bartram,
And many others that I have not seen.
Amongst the rest, the Countess Elinor,
From Carlisle, where we merry oft have been, 440
Greets well my lord, and hath directed me
By message this fair lady's face to see.

[Shows a portrait.]

Sir Bar. I tell thee, Eustace, 'less⁵ mine old eyes daze,
This is our Scottish moon and evening's pride;
This is the blemish of your English bride.
Who sail by her are sure of wind at will;
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill;
And yet, in sooth, sweet Dick, it may be said,
The king hath folly, there's virtue in the maid.

Eust. But knows my friend this portrait? be advis'd. 450

Sir Bar. Is it not Ida, the Countess of Arran's daughter's?

¹ i.e., dwelt.

² Qy.—

"As welcome to Sir Bartram as his life!
But tell me," etc.?

³ The 4to "were."

⁴ The 4to "came."

⁵ The 4to "lest."

Eust. So was I told by Elinor of Carlisle:
 But tell me, lovely Bartram, is the maid
 Evil-inclin'd, misled, or concubine
 Unto the king or any other lord?

Sir Bar. Should I be brief and true, then thus, my Dick.
 All England's grounds yield not a blither lass,
 Nor Europe can surpass¹ her for her gifts
 Of virtue, honour, beauty, and the rest:
 But our fond king, not knowing sin in lust,
 Makes love by endless means and precious gifts;
 And men that see it dare not say't, my friend,
 But we may wish that it were otherwise.
 But I rid² thee to view the picture still,
 For by the person's sight³ there hangs some ill.

460

Eust. O, good Sir Bartram,⁴ you suspect I love
 (Then were I mad) her⁵ whom I never saw.
 But howsoe'er, I fear not enticings;
 Desire will give no place unto a king:
 I'll see her whom the world admires so much,
 That I may say with them, "There lives none such."⁶

470

Sir Bar. Be gad, and sall⁶ both see and talk with her;
 And when thou'st done, whate'er her beauty be,
 I'll warrant thee her virtues may compare
 With the proudest she that waits upon your queen.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lady⁷ entreats your worship in to supper.

Sir Bar. Guid, bonny Dick, my wife will tell thee more:

Was never no man in her book before;

Be gad, she's blithe, fair, lewely,⁸ bonny, etc.⁹ [*Exeunt.*]

¹ The 4to "art."

² *i.e.*, *rede*—advise (as before).

³ The 4to "sights."

⁴ The 4to gives these six lines to Sir Bartram.

⁵ The 4to "hee."

⁶ *i.e.*, By God, and shalt.

⁷ The 4to gives this line to Eustace, and does not mark the entrance of the Servant.

⁸ *i.e.*, I suppose, lovely.—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 218), speaking of the present passage, says: "This word [*lewely*] we find in the old romance of *Havelok*, ed. Madden, v. 2921:

'So the rose in roser,
 Hwan it is fayr sprad ut newe
 Ageyn the sunne, brith, and *lewe*.'"

But was Mr. Mitford aware that in the lines just quoted "*lewe*" means *warm*?

⁹ Was the player here to speak extempore whatever he chose?

Enter BOHAN and OBERON after the first act; to them a round of Fairies, or some pretty dance.

Boh. Be gad, gramercies, little king, for this;
This sport is better in my exile life 487
Than ever the deceitful world could yield.

Ober. I tell thee, Bohan, Oberon is king
Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honour, and of all the world;
Tied to no place, yet all are tied to me.¹
Live thou this life,² exil'd from world and men,
And I will show thee wonders ere we part.

Boh. Then mark my story,³ and the strange doubts⁴
That follow flatterers, lust, and lawless will,
And then say I have reason to forsake 490
The world and all that are within the same.
Go shroud us in our harbour, where we'll see
The pride⁵ of folly, as it ought to be. [Exeunt.]

After the first Act.

Ober. Here see I good fond actions in thy jig,
And means to paint the world's inconstant ways:
But turn thine ene, see what⁶ I can command.

Enter two battles, strongly fighting, the one led by SEMIRAMIS,⁷ the other by STABROBATES⁸: she flies, and her crown is taken, and she hurt.

Boh. What gars this din of mirk and baleful harm,
Where every wean is all betaint with blood?

Ober. This shows thee, Bohan, what is worldly pomp:
Semiramis, the proud Assyrian queen, 500
When Ninus died, did levy⁹ in her wars
Three millions of footmen to the fight,
Five hundred thousand horse, of armèd cars
A hundred thousand more, yet in her pride

¹ The 4to "one."

² The 4to "in this life."

³ The 4to "stay."

⁴ Qy. "debates" (in the sense of—strifes)?

⁵ Qy. "prize" (i.e., reward)?—The whole of what follows, till the beginning of the next act, is a mass of confusion and corruption.

⁶ The 4to "which for."

⁷ Here the 4to "Simi Ranus," and afterwards "Simeranus."

⁸ Here the 4to "Staubobates," and afterwards "S. Taurobates."

⁹ The 4to "tene."

Was hurt and conquer'd by Stabrobates.
Then what is pomp?

Boh. I see thou art thine ene,
Thou bonny king, if princes fall from high:
My fall is past, until I fall to die.
Now mark my talk, and prosecute my jig.

510

2.

Ober. How should these crafts withdraw thee from the world!
But look, my Bohan, pomp allureth.¹

Enter CYRUS, *kings humbling themselves; himself crowned by Olive Pat*²: *at last dying, laid in a marble tomb with this inscription:*

“Whoso thou be that passest [by],
For I know one shall pass, know I
Am Cyrus of Persia,³ and I pray
Leave me not thus like a clod of clay
Wherewith my body is coverèd.”

[*All exeunt.*]

*Enter the King in great pomp, who reads it, and issueth, crying “Ver meum.”*⁴

Boh. What meaneth this?

Ober. Cyrus of Persia,
Mighty in life, within a marble grave
Was laid to rot; whom Alexander once
Beheld entomb'd, and weeping did confess,
Nothing in life could scape from wretchedness:
Why, then, boast men?

520

¹ A quadrisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146.

² I cannot even conjecture what the author wrote here.

³ The 4to:

“I am Cirus of Persia,
And I prithe leave me not thus,” etc.

But all this is stark nonsense. See the inscription on the tomb of Cyrus in Plutarch, *Alex.* 69.

⁴ The 4to “vermeum:” qy. if a misprint for “vermium,” the first word of some Latin sentence on the vanity of earthly grandeur?—“We think with him [the editor of the present volume] that it is an introduction to a moral reflection; but that it is ‘Ver meum,’ my spring hath passed away, etc. The king probably quoted the two first words of some moral sentence, and *Vermium* was not likely to be the common by-word.” *Rev. J. Mitford*—*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217.

Boh. What reck I, then, of life,
Who make¹ the grave my home,² the earth my wife?
Ober. But mark me more.³

3.

Boh. I can no more; my patience will not warp
To see these flatterers⁴ how they scorn and carp.

Ober. Turn but thy head.

53°

Enter [*f*]our Kings carrying crowns, Ladies presenting odours to
Potentate⁵ enthroned, who suddenly is slain by his Servants
and thrust out; and so they eat. [*Exeunt.*]

*Boh.*⁶ Sike is the werld; but whilk is he I saw?

Ober. Sesostris, who was conqueror of the world,
Slain at the last and stamp'd on by his slaves.

Boh. How blest are peur men, then, that know their graves!⁷

Now mark the sequel of my jig;
An he weel meet ends. The mirk and sable night
Doth leave the peering morn to pry abroad;
Thou nill me stay: hail, then, thou pride of kings!
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things.
Mark thou my jig, in mirkest terms that tells
The loath of sins and where corruption dwells.
Hail me ne mere with shows of guidly sights;
My grave is mine, that rids me from despites;
Accept my jig, guid king, and let me rest;
The grave with guid men is a gay-built nest.

54°

Ober. The rising sun doth call me hence away;
Thanks for thy jig, I may no longer stay:
But if my train did wake thee from thy rest,
So shall they sing thy lullaby to nest.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ The 4to "makes."

² The 4to "tomb." Corrected by Mr. Collier, *Introd. to The Tempest*,
p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.

³ The 4to gives this to Bohan.

⁴ The 4to "flatteries."

⁶ Not in the 4to.

⁵ The 4to "Potentates."

⁷ The 4to "grauē."

ACT II

SCENE I

*The COUNTESS OF ARRAN and IDA discovered in their porch,
sitting at work : a Servant attending.*

*A Song.*¹

Count. of A. Fair Ida, might you choose the greatest good,
Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be?

Ida. Not in delights, or pomp, or majesty.

Count. of A. And why?

Ida. Since these are means to draw the mind
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.

Count. of A. Might you have wealth and Fortune's richest store?

Ida. Yet would I, might I choose, be honest-poor;
For she that sits at Fortune's feet a-low 10
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe,
But those that prank on top of Fortune's ball
Still fear a change, and, fearing, catch a fall.

Count. of A. Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth need.

Ida. Good reason why, they know not good indeed.

Count. of A. Many, marry, then, on whom distress doth lour.

Ida. Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.

Madam, by right this world I may compare
Unto my work, wherein with heedful care 20
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle draw each thing on land,
Even as he list: some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close,
And, born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:
I with my needle, if I please, may blot
The fairest rose within my cambric plot;
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,

¹ In the printed copies of our early plays the "Songs" are frequently omitted.

The poor to rich,¹ the beggar to the king.
 What, then, hath man wherein he well may boast, 30
 Since by a beck he lives, a lour² is lost?

Count. of A. Peace, Ida, here are strangers near at hand.

Enter EUSTACE with letters.

Eust. Madam, God speed!

Count. of A. I thank you, gentle squire.

Eust. The country Countess of Northumberland
 Doth greet you well, and hath requested me
 To bring these letters to your ladyship. [*Delivers the letters.*]

Count. of A. I thank her honour, and yourself, my friend.
 [*Peruses them.*]

I see she means you good, brave gentleman.—
 Daughter, the Lady Elinor salutes 40
 Yourself as well as me: then for her sake
 'Twere good you entertain'd that courtier well.

Ida. As much salute as may become my sex,
 And he in virtue can vouchsafe to think,
 I yield him for the courteous countess' sake.—
 Good sir, sit down: my mother here and I
 Count time misspent an endless vanity.

Eust. [*aside.*] Beyond report, the wit, the fair,³ the shape!—
 What work you here, fair mistress? may I see it?

Ida. Good sir, look on: how like you this compáct? 50

Eust. Methinks in this I see true love in act:
 The woodbines with their leaves do sweetly spread,
 The roses blushing prank them in their red;
 No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;
 This bird hath life indeed, if it could sing.
 What means, fair mistress, had you in this work?

Ida. My needle, sir.

Eust. In needles, then, there lurk⁴
 Some hidden grace, I deem, beyond my reach.

Ida. Not grace in them, good sir, but those that teach. 60

Eust. Say that your needle now were Cupid's sting,—

¹ The 4to "earth."

² *i.e.*, frown.—The 4to "louer."—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) strangely enough would read "flower."

³ *i.e.*, beauty.

⁴ The 4to "lurkes"—which destroys the rhyme. (The construction is—"I deem there lurk" = *lurks*.)

[*Aside.*] But, ah, her eye must be no less,
 In which is heaven and heavenliness,
 In which the food of God is shut,
 Whose powers the purest minds do glut!

Ida. What if it were?

Eust. Then see a wondrous thing;
 I fear me you would paint in Tereus' ¹ heart
 Affection in his power and chiefest part.²

Ida. Good Lord, sir, no! for hearts but prickèd soft
 Are wounded sore, for so I hear it oft.

70

Eust. What recks the wound,³ where but your happy eye
 May make him live whom Jove hath judg'd to die?

Ida. Should life and death within this needle lurk,
 I'll prick no hearts, I'll prick upon my work.

Count. of A. Peace, *Ida*, I perceive the fox at hand.

Eust. The fox! why, fetch your hounds, and chase him hence.

Count. of A. O, sir, these great men bark at small offence.

Come,⁴ will it please you to enter, gentle sir?

[*They offer to go out.*]

Enter ATEUKIN and SLIPPER.

Ateu. Stay, courteous ladies; favour me so much
 As to discourse a word or two apart.

80

Count. of A. Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of me,
 To shun resort and strangers' company;
 For some are shifting mates that carry letters,
 Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

Slip. Now, I pray you, sir, what akin are you to a pickerel? ⁵

Ateu. Why, knave?

Slip. By my troth, sir, because I never knew a proper situation
 fellow of your pitch fitter to swallow a gudgeon.

Ateu. What meanest thou by this?

90

Slip. Shifting fellow, sir,—these be thy words; ⁶ shifting fellow:
 this gentlewoman, I fear me, knew your bringing up.

Ateu. How so?

Slip. Why, sir, your father was a miller, that could shift for a

¹ The 4to "Teneus."

² The 4to "parts."

³ The 4to "second."

⁴ The 4to gives to *Ateukin* this line; in which "to" seems to be an interpolation.

⁵ A small or young pike.

⁶ *i.e.*, the words which describe you.

peck of grist in a bushel, and you[re] a fair-spoken gentleman, that can get more land by a lie than an honest man by his ready money.

Ateu. Caitiff, what sayest thou?

Slip. I say, sir, that if she call you shifting knave, you shall not put her to the proof. 100

Ateu. And why?

Slip. Because, sir, living by your wit as you do, shifting is your letters-patents: ¹ it were a hard matter for me to get my dinner that day wherein my master had not sold a dozen of devices, a case of cogs, and a suit of shifts, in the morning. I speak this in your commendation, sir, and, I pray you, so take it.

Ateu. If I live, knave, I will be revenged. What gentleman would entertain a rascal thus to derogate from his honour?

Ida. My lord, why are you thus impatient? 110

Ateu. Not angry, Ida; but I teach this knave
How to behave himself among his betters.—
Behold, fair countess, to assure your stay,
I here present the signet of the king,
Who now by me, fair Ida, doth salute you:
And since in secret I have certain things
In his behalf, good madam, to impart,
I crave your daughter to discourse apart.

Count. of A. She shall in humble duty be address'd.²
To do his highness' will in what she may. 120

Ida. Now, gentle sir, what would his grace with me?

Ateu. Fair, comely nymph, the beauty of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the heavenly powers,
Hath wrought so much in him that now of late
He finds himself made captive unto love;
And though his power and majesty require
A straight command before an humble suit,
Yet he his mightiness doth so abase
As to entreat your favour, honest maid.

Ida. Is he not married, sir, unto our queen? 130

Ateu. He is.

Ida. And are not they by God accurs'd,

¹ Such was the phraseology of the time (not, as we now say, "letters patent"). So in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2. "Tied it by letters-patents;" and in his *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1., "Call in the letters-patents," etc.

² i.e., prepared, ready.

That sever them whom he hath knit in one?

Ateu. They be: what then? we seek not to displace
The princess from her seat, but, since by love
The king is made your own, he ¹ is resolv'd
In private to accept your dalliance,
In spite of war, watch,² or worldly eye.

Ida. O, how he talks, as if he should not die!
As if that God in justice once could wink
Upon that fault I am asham'd to think!

140

Ateu. Tut, mistress, man at first was born to err;
Women are all not formèd to be saints:
'Tis impious for to kill our native king,
Whom by a little favour we may save.

Ida. Better, than live unchaste, to lie ³ in grave.

Ateu. He shall erect your state, and wed you well.

Ida. But can his warrant keep my soul from hell?

Ateu. He will enforce, if you resist his suit.

Ida. What tho ⁴? the world may shame to him account,
To be a king of men and worldly pelf,
Yet hath ⁵ no power to rule and guide himself.

150

Ateu. I know you, gentle lady, and the care
Both of your honour and his grace's health
Makes me confusèd in this dangerous state.

Ida. So counsel him, but soothe thou not his sin:
'Tis vain allurement that doth make him love:
I shame to hear, be you asham'd to move.

Count. of A. I see my daughter grows impatient:
I fear me, he pretends some bad intent.

160

Ateu. Will you despise the king and scorn him so?

Ida. In all allegiance I will serve his grace,
But not in lust: O, how I blush to name it!

Ateu. [*aside.*] An endless work is this: how should I frame it?
[*They discourse privately.*]

Slip. O, mistress, may I turn a word upon you?

*Count. of A.*⁶ Friend, what wilt thou?

Slip. O, what a happy gentlewoman be you truly! the world
reports this of you, mistress, that a man can no sooner come
to your house but the butler comes with a black-jack and

¹ The 4to "shee."

² Qy. "or watch"?

³ The 4to "liue."

⁴ *i.e.*, then.

⁵ The 4to gives this line to Ateukin, and reads "Yet hath to power no rule," etc.

⁶ The 4to "Ateu."

says, "Welcome, friend, here's a cup of the best for you":
verily, mistress, you are said to have the best ale in all
Scotland.

172

Count. of A. Sirrah, go fetch him drink. [*Servant brings drink.*]
How lik'st thou this?

Slip. Like it, mistress! why, this is quincy quarie pepper de
watchet, single goby, of all that ever I tasted. I'll prove
in this ale and toast the compass of the whole world. First,
this is the earth,—it lies ¹ in the middle, a fair brown toast,
a goodly country for hungry teeth to dwell upon; next,
this is the sea, a fair pool for a dry tongue to fish in: now
come I, and seeing the world is naught, I divide it thus;
and because the sea cannot stand without the earth, as
Aristotle saith, I put them both into their first chaos, which
is my belly: and so, mistress, you may see your ale is
become a miracle.

185

Eust. A merry mate, madam, I promise you.

Count. of A. Why sigh you, sirrah?

Slip. Truly, madam, to think upon the world, which, since I
denounced it, keeps such a rumbling in my stomach that,
unless your cook give it a counterbuff with some of your
roasted capons of beef, I fear me I shall become a loose
body, so dainty, I think, I shall neither hold fast before nor
behind.

193

Count. of A. Go take him in, and feast this merry swain.—

Sirrah, my cook is your physician;
He hath a purge for to digest the ² world.

[*Exeunt Slipper and Servant.*]

Ateu. Will you not, Ida, grant his highness this?

Ida. As I have said, in duty I am his:

For other lawless lusts that ill beseem him,
I cannot like, and good I will not deem him.³

200

Count. of A. Ida, come in:—and, sir, if so you please,
Come, take a homely widow's entertain.

Ida. If he have no great haste, he may come nigh;
If haste, though he be gone, I will not cry.

[*Exeunt the Countess of Arran, Ida, and Eustace.*]

Ateu. I see this labour lost, my hope in vain;

Yet will I try another drift again.

[*Exit.*]

¹ The 4to "ties."

² The 4to "disiest"—a spelling which (as well as "disgest") occurs frequently in our old writers.

³ Qy. "'em"?

SCENE II

Enter, one by one, the BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS, DOUGLAS, MORTON, and others, one way; QUEEN DOROTHEA with NANO,¹ another way.

Bp. of St. And. [aside.] O wreck of commonweal, O wretched state!

Doug. [aside.] O hapless flock whereas² the guide is blind!

Mort. [aside.] O heedless youth where counsel is despis'd! 210

[They all are in a muse.]

Q. Dor. Come, pretty knave, and prank it by my side;
Let's see your best attendance out of hand.

Nano. Madam, although my limbs are very small,
My heart is good; I'll serve you therewithal.

Q. Dor. How, if I were assail'd, what couldst thou do?

Nano. Madam, call help, and boldly fight it too:

Although a bee be but a little thing,

You know, fair queen, it hath a bitter sting.

Q. Dor. How couldst thou do me good, were I in grief?

Nano. Counsel, dear princess, is a choice relief: 220

Though Nestor wanted force, great was his wit,

And though I am but weak, my words are fit.

Bp. of St. And. [aside.] Like to a ship upon the ocean-seas,

Tost in the doubtful stream, without a helm,

Such is a monarch without good advice.

I am o'erheard: cast rein upon thy tongue;

Andrews, beware; reproof will breed a scar.

Mor. Good day, my lord.

Bp. of St. And. Lord Morton, well y-met.—

Whereon deems³ Lord Douglas all this while? 230

Doug. Of that which yours and my poor heart doth break,

Although fear shuts our mouths, we dare not speak.

Q. Dor. [aside.] What mean these princes sadly to consult?

Somewhat, I fear, betideth them amiss,

They are so pale in looks, so vex'd in mind.—

In happy hour, ye⁴ noble Scottish peers,

¹ The 4to "Dwarves:" but there is only one such diminutive person in the play—Nano, whom Ateukin has presented to the Queen. See first speech, p. 194.

² *i.e.*, where.

³ Qy. "dreams"?

⁴ The 4to "the."

Have I encounter'd you: what makes you mourn?

Bp. of St. And. If we with patience may attention¹ gain,
Your grace shall know the cause of all our grief.

Q. Dor. Speak on, good father; come and sit by me: 240
I know thy care is for the common good.

Bp. of St. And. As fortune, mighty princess, reareth some
To high estate and place in commonweal,
So by divine bequest to them is lent
A riper judgment and more searching eye,
Whereby they may discern the common harm;
For where our fortunes² in the world are most,
Where all our profits rise and still encrease,
There is our mind, thereon we meditate,
And what we do partake of good advice, 250
That we employ for to concern the same.

To this intent, these nobles and myself,
That are, or should be, eyes of commonweal,
Seeing his highness' reckless course of youth,
His lawless and unbridled vein in love,
His too intentive trust to flatterers,
His abject care of counsel and his friends,
Cannot but grieve; and since we cannot draw
His eye or judgment to discern his faults,
Since we have spoke³ and counsel is not heard, 260
I, for my part,—let others as they list,—
Will leave the court, and leave him to his will,
Lest with a ruthless eye I should behold
His overthrow, which, sore I fear, is nigh.

Q. Dor. Ah father, are you so estrang'd from love,
From due allegiance to your prince and land,
To leave your king when most he needs your help?
The thrifty husbandmen are never wont,
That see their lands unfruitful, to forsake them;
But when the mould is barren and unapt, 270
They toil, they plough, and make the fallow fat:
The pilot in the dangerous seas is known;
In calmer waves the silly sailor strives,
Are you not members, lords, of commonweal,
And can your head, your dear anointed king,

¹ The 4to "attentiue."

² Mr. Collier's conjecture, *Introd. to the Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.—The 4to "importunes."

³ The 4to "spake."

Default, ye lords, except yourselves do fail?

O, stay your steps, return, and counsel him!

Doug. Men seek not moss upon a rolling stone,
Or water from the sieve, or fire from ice,
Or comfort from a reckless monarch's hands. 280
Madam, he sets us light that serv'd in court,
In place of credit, in his father's days:
If we but enter presence of his grace,
Our payment is a frown, a scoff, a frump;¹
Whilst flattering Gnatho² pranks it by his side,
Soothing the careless king in his misdeeds:
And if your grace consider your estate,
His life should urge you too, if all be true.

Q. Dor. Why, Douglas, why?

Doug. As if you have not heard 290
His lawless love to Ida grown of late,
His careless estimate of your estate.

Q. Dor. Ah Douglas, thou misconstru'st³ his intent!

He doth but tempt his wife, he tries my love:

This injury pertains to me, not you.⁴

The king is young; and if he step awry,

He may amend, and I will love him still.

Should we disdain our vines because they sprout

Before their time? or young men, if they strain 300
Beyond their reach? No; vines that bloom and spread

Do promise fruits, and young men that are wild

In age grow wise. My friends and Scottish peers,

If that an English princess may prevail,

Stay, stay with him: lo, how my zealous prayer

Is plead with tears! fie, peers, will you hence?

Bp. of St. And. Madam, 'tis virtue in your grace to plead;

But we, that see his vain untoward course,

Cannot but fly the fire before it burn,

¹ *i.e.*, flout.

² *i.e.*, Ateukin: our author appears to have wavered between these two names; see *post*. (*Gnatho* is the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.)

³ The 4to "misconstrest"—our early authors frequently writing *conster* and *misconster*: but they are seldom consistent, writing in other places *construe* and *misconstrue*: compare, in the present play, p. 189:

"Thy virtues shall be *construed* to vice;"

and, in *Pandosto*, as cited in the *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 41.
"He then began to measure all their actions, and to *misconstrue* of their too private familiaritie," etc.

⁴ The 4to "not to you."

And shun the court before we see his fall.

Q. Dor. Will you not stay? then, lordings, fare you well. 310
Though you forsake your king, the heavens, I hope,
Will favour him through mine incessant prayer.

Nano. Content you, madam; thus old Ovid sings,
'Tis foolish to bewail recureless¹ things.

Q. Dor. Peace, dwarf; ² these words my patience move.

Nano. Although ycu charm my speech, charm not my love.

[*Exeunt Queen and Nano.*]

*Enter the KING OF SCOTS; the Nobles,³ spying him as they
are about to go off, return.*

K. of Scots. Douglas, how now! why changest thou thy cheer?

Doug. My private troubles are so great, my liege,

As I must crave your license for a while,

For to intend mine own affairs at home. 320

K. of Scots. You may depart.

[*Exit Douglas.*]

But why is Morton sad?

Mor. The like occasion doth import me too,

So I desire your grace to give me leave.

K. of Scots. Well, sir, you may betake you to your ease.

[*Exit Morton.*]

[*Aside.*] When such grim sirs are gone, I see no let
To work my will.

Bp. of St. And.⁴ What, like the eagle, then,
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers lose?

O king, canst thou endure to see thy court 330

Of finest wits and judgments dispossess'd,

Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high

As each bewails ambition is so bad?

Thy father left thee with estate and crown,

A learnèd council to direct thy course: ⁵

These carelessly, O king, thou castest off

To entertain a train of sycophants.

Thou well mayst see, although thou wilt not see,

That every eye and ear both sees and hears

¹ *i.e.*, irrecoverable.

² An epithet belonging to this word would seem to have dropt out.

³ The 4to "*Enter the King of Scots, Arius, the nobles spying him, returns.*"

⁴ The 4to "8. Atten.;" but it is plain, from the King's reply, that the Bishop of St. Andrews is the speaker.

⁵ The 4to "court."

The certain signs of thine incontinence.

Thou art allied unto the English king

By marriage; a happy friend indeed,

If usèd well, if not, a mighty foe.

Thinketh your grace, he can endure and brook

To have a partner in his daughter's love?

Thinketh your grace, the grudge of privy wrongs

Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?

O, be not blind to good! call home your lords,

Displace these flattering Gnathoes, drive them hence;

Love and with kindness take your wedlock wife;

Or else, which God forbid, I fear a change:

Sin cannot thrive in courts without a plague.

K. of Scots. Go pack thou too, unless thou mend thy talk:

On pain of death, proud bishop, get you gone

Unless you headless mean to hop away.

*Bp. of St. And.*¹ Thou God of heaven prevent my country's fall!

[*Exit with other Nobles.*

K. of Scots. These stays and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts,

Forcing my grievous wounds anew to bleed:

But care that hath transported me so far,

Fair Ida, is dispers'd in thought of thee,

Whose answer yields me life or breeds my death.

Yond comes the messenger of weal or woe.

*Enter ATEUKIN.*²

Ateukin, what news?

Ateu. The adamant, O king, will not be fil'd

But by itself, and beauty that exceeds

By some exceeding favour must be wrought.

Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine,

Objecting marriage, honour, fear, and death:

She's holy-wise and too precise for me.

K. of Scots. Are these thy fruits of wit,³ thy sight in art,

Thine eloquence, thy policy, thy drift,—

To mock thy prince? Then, caitiff, pack thee hence,

And let me die devourèd in my love.

Ateu. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reason's power!

My dear, my gracious, and belovèd prince,

¹ The 4to "8. Atten."

³ The 4to "wits."

² The 4to "Gnato."

The essence of my soul,¹ my god on earth,
 Sit down and rest yourself: appease your wrath,
 Lest with a frown ye wound me to the death.
 O, that I were included in my grave,
 That either now, to save my prince's life,
 Must counsel cruelty, or lose my king!

380

K. of Scots. Why, sirrah, is there means to move her mind?

Ateu. O, should I not offend my royal liege,—

K. of Scots. Tell all, spare naught, so I may gain my love.

Ateu. Alas, my soul, why art thou torn in twain,
 For fear thou talk a thing that should displease!

K. of Scots. Tut, speak whatso thou wilt, I pardon thee.

Ateu. How kind a word, how courteous is his grace!

Who would not die to succour such a king?

My liege, this lovely maid of modest mind

390

Could well incline to love, but that she fears

Fair Dorothea's power: your grace doth know,

Your wedlock is a mighty let to love.

Were Ida sure to be your wedded wife,

That then the twig would bow you might command:

Ladies love presents, pomp, and high estate.

K. of Scots. Ah Ateukin, how should we displace² this let?

Ateu. Tut, mighty prince,—O, that I might be whist!³

K. of Scots. Why dalliest thou?

Ateu. I will not move my prince;

400

I will prefer his safety 'fore my life.

Hear me, O king! 'tis Dorothea's death

Must do you good.

K. of Scots. What, murder of my queen!

Yet, to enjoy my love, what is my queen?

O, but my vow and promise to my queen!

Ay, but my hope to gain a fairer queen:

With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawn!

Why linger I twixt hope and doubtful fear?

If Dorothea die, will Ida love?

410

Ateu. She will, my lord.

K. of Scots. Then let her die: devise, advise the means;

All likes me well that lends me hope in love.

Ateu. What, will your grace consent? then let me work.

¹ The 4to "sute."—Corrected by Mr. Collier, *Introd. to The Tempest*
 p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.

² The 4to "display."

³ *i.e.*, silent.

There's here in court a Frenchman, Jaques call'd,
 A fit performer of our enterprise,
 Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt
 To slay the queen, so that your grace will seal
 A warrant for the man, to save his life.

K. of Scots. Naught shall he want; write thou, and I will sign:
 And, gentle Gnatho, if my Ida yield, 421
 Thou shalt have what thou wilt; I'll give thee straight
 A barony, an earldom for reward.

Ateu. Frolic, young king, the lass shall be your own:
 I'll make her blithe and wanton by my wit. [Exeunt,

Enter BOHAN with OBERON.

Boh. So, Oberon, now it begins ¹ to work in kind.
 The ancient lords by leaving him alone, ²
 Disliking of his humours and despite, ³
 Let him run headlong, till his flatterers,
 Soliciting ⁴ his thoughts of lawless ⁵ lust 430
 With vile persuasions and alluring words,
 Make him make way by murder to his will.
 Judge, fairy king, hast heard a greater ill?

Ober. Nor seen ⁶ more virtue in a country maid.
 I tell thee, Bohan, it doth make me sorry, ⁷
 To think the deed the king means to perform.

Boh. To change that humour, stand and see the rest:
 I trow my son Slipper will show's a jest.

*Enter SLIPPER with a companion, boy or wench, dancing a
 hornpipe, and dance out again.*

Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,
 And changing them from sad to better glee, 440
 Let's to our cell, and sit and see the rest,
 For, I believe, this jig will prove no jest. [Exeunt.

¹ Qy. "gins"? ² The 4to "aliue." ³ The 4to "respight."

⁴ The excellent correction of Walker, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 349: "read," he says, "Soliciting (in the old Latin sense, as frequent in the writers of that age)."—The 4to "Sweeting;" which Mr. Collier (Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, etc., p. cxvi.) "has no doubt" is a misprint for "Suiting."

⁵ Mr. Collier's correction, *ubi supra*.—The 4to "lucklesse."

⁶ The 4to "send."

⁷ The 4to "merrie."

ACT III

SCENE I

Enter SLIPPER one way, and SIR BARTRAM another way.

Sir Bar. Ho, fellow! stay, and let me speak with thee.

Slip. Fellow! friend, thou dost abuse ¹ me; I am a gentleman.

Sir Bar. A gentleman! how so?

Slip. Why, I rub horses, sir.

Sir Bar. And what of that?

Slip. O simple-witted! mark my reason. They that do good service in the commonweal are gentlemen; but such as rub horses do good service in the commonweal, ergo, tarbox, master courtier, a horse-keeper is a gentleman.

Sir Bar. Here is overmuch wit, in good earnest. 10
But, sirrah, where is thy master?

Slip. Neither above ground nor under ground, drawing out red into white, swallowing that down without chawing that was never made without treading.

Sir Bar. Why, where is he, then?

Slip. Why, in his cellar, drinking a cup of neat and brisk claret in a bowl of silver. O, sir, the wine runs trillill down his throat, which cost the poor vintner many a stamp before it was made. But I must hence, sir, I have haste.

Sir Bar. Why, whither now, I prithee? 20

Slip. Faith, sir, to Sir Silvester, a knight, hard by, upon my master's errand, whom I must certify this, that the lease of East Spring shall be confirmed: and therefore must I bid him provide trash, for my master is no friend without money.

Sir Bar. [*aside.*] This is the thing for which I su'd so long, This is the lease which I, by Gnatho's means, Sought to possess by patent from the king; But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts, And sells king's favours for who will give most, 30
Hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly

¹ The 4to "disbuse."

Will sell away the thing pertains to me:
But I have found a present help, I hope,
For to prevent his purpose and deceit.—
Stay, gentle friend.

Slip. A good word; thou hast won me: this word is like a warm
caudle¹ to a cold stomach.

Sir Bar. Sirrah, wilt thou, for money and reward,
Convey me certain letters, out of hand,
From out thy master's pocket?

Slip. Will I, sir? why, were it to rob my father, hang my
mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your command-
ment, sir. What will you give me, sir? 40

Sir Bar. A hundred pounds.

Slip. I am your man: give me earnest. I am dead at a pocket,
sir; why, I am a lifter, master, by my occupation.

Sir Bar. A lifter! what is that?

Slip. Why, sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and pick a
purse as soon as any thief in my country.

Sir Bar. Why, fellow, hold; here is earnest, ten pound to assure
thee. [*Gives money.*] Go, despatch, and bring it me to
yonder tavern thou seest; and assure thyself, thou shalt
both have thy skin full of wine and the rest of thy money.

Slip. I will, sir.—Now room for a gentleman, my masters! who
gives me money for a fair new angel, a trim new angel? 55
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II

Enter ANDREW and Purveyor.

Pur. Sirrah, I must needs have your master's horses: the king
cannot be unserved.

And. Sirrah, you must needs go without them, because my
master must be served.

Pur. Why, I am the king's purveyor, and I tell thee I will have
them. 61

And. I am Ateukin's servant, Signior Andrew, and I say, thou
shalt not have them.

Pur. Here's my ticket, deny it if thou darest.

And. There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darest.

Pur. Sirrah, sirrah, tame your tongue, lest I make you.

¹ The 4to "candle."

And. Sirrah, sirrah, hold your hand, lest I bum¹ you.

Pur. I tell thee, thy master's geldings are good, and therefore fit for the king. 69

And. I tell thee, my master's horses have galled backs, and therefore cannot fit the king. Purveyor, purveyor, purvey thee of more wit: darest thou presume to wrong my Lord Ateukin, being the chiefest man in court?

Pur. The more unhappy commonweal where flatterers are chief in court.

And. What sayest thou?

Pur. I say thou art too presumptuous, and the officers shall school thee.

And. A fig for them and thee, purveyor! they seek a knot in a ring that would wrong my master or his servants in this court. 81

Enter JAQUES.

Pur. The world is at a wise pass when nobility is afraid of a flatterer.

Jaq. Sirrah, what be you that parley *contre* Monsieur my Lord Ateukin? *en bonne foi*, prate you against Sir *Altesse*, me maka your *tête* to leap from your shoulders, *par ma foi c'y ferai-je*.

And. O, signior captain, you show yourself a forward and friendly gentleman in my master's behalf: I will cause him to thank you. 90

Jaq. *Poltron*, speak me one parola against *bon gentilhomme*, I shall estramp your guts, and thump your backa, that you *no point* manage this ten ours.

Pur. Sirrah, come open me the stable, and let me have the horses:—and, fellow, for all your French brags, I will do my duty.

And. I'll make garters of thy guts, thou villain, if thou enter this office.

Jaq. *Mort Dieu*, take me that cappa *pour votre labour*: be gone, villain, in the *mort*. [Exit.

Pur. What, will you resist me, then? well, the council, fellow, shall know of your insolency. 102

And. Tell them what thou wilt, and eat that I can best spare from my back parts, and get you gone with a vengeance. [Exit Purveyor.

¹ *i.e.*, strike, beat.

Enter ATEUKIN.¹

Ateu. Andrew.

And. Sir.

Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night?

And. Which, sir? your annotations upon Machiavel?

Ateu. No, sir; the letters-patents for East Spring.

And. Why, sir, you talk wonders to me, if you ask that question. 109

Ateu. Yea, sir, and will work wonders too with² you, unless you find them out: villain, search me them out, and bring them me, or thou art but dead.

And. A terrible word in the latter end of a sessions. Master, were you in your right wits yesternight?

Ateu. Dost thou doubt it?

And. Ay, and why not, sir? for the greatest clerks are not the wisest, and a fool may dance in a hood, as well as a wise man in a bare frock: besides, such as give themselves to philautia,³ as you do, master, are so choleric of complexion that that which they burn in fire over night they seek for with fury the next morning. Ah, I take care of your worship! this commonweal should have a great loss of so good a member as you are.

Ateu. Thou flatterest me.

And. Is it flattery in me, sir, to speak you fair? what is it, then, in you to dally with the king?

Ateu. Are you prating, knave? I will teach you better nurture. Is this the care you have of my wardrobe, of my accounts, and matters of trust? 130

And. Why, alas, sir, in times past your garments have been so well inhabited as your tenants would give no place to a moth to mangle them; but since you are grown greater, and your garments more fine and gay, if your garments are not fit for hospitality, blame your pride and commend my cleanliness: as for your writings, I am not for them, nor they for me.

Ateu. Villain, go fly, find them out: if thou lovest them, thou lovest my credit.

¹ The 4to "Gnato."

² The 4to "which."

³ *i.e.*, φιλαυρία, self-love.—The 4to "Plulantia."—Corrected by Mr. Collier. Preface to Coleridge's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, p. cxvii.

And. Alas, sir, can I lose that you never had? 140
Ateu. Say you so? then hold, feel you that you never felt.
 [Beats him.]

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. *O monsieur, ayez patience*; pardon your *pauvre valet*: me be at your commandment.

Ateu. Signior Jaques, well met; you shall command me.—Sirrah, go cause my writings be proclaimed in the marketplace; promise a great reward to them that find them: look where I supped and everywhere.

And. I will, sir.—Now are two knaves well met, and three well parted: if you conceive mine enigma, gentlemen,¹ what shall I be, then? faith, a plain harp-shilling.² [Exit.]

Ateu. Sieur Jaques, this our happy meeting hinders³ 151
 Your friends and me of care and grievous toil;
 For I that look into deserts of men,
 And see among the soldiers in this court
 A noble forward mind, and judge thereof,
 Cannot but seek the means to raise them up
 Who merit credit in the commonweal.
 To this intent, friend Jaques, I have found
 A means to make you great, and well esteem'd
 Both with the king and with the best in court; 160
 For I espy in you a valiant mind,
 Which makes me love, admire, and honour you.
 To this intent, if so your trust, and faith,
 Your secrecy be equal with your force,
 I will impart a service to thyself,
 Which if thou dost effect, the king, myself,

¹ So, again, in the next act, the same speaker, *when alone on the stage*, says, "is not this a wily accord, gentlemen?" nor would it be difficult to cite passages from various early dramas, in which, with similar impropriety, the audience is addressed.

² The harp-shilling, so called from having a *harp* on it, was coined for the use of Ireland, and was not worth more than nine-pence English money:

"Lyke to an other Orpheus can she play
 Vpon her *treble harpe*, whose siluer sound
 Inchaunts the eare, and steales the hart away;
 Nor hardly can deceit therein be found.
 Although such musique some a shilling cost,
 Yet is it worth but *nine-pence* at the most."

Barnfield's *Encomion of the Lady Pecunia*, 1598, Sig. C 2.

³ The 4to "hides."

And what or he, and I with him, can work,
Shall be employ'd in what thou wilt desire.

168

Jaq. Me sweara by my ten bones, my signior, to be loyal to your lordship's intents, affairs: yea, my *monseigneur, que non ferai-je pour* your pleasure?¹ By my sworda, me be no *babillard*.²

Ateu. Then hoping on thy truth, I prithee see
How kind Ateukin is to forward thee.³

Hold [*giving money*] take this earnest penny of my love,
And mark my words: the king, by me, requires
No slender service, Jaques, at thy hands.

Thou must by privy practice make away

The queen, fair Dorothea, as she sleeps,

Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:

180

Thou shalt not want promotion here in court.

Jaq. Stabba the woman! *par ma foi, monseigneur*, me thrusta my weapon into her belly, so me may be guard *par le roi*.
Me de your service: but me no be hanged *pour* my labour?

Ateu. Thou shalt have warrant, Jaques, from the king:
None shall outface, gainsay, and wrong my friend.

Do not I love thee, Jaques? fear not then:

I tell thee, whoso toucheth thee in aught

Shall injure me: I love, I tender thee:

Thou art a subject fit to serve his grace.

190

Jaques, I had a written warrant once,

But that by great misfortune late is lost.

Come, wend we to Saint Andrews, where his grace

Is now in progress, where he shall assure

Thy safety, and confirm thee to the act.

Jaq. We will attend your nobleness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA, SIR BARTRAM, NANO, ROSS,
Ladies, Attendants.

Q. Dor. Thy credit, Bartram, in the Scottish court,
Thy reverend years, the strictness of thy vows,
All these are means sufficient to persuade;

¹ The 4to "ye my monsignieur, qui non fera ic pour. Yea pleasure?"

² The 4to "babie Lords."

³ The 4to "mee."

But love, the faithful link of loyal hearts,
That hath possession of my constant mind,
Exiles all dread, subdueth vain suspect.
Methinks no craft should harbour in that breast
Where majesty and virtue are install'd:
Methink[s] my beauty should not cause my death. 200

Sir Bar. How gladly, sovereign princess, would I err,
And bind ¹ my shame to save your royal life!
'Tis princely in yourself to think the best,
To hope his grace is guiltless of this crime:
But if in due prevention you default, 210
How blind are you that were forewarn'd before!

Q. Dor. Suspicion without cause deserveth blame.

Sir Bar. Who see, and shun not, harms, deserve the same.
Behold the tenor of this traitorous plot. [*Gives warrant.*]

Q. Dor. What should I read? perhaps he wrote it not.

Sir Bar. Here is his warrant, under seal and sign,
To Jaques, born in France, to murder you.

Q. Dor. Ah, careless king, would God this were not thine!
What though I read? ah, should I think it true?

Ross. The hand and seal confirm the deed is his. 220

Q. Dor. What know I though, if now he thinketh this?

Nano. Madam, Lucretius saith that to repent
Is childish, wisdom to prevent.

Q. Dor. What tho? ²

Nano. Then cease your tears that have dismay'd you,
And cross the foe before he have betray'd you.

Sir Bar. What need these ³ long suggestions in this cause,
When every circumstance confirmeth truth?

First, let the hidden mercy from above
Confirm your grace, since by a wondrous means 230

The practice of your dangers came to light:
Next, let the tokens of approved truth

Govern and stay your thoughts too much seduc'd,
And mark the sooth and listen the intent.

Your highness knows, and these my noble lords
Can witness this, that whilst your husband's sire

In happy peace possess'd the Scottish crown,
I was his sworn attendant here in court;

In dangerous fight I never fail'd my lord,

¹ Qy. "find"?

² The 4to "needes this."

³ *i.e.*, then.

And since his death, and this your husband's reign,
 No labour, duty, have I left undone, 240
 To testify my zeal unto the crown,
 But now my limbs are weak, mine eyes are dim,
 Mine age unwieldy and unmeet for toil,
 I came to court, in hope, for service past,
 To gain some lease to keep me, being old.
 There found I all was upsy-turvy turn'd,
 My friends displac'd, the nobles loth to crave:
 Then sought I to the minion of the king,
 Ateukin, who, allured by a bribe, 250
 Assur'd me of the lease for which I sought.
 But see the craft! when he had got the grant,
 He wrought to sell it to Sir Silvester,
 In hope of greater earnings from his hands.
 In brief, I learn'd his craft, and wrought the means,
 By one his needy servant ¹ for reward,
 To steal from out his pocket all the briefs;
 Which he perform'd, and with reward resign'd.
 Them when I read,—now mark the power of God,—
 I found this warrant seal'd among the rest. 260
 To kill your grace, whom God long keep alive!
 Thus, in effect, by wonder are you sav'd:
 Trifle not, but seek a speedy flight;
 God will conduct your steps and shield the right.

- Q. Dor.* What should I do? ah poor unhappy queen,
 Born to endure what fortune can contain!
 Alas, the deed is too apparent now!
 But, O mine eyes, were you as bent to hide
 As my poor heart is forward to forgive,
 Ah cruel king, my love would thee acquit! 270
 O, what avails to be allied and match'd
 With high estates, that marry but in show!
 Were I baser ² born, my mean estate
 Could warrant me from this impendent harm:
 But to be great and happy, these are twain.
 Ah, Ross, what shall I do? how shall I work?
- Ross.* With speedy letters to your father send,
 Who will revenge you and defend your right.

¹ The 4to "servants."

² *Qy.* "If I were baser," or (according to the phraseology of our author's time) "Were I more baser"?

Q. Dor. As if they kill not me, who with him fight!
 As if his breast be touch'd, I am not wounded! 280
 As if he wail'd, my joys were not confounded!
 We are one heart, though rent by hate in twain;
 One soul, one essence doth our weal contain:
 What, then, can conquer him, that kills not me?

Ross. If this advice displease, then, madam, flee.

Q. Dor. Where may I wend or travel without fear?

Nano. Where not, in changing this attire you wear?

Q. Dor. What, shall I clad¹ me like a country maid?

Nano. The policy is base, I am afraid.

Q. Dor. Why, Nano? 290

Nano. Ask you why? What, may a queen
 March forth in homely weed, and be not seen?
 The rose, although in thorny shrubs she spread,
 Is still the rose, her beauties wax not dead;
 And noble minds, although the coat be bare,
 Are by their semblance known, how great they are.

Sir Bar. The dwarf saith true.

Q. Dor. What garments lik'st thou, than? ²

Nano. Such as may make you seem a proper man.

Q. Dor. He makes me blush and smile, though I am sad. 300

Nano. The meanest coat for safety is not bad.

Q. Dor. What, shall I jet³ in breeches like a squire?

Alas, poor dwarf, thy mistress is unmeet! ⁴

Nano. Tut, go me thus, your cloak before your face,
 Your sword uprear'd with quaint and comely grace:
 If any come and question what you be,
 Say you, "A man," and call for witness me.

Q. Dor. What should I wear a sword, to what intent?

Nano. Madam, for show; it is an ornament:

If any wrong you, draw: a shining blade
 Withdraws a coward thief that would invade. 310

Q. Dor. But if I strike, and he should strike again,
 What should I do? I fear I should be slain.

Nano. No, take it single on your dagger so:

I'll teach you, madam, how to ward a blow.

Q. Dor. How little shapes much substance may include!—

¹ *i.e.*, clothe.

² A form of *then*: used here for the sake of the rhyme.

³ *i.e.*, strut.

⁴ Corrupted. This line ought to rhyme with the preceding one.

Sir Bartram, Ross, ye ladies, and my friends,
 Since presence yields me death, and absence life,
 Hence will I fly disguisèd like a squire,
 As one that seeks to live in Irish wars:
 You, gentle Ross, shall furnish my depart.

320

Ross. Yea, prince, and die with you with all my heart:
 Vouchsafe me, then, in all extremest states
 To wait on you and serve you with my best.

Q. Dor. To me pertains the woe: live thou ¹ in rest.
 Friends, fare you well; keep secret my depart:
 Nano alone shall my attendant be.

Nano. Then, madam, are you mann'd, I warrant ye:
 Give me a sword, and if there grow debate,
 I'll come behind, and break your enemy's pate.

330

Ross. How sore we grieve to part so soon away!

Q. Dor. Grieve not for those that perish if they stay.

Nano. The time in words mispent is little worth;
 Madam, walk on, and let them bring us forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

Chorus. Enter BOHAN.

Boh. So, these sad motions make the fairy sleep;
 And sleep he shall in quiet and content:
 For it would make a marble melt and weep,
 To see these treasons 'gainst the innocent.
 But since she scapes by flight to save her life,
 The king may chance repent she was his wife.
 The rest is ruthful; yet, to beguile the time,
 'Tis interlac'd with merriment and rhyme.

340

[*Exit.*]

¹ The 4to "then."

ACT IV

SCENE I

After a noise of horns and shoutings, enter certain Huntsmen (if you please, singing) one way; another way ATEUKIN and JAQUES.¹

Ateu. Say, gentlemen, where may we find the king?

First Hunts. Even here at hand, on hunting;²
And at this hour he taken hath a stand,
To kill a deer.

Ateu. A pleasant work in hand.

Follow your sport, and we will seek his grace.

First Hunts. When such him seek, it is a woeful case.

[Exeunt Huntsmen one way, Ateukin and Jaques another.]

SCENE II

Enter the COUNTESS OF ARRAN, IDA, and EUSTACE.

Count. of A. Lord Eustace, as your youth and virtuous life
Deserve a far³ more fair and richer wife,
So, since I am a mother, and do wit
What wedlock is and that which 'longs to it,
Before I mean my daughter to bestow,
'Twere meet that she and I your state did know.

10

Eust. Madam, if I consider Ida's worth,
I know my portion merits⁴ none so fair,
And yet I hold in farm and yearly rent
A thousand pound, which may her state content.

Count. of A. But what estate, my lord, shall she possess?

Eust. All that is mine, grave countess, and no less.—

But, Ida, will you love?

20

Ida. I cannot hate.

Eust. But will you wed?

¹ The 4to adds "*Gnato*;" but *Gnatho* is only another name for Ateukin.

² A mutilated line.

³ The 4to "*faire*."

⁴ The 4to "*portions merrit*."

Ida. 'Tis Greek to me, my lord:

I'll wish you well, and thereon take my word.

Eust. Shall I some sign of favour, then, receive?

Ida. Ay, if her ladyship will give me leave.

Count. of A. Do what thou wilt.

Ida. Then, noble English peer,

Accept this ring, wherein my heart¹ is set,
A constant heart with burning flames be fret,

But under written this, *O morte dura* :

Hereon whenso you look with eyes pura,

The maid you fancy most will favour you.

Eust. I'll try this heart, in hope to find it true.

Enter certain Huntsmen and Ladies.

First Hunts. Widow Countess, well y-met;

Ever may thy joys be many;—

Gentle *Ida*, sair beset,²

Fair and wise, not fairer any;

Frolic huntsmen of the game

Will you well and give you greeting.

Ida. Thanks, good woodman, for the same,

And our sport, and merry meeting.

First Hunts. Unto thee we do present

Silver hart with arrow wounded.

Eust. [*aside*]. This doth shadow my lament,

Both [with] fear and love confounded.

First Lady. To the mother of the maid,

Fair as the lilies, red as roses,

Even so many goods are said,

As herself in heart supposes.

Count. of A. What are you, friends, that thus do wish us well?

First Hunts. Your neighbours nigh, that have on hunting been,

Who, understanding of your walking forth,

Prepar'd this train to entertain you with:

This Lady Douglas, this Sir Egmond is.

Count. of A. Welcome, ye ladies, and thousand thanks for this:

Come, enter you a homely widow's house,

¹ "Qu. 'a heart'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, etc. ii. 329.

² So Walker, who adds, "*Scoticè, ut passim.*" *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 293.—The 4to "*faire beset.*"

And if mine entertainment please you, let us ¹ feast.

First Hunts. A lovely lady never wants a guest.

[*Exeunt Countess of Arran, Huntsmen, and Ladies.*

Eust. Stay, gentle Ida, tell me what you deem, 60
What doth this hart,² this tender hart beseem?

Ida. Why not, my lord, since nature teacheth art
To senseless beasts to cure their grievous smart;
Dictamnum ³ serves to close the wound again.

Eust. What help for those that love?

Ida. Why, love again.

Eust. Were I the hart,——

Ida. Then I the herb would be: .68
You shall not die for help; come, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Enter ANDREW and JAQUES.

Jaq. *Mon dieu*, what *malheur* be this! Me comea the chamber,
Signior Andrew, *mon dieu*; taka my poniard *en ma main* to
give the *estocade* to the damoisella: *par ma foi*, there was
no person; *elle s'est en allée*.

And. The worse luck, Jaques: but because I am thy friend, I
will advise thee somewhat towards the attainment of the
gallows.

Jaq. Gallows! what be that?

And. Marry, sir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt
by one turn above ground rid the world of a knave, and
make a goodly ensample for all bloody villains of thy
profession. 81

¹ Oy. if an interpolation?

² The 4to "hast."—Is there not something wrong in the next speech?

³ Or *dictamnus*, is the herb *dittany*.

"Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
Dictamnium genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
Purpureo: *non illa feris incognita capris*
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæere sagittæ."

Virgil—*Æn.* xii. 411.

Our author in one of his tracts says: "The deare being strooken, though
neuer so deep, feedeth on the hearb *Dictamnium*, and forthwith is healed."
Carde of Fancie, Sig. E 4, ed. 1608. But in another tract, being at a loss for
a simile, he tells us: "Weomen, poore soules, are like to the harts in
Calabria, that knowing *Dictamnium* to bee deadly, yet browse on it with
greedinesse." *Neuer too late*, Part First, Sig. D 2, n. d.

Jaq. *Que dites vous, Monsieur Andrew ?*

And. I say, Jaques, thou must keep this path, and hie thee; for the queen, as I am certified, is departed with her dwarf, apparelled like a squire. Overtake her, Frenchman, stab her: I'll promise thee, this doublet shall be happy.

Jaq. *Pourquoi ?*

And. It shall serve a jolly gentleman, Sir Dominus Monseigneur Hangman.

Jaq. *C'est tout un ;* me will rama *pour la monnoie.* [Exit. ⁸⁹

And. Go, and the rot consume thee!—O, what a trim world is this! My master lives by cozening the king, I by flattering him; Slipper, my fellow, by stealing, and I by lying: is not this a wily accord, gentlemen? This last night, our jolly horsekeeper, being well steeped in liquor, confessed to me the stealing of my master's writings and his great reward: now dare I not bewray him, lest he discover my knavery; but thus have I wrought. I understand he will pass this way, to provide him necessaries; but if I and my fellows fail not, we will teach him such a lesson as shall cost him a chief place on Pennyless Bench for his labour. But yonder he comes.

102

Enter SLIPPER, with a Tailor, a Shoemaker, and a Cutler.

Slip. Tailor.

Tai. Sir?

Slip. Let my doublet be white northern, five groats the yard: I tell thee, I will be brave.¹

Tai. It shall, sir.

Slip. Now, sir, cut it me like the battlements of a custard, full of round holes: edge me the sleeves with Coventry blue, and let the linings be of tenpenny lockram.

110

Tai. Very good, sir.

Slip. Make it the amorous cut, a flap before.

Tai. And why so? that fashion is stale.

Slip. O, friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell thee a flap is a great friend to a storrie,² it stands him instead of clean napery; and if a man's shirt be torn, it is a present pent-house to defend him from a clean huswife's scoff.

Tai. You say sooth, sir.

¹ *i. e.*, fine.

² A word, if it be not a misprint, with which I am unacquainted.

Slip. [*Giving money.*] Hold, take thy money; there is seven shillings for the doublet, and eight for the breeches: seven and eight; by'r lady,¹ thirty-six is a fair deal of money. 121

Tai. Farewell, sir.

Slip. Nay, but stay, tailor.

Tai. Why, sir?

Slip. Forget not this special make,² let my back-parts be well lined, for there come many winter-storms from a windy belly, I tell thee. [*Exit Tailor.*] Shoemaker.

Shoe. Gentleman, what shoe will it please you to have?

Slip. A fine neat calves'-leather, my friend.

Shoe. O, sir, that is too thin, it will not last you. 130

Slip. I tell thee, it is my near kinsman, for I am Slipper, which hath his best grace in summer to be suited in Jack-ass' skins. Goodwife Calf³ was my grandmother, and goodman Netherleather mine uncle; but my mother, good woman, alas, she was a Spaniard, and being well tanned and dressed by a goodfellow, an Englishman, is grown to some wealth: as when I have but my upper-parts clad in her husband's costly Spanish leather, I may be bold to kiss the fairest lady's foot in this country.

Shoe. You are of high birth, sir: but have you all your mother's marks on you? 141

Slip. Why, knave?

Shoe. Because if thou come of the blood of the Slippers, you should have a shoemaker's awl thrust through your ear.

Slip. [*Giving money.*] Take your earnest, friend, and be packing, and meddle not with my progenitors. [*Exit Shoemaker.*] Cutler.

Cut. Here, sir.

Slip. I must have a reaper and digger.⁴

Cut. A rapier and dagger, you mean, sir. 150

Slip. Thou sayest true; but it must have a very fair edge.

Cut. Why so, sir?

Slip. Because it may cut by himself, for truly, my friend, I am a man of peace, and wear weapons but for fashion.

¹ *i.e.*, by our Lady.

² The 4to "mate."

³ Mr. Collier's conjecture (which I adopt with some hesitation), note on *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. v. p. 600.—The 4to "lakus skins, Guidwife Clarke," etc.

⁴ The 4to "a Rapier and Dagger;" which I retained in my former edition with the remark, "from the Cutler's reply it seems that Slipper miscalled the weapons." I now give Mr. Collier's emendation, note on *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. v. p. 599.

Cut. Well, sir, give me earnest, I will fit you.

Slip. [*Giving money.*] Hold, take it: I betrust thee, friend; let me be well armed.

Cut. You shall.

Slip. Now what remains? there's twenty crowns for a house, three crowns for household-stuff, sixpence to buy a constable's staff; nay, I will be the chief of my parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife, and a servant, to make an whole family. Shall I marry with Alice, Good-man Grimshawe's daughter? she is fair, but indeed her tongue is like clocks on Shrovetuesday, always out of temper. Shall I wed Sisley of the Whighton? O, no; she is like a frog in a parsley-bed; as skittish as an eel: if I seek to hamper her, she will horn me. But a wench must be had, Master Slipper; yea, and shall be, dear friend.

And. [*aside.*] I now will drive him from his contemplations.—O, my mates, come forward: the lamb is unpent, the fox shall prevail.

172

Enter three Antics, who dance round, and take SLIPPER with them.

Slip. I will, my friend[s], and I thank you heartily: pray, keep your courtesy: I am yours in the way of an hornpipe.—
[*Aside.*] They are strangers, I see, they understand not my language: wee, wee.—¹ Nay, but, my friends, one hornpipe further, a refluxence back, and two doubles forward: what, not one cross-point against Sundays? What, ho, sirrah, you gome,² you with the nose like an eagle, an you be a right Greek, one turn more.

180

[*Whilst they are dancing, Andrew takes away Slipper's money, and then he and the Antics depart.*

Thieves, thieves! I am robbed! thieves! Is this the knavery of fiddlers? Well, I will then bind the whole credit of their occupation on a bag-piper, and he for my money. But I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that have cozened me of my money.

[*Exit.*

¹ I know not what this means. (In the fifth scene of the present act the 4to has "Wee" as the spelling of the Fr. "Oui.")

² *i.e.*, fellow.—The 4to "gone."

SCENE IV

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA in man's apparel, and NANO,

- Q. Dor.* Ah Nano, I am weary of these weeds,
 Weary to wield this weapon that I bear,
 Weary of love from whom my woe proceeds,
 Weary of toil, since I have lost my dear!
 O weary life, where wanteth ¹ no distress, 190
 But every thought is paid with heaviness!
- Nano.* Too much of weary, madam: if you please,
 Sit down, let weary die, and take your ease.
- Q. Dor.* How look I, Nano? like a man or no?
- Nano.* If not a man, yet like a manly shrow.²
- Q. Dor.* If any come and meet us on the way,
 What should we do, if they enforce us stay?
- Nano.* Set cap a-huff, and challenge him the field:
 Suppose the worst, the weak may fight to yield.
- Q. Dor.* The battle, Nano, in this troubled mind 200
 Is far more fierce than ever we may find.
 The body's ³ wounds by medicines may be eas'd,
 But griefs of mind by salves are not appeas'd.
- Nano.* Say, madam, will you hear your Nano sing?
- Q. Dor.* Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing.
- Nano.* What, if I sing of fancy,⁴ will it please?
- Q. Dor.* To such as hope success such notes breed ease.
- Nano.* What, if I sing, like Damon, to my sheep?
- Q. Dor.* Like Phillis, I will sit me down to weep.
- Nano.* Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure small, 210
 I'll sit me down, and sing you none at all.
- Q. Dor.* O, be not angry, Nano!
- Nano.* Nay, you loathe
 To think on that which doth content us both.
- Q. Dor.* And ⁵ how?
- Nano.* You scorn disport when you are weary,
 And loathe my mirth, who live to make you merry.
- Q. Dor.* Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.
- Nano.* 'Tis virtue to contemn false fortune's spite.

¹ The 4to "wanted."

² The 4to has "bodies," and, in the next line, "mindes."

³ *i.e.*, love.

⁴ *i.e.*, shrew.

⁵ *Qy.* "As"?

Q. Dor. What should I do to please thee, friendly squire? 220

Nano. A smile a-day is all I will require;

And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,

I'll kill this cursèd care, or else beshrow me.

Q. Dor. We are descried; O, Nano, we are dead!

Enter JAQUES, his sword drawn.

Nano. Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead indeed.

Draw me your sword, if he your way withstand,

And I will seek for rescue out of hand.¹

Q. Dor. Run, Nano, run, prevent thy princess' death.

Nano. Fear not, I'll run all danger out of breath.

[*Exit.*

Jaq. Ah, you calleta,² you strumpet! ta Maitressa Doretie,
êtes vous surprise? Come, say your paternoster, *car vous*
êtes morte, par ma foi.

232

Q. Dor. Callet,² me strumpet! caitiff as thou art!

But even a princess born, who scorn thy threats:

Shall never Frenchman say, an English maid

Of threats of foreign force will be afraid.

Jaq. You no *dire vosres prières?* morbleu, *mechante femme,*
guarda your breasta there: me make you die on my
Morglay.³

Q. Dor. God shield me, hapless princess and a wife,

And save my soul, although I lose my life!

240

[*They fight, and she is sore wounded.*

Ah, I am slain! some piteous power repay

This murderer's cursèd deed, that doth me slay!

Jaq. *Elle est tout morte:* me will run *pour* a wager, for fear me
be *surpris* and *pendu* for my labour. *Bien, je m'en allerai*
*au roi lui dire*⁴ *mes affaires.* *Je serai un chevalier* for this
day's travail.

[*Exit.*

¹ The 4to gives this line to Dorothea.

² *i.e.*, drab, trull.—But qy. "Callest me strumpet," etc.?

³ The name of the sword of Sir Bevis of Southampton:

"And how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And Morglay his good sword."

Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, Song Second.

⁴ The 4to "auy cits."

Re-enter NANO, with SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON, his sword drawn, and Servants.

Sir Cuth. Where is this poor distressed gentleman?

Nano. Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death,

Ah, gentle heart, how are these beauteous looks 250

Dimm'd by the tyrant cruelties of death!

O weary soul, break thou from forth my breast,

And join thee with the soul I honour'd most!

Sir Cuth. Leave mourning, friend, the man is yet alive.

Some help me to convey him to my house:

There will I see him carefully recur'd,¹

And send [out] privy search to catch the murderer.

Nano. The God of heaven reward thee, courteous knight!

[*Exeunt, bearing out Dorothea.*]

SCENE V

Enter the KING OF SCOTS, JAQUES, ATEUKIN, ANDREW; JAQUES running with his sword one way, the KING with his train another way.

K. of Scots. Stay, Jaques, fear not, sheath thy murdering blade:

Lo, here thy king and friends are come abroad 260

To save thee from the terrors of pursuit.

What, is she dead?

Jaq. *Oui, Monsieur, elle est blessée par la tête over les épaules:*²

I warrant, she no trouble you.

Ateu. O, then, my liege, how happy art thou grown,

How favour'd of the heavens, and blest by love!

Methinks I see fair Ida in thine arms,

Craving remission for her late contempt!³

Methink[s] I see her blushing steal a kiss,

Uniting both your souls by such a sweet, 270

And you, my king, suck nectar from her lips.

Why, then, delays your grace to gain the rest

You long desir'd? why lose we forward time?

¹ *i.e.*, recovered.

² I know not if this be what the author intended. The 4to has "*per lake teste, oues les espanes.*"

³ The 4to "*attempt.*"

Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage:
If she deny you favour,¹ let me die.

And. Mighty and magnificent potentate, give credence to mine honourable good lord, for I heard the midwife swear at his nativity that the fairies gave him the propetry of the Thracian stone; for who toucheth it is exempted from grief, and he that heareth my master's counsel is already possessed of happiness; nay, which is more miraculous, as the nobleman in his infancy lay in his cradle, a swarm of bees laid honey on his lips in token of his eloquence, for
melle dulcior fluit oratio.

284

Ateu. Your grace must bear with imperfections:
This is exceeding love that makes him speak.

K. of Scots. Ateukin, I am ravish'd in conceit,
And yet depress'd again with earnest thoughts.
Methinks, this murder soundeth in mine ear
A threatening noise of dire and sharp revenge:
I am incens'd with grief, yet fain would joy.
What may I do to end me of these doubts?

290

Ateu. Why, prince, it is no murder in a king,
To end another's life to save his own:
For you are not as common people be,
Who die and perish with a few men's² tears;
But if you fail, the state doth whole default,
The realm is rent in twain in such a loss.
And Aristotle holdeth this for true,
Of evil needs³ we must choose the least:
Then better were it that a woman died
Than all the help of Scotland should be blent.
'Tis policy, my liege, in every state,
To cut off members that disturb the head:
And⁴ by corruption generation grows,
And contraries maintain the world and state.

300

K. of Scots. Enough, I am confirm'd. Ateukin, come,
Rid me of love, and rid me of my grief;
Drive thou the tyrant from this tainted breast,
Then may I triumph in the height of joy.
Go to mine Ida, tell her that I vow
To raise her head, and make her honours great:
Go to mine Ida, tell her that her hairs

310

¹ The 4to "your favour." (Compare line 13, p. 254.)

² The 4to "mans."

³ Qy. "needeth"?

⁴ Qy. "As"?

Shall be embellishèd with orient pearls,
 And crowns of sapphire,¹ compassing her brows,
 Shall war² with those sweet beauties of her eyes:
 Go to mine Ida, tell her that my soul
 Shall keep her semblance closèd in my breast;
 And I, in touching of her milkwhite mould,
 Will think me deified in such a grace. 320
 I like no stay; go write, and I will sign:
 Reward me Jaques; give him store of crown[s].
 And, Sirrah Andrew, scout thou here in court,
 And bring me tidings, if thou canst perceive
 The least intent of muttering in my train;
 For either those that wrong thy lord or thee
 Shall suffer death.

Ateu. How much, O mighty king,
 Is thy Ateukin bound to honour thee!—
 Bow thee, Andrew, bend thine sturdy knees; 330
 Seest thou not here thine only God on earth?

[*Exit the King.*]

Jaq. *Mais, ou est mon argent, seigneur?*

Ateu. Come, follow me.—[*Aside.*] His grave, I see, is made,
 That thus on sudden he hath left us here.—
 Come, Jaques: we will have our packet soon despatch'd,
 And you shall be my mate upon the way.

Jaq. *Comme vous plaira, monsieur.*

[*Exeunt Ateukin and Jaques.*]

And. Was never such a world, I think, before,
 When sinners seem to dance within a net;
 The flatterer and the murderer, they grow big; 340
 By hook or crook promotion now is sought.
 In such a world, where men are so misled,
 What should I do, but, as the proverb saith,
 Run with the hare, and hunt with the hound?
 To have two means beseems a witty man.
 Now here in court I may aspire and climb
 By subtlety, for³ my master's death:
 And if that fail, well fare another drift;
 I will, in secret, certain letters send
 Unto the English king, and let him know 350
 The order of his daughter's overthrow,
 That if my master crack his credit here,

¹ The 4to "sapphires."

² The 4to "weare."

³ Qy. "before"?

As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
I may have means within the English court
To scape the scourge that waits on bad advice.

[Exit,

Chorus. Enter BOHAN and OBERON.

Ober. Believe me, bonny Scot, these strange events
Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.

Boh. Else say that Bohan hath a barren skull,
If better motions yet than any past
Do not more glee to make the fairy greet.
But my small son made pretty handsome shift
To save the queen his mistress, by his speed.

360

Ober. Yea, and yon laddy, for the sport ¹ he made,
Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
Or else he capers in a halter's end.

Boh. What, hang my son! I trow not, Oberon:
I'll rather die than see him woebegone.

Enter a round, or some dance at pleasure.

Ober. Bohan, be pleas'd, for, do they what they will,
Here is my hand, I'll save thy son from ill.

[Exeunt,

¹ The 4to has "Yea, you Ladie for his sport," etc.—Oberon alludes to Slipper.

ACT V

SCENE I

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA in man's apparel and in a nightgown, LADY ANDERSON, and NANO; and SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON behind.

Lady An. My gentle friend, beware, in taking air,
Your walks grow not offensive to your wounds.

Q. Dor. Madam, I thank you of your courteous care:
My wounds are well nigh clos'd, though sore they are.

Lady An. Methinks these closèd wounds should breed more grief,
Since open wounds have cure and find relief.

Q. Dor. Madam, if undiscover'd wounds you mean,
They are not cur'd, because they are not seen.

Lady An. I mean the wounds which do the heart subdue.

Nano. O, that is love: madam, speak I not true? 10
[Lady Anderson overhears.]

Lady An. Say it were true, what salve for such a sore?

Nano. Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of door.

Lady An. How if I cannot drive him from my breast?

Nano. Then chain him well, and let him do his best.

Sir Cuth. [*aside.*] In ripping up their wounds, I see their wit;
But if these wounds be cur'd, I sorrow it.

Q. Dor. Why are you so intentive to behold
My pale and woeful looks, by care controll'd?

Lady An. Because in them a ready way is found
To cure my care and heal my hidden wound. 20

Nano. Good master, shut your eyes, keep that conceit;
Surgeons give coin to get a good receipt.

Q. Dor. Peace, wanton son: this lady did amend
My wounds; mine eyes her hidden grief shall end:
Look not too much, it is a weighty case.

Nano. Whereas a man puts on a maiden's face,
For many times, if ladies 'ware them not,
A nine months' wound with little work is got.

Sir Cuth. [*aside.*] I'll break off their dispute, lest love proceed
From covert smiles to perfect love indeed. [*Comes forward.*]

Nano. The cat's abroad, stir not, the mice be still.

Lady An. Tut, we can¹ fly such cats, when so we will.

Sir Cuth. How fares my guest? take cheer, naught shall default,
That either doth concern your health or joy:

Use me, my house, and what is mine as ¹ yours.

Q. Dor. Thanks, gentle knight; and if all hopes be true,
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

Sir Cuth. Your virtue doth acquit me of that doubt:

But, courteous sir, since troubles call me hence,

I must to Edinburgh, unto the king,

There to take charge and wait him in his wars.—

Meanwhile, good madam, take this squire in charge,

And use him so as if it were myself.

Lady An. Sir Cuthbert, doubt not of my diligence:

Meanwhile, till your return, God send you health.

Q. Dor. God bless his grace, and, if his cause be just,

Prosper his wars: if not, he'll mend, I trust.

Good sir, what moves the king to fall to arms?

Sir Cuth. The King of England forageth his land,

And hath besieg'd Dunbar ² with mighty force.

Q. Dor. What other news ³ are common in the court?

Sir Cuth. [*giving letters to Lady Anderson.*] Read you these
letters, madam; tell the squire

The whole affairs of state, for I must hence.

Q. Dor. God prosper you, and bring you back from thence!

[*Exit Sir Cuthbert Anderson.*]

Madam, what news?

Lady An. They say the queen is slain.

Q. Dor. Tut, such reports more false than truth contain.

Lady An. But these reports have made his nobles leave him.

Q. Dor. Ah, careless men, and would they so deceive him? 60

Lady An. The land is spoil'd, the commons fear the cross;

All cry against the king, their cause of loss:

The English king subdues and conquers all.

Q. Dor. Alas, this war grows great on causes small!

Lady An. Our court is desolate, our prince alone,

Still dreading death.

Q. Dor. Woes me, for him I moan!

Help, now help,⁴ a sudden qualm

¹ The 4to "is."

² The 4to "Dambac."

³ The 4to gives this line to Sir Cuthbert.

⁴ Something is wanting here.

Assails my heart!

Nano. Good madam, stand his ¹ friend: 70
Give us some liquor to refresh his ¹ heart.

Lady An. Daw thou him up,² and I will fetch thee forth
Potions of comfort, to repress his pain. [Exit.

Nano. Fie, princess, faint on every fond ³ report!
How well nigh had you open'd your estate!
Cover these sorrows with the veil of joy,
And hope the best; for why ⁴ this war will cause
A great repentance in your husband's mind.

Q. Dor. Ah, Nano, trees live not without their sap,
And Clytie cannot blush but on the sun; 80
The thirsty earth is broke with many a gap,
And lands are lean where rivers do not run:
Where soul is reft from that it loveth best,
How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?

Thou know'st the prince's loss must be my death,
His grief, my grief; his mischief must be mine.
O, if thou love me, Nano, hie to court!

Tell Ross, tell Bartram, that I am alive;
Conceal thou yet the place of my abode:
Will them,⁵ even as they love their queen, 90
As they are chary of my soul and joy,
To guard the king, to serve him as my lord.
Haste thee, good Nano, for my husband's care
Consumeth me, and wounds me to the heart.

Nano. Madam, I go, yet loth to leave you here.

Q. Dor. Go thou with speed: even as thou hold'st me dear,
Return in haste. [Exit Nano.

Re-enter LADY ANDERSON with broth.

Lady An. Now, sir, what cheer? come taste this broth I bring.

Q. Dor. My grief is past, I feel no further sting.

Lady An. Where is your dwarf? why hath he left you, sir? 100

Q. Dor. For some affairs: he is not travell'd far.

¹ The 4to "her"—the transcriber perhaps having forgot that Dorothea is disguised as a man.

² *Daw*, i.e., revive, resuscitate.—The 4to "*Daw thou her up*;" and in the next line "*her paine*."

³ i.e., foolish, idle.

⁴ i.e., because.

⁵ Qy. "*But will them*," or "*And will them*"—*Will them*, i.e., Desire them.

Lady An. If so you please, come in and take your rest.

Q. Dor. Fear keeps awake a discontented breast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

After a solemn service,¹ enter, from the COUNTESS OF ARRAN'S house, a band of Revellers: to them ATEUKIN and JAQUES.

Ateu. What means this triumph, friend? why are these feasts?

First Revel. Fair Ida, sir, was married yesterday
Unto Sir Eustace, and for that intent
We feast and sport it thus to honour them:
An if you please, come in and take your part;
My lady is no niggard of her cheer.

[Exit with other Revellers.]

Jaq. Monseigneur, why be you so sadda? *faites bonne chere: foudre de ce monde!*

Ateu. What, was I born to be the scorn of kin?
To gather feathers like to a ² hopper-crow,
And lose them in the height of all my pomp?
Accursèd man, now is my credit lost!
Where are my vows I made unto the king?
What shall become of me, if he shall hear
That I have caus'd him kill a virtuous queen,
And hope in vain for that which now is lost?
Where shall I hide my head? I know the heavens
Are just and will revenge; I know my sins
Exceed compare. Should I proceed in this,
This Eustace must amain ³ be made away.
O, were I dead, how happy should I be!

Jaq. Est ce donc à tel point votre etat? faith, then, adieu,
Scotland, adieu, Signior Ateukin: me will homa to France,
and no be hanged in a strange country. [Exit.]

Ateu. Thou dost me good to leave me thus alone,
That galling grief and I may yoke in one.
O, what are subtle means to climb on high,
When every fall swarms with exceeding shame?
I promis'd Ida's love unto the prince,

¹ The 4to "After a solemn service, enter from the widdowes house a service, musical songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie triumph you list, to them, Ateukin and Gnato."

² Qy. dele?

³ The 4to "a man."

But she is lost, and I am false forsworn.
 I practis'd Dorothea's hapless death,
 And by this practice have commenc'd a war.
 O cursèd race of men, that traffic guile,
 And in the end themselves and kings beguile!
 Asham'd to look upon my prince again,
 Asham'd of my suggestions and advice,
 Asham'd of life, asham'd that I have err'd,
 I'll hide myself, expecting ¹ for my shame.
 Thus God doth work with those that purchase fame
 By flattery, and make their prince their game.² [Exit.

140

SCENE III

Enter the KING OF ENGLAND, PERCY, SAMLES, and others.

*K. of Eng.*³ Thus far, ye ⁴ English peers, have we display'd
 Our waving ensigns with a happy war;
 Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
 My daughter's death upon the traitorous Scot.
 And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd;
 Which, if it yield not to our compromise,
 The plough ⁵ shall furrow where the palace stood,
 And fury shall enjoy ⁶ so high a power
 That mercy shall be banish'd from our swords.

150

Enter DOUGLAS and others on the walls.

Doug. What seeks the English king?

K. of Eng. Scot, open those gates, and let me enter in:
 Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
 Or I will put each mother's son to death,

¹ Qy. if the right word (in the sense of—waiting for)?

² The 4to "gaine."

³ To the speeches of the King of England throughout this scene is prefixed "Arius."—"It is a singular circumstance," says Mr. Collier, "that the King of England, who forms one of the characters in this play, is called Arius, as if Greene at the time he wrote had some scruple in naming Henry VIII., on account of the danger of giving offence to the Queen and court." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 16r. But it is only in the present scene that the King of England "is called Arius;" and in a stage-direction to an earlier scene (p. 259,) the 4to gives the name "Arius" when the King of England cannot be meant.

⁴ The 4to "the."

⁵ The 4to "place."

⁶ The 4to "enuy."

And lay this city level with the ground.

Doug. For what offence, for what default of ours,
 Art thou incens'd so sore against our state?
 Can generous hearts in nature be so stern
 To prey on those that never did offend? 160
 What though the lion, king of brutish race,
 Through outrage sin, shall lambs be therefore slain?
 Or is it lawful that the humble die
 Because the mighty do gainsay the right?
 O English king, thou bearest in thy crest¹
 The king of beasts, that harms not yielding ones:
 The roseal cross is spread within thy field,
 A sign of peace, not of revenging war.
 Be gracious, then, unto this little town; 170
 And, though we have withstood thee for a while
 To show allegiance to our liefest liege,
 Yet since we know no hope of any help,
 Take us to mercy, for we yield ourselves.

K. of Eng. What, shall I enter, then, and be your lord?

Doug. We will submit us to the English king.

[*They descend down, open the gates, and humble themselves.*]

K. of Eng. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:

This hand now rear'd, my Douglas, if I list,
 Could part thy head and shoulders both in twain;

But since I see thee wise and old in years,

True to thy king, and faithful in his wars,

Live thou and thine. Dunbar is too-too small

To give an entrance to the English king:

I, eagle like, disdain these little fowls,

And look on none but those that dare resist.

Enter your town, as those that live by me:

For others that resist, kill, forage, spoil.

Mine English soldiers, as you love your king,

Revenge his daughter's death, and do me right. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV

Enter a Lawyer, a Merchant, and a Divine.

Law. My friends, what think you of this present state? 190

Were ever seen such changes in a time?

The manners and the fashions of this age

¹ The 4to "brest."

Are, like the ermine[']s] skin, so full of spots,
 As soone[r] may the Moor be washèd white
 Than these corruptions banish'd from this realm.

Merch. What sees Mas Lawyer in this state amiss?

Law. A wresting power that makes a nose of wax
 Of grounded law, a damn'd and subtle drift
 In all estates to climb by other's loss,
 An eager thirst ¹ of wealth, forgetting truth: 200
 Might I ascend unto the highest states,
 And by descent discover every crime,
 My friends, I should lament, and you would grieve
 To see the hapless ruins of this realm.

Div. O lawyer, thou hast curious eyes to pry
 Into the secret maims of their estate;
 But if thy veil of error were unmask'd,
 Thyself should see your sect do maim her most.
 Are you not those that should maintain the peace,
 Yet only are the patrons of our strife? 210
 If your profession have his ground and spring
 First from the laws of God, then country's right,
 Not any ways inverting nature's power,
 Why thrive you by contentions? why devise you
 Clauses and subtle reasons to except?
 Our state was first, before you grew so great,
 A lantern to the world for unity:
 Now they that are befriended and are rich
 Oppress ² the poor: come Homer without coin,
 He is not heard. What shall we term this drift? 220
 To say the poor man's cause is good and just,
 And yet the rich man gains the best in law.
 It is your guise (the more the world laments)
 To coin provisos to beguile your laws,
 To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,
 When you delay your common pleas for years.
 Mark what these dealings lately here have wrought:
 The crafty men have purchas'd great men's lands;
 They powl,³ they pinch, their tenants are undone;
 If these complain, by you they are undone; 230
 You fleece them of their coin, their children beg,
 And many want, because you may be rich:

¹ The 4to "thrifit."

* The 4to "Or presse."

² i.e., poll.

This scar is mighty, Master Lawyer.¹
 Now war² hath gotten head within this land,
 Mark but the guise. The poor man that is wrong'd
 Is ready to rebel; he spoils, he pills;
 We need no foes to forage that we have:
 The law, say they, in peace consumèd us,
 And now in war we will consume the law.
 Look to this mischief, lawyers: conscience knows
 You live amiss; amend it, lest you end.

240

Law. Good Lord, that these³ divines should see so far
 In others' faults, without amending theirs!
 Sir, sir, the general defaults in state
 (If you would read before you did correct)
 Are, by a hidden working from above,
 By their successive changes still remov'd.⁴
 Were not the law by contraries maintain'd,
 How could the truth from falsehood be discern'd?
 Did we not taste the bitterness of war,
 How could we know the sweet effects of peace?
 Did we not feel the nipping winter-frosts,
 How should we know the sweetness of the spring?
 Should all things still remain in one estate,
 Should not in greatest arts some scars be found,
 Were all upright nor⁵ chang'd, what world were this?
 A chaos, made of quiet, yet no world,
 Because the parts thereof did still accord:
 This matter craves a variance, not a speech.
 But, Sir Divine, to you: look on your maims,
 Divisions, sects, your simonies, and bribes.
 Your cloaking with the great for fear to fall,
 You shall perceive you are the cause of all.
 Did each man know there were a storm at hand,
 Who would not clothe him well, to shun the wet?
 Did prince and peer, the lawyer and the least,
 Know what were sin without a partial gloss,
 We'd need no long discoursing⁶ then of crimes,
 For each would mend, advis'd by holy men.
 Thus [I] but slightly shadow out your sins;

250

260

270

¹ Here "Lawyer" is a trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 177.

² The 4to "man."

⁴ The 4to "remainde."

⁶ The 4to "Wee need no long discouery."

³ The 4to "their."

⁵ The 4to "and."

But if they were depainted out for life,
Alas, we both had wounds enough to heal!

Merch. None of you both, I see, but are in fault;
Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.
This grave divine can tell us what to do;
But we may say, "Physician, mend thyself."
This lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talk;
But all are words, I see no deeds of worth.

Lav. Good merchant, lay your fingers on your mouth;
Be not a blab, for fear you bite yourself.
What should I term your state, but even the way
To every ruin in this commonweal?

280

You bring us in the means of all excess,
You rate it and retail ¹ it as you please;
You swear, forswear, and all to compass wealth;
Your money is your god, your hoard your heaven;
You are the ground-work of contention.
First heedless youth by you is over-reach'd;
We are corrupted by your many crowns:
The gentlemen, whose titles you have bought,
Lose all their fathers' toil within a day,
Whilst Hob your son, and Sib your nutbrown child,
Are gentlefolks, and gentles are beguil'd.
This makes so many noble minds ² to stray,
And take sinister courses in the state.

290

Enter a Scout.

Scout. My friends, be³ gone, an if you love your lives;
The King of England marcheth here at hand:
Enter the camp, for fear you be surpris'd.

Div. Thanks, gentle scout.—God mend that is amiss,
And place true zeal whereas ³ corruption is!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Enter QUEEN DOROTHEA *in man's apparel*, LADY ANDERSON,
and NANO.

Q. Dor. What news in court, Nano? let us know it.

301

Nano. If so you please, my lord, I straight will show it:
The English King hath all the borders spoil'd,
Hath taken Morton prisoner, and hath slain

¹ The 4to "retalde."

² The 4to "maides."

³ *i.e.*, where.

Seven thousand Scottish lads ¹ not far from Tweed.

Q. Dor. A woeful murder and a bloody deed!

Nano. The king, ² our liege, hath sought by many means

For to appease his enemy by prayers:

Naught will prevail unless he can restore

Fair Dorothea, long supposed dead;

To this intent he hath proclaimed late,

That whosoe'er return the queen to court

Shall have a thousand marks for his reward.

Lady An. He loves her, then, I see, although enforc'd,

That would bestow such gifts for to regain her.

Why sit you sad, good sir? be not dismay'd.

Nano. I'll lay my life, this man would be a maid.

Q. Dor. [*aside.*] Fain would I show myself, and change my tire.

Lady An. Whereon divine you, sir?

Nano. Upon desire.

Madam, make but my skill, I'll lay my life,

My master here will prove a married wife.

Q. Dor. [*aside to N.*] Wilt thou bewray me, Nano?

Nano. [*aside to Q. D.*] Madam, no:

You are a man, and like a man you go:

But I that am in speculation seen ³

Know you would change your state and be a queen.

Q. Dor. [*aside to N.*] Thou art not, dwarf, to learn thy mistress' mind:

Fain would I with ⁴ thyself disclose my kind,

But yet I blush.

Nano. [*aside to Q. D.*] What blush you, madam, than, ⁵

To be yourself, who are a feignèd man?

Let me alone.

Lady An. Deceitful beauty, hast thou scorn'd me so?

Nano. Nay, muse not, madam, for he ⁶ tells you true.

Lady An. Beauty bred love, and love hath bred my shame.

Nano. And women's faces work more wrongs than these:

Take comfort, madam, to cure your ⁷ disease.

And yet he loves a man as well as you,

¹ The 4to "Lords." Corrected by Mr. Collier, *Introd. to The Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858.

² The 4to "Thinking."

³ *i.e.*, skilled.

⁴ *Qy.* "wish?"

⁵ *i.e.*, then.

⁶ The 4to "maiden, for she."—I hardly understand this; and perhaps the text here is somewhat mutilated: but it is evident that Lady Anderson has not yet learned the sex of her guest.

⁷ The 4to "our."

Only this difference, he ¹ cannot fancy two.

340

Lady An. Blush, grieve, and die in thine insatiate lust.

Q. Dor. Nay, live, and joy that thou hast won a friend,
That loves thee as his life by good desert.

Lady An. I joy, my lord, more than my tongue can tell:
Though ² not as I desir'd, I love you well.
But modesty, that never blush'd before,
Discover my false heart: I say no more.
Let me alone.

Q. Dor. Good Nano, stay awhile.

350

Were I not sad, how kindly could I smile,
To see how fain I am to leave this weed!
And yet I faint to show myself indeed:
But danger hates delay, I will be bold.—
Fair lady, I am not [as you] suppose,
A man, but even that queen, more hapless I,
Whom Scottish King appointed hath to die;
I am the hapless princess for whose right
These kings in bloody wars revenge despite;
I am that Dorothea whom they seek,
Yours bounden for your kindness and relief;
And since you are the means that save my life,
Yourself and I will to the camp repair,
Whereas ³ your husband shall enjoy reward,
And bring me to his highness once again.

360

Lady An. Pardon, most gracious princess, if you please,
My rude discourse and homely entertain;
And if my words may savour any worth,
Vouchsafe my counsel in this weighty cause:
Since that our liege hath so unkindly dealt,
Give him no trust, return unto your sire;
There may you safely live in spite of him.

370

Q. Dor. Ah lady, so would worldly counsel work;
But constancy, obedience, and my love,
In that my husband is my lord and chief,
These call me to compassion of his state: ⁴
Dissuade me not, for virtue will not change.

Lady An. What wondrous constancy is this I hear!
If English dames their husbands love so dear,
I fear me, in the world they have no peer.

¹ The 4to "she."

² i.e., Where.

³ The 4to "Although."

⁴ The 4to "estate."

Nano. Come, princess, wend, and let us change your weed: 380
I long to see you now a queen indeed. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI

Enter the KING OF SCOTS, the English Herald, and Lords.

K. of Scots. He would have parley, lords:—herald, say he shall,
And get thee gone: go, leave me to myself.

[Exit Herald,—Lords retire.

'Twixt love and fear continual are the wars;
The one assures me of my *Ida's* love,
The other moves me for my murder'd queen:
Thus find I grief of that whereon I joy,
And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weal.
Alas, what hell may be compar'd with mine,
Since in extremes my comforts do consist!
War then will cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
Some then will yield when I am dead for hope.—
Who doth disturb me? Andrew?

390

Enter ANDREW and SLIPPER.

And. Ay, my liege.

K. of Scots. What news?

And. I think my mouth was made at first
To tell these tragic tales, my liefest lord.

K. of Scots. What, is *Ateukin* dead? tell me the worst.

And. No, but your *Ida*—shall I tell him all?—
Is married late—ah, shall I say to whom?—

400

My master sad—for why¹ he shames the court—

Is fled away; ah most unhappy flight!

Only myself—ah, who can love you more!—

To show my duty, duty past belief,

Am come unto your grace, O gracious liege,

To let you know—O, would it were not thus!—

That love is vain and maids soon lost and won.

K. of Scots. How have the partial heavens, then, dealt with me,
Boding my weal for to abase my power!

Alas, what thronging thoughts do me oppress!

410

Injurious love is partial in my right,

And flattering tongues, by whom I was misled,

¹ i. e., because.

Have laid a snare to spoil my state and me.
 Methinks I hear my Dorothea's ghost
 Howling revenge for my accursèd hate:
 The ghosts ¹ of those my subjects that are slain
 Pursue me, crying out, "Woe, woe to lust!"
 The foe pursues me at my palace door,
 He breaks my rest, and spoils me in my camp.
 Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!
 First shall my dire revenge begin on you. 420
 I will reward thee, Andrew.

Slip. Nay, sir, if you be in your deeds of charity, remember me. I rubbed Master Ateukin's horse-heels when he rid to the meadows.

K. of Scots. And thou shalt have thy recompense for that.—
 Lords, bear them to the prison, chain them fast,
 Until we take some order for their deaths.

And. If so your grace in such sort give rewards,
 Let me have naught; I am content to want. 430

Slip. Then, I pray, sir, give me all; I am as ready for a reward as an oyster for a fresh tide; spare not me, sir.

K. of Scots. Then hang them both as traitors to the king.

Slip. The case is altered, sir: I'll none of your gifts. What, I take a reward at your hands, master! faith, sir, no; I am a man of a better conscience.

K. of Scots. Why dally you? go draw them hence away.

Slip. Why, alas, sir, I will go away.—I thank you, gentle friends; I pray you spare your pains: I will not trouble his honour's mastership; I'll run away. 440

K. of Scots. Why stay you? move me not. Let search be made
 For vile Ateukin: whoso finds him out
 Shall have five hundred marks for his reward.
 Away with them! ²

¹ The 4to "gifts."

² The 4to has:

"Away with the Lords troupes about my tent;"

and it makes Oberon and the Antics enter too soon (the stage-directions in our old dramas—which were generally printed from prompters' copies—being often prematurely marked in order to give the players notice to be in readiness).

Oberon (see p. 284) had told Bohan that he would save his son on this critical occasion:

"Ober. Yea, and yon laddy, for the sport he made,
 Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
 Or else he capers in a halter's end.

Boh. What, hang my son," etc.

Enter OBERON¹ and Antics, and carry away SLIPPER; he makes mops,² and sports, and scorns. ANDREW is removed.

Lords, troop about my tent:
Let all our soldiers stand in battle 'ray,
For, lo, the English to their parley come.

March over bravely, first the English host, the sword carried before the King by PERCY; the Scottish on the other side, with all their pomp, bravely.

What seeks the King of England in this land?

- K. of Eng.* False, traitorous Scot, I come for to revenge
My daughter's death; I come to spoil thy wealth, 450
Since thou hast spoil'd me of my marriage-joy;
I come to heap thy land with carcasses,
That this thy thirsty soil, chok'd up with blood,
May thunder forth revenge upon thy head;
I come to quit thy lawless love³ with death:
In brief, no means of peace shall e'er be found,
Except I have my daughter or thy head.
- K. of Scots.* My head, proud king! abase thy pranking plumes: 4
So striving fondly mayst thou catch thy grave.
But if true judgment do direct thy course, 460
These lawful reasons should divide the war: 5
Faith, not by my consent thy daughter died.
- K. of Eng.* Thou liest, false Scot! thy agents have confess'd it.
These are but fond delays: thou canst not think
A means to⁶ reconcile me for thy friend.
I have thy parasite's confession penn'd;
What, then, canst thou allege in thy excuse?
- K. of Scots.* I will repay the ransom for her blood.
- K. of Eng.* What, think'st thou, caitiff, I will sell my child?

¹ The 4to "Adam."

² *i.e.*, grimaces.—The 4to "pots."—I once conjectured "pouts."

³ *Quit, i.e.*, requite.—The 4to "*quit thy loue/esse loue.*"—Corrected by Mr. Collier, Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, etc., p. cxvi.

⁴ The 4to "plaines."

⁵ *Qy.* "This lawful reason should divert the war"?

⁶ The 4to "for to."

No, if thou be a prince and man-at-arms,
In single combat come and try thy right,
Else will I prove thee recreant to thy face. 470

K. of Scots. I brook ¹ no combat, false injurious king.

But since thou needless art inclin'd to war,
Do what thou dar'st; we are in open field;
Arming my battle,² I will fight with thee.

K. of Eng. Agreed.—Now, trumpets, sound a dreadful charge.
Fight for your princess, [my] brave Englishmen!

K. of Scots. Now ³ for your lands, your children, and your wives.
My Scottish peers, and lastly for your king! 480

Alarm sounded; both the battles offer to meet, and, just as they are joining, enter SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON and LADY ANDERSON, with QUEEN DOROTHEA richly attired, and NANO.

Sir Cuth. Stay, princes, wage not war: a privy grudge

'Twi'x such as you, most high in majesty,
Afflicts both nocent and the innocent.

How many swords, dear princes, see I drawn!
The friend against his friend, a deadly fiend;⁴

A desperate division in those lands
Which, if they join in one, command the world.

O, stay, with reason mitigate your rage;
And let an old man, humbled on his knees,
Entreat a boon, good princes, of you both. 490

K. of Eng. I condescend, for why ⁵ thy reverend years
Import some news of truth and consequence.

K. of Scots. I am content ⁶ for, Anderson, I know
Thou art my subject and dost mean me good.

Sir Cuth. But by your gracious favours grant me this,
To swear upon your sword[s] to do me right.

K. of Eng. See, by my sword and a prince's faith,
In every lawful sort I am thine own.

K. of Scots. And, by my sceptre and the Scottish crown,
I am resolv'd to grant thee thy request. 500

Sir Cuth. I see you trust me, princes, who repose

¹ The 4to "tooke."

² The 4to gives these two lines to the King of England.

⁴ The 4to "friend."

⁵ i.e., because.

⁶ The 4to gives this line to the King of England.

The weight of such a war upon my will.
 Now mark my suit. A tender lion's whelp,
 This other day, came straggling in the woods,
 Attended by a young and tender hind,
 In courage haught,¹ yet 'tirèd like a lamb.
 The prince of beasts had left this young in keep,
 To foster up as love-mate and compeer,
 Unto the lion's mate, a ² neighbour-friend:
 This stately guide, seducèd by the fox,
 Sent forth an eager wolf, bred up in France,
 That grip'd the tender whelp and wounded it.
 By chance, as I was hunting in the woods,
 I heard the moan the hind made for the whelp:
 I took them both and brought them to my house.
 With chary care I have recur'd ³ the one;
 And since I know the lions are at strife
 About the loss and damage of the young,
 I bring her home; make claim to her who list.

[Discovers Queen Dorothea.

Q. *Dor.* I am the whelp, bred by this lion up,
 This royal English King, my happy sire:
 Poor Nano is the hind that tended me.
 My father, Scottish King, gave me to thee,
 A hapless wife: thou, quite misled by youth,
 Hast sought sinister loves and foreign joys.
 The fox Ateukin, cursèd parasite,
 Incens'd your grace to send the wolf abroad,
 The French-born Jaques, for to end my days:
 He, traitorous man, pursu'd me in the woods,
 And left me wounded; where this noble knight
 Both rescu'd me and mine, and sav'd my life.
 Now keep thy promise: Dorothea lives;
 Give Anderson his due and just reward:
 And since, you kings, your wars began by me,
 Since I am safe, return, surcease your fight.

K. *of Scots.* Durst I presume to look upon those eyes
 Which I have tirèd with a world of woes,
 Or did I think submission were enough,
 Or sighs might make an entrance to my soul,
 You heavens, you know how willing I would weep;
 You heavens can tell how glad I would submit;

¹ The 4to "hautie."

² Qy. "and"?

³ i.e., recovered.

You heavens can say how firmly I would sigh.

Q. Dor. Shame me not, prince, companion in thy bed:
Youth hath misled,—tut, but a little fault:

'Tis kingly to amend what is amiss.

Might I with twice as many pains as these

Unite our hearts, then should my wedded lord

See how incessant labours I would take.—

My gracious father, govern your affects:

Give me that hand, that oft hath blest this head, 550

And clasp thine arms, that have embrac'd this [neck],
About the shoulders of my wedded spouse.

Ah, mighty prince, this king and I am one!

Spoil thou his subjects, thou despoilest me;

Touch thou his breast, thou dost attain this heart:

O, be my father, then, in loving him!

K. of Eng. Thou provident kind mother of increase,

Thou must prevail, ah, Nature, thou must rule!

Hold, daughter, join my hand and his in one;

I will embrace him for to favour thee: 560

I call him friend, and take him for my son.

Q. Dor. Ah, royal husband, see what God hath wrought!

Thy foe is now thy friend.—Good men-at-arms,

Do you the like.—These nations if they join,

What monarch, with his liege-men, in this world,

Dare but encounter you in open field?

K. of Scots. All wisdom, join'd with godly piety!—

Thou English king, pardon my former youth;

And pardon, courteous queen, my great misdeed;

And, for assurance of mine after-life, 570

I take religious vows before my God,

To honour thee for father,¹ her for wife.

Sir Cuth. But yet² my boons, good princes, are not pass'd.

First, English king, I humbly do request,

That by your means our princess may unite

Her love unto mine aldertruest³ love,

Now you will love, maintain, and help them both.

K. of Eng. Good Anderson, I grant thee thy request.

¹ The 4to "fauour."

² The 4to gives to Lady Anderson this and the next speech of Sir Cuthbert Anderson.

³ i.e., truest of all—*alder* being used as the genitive of *all*. So Chaucer has "*alderfirst*;" and Shakespeare, and our author in a poem in his *Mourning Garment*, have "*alderliest*."

Sir Cuth. But you, my prince, must yield me mickle more.
 You know your nobles are your chiefest stays,
 And long time have been banish'd from your court:
 Embrace and reconcile them to yourself;
 They are your hands, whereby you ought to work.
 As for Ateukin and his lewd compeers,
 That sooth'd you in your sins and youthly pomp,
 Exile, torment, and punish such as they;
 For greater vipers never may be found
 Within a state than such aspiring heads,
 That reckon not how they climb, so that they climb.

58c

K. of Scots. Guid knight, I grant thy suit.—First I submit, 59c
 And humbly¹ crave a pardon of your grace.—
 Next, courteous queen, I pray thee by thy loves
 Forgive mine errors past and pardon me.—
 My lords and princes, if I have misdome
 (As I have wrong'd indeed both you and yours),
 Hereafter, trust me, you are dear to me.
 As for Ateukin, whoso finds the man,
 Let him have martial law, and straight be hang'd,
 As all his vain abettors now are dead.²
 And Anderson our treasurer shall pay
 Three thousand marks for friendly recompense.

60c

*Nano.*³ But, princes, whilst you friend it thus in one,
 Methinks of friendship Nano shall have none.

Q. Dor. What would my dwarf, that I will not bestow?

Nano. My boon, fair queen, is this,—that you would go:
 Although my body is but small and neat,
 My stomach, after toil, requireth meat:
 An easy suit, dread princess; will you wend?

K. of Scots. Art thou a pigmy-born, my pretty friend?

Nano. Not so, great king, but nature, when she fram'd me, 61c
 Was scant of earth, and Nano therefore nam'd me;
 And, when she saw my body was so small,
 She gave me wit to make it big withal.

K. of Scots. Till time when.⁴

Q. Dor. Eat, then.

¹ The 4to "humble."

² The 4to:

"As (all his vaine arbettors now are diuided)."

³ The 4to "L. Andr."

⁴ To this and the next speech of the King of Scots the 4to prefixes merely "K." Part of the text appears to be wanting here.

K. of Scots. My friend, it stands with wit,
To take repast when stomach serveth it.

Q. Dor. Thy policy, my Nano, shall prevail.—
Come, royal father, enter we my tent:—
And, soldiers, feast it, frolic it, like friends:—
My princes, bid this kind and courteous train
Partake some favours of our late accord.
Thus wars have end, and, after dreadful hate,
Men learn at last to know their good estate.

620

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

GLOSSARY

- ABIDE**, suffer
ABUSE (DISBUSE), dishonour, insult
ABYE, atone, suffer for
ACCOMPT, account
ADAMANT, loadstone
ADDICTED, devoted, bound by vow
ADDEST, prepared
ADMIRE, wonder
ADVISED, well-considered, deliberate, cautious
AFFECT, affection, desire
AFFECT, love
A-HUFF, in a huff (Oxford Dict.)
ALDER, of all, "alder truest"
ALIE LAND, ? holy, or kindred, neighbouring (*see* ed. by Farmer, *Early English Dramatists*)
ALLOW, approve
ALMAIN, German
AMAZED, bewildered, perplexed
AMORETS, love-kindling looks (Dyce), or love tricks
AMORT (À LA MORT), dejected
ANATOMY, dissected body
ANGEL, gold coin worth ten shillings, stamped with the figure of the Archangel Michael
ANON, straightway, presently
ANSWER, answer for
ANTIC, ANTIQUE, buffoon
APPLY, comply, consent; fit, suit; "— pastimes," take them as representing real events and persons
APPOSE, pose with hard question
ASLAKED, abated
AVOID, 'VOID, begone, stand away
AVOUCH, sanction, justify
AY, I

BABY, doll
"BACKARE, etc." Baccare, a cant word meaning "go back," used in allusion to this proverbial saying; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin, etc. (Nares)
BALE, evil, sorrow, injury
BANDOG, band-dog, dog tied or chained up

BARTLET, Barclay, author of the English version of *The Ship of Fools*
BASH, be abashed, ashamed; confound, put out of countenance
BATTEN, grow fat with ease and plenty
BATTLING, battening, fattening
BEHOLDING, beholden
BERY, berry, mound, hillock
BESEEM, seem, appear
BEWRAY, betray, reveal
BIE, bye (*see* abye)
BILBO, Spanish blade
BILL, kind of pike or halbert (combined axe and spear), the usual weapon of watchmen
BILLIMENT, some kind of gold or jewelled ornament of attire
BIND, "— my shame," find (Dyce), bide (Grosart); perhaps binde, technical phrase in hawking for tiring or seizing (Collins)
BLAZE, proclaim
BLEND, render turbid, agitate, trouble (*see* Oxford Dict.)
BOCARDO, a prison so-called situated at the old north gate of Oxford
Bodkin, short pointed weapon of some kind
BOLT, arrow
BONNET, cap
BORD, joke, jest
BORROW, "Saint George to —," defend
BOTTOM, valley
BOTS, a worm disease
BRAVE, bragging, bravado
BRAVE, fine, gay
BRAVERY, finery
BRAWN, muscle; "brawn fallen," with lost strength and nerve
BRIM, fierce, fiercely
BROOK, suffer, endure, put up with
BROTHS, decoctions
BRUIT, report
BRUTE, the Trojan Brut, legendary first King of Britain; hence a noble, or prince, a hero

- BUCKLE, grapple, meet in close combat
 BUM, strike, beat
 BUNTING, name of a group of birds
 BURBOLT, birdbolt, blunt-headed arrow for shooting at birds
 BUSK, bush or copse
 BY AND BY, immediately, at once
- CALEYS, Calais
 CALLETA, callet, drat
 CAMMOCK, crooked stick
 CAN, know, be able; "can (con) thanks," give, express thanks
 CARRIAGE, burden
 CARVEL, light vessel
 CASSOCK, loose dress or coat
 CAST, "a stroke, a touch" (Johnson), specimen, "taste" (Oxford Dict.). ("Show a cast"; "cast of mine office")
 CAST, forecast, anticipate; design, plan
 CATES, provisions, dainties
 CENSURE, criticise, pass judgment
 CHAD, chotte, chwas, chwine, I had, I wot, I was, I ween
 CHAFE, state of anger and fret
 CHARM, hold in check by magic
 CHEAP, "good —," at a low price
 CHEER, countenance, expression, mood; entertainment
 CHERRY, chirr, chirrup
 CHICKEN-PEEPER, chick peeping from its shell
 CHIP, cheep, chirp
 CHOP-CHERRY, game of bob-cheery (trying to seize a floating cherry with the mouth)
 CIRCUMSTANCE, circumlocution, details
 CLEVE (CLEEVE), cliff
 CLIME, region
 CLOUT, cloth, handkerchief, patch, piece of leather, etc., for mending
 COAT, cote, outstrip
 COCK, corrupt form of God
 COCKELL-BREAD, reference to "a wanton sport" played by "young wenches" . . . "a relique of natural magic—an unlawful philtrum" (Dyce)
 COG, cheat
 COIL, tumult, fuss, confusion
 COIL, beat
 COLLOCATIV, some kind of kitchen utensil
- COLOUR, pretext, excuse; "in colours," in feigning
 COMBUST, said of a planet in such near conjunction with the sun that its light is extinguished
 COMPACT, composition, combination
 COMPLETE, equipped with necessary accomplishments
 CONCEIT, fancy, idea, witty notion or expression, etc.; opinion
 CONCEITED, of intelligence, understanding, hence "base conceited"
 CONSENT, harmony
 CONSUMPTION, act of consuming, waste
 CONTEMN, scorn, dispise
 CONVEY, steal
 CONVEYANCE, juggling, trickery
 COPE, purchase, barter
 CORIVAL, one having equal rights, etc.
 COSTARD, head
 COTSOLD, Cotswold; "cotsold lion," sheep
 COUNSEL, counsellor
 COUNTEANCE, patronage, favour
 COUNTERFEIT, image, portrait
 COUNTERVAIL, balance, outweigh; prevail against
 COURTESY, "keep your —," this and similar expressions refer to the covering or uncovering the head
 COUSTRELING, groom, squire, knave
 COVER, spread, set the table
 COXCOMB, fool's cap, head
 CRAKE, crack, boast; ("facing and craking")
 CROSS, thwart
 CROSS-POINT, name of a step in dancing (Oxford Dict.)
 CROWD, fiddle
 CULL, coll, hug, embrace; ("kill by culling")
 CULLION, low fellow, rascal
 CUNNING, skill, knowledge
 CURIOUS(LY), elegant, dainty; scrupulous(ly), particular(ly)
 CURRY, beat
 CURST, shrewish
 CUTTING, bullying, swaggering
- DAUNT, abate, check, subdue
 DAW, simpleton, fool
 DAW, awaken, rouse, revive
 DAWCOCK, male jackdaw, dolt
 DAZE, become dazed

- DECEIT, deception, evil wile or device
 DEEM, judge, think
 DEPART, departure
 DESERT, deserter
 DESPITE, spite, malice, hate, contempt
 DETRACT, forbear, hold back
 DICTAMNUS, dittany
 DISCOVER, reveal; uncover
 DISGRACE, misfortune
 DISTEMPERED, vexed, put out, troubled
 DOCKET, ? dock
 DOOM, sentence, judgment
 DOTAGE, extreme fondness
 DOTING, senile, foolish
 DOTRELL, plover; simpleton, dolt, from the fact that the silly bird easily lets itself be caught
 DRIFT, purpose, aim, intention
 DUMP, mournful, plaintive melody; fit of musing, reverie
 EARNEST, money in advance
 EARST, erst, formerly
 EFFECT, fulfilment
 EKE, also, moreover
 EMPLOY (ON), bestow
 ENCHANTING, charming by magic means
 ENE, eyes, eyes
 ENGIN(E), agent
 ENTERTAIN, take into service
 ENTWITE, twit, reproach
 ESSAY (ASSAY), trial, attempt; "at all —s," ready for anything
 FACE, brag, bully; ("facing and craking")
 FACT, feat, deed
 FAIN, well pleased or disposed
 FAIR, beauty
 FANCY, love; "fast fancied," bound by love
 FASHION, figure, shape
 FATAL, ill-fated, doomed
 FAVOUR, features; appearance, charm, etc.
 FEARFUL, full of fear
 FERDEGEW, ? farthingale, hooped petticoat
 FET, fetch
 FETCH, stratagem, trick
 FEY, FAY, faith
 FILED, polished, neatly finished
 FIST, handwriting
 FIT, division of a song, song
 FIT, to be suitable, meet
 FIT, set, start
 FLURT, sudden jerk or movement, quick throw or cast (Oxford Dict.)
 FODGE, trudge, jog along (Oxford Dict.)
 FOIL, repulse, check
 FOIL, soil, pollute
 FOISON, plenty
 FOND, foolish
 FOOT, step to music, dance
 FORCE, "no force," no matter; "of force," possessing the power
 FORDO, undo
 FOUL, ugly
 FRANION, gay, idle fellow
 FROM, away from
 FRUMP, flout
 GAINST, against, in anticipation of
 GALLIARD, lively dance in triple time
 GAR, make, force
 GARB, manner, fashion
 GARD (GUARD), facing, or trimming, ornament
 GEAR, matter, business; dress
 GEOMANTICK, pertaining to geomancy, divination by lines and figures
 GIF, if
 GIGLOT, wanton
 GILLYFLOWER, clove
 GIRDLER, "by your —," alluding to practise of wearing keys hung at the girdle (Oxford Dict.)
 GITTERN, kind of guitar
 GLAD, make glad
 GLASS PROSPECTIVE, magic glass, showing things distant and to come
 GLOMING, glumness
 GLORY, bestow glory on, glorify
 GOME, man, this is suggested by Dyce for "gone," but the Oxford Dict. gives 1515 as latest use of the word
 GOOD, "a good," in good earnest
 GRACE ("gracing"), adorn, embellish
 GRATULATE, gratify, please, welcome
 GREE, grade, degree
 GREE, agree
 GREETINGS, greetings
 GRIEF, grievance; "take with me no —," bear me no grudge
 GRISTLE, one of young and tender age
 GRUDGE, grumble
 GUESSE, guests

- HADROMATICK, hydromancy, divination by water
 HAMPER (UP), fetter, restrain; tie up, make fast
 HAND-FAST, betroth
 HAP, chance, fortune
 HAPPILY, haply, perchance
 HARD-FAVOURED, harsh featured
 HARDILY, HARDLY, by all means
 HASTE, "no — but good" (prov.).
 See proverb, Act iii. 3, "good hap is not hasty"
 HARP-SHILLING, Irish coin with harp stamped on it, worth ninepence
 HATEFUL, full of hate
 HAZE, have us
 HEAL, health
 HEIDEGYES, hay-de-guy, — guise, particular kind of "hay," a dance of the nature of a reel (Oxford Dict.)
 HELLITROPICAN, heliotrope
 HIGHT, called, named
 HILDING, base good-for-nothing
 HOB, country bumpkin, clown
 HOBALL, fool, clown
 HOBBY, species of falcon
 HOE, "out of all —," out of all bounds or measure (from the interjection Ho! originally a call, afterward rather like a stop or limit, as in the phrase above.
 See Nares)
 HOLD, take
 HOMELY, familiarly
 HORISONS, orisons, prayers
 HUFF-SNUFF, fierce, bullying person; from *huff*, and *snuff*, both denoting anger (Nares)
 HUMBLE, do obeisance
 HUMER, uncertain meaning
 IMP, engraft feathers in the wing of a hawk, to supply the loss or deficiency
 IMPENDENT, threatening
 IMPORT, concern
 INCAST, throw in, add
 INCH, "at an —," in the pick of time
 INCONVENIENT, unbecoming
 INDIRECTION, indirect means
 INFEOFFE, invest with estate, property
 INJURIOUS, pernicious, hurtful, insulting
 INTEND, attend to
 INTEND, intention
- INTENTIVE, attentive, intent
 INTREAT (ENTREAT), treat
 I WIS, YWIS, indeed, certainly
- JACK, BLACK-JACK, jug, tankard, pitcher made of leather
 JACK-AN-APES, ape, monkey
 JET, strut
 JIG, short lively performance, act, or interlude
 JOY, rejoice
 JUST, joust, distinguished from the tourney, in which many knights engaged, by being a combat between two only (see Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*)
 JUT, jostle
- KA, gootha
 KEN, know
 KNOT, company
 KO, gooth
- LAI, laden
 LADE, load, laden
 LAMB'S-WOOL, strong ale mixed with pulp of roasted crab-apples
 LAMP, ? lampreys (see ed. Dr. Ward, Clarendon Press)
 LATE, lately, recently
 LAWND, open space or glade
 LAVOLTA, lively dance
 LEAVE, leave off, let be
 LEAVE, LEFT, leave, left off
 LEECH (LECH), liege
 LESE (LEESE), lose
 LEST, unless
 LET, hindrance, impediment
 LET, hinder
 LEVEL, aim
 LEWD, low, ignorant
 LEWELY, ? lovely
 LIFTER, thief
 LIGGE, lie
 LIKE, the like, similarly
 LILBURN, heavy, stupid fellow (Halliwell)
 LILY, white, pure
 LIST, like, choose
 LIVELY, true to life
 LOBCKOKE, lubber
 LOB'S POUND, jail, any tight place or difficulty, "thralldom of hen-pecked husband" (Bullen)
 LOCKRAM, coarse linen
 LONG, belong
 LOPE, leap

- LOUR, frown
 LOUT, mock at for a lout
 LOVELY, loving
 LOW (*see* allow)
 LOZEL, worthless fellow
 LUMPE, lump fish, a thick, clumsy shaped fish
 LUNARY, moonwort
 LURCHER, robber
 LURDEN, heavy, dull fellow
 LYTHERNESS, listlessness, lack of energy
- M, for Master (*see* girdle)
 MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood
 MAINTAIN, uphold, encourage
 MALKIN, term of contempt
 MALLARD, drake
 MANKINE, mankind, masculine, fierce as a man
 MARGARITES, pearls
 MARRY-GUP, corruption of Mary of Egypt
 MASHIP, mastership
 MATCH, bargain
 MATE, confound
 MATTE, "by the —," mass
 MEAN, moderation; means, measure; middle part in a musical composition
 MEDICINE, poison
 MERK(MIRK)EST, dark(est), mirkiest
 METELY, fitly
 MINION, darling, pet
 MIRABILES, mirabolanes, dried plums
 MISCHIEF, harm, evil
 MISS, fault, error
 MO, more
 MOLY, Homer's magic herb has been identified with various plants, among them the wild garlic
 MOME, blockhead
 MOP, grimace
 MORGLAY, name of Bevis of Southampton's sword
 MORRIS (MOORISH) DANCE, dance in which different personages were represented; the dancer (Morisco) was hung with bells
 MOTION, proposal; puppet-show
 MUTTON, woman of ill repute
- NEAR, nearer; the old proverb runs "early up and never the nearer"
 NEAT, larger horned cattle
 NEAT, dainty, spruce; unmixed
 NICE, fastidious, particular, coy
 NIGHTGOWN, dressing-gown, wrapper
- NILL, not will
 NOCENT, guilty
 NOISE, music, or company of musicians
 NONES, nonce, occasion, time being
 NONST (*see* Nones)
 NOTABLE, remarkable, egregious
 NOWN, short for "mine own"
- ONCE, once for all
 OPPOSITE, OPPOSITION, astronomical terms applied to heavenly bodies when directly opposite one another
 OUT, fallen out
 OVERTHWART, contention, repartee, sharp retort or speech
 OVERWATCH, watch out, watch through
- PAGGLE, hang loosely, like a bag
 PAIR (OF CARDS), pack
 PAISHE, PASHE, passion
 PANTABLES (*see* Pantofles)
 PANTOFLES (PANTOPHLES), ornamented slippers or other rich foot-gear
 PARAGE, lineage, birth
 PARDIE, par Dieu
 PART, depart
 PASS, care, trouble about; exceed bounds or belief
 PASSING, exceedingly
 PASTANCE, pastime
 PATCH, fool, in reference to his motley dress
 PEAT, pet
 PEEVISH(NESS), perverse, capricious, childish, foolish(ness)
 PELTING, paltry
 PENTAGERON, a mystic five-pointed figure of the magicians
 PEREMPTORY, fixed, determined
 PEZZANT, peasant
 PHILAUTIA, self-love
 PHOBETER, god of sleep
 PICKEREL, young pike
 PICKPACK, pick-a-back
 PIGSNIE, little pig, term of endearment
 PIROMANCY, divination by fire
 PITCH, fix
 PLACKERD, placket-hole, pocket
 PLAIN, explain
 POLL, plunder
 PORTACE, portable breviary
 POSY, motto

POTGUN, mocking term for some inefficient weapon, popgun
 POWL (*see* poll)
 POUTING (POUTING), kind of small fish; small kind of whiting, a whiting-pout (Oxford Dict.)
 PRACTICE, treacherous device, intrigue, stratagem
 PREASE, press
 PRESENT(LY), immediate, instant(ly)
 PRETEND, intend
 PRIZE, stake
 PROCURE, induce, persuade
 PROPER, handsome
 PROSECUTE, pursue
 PROSPECTIVE, able to forecast (*see* glass)
 PSALTERY, ancient stringed instrument of the zither type
 PUG, puck, term of endearment
 PURSUIVANT (PERSEVANT), king's messenger, herald
 PURSY, short winded
 QUAIN, fine, dainty, elegant
 QUEAN, hussy
 QUILLER, bird not fully fledged
 QUIRIE, equeiry
 QUITE, requite, repay
 QUOD, quoth
 RABBIT-SUCKER, sucking rabbit
 RACE, erase, obliterate
 RAIL, one of the Rallidæ family of birds
 RATHER, earlier
 RECEIPT, "at —," hunting term; to be at stand to await driven game
 RECK, heed, care
 RECORD, tune, warble
 RECORDER, kind of flageolet
 RECURE, recovery, restoration
 RECURED, healed, recovered
 RECURELESS, beyond cure
 REFERENCE, flowing back
 REMOVE, move; ("whose hearts are removed")
 RENTED, rent, torn
 REPAIR, coming, arrival
 REPINE, show displeasure, dissatisfaction
 REPRIEF, reproof
 RESOLVE YOU, be assured, make up your mind
 RESORT, act of visiting
 REVOLT, overthrown

RID, destroy, do away; rede, advise
 RIDSTALL MAN, stable cleaner, from *rid* or *red* to cleanse, etc. (Collins, after Skeat)
 RIM-RAM-RUFFE, expressive of something high-flown and swaggering
 ROIL, roam, romp
 ROUND(ING), whisper(ing)
 ROUT, assemble
 ROVE, to shoot with rovers, arrows used by archers when aiming at a random mark
 RUFF, old game of cards
 RUFFLERS, brawlers, swaggerers
 RUTH, pity
 SAD(LY), sober, grave, serious(ly)
 SADNESS, seriousness
 SAID SAW, proverb (Halliwell)
 SALAMICH, salamander
 SALE, "by my —," soul
 SALL, shalt
 SAUNCE, santis, sanctus, a hymn to St. Satan
 SAVOUR, scent
 SCAB, term of contempt
 SCALD, word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, etc.
 SCALLOP-SHELL, the badge of the pilgrim
 SCAPE (SKAPE), escapade
 SCAPE, escape
 SCONCE, head
 SECOND, secondary
 SECRETARY, confidant, one to whom secrets are confided
 SECTOUR, executor
 SECURE, confident
 SEEN, skilled, proved
 SENS (*see* since)
 SENSE, feeling, perception
 SENSELESS, devoid of sensation or feeling
 SEWER, officer who served the dishes at table
 SHADOW, screen, excuse ("— Helen's rape"), or foreshadow, "justify us in anticipating, etc." (Collins); depict in painting, pourtray
 SHAMEFAST, shamefaced
 SHEAT, apparently, trim, or some such sense (Whitney)
 SHELF, reef, shoal, rock
 SHENT, blamed, scolded
 SHIFT, cheat, cog, cozen

- SHOOT-ANCHOR, sheet-anchor, chief hope or resource
- SHORT, snappish, cross
- SHREW, beshrew, curse
- SHREWDNESS, shrewishness
- SHROUD, shelter, hide
- SHROW, shrew
- SIB, some one of kin, relative
- SIDE SLOPS, wide breeches
- SILLY, simple, plain
- SIMPLENESS, simplicity, sincerity
- SIMPLES, herbs
- SINCE, already
- SITH, since
- SKILL, have understanding, comprehend; matter, signify
- SKRINE (SCRINE), chest, or case of some kind
- SLIGHT, sleight, artifice
- SLUT, young woman of lower class
- SMOOTH, flatter, cajole
- SMOOTH, soft, mild
- SOOTH, truth, true; "for sooth," in truth
- SOOTH(E), assent to, confirm; humour, flatter
- SORE, fierce, terrible, mighty
- SORRY, sad
- SORT, company
- SORT, turn out, fall out, come to pass
- SPAVIN, disease of horses, causing lameness
- SPED, done for
- SPEED, cause to succeed, prosper
- SPEEDER, one who is successful, who speeds
- SPILL, destroy
- SPIGHT, spite
- SPITE, vex, mortify
- SQUARE, measure, compare with
- STALE, lure, decoy
- STAMMELL, coarse woollen cloth
- STAPLED, with fleece of a certain staple or quality
- STAY, support; check
- STAY, detain, hold back, etc.
- STEM, stern
- STOCK, sword (Dyce); "long stock," fashionable stocking fastened high above the knee (Bullen)
- STOMACH, courage, resolution
- STOMACH, resent
- STORRIE (unexplained)
- STOUND, grief, bewilderment, alarm, or blow, attack
- STOUT, proud, stubborn
- STOUTNESS, obstinacy
- STRANGE, cold, distant, like a stranger
- STRIP, outstrip
- STROND, strand, shore
- STROUTING, swelling
- STYLE (STILE), title
- SUBSISER, under sizar or student
- SUCCESS, result, issue
- SCKET, sweetmeat
- SUPERSTITIOUS, scrupulous
- SUSPECT, suspicion
- SUSPENCE, pause, hesitation
- SWATHE, swadling
- TABLES, note book, tablets
- TAINT, tint
- TAKE ME WITH YOU, "let me understand you," "let me go along with you"; or "don't leave me out of consideration" (Bond)
- TARBOX, shepherd, who carried tar with him for dressing his sheep's sores
- TEISER, teaser, hound
- TEMPER, prepare, bring by mixing, etc., to required state; qualify
- TENDER, cherish, care for
- THEN, than
- THO, "what —," then
- THREAP, contradict
- TICKLING, exciting to any kind of feeling, emotion
- TIMELY, early
- TIRED, attired
- TOIL, net, snare
- TOUCH, touchstone
- TOWARD, in preparation, at hand
- TRASH, money
- TRATTLE, tattle
- TRAVICE, traverse
- TREAT, entreat
- TREY, three
- TRICK, smart
- TRICK UP, adorn
- TRIM, "fine," "capital"
- TROW, think, believe, know
- TRUMP, old game of cards
- TURKIS, turquoise
- TWAY, two
- UMBLES (HUMBLES), the inward parts
- UNACQUAINTED, unknown, unheard of
- UNAPT, unfit
- UNCOUTH, strange, unknown
- UNEQUAL, unjust
- UNETH, scarcely, not easily
- UNKEMBD, uncombed

- UNSMOOTHED, unmoved by flattery
or blandishments
- UNTEWED, undressed, uncombed
(see Nares)
- UNTOWARD, perverse
- UNTRUSS, undo, untie the "points"
(tagged laces) that fastened
different parts of the dress to-
gether *
- USE, to be used or accustomed
- VAIL, lower
- VENIE, venue, bout, hit, or thrust
in fencing
- VILD, vile
- VOUCH, answer for, guarantee
- WAGPASTY, young rascal, jacka-
napes
- WAKE-ROBIN, any species of arum;
cuckoo-pint (Webster)
- WAMBLE, rumble
- WANION, "with a —," with a
vengeance, with a plague (Nares)
- WARD, guard in fencing
- WATCHET, pale blue
- WEALTH, welfare
- WEAN, perhaps for "whean,"
northern English form of "quean,"
woman (Collins)
- WELKIN, sky
- WELT, trimming, border (see Gard)
- WHAYET, quiet
- WHEREAS, where
- WHILST, until
- WHINIARD, short sword or dagger
- WHIPPET, frisk about
- WHIST, silent
- WHIT, jot
- "WHITE SON," term of endearment
- WHUR, hurry, scurry
- WIDE, wide of the mark
- WILL, command
- WINDGALL, disease of horses
- WIT, know
- WITHDRAW, cause to retire
- WONDER, miracle
- WONDER, marvel and admire
- WONDER, used as adjective,
wondrous
- WOODCOCK, simpleton
- WOODEN, mad
- WOOND, wonned, dwelt
- YEAR WHAYLE, erewhile



