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ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

by

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION

by

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All's Well, that Ends Well

INTRODUCTION

DATE

There is no external evidence that will enable us to ascertain the date of composition of All's Well, that Ends Well within positive limits: in the well-known list of Meres in his Palladis Tamia of 1598 there is mention of a play called 'Love's Labour's Won,' and there are passages in All's Well which, as well as the general theme of the play, support the conclusion that it is possibly the one referred to. Various critics at different times have tried to identify 'Love's Labour's Won' with the Taming of the Shrew, the Tempest and Much Ado about Nothing respectively: but there are grave objections to each of these, and it is now generally admitted that either 'Love's Labour's Won' has been lost, or that it was the original title of the present play. If the latter alternative is taken, we should be able to assume not only that the play was written before 1598, but also that it followed Love's Labour's Lost at no very great interval.

On examining the question by the light of internal evidence fresh difficulties present themselves: for, while in some places there are long passages of rhyme in which the thoughts are of the simplest, and where the characters are allowed to express the most practical ideas by 'three-piled hyperboles,' the majority of the play is written in a style that incontestably proves that Shakespeare composed it at a time when he had left such puerilities far behind him. It has therefore been conjectured with comparative certainty, that the play as we have it represents a remodelling of an earlier one, which was probably treated in a distinctly comedy spirit, and may well have borne the title 'Love's Labour's Won,' and that the rhymed passages are
remains of this early version which have been retained for
dramatic purposes. The similarity of the subject to that of
Measure for Measure, and the number of parallels that might be
drawn from this play with Julius Caesar and Hamlet, as well as
the metrical evidence, the humour, and the prose style favour the
supposition that 1602 was the probable date of composition.

Text

There was no quarto edition of this play, and it first appeared
in the Folio edition of 1623. It is one of the worst printed in
the volume, and the emendator has had the fullest scope for his
powers; and this opportunity has been eagerly taken advantage
of.

Source

The primary source of All's Well is the ninth novel of the
third book of Boccaccio's Decameron. An English version of
this had appeared in Paynter’s Palace of Pleasure, and to this,
no doubt, Shakespeare was directly indebted. The story in
Paynter deals with the history of the love of Giletta for the
young and handsome Beltramo. She proceeds to Paris and
cures the king; and as a reward is allowed choice of husband.
Needless to say she selects Beltramo, who immediately deserts
her for the wars between Florence and Sienna. He leaves her
a letter saying he will not acknowledge her as his wife till she
has a son by him and has obtained his ring. She follows him
to Florence, and by the help of an honest lady whom he has
importuned in love, manages to fulfil both conditions. After the
birth of two sons she proceeds to the count’s abode, where he is
holding a great feast, and is accepted as his beloved wife. This,
then, is the crude story which formed the base of All's Well.
Shakespeare, however, has, as usual, given free play to his
invention. Thus the whole of the development of the story is
entirely different: in the story the lady simply presents herself
to her husband and all is ended, while in the play the catastrophe
is brought about by a series of dramatic and moving scenes.
Parolles, the clown, and the Countess Lafeu are independent
creations of the poet. In the story, in fact, all the characters are mere wax figures.

The Characters, etc., of All's Well

Parolles is a masterly sketch of the affected courtier, vicious in his tastes, and a cowardly braggart with sufficient craft to pass among the more simple of the frequenters of the court as a valiant soldier and a wit. His exposure recalls an incident in Nash’s Jack Wilton; but the two portraits are so entirely different that it would be absolutely unwarrantable to suggest that either author was indebted to the other. His existence is thoroughly justified by the intrinsic excellence of the conception, but he is also used by Shakespeare to exemplify the fickle and unmatured judgment of Bertram, and to modify, by the influence that his personality exerts, the responsibility of the hero. Bertram himself, it must be confessed, however, can hardly be defended. Shakespeare insists on his courage and bravery, which is not done in the novel: the influence of Parolles is mentioned by Lafeu, but this trait is not strongly developed. His first speech in the fifth act exerts some small claims on the sympathy of the reader; but this is speedily dispelled by his unmanly conduct in the remainder of the scene.

The king is a perfect little character-sketch: strongly and easily moved both to sympathy and anger, he is, in his own words, ‘not a day of season, for thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail in me at once.’

The Countess Lafeu is perhaps the most delightful of all Shakespeare’s old ladies; and her presence imbues every scene in which she appears with grace and poetry.

Helena, however, is the crowning beauty of the play. The wonderful spirit with which she sets about her task, first of winning and then of reclaiming her love, makes her one of the most attractive of heroines. The extraordinary interest of the creation lies, perhaps, in the skill with which the author, when putting her in the most trying of situations, has averted anything that might form a blur on the modesty and grace of her personality. Beautiful as the play is from a poetical standpoint, it is when considered from a dramatic point of view, wofully
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deficient. There is a conspicuous lack of unity about the whole; the relation of the Countess and Lafeu, striking and charming as the former's characterisation is, to the plot is infinitesimal.

The conclusion, too, is unsatisfactory, for the reader feels that the real problem is only now to begin. These weaknesses, combined with the unpleasantness of the general theme, amply account for the comparative neglect that All's Well has suffered among Shakespeare's plays.
[Not in F.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The References are to First Speeches in each Scene. The Scene in which a Mute appears is given.

KING of France, i.i., p. 11; ii.i., p. 21; iii.44, p. 30; v.iii, p. 79.
DUKE of Florence, III.i., p. 42; iii.1, p. 47.
BERTRAM, Count of Rossillion, i.i., p. 5; ii.23, p. 12; II.l.27, p. 22; iii.9, p. 29; v.3, p. 39; III.iii, p. 48; vi.6, p. 53; IV.i.i, p. 62; iii.80, p. 65; V.iii.36, p. 80: as a Mute, III.v, p. 52.
LAFEW, an old Lord, i.i.6, p. 5; II.i.60, p. 23; iii.1, p. 29; v.1, p. 39; IV.vo, p. 73; V.ii.27, p. 78; iii.12, p. 79.

Capitaine PARROLLES, a cowardly bragging knave, a follower of BERTRAM, i.i., 100, p. 8; II.i.25, p. 21; iii.7, p. 29; iv.13, p. 38; v.15, p. 40; III.vi.40, p. 54; IV.i.24, p. 58; iii.123, p. 65; V.ii.1, p. 77; iii.237, p. 87: as a Mute, i.i, p. 12; III.iii, p. 47; v. p. 52.
A Page, i.i.174, p. 10; and a Messenger, IV.iii.72, p. 65: Servants to BERTRAM.

RYNALDO, a Steward, I.iii.3, p. 13; III.iv.4, p. 48.

LAUATCH, a Clowne, ‘a shrewd knave and an unhappe...’ Servants to the COUNTESS of Rossillion.

Lord G. (or DUMAINE), a French Lord, afterwards a Capitaine in the Florentine armie, i.i.3, p. 11; II.i.5, p. 21; III.i.4, p. 43; vi.3, p. 53; IV.iii.1, p. 63.

Lord E., his brother, also a Capitaine in the Florentine armie, i.i.15, p. 11; II.i.25, p. 22; III.i.9, p. 43; vi.1, p. 53; IV.i.1, p. 58; iii.2, p. 63.

Both Lords speak at I.i.22, p. 21.

French E., III.i.14, p. 45; and French G, III.i.51, p. 45; two French Gentlemen, Envoyes to the Court of Florence.

Four young French Lords, ‘Noble Batchellors’, offered by the KING to HELENAS ‘fRanke election’: 1st Lord, II.iii.75, p. 31; 2nd Lord, 82, p. 32; 4th Lord, 96, p. 32.

The four young French Lords speak at the same time, II.iii.63, p. 31.

A gentle Astringer (called also a Gentleman), V.i.9, p. 76; iii.128, p. 83.

1st Sudaller, the Interpreter of ‘Chouge language’ to PARROLLES, IV.i.7, p. 58; iii.111, p. 66; 2nd Sudaller, IV.i.89, p. 60.

All Soldiers speak at IV.i.63, p. 59.

COUNTESS of Rossillion, mother to BERTRAM, I.i., p. 5; iii.1, p. 13; II.i.i, p. 27; III.i.2, p. 43; iv.1, p. 48; IV.v.7, p. 73; V.iii.4, p. 79.

HELENA (or HELLÉN), daughter of the Phisitian GERARD de NARBON, brought up by the COUNTESS; in love with BERTRAM, I.i.47, p. 6; iii.127, p. 17; II.i.201, p. 24; iii.55, p. 31; iv.1, p. 38; v.54, p. 41; III.iii.45, p. 45; v.21, p. 50; vi.1, p. 56; IV.iv.1, p. 72; V.i.1, p. 76; iii.302, p. 89.

B
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

An old Widdow of Florence, III.v.1, p. 49; VII.4, p. 56; IV.iv.14, p. 72; V.i.24, p. 77; III.161, p. 84.  
DIANA, daughter to the Widdow, 'derived from the ancient Capist,' III.v.3, p. 49; IV.ii.2, p. 61; iv.28, p. 73; V.iii.157, p. 84: as a Mute, V.i. p. 75.  
MARIANA, a neighbour and friend of the Widdow, III.v.9, p. 50.  
VIOLENTA, daughter to MARIANA, speaks together with MARIANA at III. v.98, p. 53.  
Mutes: Diuera young French Lord, going to the Florentine warre, II.i. p. 21; 3rd young French Lord, offered to Helena, II.iii. p. 32. ANTHONIO and ESCALUS, sons to the Dukes of Florence, III.v. p. 52; Lords, Attendants, Soldiers, Servants, French and Florentine.


2 On Day 3, Helena hopes to cure the King in two days' space. See II.ii. 262-269, p. 26. The cure has been effected when the King enters in II.iii. (Day 4).
3 In IV.iii.46, p. 64 (Day 8) Lord G. says that Helena had fled from Rossillon 'some two months since'.
4 Cp. IV.iii.28-39, p. 64, and IV.iii.79, p. 65.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or Sans-serif) is used for all emendations and insertions.

F means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile, &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ë.
All's Well, that Ends Well

[From the First Folio of 1623.]
ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Rossillon. The Counts Palace.

Enter yong Bertram, Count of Rossillon; his Mother, the Countess of Rossillon; HELENA, and Lord LAFEW, alt in blacke.

Mother.

In deliueriing my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Rof. And I, in going, Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his Maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subiection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madame; if you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, muft of neceffity hold his vertue to you, whose worthineffe [8 would fillre it vp where it wanted, rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment? [11

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſtions, Madam; vnder whose pracſes he hath perfecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceffe, but onely the loofing of 'hope' by 'time.' [15

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, (O, that 'had'! how sad a passage tis!) whose skill was almoft as great as his honestie; had it stretch'd fo far, would haue made Nature immortall, and Death should haue play for lacke of worke.

Enter . . . HELENA, and Lord LAFEW] Eneer . . . and Helena, Lord LAFEW F.

5 [I. i. 1-19.
Would, for the Kings fake, hee were liuing! I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

_Laf._ How call'd you the man you speake of, Madam?

_Mo._ He was famous, sir, in his profeffion, and it was his great right to be so: _Gerard de Narbon._

_Laf._ He was excellent indeed, Madam! the King very latelie ipoke of him admiringly and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd stil, if knowledge could be set vp againft mortalitie.

_Ros._ What is it (my good Lord) tne King languifhes of?

_Laf._ A Fistula, my Lord.

_Ros._ I heard not of it before

_Laf._ I would it were not notorious. ¶ Was this Gentle-woman the Daughter of _Gerard de Narbon?_

_Mo._ His sole childe, my Lord; and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions thee inherits, which makes faire [36] gifts fairer; for where an vnclean mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty; they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simple-neffe: she derives her honestie, and atcheues her goodneffe. 40

_Lafew._ Your commendations, Madam, get from her, teares.

_Mo._ 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can feaflon her praife in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from [44] her cheeke. ¶ No more of this, Helena! go to, no more! leaft it be rather thought you affect a sorrow then to haue . . .

_Hell._ I doe 'affect a sorrow' indeed; but I haue it too!

_Laf._ Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excelle greefe the enemie to the liuing.

_Mo._ If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excelle makes it soone mortall.

_Ros._ [kneeling] Maddam, I desire your holie wishes!

_Laf._ [aside] How vnderstand we that?

_Mo._ Be thou blest _Bertrame!_ and succeed thy father In manners, as in shape! thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right! Loue all, truft a few,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Doe wrong to none; be able for thine enemie,
Rather in power then vfe, and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key; Be checkt for silence,
But neuer tax'd for speech! What heaven more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head! [Ber. rises] Farewell, my Lord!
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier; good my Lord,
Adieu he!

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven bleffe him! Farwell, Bertram!

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be
servants to you! [Exit Countess. Ber. to Hel.] Be comfortable to my mother, your Mistres, and make much of her!

Laf. Farewell, prettie Lady! you must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.]

Hell. O, were that all! I thinke not on my father;
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him: My imagination
Carries no favoure in't but Bertrams!
I am vndone: there is no lining, none,
If Bertram be away! 'Twere all one,
That I should love a bright particular starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me!
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Muft I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion,
Muft die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague,
To see him euerie houre; to fit and draw
His arch'd browes, his hawking eie, his curles,
In our hearts table; heart too capable
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet favoure:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Muft sanctifie his Reliques!—Who comes heere?
One that goes with him: I love him for his fake;
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward;
Yet these fixt euils fit fo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues freely bones
Lookes bleake i’th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisedome weighting on superfluous follie.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Saue you, faire Queene!

Hel. And you, Monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I. You have some staine of soulier in you: Let mee ask you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie; how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out!

Hel. But he affailes; and our virginitie, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resistance!

Par. There is none: Man, setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleffe our poore Virginity from underminers and blowers-vp! Is there no Military policy, how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry, in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferue [120 virginitie. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease; and there was never Virgin got, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being euer [124 kept, it is euer lost: ’tis too cold a companion; Away with’t!

Hel. I will stand for’t a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There’s little can bee faide in’t; ’tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience! He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it selfe; [131 and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit,
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as a desperate Offendrefle against Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheefe; confumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. [135 Besides, Virginitie is peeuifh, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited finne in the Cannon. Keep it not! you cannot choose but loose by't: Out with't! within the yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase; [139 and the principall it selfe not much the worfe. Away with't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee fee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne're it likes! 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glofe with lying; The [143 longer kept, the leffe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible! Anfive the time of request! Virginitie, like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion; richly futed, but vnfitable: inft like the brooch & the toothpick, which were¹ not now. [147 Your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares; it lookes ill, it eates drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd peare; it was formerly better; [151 marry, yet 'tis a wither'd peare! Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet!²

There shall your Matter have a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Mifitreffe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddefte, and a Soueraigne,
A Counfellor, a Traitoreffe, and a Deare!
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His iarring concord, and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet diuifture: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chrifteendomes,
That blinking Cupid goffips! Now shall he . . .
I know not what he shal. God send him well!
The Courts a learning place, and he is one . . .

Par. What 'one,' ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pitty . . .

Par. What's 'pitty?'

---

¹ wear, are worn
² Hanmer inserted You're for the Court after yet. But the discon-
tinuity in the text better marks Hel.'s abrupt outbreak as to Ber-
tram, of whom her heart and mind have all along been full.

[1. i. 133-167.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt; that we, the poorer borne, Whose softer stars do shut vs vp in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And shew what we alone must thinke; which neuer Returns vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur Parrolles, my Lord calls for you! [Exit. Par. Little Hellen, farewell! if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur Parrolles, you were borne vnder a charitable starre!

Par. Vnder Mars, I!

Hel. I especially thinke, 'vnder Mars.'

Par. Why 'vnder Mars?'

Hel. The warres hath so kept you 'vnder,' that you must needs be borne 'vnder Mars.'

Par. When he was predominant!

Hel. When he was retrograde, I thinke, rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when feare propofes the safetie: but the compofition, that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll. I am fo full of businesjes, I cannot anfwere thee acutely. I will returne perfect Courtier; in the which, my in- struction shall ferue to naturalize thee, fo thou wilt be capable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderstand what advice shall throuth vppon thee; elfe thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell! When thou haft leysure, fay thy praiers; when thou haft none, remember thy Friends! Get thee a good husband, and vfe him as he vfe thee! So, farewell! [Exit. 200

Hel. Our remedies oft in our felues do lye, Which we acribe to heauen: the fated skye Givs vs free scope; onely doth backward pull Our flow desigues, when we our felues are dull. What power is it, which mounts my loue fo hye; 204

I. i. 168-205.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

That makes me fee, and cannot feede mine eye? 206
The mightiefi space in Fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like likes, and kiffe like natine things. 208
Imposible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in fence; and do suppose 210
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever ftrone
To fhow her merit, that did misfe her loue?— 212
The Kings disease... My proieft may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leane me. [Exit. 214

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.


Flourifh Cornets. Enter the King of France supported, with
Letters: Lords and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th'eares; 1
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauning warre.

1. Lo. G. (the elder Dumaine) 1 So tis reported, fir.
   King. Nay, tis moft credible; we heere receiue it 4
   A certaintie, vouch'd from our Cofin Austria,
   With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs
   For speedie ayde; wherein our deereft friend
   Preindicates the businesse, and would feeme
   To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G. 8
   His loue and wisedome.
   Approu'd fo to your Maiefty, may pleade
   For ampleft credence.
   King. He hath arm'd our anfwer,
   And Florence is deni'de before he comes: 12
   Yet, for our Gentlemen that meane to fee
   The Tuscan feruice, freely haue they leane
   To ftand on either part.

2. Lo. E. (the younger Dumaine) It well may ferve 16
   A nurfferie to our Gentrie, who are ficke
   For breathing, and exploit.
   King. What's he comes heere.

1 See note at end of play.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lor. G. It is the Count Rosignoll, my good Lord, Yong Bertram.

    King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face;
Franke Nature, rather curious then in hast,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Fathers morall parts,
Maist thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris!

    Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.

    Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father and my selfe, in friendship,
First tride our soouldiership! He did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Dificpled of the braueft: He lafted long;
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act. It much repaires me
To talke of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords; (but they may ieft
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnoted,
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour,
So like a Courtier!; contempt nor bitternesse
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them; and his honour
(Clocke to it selfe) knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

    Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe;
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

    King. Would I were with him! He would alwaies say:

43. And] Aud (turned n) F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

(Me thinkes I heare him now; his planifie words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them,
To grow there and to beare:) 'Let me not liue,'
(This his good melancholly oft began,
On the Catastrophe and heele of paftime,
When it was out,) 'Let me not liue' (quoth hee)
'After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirts, whose apprehenfiue fenfes,
All but new things disdaine; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions!' This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him with too,
(Since I, nor wax nor honie can bring home,)
I quickly were disfolued from my hius,
To give some Laborers roome.

L. 2. E. You'r louéd, Sir,
They, that leaft lend it you, shall lacke you first.

Kin. I fill a place, I know't. ¶ How long ift, Count,
Since the Phyfician at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fix moneths since, my Lord.

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet; 72 [out
([To Attendants.] Lend me an arme!) the rest haue wore me
With feuerall applications: Nature and ficknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count!
My fonne's no dearer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty! 76

[Exeunt. Flourish.

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Rossillon. The Counts Palace.

Enter Counteffe, Steward (Rynaldo), and Clowne
(Laatch) behind.

Coun. I will now heare: What say you of this gentle-
woman?

Ste. Maddam, the care I haue had to euen your content, I
wilh might be found in the Kalender of my past endeouours;

76. Exeunt.] Exit F. 13 [I. ii. 53-76; iii. 1-4.
for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearness of our defervings, when of our felues we publish them.

Coun. [seeing Clo.] What doe's this knaue heere? ¶ Get you gone, sirra! the complaints I haue heard of you, I do not all beleue: 'tis my flownesse that I doe not; for I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you, Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well, sir!

Clo. No, madam! 'tis not fo 'well' that I am poore; though manie of the rich are damn'd: but, if I may haue your Ladifhips good will to 'goe to the world,' Isbell the woman and I will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this cafe.

Cou. In what cafe?

Clo. In Isbels cafe and mine owne. 'Service is no heritage:' and I thinke I shall never haue the bleffing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie; for they say, 'barnes are bleffings.'

Cou. Tell me thy reafon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie, Madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and 'hee muſt needes goe, that the diuell drives.'

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reafon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I haue other holie reafons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene, Madam, a wicked creature, (as you and all fleſh and blood are;) and, indeede, I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage, sooner then thy wickedneſſe!

Clo. I am out a friends, Madam; and I hope to haue friends for my wines fake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies, knaue!

Clo. Y'are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of. He,
that eres my Land, spares my teame, and givis mee leaue to Inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, hee's my drudge: he [44 that comforts my wife, is the cherishe of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishe my flesh and blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisse my wife is my friend. If men could be [48 contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage; for yong Charlon the Puritan, and old Powjam the Papift, howfomere their hearts are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one; they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

**Cou.** Wilt thou euer be a foule-mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

**Clo.** A Prophet, I, Madam; and I speake the truth the next waie:

*For I the Ballad will repeate,*

_Which men full true shal finde;_

_Your marriage comes by defamie,*

_Your Cuckow fings by kinde._  

**Cou.** Get you gone, fir! Ile talke with you more anon.

**Stew.** May it please you, Madam, that hee bid Hellen come to you: of her I am to speake.

**Cou.** Sirra! tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her; Hellen, I meane.

**Clo.** [sings] ' _Was this faire face the cause,' quoth she,*

' _Why the Grecians sack'd Troy?_  

Fond done, done fond,*

_Was this King Priams joy?'_  

With that she figh'd as she stood,*

And gave this sentence then:

' _Among nine bad, if one be good,*

Among nine bad, if one be good,*

There's yet one good in ten._'  

**Cou.** What, ' one good in tenne'? you corrupt the song, firra!

**Clo.** One good woman in ten, Madam; which is a purifying ath'fong: would God would ferue the world so all the yeere! wee'd finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were

[I. iii. 43-80]
the Parfon. 'One in ten,' quoth a! And wee might [81 have a good woman borne but ore¹ euerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well: a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone, sir knaue, and doe as I command you!

Clo. That man shoulde be at womans command, and yet no hurt done! (Though honeste be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt; it will weare the Surplis of humilitie over the [88 Blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart.) [Cou. menaces him.] I am going, forsooth: the businesse is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Cou. Well, now

Stew. I know, Madam, you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith, I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee; and she her selfe, without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as shee findes: there is more owing her then is paid; and more shall be paid her then sheele demand. 97

Stew. Madam, I was (verie late) more neere her then I thinke shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares; shee thought (I dare vowe for her) they toucht not anie straunger fence. [101 Her matter was, shee loued your Sonne: Fortune, shee said, was no goddesse, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Loue no god, that would not extend his might, onelie where qualities were lenell; Diana no Queene of [105 Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward! This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaine in: which I held my dutie speedily to [109 acquaint you withall; fitthence, in the losse that may happen, it concemres you something to know it. [111

Cou. You haue discharg'd this honeste; keepe it to your selfe! manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottering in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt. Praie you, leaue mee: ftall this in your [115 bofome; and I thanke you for your honeste care! I will speake with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Old. Cou. Euen so it was vwith me when I was yong: 118
All's Well, that Ends Well.

If ever we are Natures, these are ours; this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is borne;
It is the show, and seal of Natures truth,
Where Louses strong passion is imprest in youth:
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them none.

Enter Hellen.

Her eie is sicke on't: I obserue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure, Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know, Hellen, [Hel. starts.

I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Misfris!

Ol. Cou. Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I sed, 'a mother,'
Me thought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your 'mother';
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwombéd mine: 'tis often seene,
Adoption fruies wth Nature; and choise breedes
A natuie slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You were opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care!—
(Gods mercie, maiden!) dos it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy 'mother'? What's the matter,
That this distermed messenger of wet,
The manic colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
—Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not

Old. Cou. I say, I am your Mother!

Hell. Pardon, Madam!

The Count Rofillian cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, be from honored name;
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble:
My Master, my deere Lord he is; and I
His servuant liue, and will his vassall die!
He must not be my brother!

120. rightlie] righlie F. 125. Enter Hellen.] F (after l. 117).
17 C [L. iii. 119-149.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother?

Hell. You are my mother, Madam; would you were
(So that my Lord, your fonne, were not my brother)

Indeede my 'mother'! or were you both our mothers, 153

I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

So I were not his sister! Can't no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my 'brother'?

Old. Cou. Yes, Hellen, you might be my daughter in law:

God shield you meane it not! 'daughter' and 'mother'

So strieue vpon your pulse. What, pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see 160

The mistrie of your lonelinesse! and finde

Your falt teares head! now to all fence 'tis groffe,

You loue my fonne! intuenion is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dooft not: therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 'tis fo! for, looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it, 'ton to th'other; and thine eies

See it so grofely showne in thy behauiours,

That in their kinde they speake it: onely finne

And hellisf obstinacie tye thy tongue,

That truth shoud be suspected! Speake! ift fo?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clewe;

If it be not, forswear't! how ere I charge thee,

As heauen shall worke in me for thine auail,

To tell me truelie!

Hell. Good Madam, pardon me!

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon, noble Misfris! 176

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you 'loue' him, Madam?

Cou. Goe not about! my loue hath in't a bond,

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come! disgrace

The state of your affection! for your passions

HAUE to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then, I confesse,

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

That before you, and next vnto high heauen,
I loue your Sonne!
My friends were poore, but honest; fo's my loue:
Be not offended! for it hurts not him,
That he is lou'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite;
Nor would I have him till I doe deferne him;
Yet never know how that defert should be!
I know I loue in vaine, stiuue against hope;
Yet, in this captious, and intenible Siue,
I still poure in the waters of my loue,
And lacke not to loose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne, that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but, if your selue,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chastly, and loue darely, that your Dian
Was both her selue and Loue, O, then, give pittie
To her, whose fate is such, that cannot chooze
But lend and giue where she is fure to loose;
That seeke not to finde that her search implies,
But, riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies!

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, (speake truely !)
To goe to Paris?
Hell. Madam, I had.
Cou. Wherefore? tell true!
Hell. I will tell truth; by Grace it selue, I sweare!
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall fouraigntie; and that he wil'd me
In heedfull'f refernation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, yet downe,

192. intenible] F2. intenible F.
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd loft.  

Cou.  
This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speake!

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Elfe Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had, from the conuerfation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.

Cou.  
But thinke you, Hellen,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receive it? He and his Phifitions
Are of a minde; he, that they cannot helpe him;
They, that they cannot helpe: how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
(Embowel'd of their doctrine) haue left off
The danger to it selfe?

Hell.  
There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, (which was the great'ft
Of his profession,) that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacie, be fancified
Byth'luckieft stars in heauen: and, would your honor
But gie me leaue to trie succeffe, I'de venture
The well-loft life of mine on his Graces cure,
By such a day, and houre.

Cou.  
Doo'ft thou beleueue't?

Hell. I, Madam, knowingly.

Cou. Why, Hellen, thou haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court! Ile staie at home,
And praie Gods bleffing into thy attempt.
Begon to morrow, and be fure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not mifle!  [Exeunt. 246

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1 Happily = Haply.  
2 a = one.  
239. and] an F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.


Enter the King, supported; with divers yong Lords taking leave for the Florentine warre: Count Rossillion, Parrolles and Attendants. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell, yong Lords; these warlike principles, Doe not throw from you! ([to Lords G. & E.] and you, my Lords, farewell!) Share the aduice betwixt you! if both gaine, all The guift doth stretch it felfe as 'tis receiu'd, And is enough for both.

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope, sir, After well entred fouldiers, to returne And finde your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be! and yet my heart Will not conffeffe he owes the mallady That doth my life besiege. ¶Farwell, yong Lords! Whether I liue or die, be you the fonnes Of worthy French men! let higher Italy (Those bated that inherit but the fall Of the laft Monarchy) see that you come, Not to wooe honour, but to wed it; when The braueft queftant shrinkes, finde what you seeke, That Fame may cry you loud! I say, farewell!

L. E. Health, at your bidding, ferue your Maiesty!

King. Thofe girles of Italy, take heed of them!
They fay, our French lacke language to deny, If they demand: beware of being Captiues Before you ferue!

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell! [To Attendants.] Come hether to me! [Exit, supported.

1. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord, that you wil fay behind vs!
Parr. 'Tis not his fault, the flark!


[II. i. 1-24.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

2. Lo. E. Oh, 'tis braue warres! 25
Parr. Most admirable! I haue seene those warres.
Roff. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with
'Too young', and 'the next yeere', and 'tis too early'. 28
Parr. And thy minde stand to't, boy, steale away brauely!
Roff. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Mafonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no fword wore 32
But one to dance with! By heauen, Ie steale away!

1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft!
Parr. Commit it, Count!

2. Lo. E. I am your accesseary; and so, farewell!
Rof. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body! 36
1. Lo. G. Farewell, Captaine!
2. Lo. E. Sweet Mounfier Parolles!
Parr. Noble Heroes, my fword and yours are kinne!
Good sparkes and luftrous, a word, good mettals! You [40
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spiniij, one Captaine
Spurio, his fcatrice, with an Embleme of warre, heere on his
finifter cheque; it was this very fword entrench'd it: say to
him I liue, and ofuerue his reports for me!

Lo. G. We shall, noble Captaine.
Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices! [Exeunt Lords.]

What will ye doe?
Roff. Stay! the King!

Re-enter King, supported. Ros. and Par. go apart.
Parr. Vfe a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords;
you haue restrain'd your selfe within the Lift of too cold an
adieu: be more expreffive to them: for they weare them-
selves in the cap of the time; there do muster true gate, [52
eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of the moft re-
ceiu'd starre; and, though the deuill leade the meafure, fuch
are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated
farewell!

Roff. And I will doe fo!
Parr. Worthy fellowes; and like to prooue moft finewie
fword-men! 56

[Exeunt.

29. to't] too't F.
37. Farewell] Farewill F. 1 A patch or plaster.—B. Nichol-
son. Cp. IV. v. 87-89, pp. 75, 76.
II. i. 25-59.] 22
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. [kneeling] Pardon, my Lord, for mee and for my tidings! 60

King. Ile fee thee to stand vp.

L. Laf. [rising] Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon!

I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aske me mercy; And that, at my bidding, you could so stand vp! 64

King. I would I had; fo I had broke thy pate, And askt thee mercy for't!

Laf. Good faith, a-croffe! but, my good Lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie? 68

King. No!

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royall foxe?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, and if My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine, 72 That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari,
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch Is powerfull to arayfe King Pippen, nay,
To giue great Charlemaigne a pen in's hand, And write to her a loue-line! 76

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, doctor She! My Lord, there's one arriu'd, 80 If you will fee her: . . . now, by my faith and honour, (If seriously I may conuay my thoughts In this my light deliuerance,) I haue spoke
With one, that, in her fexe, her yeeres, profession, Wifedome, and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more Then I dare blame my weakenesse! will you fee her, (For that is her demand,) and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me!

King. Now, good Lafew, 88

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee May fpend our wonder too, or take off thine By wondering how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

And not be all day neither! [Exit. 92

King. Thus he, his speciell nothing, euer prologues!

Re-enter LaFEW, with HELLEN.

Laf. Nay, come your waies!

King. This hafte hath wings indeed!

Laf. Nay, come your waies!

This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him! 96
A Traitor you doe looke like; but such traitors
His Maiestie feldome feares: I am Crefieds Vncle,
That dare leave two together; far you well! [Exit.

King. Now, faire one, do's your buines follow vs?

Hel. I, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praiies towards him; 104
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chiefe one,
Which, (as the dearest issue of his practice,
And, of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,) 108
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two, more deare: I haue fo;
And, hearing your high Maiestie is toucht
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour 112
Of my deare fathers gift stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thanke you, maiden;

But may not be fo credulous of cure, 116
When our moft learnèd Doctors leaue vs; and
The congregate Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ransome Nature
From her inaydible estate: I say, we must not 120
So ftaine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure mallasie
To empericks; or to diffueer fo 123

93. Re-enter . . . Hellen.] Enter Hellen. F (after 'come your waies,' l. 94).

II. i. 92-123.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A fenceleffe helpe, when helpe past fence we deeme!

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humblly intreating from your royall thoughts
A modest one, to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee leffe, to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtft to helpe me; and such thanks I giue,
As one neere death to those that with him live:
But, what at full I know, thou knowft no part;
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie.
He that of greatest workes is finifher,
Oft does them by the weakeft minister:
So holy Writ in babes hath judgement showned,
When Judges have bin babes; great floods have fliowne
From simple fources; and great Seas have dried,
When Miracles have by the greatest beeene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moft oft there
Where moft it promifes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeft, and defpaire moft sits.

King. I muft not heare thee! fare thee wel, kind maide!
Thy paines, not vs'd, muft by thy felfe be paid:
Proffers, not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard:
It is not fo with Him that all things knowes,
As 'tis with vs that fquare our gueffe by showes;
But moft it is prefunption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare fir, to my endeauours give consent!
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment!
I am not an Imposture, that proclaime
My selfe againft the leuill of mine aime;
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moft sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

142. greatest] Theobald. great'st (Theobald conj.). shifts F.
F. Theobald also read miracles for miracles.
145. sit's] Pope. fits Collier
156. Imposture] Impostrue F. Impostor F3.
[II. i. 124-159.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'ft thou my cure?

Hel. The great'ft Grace lending grace, 161

Ere twice the horfes of the funne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring; 163

Ere twice, in murke and occidentall dampe,
Moift Hesperus hath quench'd her sleppy Lampe; 165

Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaffe
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe; 167

What is infirme, from your found parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and fickenesse freely dye. 169

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'ft thou venter?

Hel. Taxe of impudence, 171

A ftrumpets boldneffe, a divulg'd flame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads! my maidens name 173

Seard otherwise; ne, worse of worft extended,
With wildeft torture, let my life be ended! 175

King. Methinks in thee some bleffed fpirit doth speake
His powerfull found within an organ weake!
And what impossibility would flay
In common fence, fence faues another way.
Thy life is deere; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eftimate;
Youth, beauty, wifedome, courage, all
That happines and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muft intimate
Skill infinite, or monftrous desperate.
Sweet praftifer, thy Phyficke I will try,
That minifters thine owne death, if I die!

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpitied let me die,
And well deferu'd! not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I helpe, what doe you promife me?

King. Make thy demand!

Hel. But will you make it euen?

King. I, by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe! 8
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command: 195
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ; 199
But such a one, thy vaflall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beftow.

Kin. Heere is my hand! the premifes obferv'd,
Thy will, by my performance fhall be feru'd: 203
So make the choice of thy owne time; for I,
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee ftil releye:
More fhould I queftion thee, and more I muft,
(Though more to know, could not be more to truft,)
From whence thou cam'ft, how tended on: but reft,
Vnqueftion'd, welcome; and vn doubted, bleff.
¶ Give me fome helpe heere, hoa! ¶ If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed fhall match thy deed!

[Florijh. Exeunt. The KING supported.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

RossiUlion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Counteffe and Clowne.

Lady (Counteffe). Come on, sir; I fhall now put you to
the height of your breeding!

Clown. I will fhew my felfe highly fed, and lowly taught:
I know my bufineffe is but to the Court.

Lady. 'To the Court!' why, what place make you speciall,
when you put off that with fuch contempt? 'But to the
Court'!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-
ers, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kiffe his hand, and fay nothing,
has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and, indeed, fuch a
fellow, to fay precifely, were not for the Court: but, for [i2
me, I haue an anfwere will ferue all men.

211. Exeunt.] Exit. F.

27 [II. i. 194-211; ii. 1-13.
Lady. Marry, that's a bountifull anfwere, that fits all questions!

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire, that fits all buttockes; [16
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke,
or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anfwere ferue fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attourney, [20
as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as Tibs rush
for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrue-tuesday, a
Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold
to his home, as [24
the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth; nay, as the pudding to his
skin.

Lady. Haue you, I fay, an anfwere of such fitneffe for all
questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conftable,
it will fit any question.

Lady. It muft be an anfwere of moft monfrous fize, that
muft fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier; it hall doe you no
harne to learne!

Lady. To be young againe, if we could! I will bee a
foole in queftion, hoping to bee the wifer by your anfwer.
'I pray you, fir, are you a Courtier?'

Clo. 'O Lord, fir!' . . . (There's a simple putting off!
more, more, a hundred of them!)

La. 'Sir, I am a poore friend of yours, that loues you.'

Clo. 'O Lord, fir!' . . . (Thicke, thicke, spare not me!)

La. 'I think, fir, you can eate none of this homely meate?'

Clo. 'O Lord, fir!' . . . (Nay, put me to't, I warrant you!)

La. 'You were lately whipt, fir, as I thinke.'

Clo. 'O Lord, fir!' . . . (Spare not me!)

La. 'Doe you crie, 'O Lord, fir!' at your whipping, and
'spare not me'? Indeed, your 'O Lord, fir!' is very frequent
to your whipping: you would anfwere very well to a whip-
ning, if you were but bound to't!

Lady. Marry, that Ends Well.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Clo. I nere had worfe lucke in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may ferue long, but not ferue euer!

La. I play the noble hufwife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole! 55

Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' ... (Why, there's ferues well agen!)

La. An end, sir! to your business! Give Helen this!

[Glues a Letter.

And urge her to a prefent anfwer backe;
Commend me to my kinfmen, and my fonne:

This is not much!

Clo. 'Not much' commendation to them.

La. 'Not much' imployment for you: you vnderfand me?

Clo. Moft fruitfully: I am there, before my legges.

La. Hast1 thou agen! [Exeunt. 64

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Paris. The King's Palace.

Enter Count ROSSILLION, LAFEW, and PAROLLES.

Old Laf. They fay, miracles are paff; and we have ou Philofophicall perffons, to make moderne and familiar, things supernaturall and caufelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours; enfconcing our felves into feeming knowledge, when we fhould submit our felves to an unknowne feare.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareft argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times!

Rof. And fo 'tis!

Ol. Laf. To be relinquiht of the Artifts, ... 10

(Par. So I fay; both of Galen and Paracelsus!)

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellowes, ...

(Par. Right! fo I fay.)

Ol. Laf. That gaue him out incurable, ... 14

(Par. Why, there 'tis! fo fay I too.)

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd, ...

(Par. Right! as 'twere a man affir'd of a . . .)

57. An] Rowe (ed. 2). And F. 63. legges] legegs F.

\[IL ii. 52-64; iii. 1-17.

1 Hast = Haste.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Laf. Vncertaine life, and furé death. 18
(Par. Luft! you fay well; fo would I haue faid!)
Ol. Laf. I may truly fay, it is a noueltie to the world!
Par. It is, indeede, if you will haue it in fhewing; you fhall
reade it in ... what do ye call there? 22
Par. That’s it! I would haue faid the verie fame.
Ol. Laf. Why, your Dolphin 1 is not luftier: fore mee, I
fpeake in refpeft ... 26
Par. Nay, ’tis strange, ’tis very strange, that is the breefe
and the tedious of it; and he’s of a moft facinerious fpirit, that
will not acknowledge it to be the ... 30
Ol. Laf. Very hand of heav’en ... 30
Par. I! fo I fay.
Ol. Laf. In a moft weake ... 30
Par. And debile minifter, great power, great transcendence;
which fhou’d, indeede, giue vs a further vie to be made, then
alone the recon’ry of the King, as to bee ... 35
Old Laf. Generally thankfull.
Par. I would haue faid it; you fay well. Heere comes
the King! 38

Enter King, Hellen, and Attendants.

Ol. Laf. ‘Luftique,’ 2 as the Dutchman faies! Ie like a
maide the better whil’ft I haue a tooth in my head: why,
he’s able to leade her a Carranto!
Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen? 42
Ol. Laf. Fore God, I thinke fo!
King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court!

[Exit an Attendant.

If Sit, my Preferuer, by thy patients fide;
And with this healthfull hand, whose banifht fence
Thou haft repeal’d, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis’d guift,
Which but attends thy naming!

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide, fend forth thine eye! this youthfull parcell 50

1 Dolphin = Dauphin.
2 'Lustique,' Pleasant, Delightfull, or Delicious.—Hexham, 1660.
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,  
Ore whom, both Soueraigne power and fathers voice  
I haue to vfe: thy franke elecution make!  
Thou haft power to choyce, and they none to forfake!  

_Hel._ [to _Lords_] To each of you, one faire and vertuous  
_Mistris,_  
Fall, when Loue please! marry, to each but one!  
_Old Lef._ I'd giue bay _Curtall_, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,  
And writ as little beard!  

_King._  
Peruse them well!  
Not one of those but had a Noble father.  

[She addresseth her _to the Lords._  

_Hel._ Gentlemen,  
Heauen hath, through me, restor'd the King to health.  
_All._ We understand it, and thanke heauen for you!  
_Hel._ I am a simple Maide; and therein wealthieft,  
That I protest I simpfly am a Maide!—  
"I please it your Maiesties, I haue done already!"  
The blusses in my cheekes thus whisper mee,  
"We blush that thou shou'dst choyce; but, be refused,  
Let the white death fit on thy cheeke for ever;  
Wes'll nere come there again!"  

_King._  
Make choyce; and, see,  
Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee!  
_Hel._ Now, _Dian_, from thy Altar do I fly;  
And to imperiell Loue, that God moft high,  
Do my sighes streame!—[To _1. Lo._] Sir, wil you heare my suite?  
_1. Lo._ And grant it.  
_Hel._ Thankes, fir; all the rest is mute!  
_Ol. Lef._ I had rather be in this choyce then throw Ameface for my life!  
_Hel._ [to _2. Lo._] The honor, fir, that flames in your faire eyes,  
Before I speake, too threatnningly replies:  
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue  
Her that so vvishes, and her humble loue!  
_2. Lo._ No better, if you pleafe.  
_Hel._ My wish receiue,  
Which great Loue grant, and so I take my leaue!
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd; or I would fend them to'th Turke, to make Euuuches of!

Hel. [to 3. Lo.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take; Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne fake! Blessing vpon your vowes! and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed!

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice; they'le none haue her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French nere got em.

La. (Hel.) [to 4. Lo.] You are too young, too happie, and too good,

To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood!

4. Lord. Fair one! I thinke not so!

Ol. Lord. (Laf.) There's one grape yet: I am sure thy father drunke wine! But if thou be'ft not an affe, I am a youth of fouretteene; I haue knowne thee already!

Hel. [to Bertram] I dare not say I take you; but I give Me and my servise, euer whilst I live Into your guiding power. ¶ This is the man!

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her! shee's thy wife!

Ber. My 'wife'! my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes, In such a busines, give me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne cies!

King. Know'ft thou not, Bertram,

What shee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord;

But neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'ft shee ha's rais'd me from my fickly bed.

Ber. But followes it, my Lord, to bring me downe Must anfwer for your raisung? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poore Physitians daughter, my wife! Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer!

King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build vp. Strange is it that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

92. her] heere F.
Would quite confound distinction, yet stands off
In differences so mightie! If she be
All that is vertuous, (faue what thou dislik’ft,
‘A poore Phisitians daughter,’ thou dislik’ft
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so!
From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th’ doers deede:
Where great additions dwell’s, and vertue none,
It is a dropfiel honour: Good alone
Is good, without a name; Vilenesse is so:
The propertie, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire;
In thefe, to Nature shee’s immediate heire;
And thefe breed honour: that ishonours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them deriue,
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a flaue
Debofi’d on enerie tombe, on enerie graue;
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where duft, and damn’d obliuion, is the Tombe
Of honour’d bones indeed! What should be faide?
If thou canft like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the ref’t: Vertue, and shee,
Is her owne dower; Honour, and wealth, from mee!

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will strive to doo’t!

King. Thou wrong’ft thy selfe, if thou hold’ft strue to choofe.

Hel. That you are well restor’d, my Lord, I’me glad:
Let the ref’t go!

King. My Honor’s at the fackle!—Which to defeate, ²
I muſt produce my power! Heere, take her hand,
Proud fcomfull boy! vnworthie this good gift,
That doft in vile mifpriſion fackle vp

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² Which to defeate; that is, the dishonour which Ber.’s refuſal will bring upon me, a thought unexpressed by the King. Or ‘the mere fact that the King’s honour is at the stake, like a criminal, is in itself a dishonour, which to defeate, he says—to defeat which dishonourable predicament,—I muſt produce my power.’—B. N.

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1 From lowest place, sc. from that lowest place.
128. it is is F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

My lone, and her desert; that canst not dreame,
We (poizing vs in her defectiu ecale)
Shall weigh thee to the beame; that wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour where

154

We please to have it grow! Checke thy contempt!
Obey Our will, which travailes in thy good!
Beleeue not thy difdaine, but presentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes;
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the staggers, and the careleffe lapfe
Of youth and ignorance; both my reuenge and hate
Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie! Speake! thine anfwer!

158

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord! for I submit
My fancie to your eies: when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I finde that she, which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praifed of the King; who, fo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, borne so!

162

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine! to whom I promise
A counterpoize; If not to thy estate,
A ballance more repleat.

166

Ber. I take her hand.

170

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King,
Smile vpon this Contráct! whose Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,¹
And be perform'd to night: the solemn Feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. ¶ As thou lou'ft her,
Thy lone's to me Religious; else, do's erre! [Exeunt. 174

181

Parolles and Læfew stay behind, commenting of this
wedding.

Læf. Do you heare, Monsieur? A word with you!
Par. Your pleafure, sir.
Læf. Your Lord and Mafter did well to make his recantation

¹ The now created document, or Contract of Marriage.

II. iii. 151-184.] 34
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. 'Recantation'? My 'Lord'? my 'Master'? 185
Laf. I! Is it not a Language I speake?
Par. A moft harfth one, and not to bee vnnderstoode without bloudie fucceeding! My 'Master'!
Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Rofillion? 189
Par. To any 'Count'; to all Counts; to what is man!
Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maifter is of another ftile.
Par. You are too old, sir! Let it satisfie you, you are too old!
Laf. I muft tell thee, sirrah, I write Man; to which title age cannot bring thee!
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did thinke thee, for two ordinaries, to bee a prettie wife fellow; thou didft make tollerable vent of thy tranell; it might pafte: yet theScarffes and the bannerets about thee did manifoldlie d iff wedge me from beleeing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee: when I loofe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp; and that thou'rt scarce worth. 204
Par.Hadst thou not the pruiledge of Antiquity vpon thee, . . .
Laf. Do not plundge thy felfe too farre in anger, leaft thou haften thy triall; which if . . . Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen! So, my good window of Lettice, fare thee well! thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand!
Par. My Lord, you giue me moft egregious indignity!
Laf. I, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it!
Par. I haue not, my Lord, deserre'd it. 214
Laf. Yes, good faith, en'rv dramme of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple!
Par. Well, I shall be wiser . . .
Laf. Eu'n as foone as thou can't, for thou haft to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie! If euer thou bee'ft bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage! I haue a desire to holde my acquaint- [221 ance with thee, (or rather my knowledge,) that I may fay, in the default, 'he is a man I know'!
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation. Laf: I would it were hell paines for thy fake, and my poore doing eternall! for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue! [Exit. 227]

Par. Well, thou haft a fonne shall take this disgrace off me; fcurny, old, filthy, fcurny Lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority! Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meeete him with any conuenience, [231 and he were double and double a Lord! Ile hane no more pittie of his age then I would haue of . . . Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen! 234

Re-enter Laffew.

Laf. Sirra! your 'Lord' and 'mafter's' married! there's newes for you: you haue a new Miftris! 236

Par. I moft vnfainedly befeech your Lordshippe to make some referuation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord: whom I ferue aboue, is my mafter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. I, sir!

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy mafter. Why dooeft thou garter vp thy armes a this fashiou? Doft make hone of thy fleeues? Do other ferveants fo? Thou wert beft fet thy lower part where thy nose ftands! By mine Honor, [245 if I were but two houres yonger, I'd beate thee! meethink'ft thou art a generall offence, and euery man fhould beate thee: I thinke thou waft created for men to breath themfelues vpon thee!

Par. This is hard and vndeferued meafure, my Lord!

Laf. Go, to, sir! you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat; you are a vagabond, and no true traueller! you are more fawcie with Lorde and honourable perfonages, then the Commision of your birth and [254 vertue giues you Heraldry! You are not worth another word, elfe I'de call you 'knaue'. I leaue you! [Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is fo then! good, very good! let it be conceald' awhile! 258

\[251. \text{to} \] too F.

\[\text{II. iii. 224-258.}\]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Rof. Vdone, and forfeited to cares for euer!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Rofill. Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What! what, sweet heart?

Rof. O my Parrollés, they haue married me!

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits to the warres!

Rof. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I, that would be knowne: To the warres, my boy, to the warres!

Rof. It shall be so! Ile send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; Write to the King That which I durft not speake: His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields Where noble fellows strike. Warres is no strife To the darke house, and the detested wife!

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Rof. Go with me to my chamber, and aduise me!

Ile send her straight away: To morrow Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow!

Par. Why, these bals bound; ther's noise in it! Tis hard: A yong man married, is a man that's mard! Therefore away, and leane her; brauely go!

The King ha's done you wrong; but, hufh, 'tis so! [Exeunt.]

258. Enter... F (after l. 256). 277. toth] tooth F.
267. toth] tooth F. 284. detested] Rowe, detected F.
270. toth... toth] tooth... 286. aduise] aduice F.
tooth F. 292. Exeunt. Exit. F.
1 heare = here.

[II. iii. 259-292.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

Parz. The Kings Palace.

Enter HELENA and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well? 1

Clo. She is not 'well'; but yet she has her health: she's very merrie; but yet she is not 'well': but, thankes be giuen, she's very 'well', and wants nothing i'th world; but yet she is not 'well'.

Hel. If she be 'verie wel', what do's she ayle, that she's 'not verie well'? 5

Clo. Truly, she's 'very well,' indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What 'two things'? 9

Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God fend her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless ye, my fortunate Ladie!

Hel. I hope, sir, I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortunes? 15

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on; and to keepe them on, haue them still! O, my knaue! how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say!

Par. Why, I say nothing! 21

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a mans tongue shakes out his matters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a verie little of nothing. 26

Par. Away! th'art a knaue!

Clo. You should haue said, sir, 'before a knaue, th'art a knaue': that's, before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth, sir! 30
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. Go to! thou art a wittie foole; I haue found thee! Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe, sir? or were you taught to finde me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much Foole may you find in you, eu'n to the worlds pleafure, and the encrease of laughter!

Par. A good knaue, faith! and well fed!

Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night;
A verie ferrious busineffe call's on him.
The great prerogatие and rite of lone,
Which, as your due, time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whole want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweetes,
Which they distill now in the curbèd time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleafure downe the brim!

Hel. What's his will elfe?
Par. That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceedeing,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?
Par. That, hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleafure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.
Par. I shall report it fo.

Hell. I pray you! [Exit Par.

Come, firthah!

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.


Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a fouldier?

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance!

F. 39 [II. iv. 31-54; v. 1-4.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie!
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true! I tooke this Larke for a bunting!
Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.
Laf. I haue, then, sinn'd against his experience, and tranfgreft against his valour; and my flate that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Heere he comes! I pray you, make vs friends; I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [to Ber.] These things shall be done, fir!
Laf. [to Ber.] Pray you, fir, whose his Tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O, I know him well: I, fir; hee, fir, 's a good worke-
man! a verie good Tailor!
(Ber. [aside to Par.] Is shee gone to the king?)
Par. Shee is.
Ber. Will shee away to night?
Par. As you'le haue her.
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treaure,
Giuen order for our horses; and to night,
When I should take possiffion of the Bride,
End, ere I doe begin!)
Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and vses a known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, shoulde bee once hard, and thrice beaten! ¶ God faue you, Captaine! 31
Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you,
Monfieur?
Par. I know not how I haue deferued to run into my Lords displeasure.
Laf. You have made shift to run into't, bootes and spurrees and all, like him that leapt into the Cuftard; and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then fuffer queftion for your residence.

27. [End] Collier (Egerton MS.). 29. [one] on F.
And F. 1 hard = heard.
II. v. 5-39.] 40
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe fo euer, though I tooke him at's prayers! Fare you well, my Lord! and beleue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heauie consequence! I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. ¶ Farewell, Monfieur! I haue spoken better of you then you haue or will to deferue at my hand; but we muft do good against euill. [Exit. 48

Par. An idle Lord, I fweare!
Ber. I thinke fo.
Par. Why, do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Giues him a worthy passe.—Heere comes my clog!

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue, fir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leave For preuent parting; onely, he desiers Some private speecch with you.

Ber. I fhall obey his will. You muft not meruaile, Helen, at my courfe, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration, and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a businesse; therefore am I found So much vnsetled: This driues me to intreate you, That presently you take your way for home,

And rather mufe, then aske, why I intreate you; For my refpects are better then they feeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede Greater then shewes it felfe, at the firft view,

To you that know them not. This to my mother!

[Giuing a Letter.

'Twill be two daies ere I shall fee you; fo,
I leaue you to your wifedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing fay,
But that I am your moft obedient fervant; ...

(Ber. Come, come, no more of that!)

Hel. And euer fhall

[II. v. 40-73.]
All’s Well, that Ends Well.

With true obedience seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild
To equall my great fortune!

_Ber._ Let that goe! 76

My haft is verie great. Farwell! Hie home!

_Hel._ Pray, sir, your pardon!

_Ber._ Well, what would you say?

_Hel._ I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,¹
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; (and yet it is;)
But, like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

_Ber._ What would you haue?

_Hel._ Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed. 84
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord:—
Faith, yes!

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kisse!

_Ber._ I pray you stay not, but in hast to horfe! 88

_Hel._ I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord.

_Ber._ [to _Par._] Where are my other men, Monsieur?

[Exit _HELENA._

Go thou toward home; where I wil neuer come,
Whilft I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme!
Away, and for our flight!

_Par._ Brauely, Coragio!  [Exeunt. 93

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_Actus Tertius. Scena Prima._

_Florence. The Dukes Palace._

_Flourish._ Enter the Duke of Florence, and the two Frenchmen (Lords G. & E.); with a troope of Souldiers.

_Duke._ So that, from point to point, now haue you heard 1
The fundamentall reasons of this warre;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth

¹ _owe = own._

90. _Where...Farwell!_ Hamilton (Theobald conj.) continued to Helena in F.

91. _Go thou!_ _Ber._ Go thou F. _Florence_ Florence (turned _n_) F.

II. v. 74-93; III. i. 1-3.] 42
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. G. Holy seemes the quarrell 4
Vpon your Graces part; blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much, our Cousin France
Would, in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome 8
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counfaile frames, 12
By selfe-vnable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. 16

Fren. G. But I am sure, the yonger of our nature,
That surfeet on their ease, will, day by day,
Come heere for Phyficke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee!
And all the honors that can flye from vs, 20
Shall on them settle. If you know your places well;
When better fall, for your anuailes they fell:
To morrow to the field! [Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Countesse with a Letter, and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, faue
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a verie
melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will looke vpon his boote, and fing; mend
the Ruffe and fing; ask queistions and fing; picke his teeth,
and fing. I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold\(^1\) a goodly Manner for a song.

**Lad. (Countess.)** Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.  
[**Opens Letter.**]

**Clow.** [aside] I haue no minde to Isbell since I was at Court. Our old Ling, and our Isbels a’th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your Isbels a’th Court: the brains of my Cupid’s knock’d out; and I beginne to lune, as an old man lunes money, with no stomacke.

**Lad.** What haue we heere?  
**Clo.** E’en that you haue there.  
[**Exit.**]

**A Letter read by the Countess.**

*I haue sent you a Daughter-in-Law: shee hath recovered the King, and undone me. I haue wedde her, not bedde her; and sworne to make the “not” eternall! You shal hear I am runne away: know it before the report come. If there bee breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance!*  
*My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate sonne,*  
*BERTHAM.*

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy!  
To flye the favours of so good a King;  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprisning of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire!

**Re-enter Clowne.**

**Clo.** O Madam, yonder is beaute newes within, betwenee two soouldiers, and my yong Ladie!  
**La.** What is the matter?  
**Clo.** Nay, there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort; your sonne will not be kild fo soone as I thought he would.  
**La.** Why shoulde he be kill’d?  
**Clo.** So say I, Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does: the danger is in standing to’t; that’s the losse of men,

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1. *hold* = value. sold F.  
40. to’t] too’t F.  
III. ii. 8-40.}
though it be the getting of children! Heere they come, will
tell you more! For my part, I onely heare your sonne was
run away!

Enter Hellen, and two Gentlemen (French E. & G.).

French E. Saue you, good Madam!
Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone! for ever gone!
French G. Do not say so!
La. Thinke upon patience! Pray you, Gentlemen, (I haue felt
so many quirkes of joy and greefe, That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vnto't,) Where is my sonne, I pray you? Madam, he's gone
to serue the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter, Madam; here's my Pasport!
[Reads] 'When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, (which
never shall come off;) and shew mee a childe begotten of thy
bodie, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such
a "then" I write a "Never"!

This is a dreadfull sentence!

La. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen?

I, Madam;

And, for the Contents sake, are forrie for our paines.

Old La. [to HELL.] I prethee, Ladie, haue a better cheere!
If thou engrossest all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,
But I do waffe his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe! Towards Florence, is he:
Fren. G. I, Madam!
La. And to be a fouldier?
Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conveniency claims!

La. Returne you thither?
Fren. E. I, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

50. vnto't vntoo't F.

45 [III. ii. 41-72.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Hel. [reads] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
'Tis bitter!

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I, Madame! 74

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand haply, which his heart was not consenting to!

Lad. 'Nothing in France,' vntill he haue no wife! There's nothing heere that is too good for him, 78
But onely she; and she deserues a Lord That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely, 'Miftris!' ¶ Who was with him?
Fren. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman 82
Which I haue sometyme knowne.

La. Parolles, was it not?

Fren. E. I, my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse!
My sone corrupts a well deriued nature 86
With his inducement!

Fren. E. Indeed, good Ladie,
The fellow has a deale of that; too much
Which holds him 1 much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen!
I will intreate you, when you see my sone, 90
To tell him that his word can neuer winne
The honor that he looses: more Ile intreate you
Written to beare along.

Fren. G. We ferue you, Madam,
In that and all your worthie affaires. 94

La. Not so; but as we change our courteies,
Will you draw neere? [Exeunt. Manet HELENA.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!' 98
'Nothing in France, vntill he has no wife? Thou shalt haue none, Raffillion, none in France;
Then haft thou all againe! Poore Lord! is't I,
That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and exposte

76. to F. [to have much of. With the meaning given to 'holds him', cp. Hel.'s 83. Which] which F. words at I. i. 96-97, pp. 7, 8.

1 holds him = befits him. Par. 96. Exeunt.] Exit. F.
has 'too much' of 'that', sc. 'wickednesse' (l. 85), which it befits him

III. ii. 73-101. ] 46
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Those tender limbes of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden meffengers,
That ride upon the violent speede of fire,
Fly with false ayme; move the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing; do not touch my Lord!
Who euer shoots at him, I set him there;
Who euer charges on his forward breft,
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the caufe
His death was so effect'd! Better twere,
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger; better twere,
That all the miseries which Nature owes
Were mine at once! No, come thou home, Rossillion!
Whence honor but, of danger, winnes a scarre;
As oft it looses all: I will be gone!
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no! although
The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angels offic'd all! I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To confolate thine eare. Come night; end day!
For with the darke (poore theefe) I'll fled away! [Exit.}

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Florence. Before the Dukes Palace.

Flourish. Enter, with Drum and Trumpets, the Duke of Florence, attended, Rossillion, Parrolles, Officers, and Soldiers.

Duke [to BER.] The Generall of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Vpon thy promifing fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  4
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.  4

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helme,
As thy auspicious mistress!

[Exit Duke to the Palace, attended.  8

Ber. This very day,  8
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drumme, hater of love!  [Exeunt omnes. 11

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

Rossillon. The Counts Palace.

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. (Countess) Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a Letter? Read it again!

Letter (read by the Steward).

'I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With fainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of warre,
My dearest Master, your deare sonne, may hie!
Bless him at home in peace, Whilst I from farre
His name with zealous fervour fanctifie!
His taken labours, bid him me forgive;
I, his despightfull Iuno, sent him forth
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogges the hecles of worth:
He is too good and faire for Death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free!'

7. have] have (turned u) F.  48
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ah, what sharpe stings are in her mildest words! Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much, As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her, I could haue well diuerted her intents, Which thus she hath preuented!

Ste. Pardon me, Madam!

If I had giuen you this at ouer-night, She might haue beene ore-tane; and yet she writes, Pursuie would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall Bleffe this vnworthy husband? he cannot thrue, Vnleffe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare, And loues to grant, repreene him from the wrath Of greatest luftice.—Write, write, Rynaldo, To this vnworthy husband, of his wife!

Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth, That he does waigh too light! my greatest greefe, (Though little he do feele it,) fet downe shrately! Dispatch the most conuenient messenger!

When haply he shall heare that she is gone, He will returne; and hope I may, that shee, Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe, Led hither by pure loue: which of them both Is deereft to me, I haue no skill in fence To make distinction: (prouide this Messenger!) My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake; Greefe would haue teares, and forrow bids me speake!  

[Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Florence. Without the Walls.

A Tucket aSFARRE off. Enter an old Widdow of Florence, her daughter DIANA; VIOLENTA and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay, come; for if they do approach the Citty, we shall loose all the fight!

Diana. They say, the French Count has done most honourable servise!
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'ft Commander; and that with his owne hand he flew the Duke's brother. [Tucket.] We haue loft our labour; they are gone a contrarie way! harke! you may know by their Trumpets! 8

Maria. Come! lets returne againe, and suffice our selues with the report of it. ¶ Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earle! The honor of a Maide is her name; and no Legacie is so rich as honestie. 12

Widow. [to Dia.] I haue told my neighbour how you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman, his Companion. 14

Maria. I know that knaue; (hang him!) one Parolles: a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle. Beware of them, Diana! their promises, entiſements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of luft, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them; and the miferie is, example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſswade succesion, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them! [22 I hope I neede not to aduise you further; but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne but the modestie which is so loft.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me. 26

Wid. I hope so.—Looke! here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lye at my house; thither they send one another: Ile question her.

Enter Hellen in pilgrim weeds.

¶ God saue you, pilgrim! whether are bound? 30

Hel. To S. Iaques le Grand.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beſeech you? 31

Wid. At the S. Francis heere, bēſide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? 34

Wid. I, marrie, ift! [A march afarre.] ¶ Harke you! they come this way.

¶ If you will tarrie, holy Pilgrime,
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd; 38

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31. Ie] la F.
III. v. 5-38.] 50
All's Well, that Ends Well.

The rather, for I thynke I know your hosteffe
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?
Wid. If you shall please fo, Pilgrime.
Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisuré.
Wid. You came, I thynke, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a Countriman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.
Dia. The Count RaFFIliON : know you such a one?
Hel. But by the eare, that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsomere he is,
He's brauely taken here. He stole from France,
(As 'tis reported,) for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thynke you it is so?
Hel. I, surely, meere the truth: I know his Lady.
Dia. There is a Gentleman, that serues the Count,
Reports but courtely of her.

Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monfieur Parrolles.

Hel. Oh, I beleue with him,
In argument of praife, or to the worth
Of the great Count his selfe, she is too meane
To have her name repeated! all her seruing
Is a referued honestie, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poore Ladie!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detestig Lord.

Wid. I write good creature:¹ wherefoere she is,
Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A threwd turne, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count sollicites her
In the vnlawfull purpose?

Wid. He does, indeede;

¹ ? write = declare, assent that she is. Cp. 'I write Man', II. iii.
195, p. 35.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

And brokes with all that can, in such a suite,
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honest defence.

Mar. The goddes forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

Enter, with Drumme and Colours, Count Rossillon, Par-
rolles, and the whole Armie.

That is Anthonio, the Dakes eldeft sonne;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee;

That with the plume: 'tis a moft gallant fellow!
I would he lou'd his wife! if he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfom Gentleman?

Hel. I like him well!

Di. 'Tis pitty he is not honest: yond's that fame knaue
That leads him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall!

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Iacke-an-apes with scarles. Why is he melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile!

(Par. Loose our drum! Well!)

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. [Par. off-caps to
them.] Looke! he has spied vs.

Wid. Marrie, hang you!

Mar. And your curtefie, for a ring-carrier!

[Exeunt Ber., Par., and the Armie.

Wid. The troope is paft. ¶ Come, pilgrim, I wil bring you
Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S. Jaques bound,
Alreadie at my hous.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

([To Mar. & Vio.] Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide,
All's Well, that Ends Well

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me:) ¶ and, to requite you further, I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,¹ Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt. 98

Actus Tertius. Scena Sexta.

Camp before Florence.

Enter Count Rossillion; and the two Frenchmen,² as at first.

Cap. E. Nay, good my Lord, put him to't; let him haue his way!

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect!

Cap. E. On my life, my Lord, a bubble!

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre deceived in him?

Cap. E. Beleeue it, my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my [8 kinman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endless Lyar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him; leaft, reposing too [12 farre in his vertue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and truffie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his [16 drumme, which you heare him so confidently undertake to do.

C. E. I, with a troop of Florentines, wil sodainly furprize him; fuch I will haue, whom, I am sure, he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him [20 fo, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduerfaries, when we bring him to our owne tents. Be but your Lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest [24 compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the

¹ Virgin = Diana. (of = on).
² Lords G. and E., now captains in the Florentine army.

1 to't] too't F.
23. present] present F.

[III. v. 95-98; vi. 1-26.]
diuine forfeite of his foule vpon oath, neuer trust my judgement in anie thing!

Cap. G. O, for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme! he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship fees the bottome of his successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ore will be melted, if you giue him not 'John Drummes entertainment,' your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes!

Cap. E. O, for the loue of laughter, hinder not the honor of his designe! let him fetch off his drumme in any hand!

Enter Parrolles.

Ber. How now, Monsieur! This drumme sticks forely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't! let it go; 'tis but a drumme!
Par. 'But a drumme!' 'If but a drumme'! A drum so loft! There was excellent command! to charge in with our horfe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne fouldiers!

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd, in the command of the seruice: it was a disafer of warre that Cæsar him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the loffe of that drum; but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered!

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered: but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or hic iacet!

Ber. Why, if you have a stomacke, to't, Monsieur! if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour againe into his natuie quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on! I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

III. vi. 27-61.] 54
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier, I will vndertake it! 63
Ber. But you muft not now flumberland in it.
Par. Ile about it this euening: and I will prefently pen downe my dilemme's, encourage my felfe in my certaintie, put my felfe into my mortall preparation; and, by midnight, looke to heare further from me!

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?
Par. I know not what the fucceffe will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow!
Ber. I know th'art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy fouldierflhip, will subfcribe for thee. Farewell!
Par. I loue not many words! [Exit. 74

Cap. E. No more then a fift loues water! Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that fo confidently feemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done; damnes himfelfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't?
Cap. G. You do not know him, my Lord, as we doe: certaine it is, that he will fleale himfelfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of difcoueries; but, when you finde him out, you haue him euer after. 83
Ber. Why, do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that fo serioufli hee dooes addreffe himfelfe vnto?
Cap. E. None in the world; but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we [87 haue almoft imboft1 him; you shall fee his fall to night; for, indeede, he is not for your Lordfhiplips refpeft.
Cap. G. Weele make you fome fport with the Foxe ere we cafe2 him! He was firft smoak'd by the old Lord [91 Lafew: when his difguife and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you fhall finde him; which you fhall fee this verie night.
Cap. E. I muft go looke my twigges: he fhall be caught. 94
Ber. [to Cap. G.3] Your brother, he fhall go along with me.
Cap. G. As't pleafe your Lordfhip: Ile leave you. [Exit.

1 imboft = ambuscaded (Fr. embusquer, Ital. imboscare). — Schmidt.
2 case = flay.
3 to Cap. G.] om. F. But as Cap. E. has to stay—he knows all about Diana in IV. iii, and Cap. G. knows nothing — Ber. must speak here to Cap. G.

[III. vi. 62-96.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest? 98

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th winde, Tokens and Letters, which she did refend; 102 And this is all I have done. She's a faire creature! Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart, my Lord. [Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Septima.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall loose the grounds I worke upon. 4

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with these busineses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act!

Hel. Nor would I wish you!

First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband; 8 And, what to your sworne counsaille I have spoken, Is so, from word to word: and then you cannot, By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow, Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you; 12 For you have shew'd me that which well apprones Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purfe of Gold, And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre, Which I will over-pay, and pay againe 16 When I have found it. The Count he woes1 your daughter, Layes downe his wanton fedge before her beautie, Resolves to carrie her: let her, in fine, content,


III. vi. 97-104; vii. 1-19.] 56
Well, that Ends Well.

As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it. Now his important blood will naught denie
That she'll demand: a ring the Countie weares, That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From sonne to sonne, some foure or five discents Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repent after.

Wid. Now I see The bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chaftly absent: after,
To marry her, Ile adde three thoufand Crownes
To what is past already.

Wid. I haue yeelded:

Instru't my daughter how she shall persueuer,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawfull,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Mufickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs
To chide him from our eeues; for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to night

Let vs affay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed,
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act;
Where both not finne, and yet a finfull fact!
But let's about it!

[Exeunt.

39. comes] comes F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Before Florence. Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter one of the Frenchmen (Lord E.), with five or sixe other Souldiers in ambush.

Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your selues, no matter; for we must not seeme to understand him, vntleffe some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

1. Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter!

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?


Lo. E. But what linifie wolfe hast thou to speake to vs againe?

1. Sol. E'n such as you speake to me.

Lo. E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers i'th aduerfaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages; therefore we must every one [16 be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speake one to another; so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seeme very [20 politicke. But couch, hoa! heere hee comes! to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & fwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles. Clock strikes ten.

Par. Ten a clocke! Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shal I say I haue done? It must bee a very plausiue invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee; and disgraces haue of late knock'd too often at my doore. I finde my tongue is too foole. 

All's Well, that Ends Well.

hardie; but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

(Lo. E. [aside] This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of!) 32

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I muſt giue my felfe fome hurts, and fay I got them in exploit. Yet flight ones will not carrie it: They will fay, 'Came you off with fo little?' And great ones I dare not giue. Wherefore, what's the infance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my felfe another of Baiazeths Mule, if you prattle mee into thefe perilles!

(Lo. E. Is it poſſible he should know what hee is, and be that he is?) 41

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ferue the turne, or the breaking of my Spaniſh fword!

(Lo. E. We cannot affoord you fo!) 45

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to fay, it was in stratagem!

(Lo. E. 'Twould not do!) 48

Par. Or to drowne my olothes, and fay I was ftript.

(Lo. E. Hardly ferue!) 53

Par. Though I fwores I leapt from the window of the Citadell . . .

(Lo. E. How deepe?)

Par. Thirty fadome.

(Lo. E. Three great olothes would fcarce make that be beleued!) 57

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies: I would fweare I recouer'd it!

(Lo. E. You fhall heare one anon!) 60

Par. A drumme now of the enemies, . . .

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Throca movousus, cargo! cargo! cargo!

All. Cargo! cargo! cargo! villianda par corbo, cargo!

41. Mule] F. Mute Warburton. 44. the] the F. 59

[IV. i. 29-63.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. O, ransome, ransome! do not hide mine eyes.  

[They seize and blindfold him.

Inter. [7 Sol.] Boskos thromuldo boskos!  
Par. I know you are the Muskos Regiment;  
And I shall loose my life for want of language:  
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speake to me; Ile  
Difcouer that which shal vndo the Florentine.  

Int. Boskos vauvado. ¶ I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tongue. ¶ Kerelybonto. ¶ Sir, betake thee to thy faith,  
for seuenteene ponyards are at thy bofome!  

Par. Oh!  
Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray! ¶ Manka reuania dulche?  
Lo. E. Ofcorbidulchos voliuorco.  

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet;  
And, hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on  
To gather from thee: Haply thou mayft informe  
Something to saue thy life.  

Par. O, let me liue!  
And all the secrets of our campe Ile thew,  
Their force, their purposes; Nay, Ile speake that  
Which you will wonder at.  

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?  
Par. If I do not, damne me!  
Inter. ¶ Acordo linta?  
¶ Come on! thou art granted space.  

[Exit, with PARROLLES guarded. A short Alarum within.  
L.E. [to 2 Sol.] Go tell the Count Roffillion, and my brother,  
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him mufled  
Till we do heare from them.  

2 Sol. Captaine, I will.  
L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our felues:  
Informe on that.  

2 Sol. So I will, fir.  
L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke, and safely lockt.  

[Exeunt.  

---

86. art] are F.  
1 on = of.  
92. Exeunt.] Exit. F.  

IV. i. 64-92.]  

60
**All’s Well, that Ends Well.**

**Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.**

*Florence. The Widdows House.*

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.*

**Ber.** They told me that your name was Fontybell.

**Dia.** No, my good Lord, Diana.

**Ber.** Titled Goddeffe! And worth it, with addition! But, faire soule,
In your fine frame, hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and fterne;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got!

**Dia.** She then was honest.

**Ber.** So should you be.

**Dia.** My mother did but dutie; such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife!

**Ber.** No more a’tat! I prethee, do not strue against my vowes:
I was compell’d to her; but I loue thee
By Loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of service!

**Dia.** I, so you serue vs
Till we serue you; But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our felues,
And mocke vs with our bareness!

**Ber.** How haue I sworne! I

**Dia.** Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth;
But the plaine single vow, that is vow’d true.
What is not holie, that we fware not by,
But take the High’ft to witnesse: then, pray you, tell me,

If I shou’d fware by *Ioues* great attributes,
I lou’d you dearely, would you beleue my oathes,

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1 The players no doubt altered | Act 3 Jac. I. cap. 21 (1605-6). 
*Gods* to *Ioues* in consequence of the | See note at end of *Twelte Night.*

61 [IV. ii. 1-26.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding,
To fware by him whom I protest to lone,
That I will worke against him: therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions; but vnseal'd:
At left, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it!
Be not so holy cruell! Lone is holie;
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with! Stand no more off,
But giue thy felfe vnto my ficke desires,
Who then recouers! Say, thou art mine, and euer
My loue, as it beginnes, shall fo perséuer!

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That wee'l forfake our felues. Give me that Ring!

Ber. Ile lend it thee, my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeath'd downe from manie Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world
In me to loose.

Dian. Mine Honor's such a Ring:
My chaftitie's the Iewell of our house,
'Bequeath'd downe from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose.' Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion, Honor, on my part,
Againft your vaine affault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring!
My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee!

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee!
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:

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38. ropes] rope's F. See note at end of Play. 

IV. ii. 27-60.]
And on your finger, in the night, Ie put
Another Ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then! then, faile not! You haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope he done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee! [Exit.
Di. For which, line long to thank both heauen & me!  
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart; She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had iworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead; thersfore Ie lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I line and die a Maid:
Onely, in this diguise, I think't no finne,
To cofen him that would vniustly winne!  [Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.
The Florentine Camp.
Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souludiours.

Cap. G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter?  1
Cap. E. I haue deliu'red it an houre since: there is som-
thing in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he
chang'd almost into another man.  4
Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for
shaking off so good a wife, and fo sweet a Lady.
Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlafting dif-
pleaure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing
happineffe to him.  I will tell you a thing, but you shall let
it dwell darkly with you.  10
Cap. G. When you haue spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the
graue of it.
Cap. E. Hee hath peruered a young Gentlewoman heere in
Florence, of a moft chafe renoun; & this night he fleshes
his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his
monumentall 2 Ring, and thinkes himelfe made in the vnchafe
composicion.

71. had] F. hath Capell.
1 braide = deceitful.
2 monumentall = ancestral.
63 [IV. ii. 61-76; iii. 1-17.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Cap. G. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are our felues, what things are we!

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common courfe of all treafons, we still see them reveale themselues, till they attaine to their abhor'nd ends, fo he, that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility, in his proper streame, over-flows himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable¹ in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight; for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a meafure of his owne judgements, wherein fo curiously he had fet this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his prefence muft be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I affure you, a peace concluded!

Cap. E. What will Count Raffilion do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceiue, by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, sir! fo should I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife, fome two months since, fledde from his houfe; her pretence² is a pilgrimage to Saint Iaques le Grand; which holy vnertaking, with moft auffere fanfti-monie, she accompliift; and, there refiding, the tenderneffe of her Nature became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her laft breath, & now she fings in heauen.

Cap. E. How is this iuftified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which

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¹ *damnable* = damnably. Does it not show a damnable meaning or disposition in us?

² *Pretente*: f. A pretence; purpoe, designement, project, intent—Cotgrave.

IV. iii. 18-53.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death it selfe (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place. 56

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verities. 59

Cap. E. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this!

Cap. G. How mightily, sometimes, we make vs comforts of our loves! 62

Cap. E. And how mightily, some other times, wee drowned our gaine in tears! The great dignities, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would dispaire, if they were not cherish'd by our vertues. 66

Enter a Messenger.

¶ How now! Where's your master?

Ser. (Mess.) He met the Duke in the street, fir, of whom hee hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King. [Exit. 75

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can command. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartness. Heere's his Lordship now.

Enter Count Rossillion.

¶ How now, my Lord! 'tis not after midnight? 79

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixeene businesse, a moneths length a piece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke; done my adieu with his neereft; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my Ladie mother [83; I am returning; entertain'd my Connoy; & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet. 86
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Cap. E. If the business bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haft of your Lordship.

Ber. I meane, the business is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter. But shall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour? Come! bring forth this counterfet module! has deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophefier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth! [Exeunt Soldiers.] ¶ Ha's fate i' th fockes all night, poore gallant knaue!

Ber. No matter; his heeles haue deferu'd it, as fearing to heare of it hereafter. But ftiall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour? Come! bring forth this counterfet module! has deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophefier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth!

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

Enter Parolles mufled & guarded, with his Interpreter (I Sol.).

(Ber. [aside] A plague vpon him! mufled! he can say nothing of me: hufh, hufh!

Cap. G. Hoodman comes!) ¶ Portotartaroofa!

Inter. (I Sol.) He calles for the tortures: what will you say without em?

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a Pafty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho?

Cap. Bobüindo chicurmurco!

Int. You are a mercifull Generall.—Our Generall bids you anfwer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. [reads] 'Firft demand of him, how many horfe the Duke is strong.' What faie you to that?

Par. Five or fixe thousand; but very weake and vnferuiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie
poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*Int.* Shall I set downe your answer so?

*Par.* Do! Ie take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will.

(Ber. All's one to him. What a past-fausing slave is this!

*Cap. G.* Y'are deceiu'd, my Lord: this is Mounfieur Parrolles, the gallant 'militarift,' (that was his owne phrase,) that had the whole theorick of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practife in the chape of his dagger.

*Cap. E.* I will neuer trufl; a man againe, for keeping his fword cleane; nor beleeue he can haue everie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.)

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* Five or fix thoufand horfe, I fed, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set downe, for Ie speake truth.

(Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thankes for't, in the nature he deliuers it.)

*Par.* 'Poore rogues,' I pray you, say!

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* I humbly thanke you, sir: a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. [reads] 'Demaund of him, of what ftrength they are a foot.' What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true! Let me fee: Spurio, a hundred & fiftie; Sebastian, fo many; Corambus, fo many; Iaques, fo many; Guiltian, Cojno, Lodowicke, and Gratij, two hundred [152 fiftie each; Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentij, two hundred fiftie each:—so that the muster file, rotten and found, vpon my life, amounts not to fiftene thoufand pole; halfe of the which dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, leaft they shake themselues to peeces. 157

(Ber. What shall be done to him?

*Cap. G.* Nothing, but let him haue thankes! [Demand of him my condition, and what credite I haue with the Duke.)
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Int. Well, that's set downe. [Reads] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Dumaine bee i'th Campe, a [Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres; or whether he thinkes it were not possible, with well-weighing summes of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What do you know of it? What do you know of it?

Par. I befeech you, let me anfwer to the particular of the intergatories! Demand them singly!

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dumaine?

Par. I know him: a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe; a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

[Cap. G. (Dumaine) offers to strike Par.

(Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands! though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.)

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florence's campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge, he is, and lowifie.

(Cap. G. [to Ber.] Nay, looke not so vpon me; we shall heare of your Lordship anon!)

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other but a poore Officer of mine; and writ to mee this other day to turne him out a'th band: I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search!

Par. In good fadneffe, I do not know; either it is there, or it is vpon a file, with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis! heere's a paper! shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

(Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently!)

Int. [reads] 'Dian! the Count's a foole, and full of gold; . . .

Par. That is not the Dukes letter, sir; that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one Diana, to take heede of the allurement of one Count Roffillion, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttilsh: I pray you, sir, put it vp againe!

IV. iii. 161-197.] 68
**All's Well, that Ends Well.**

_Int._ Nay! Ile reade it first, by your fauour.

_Par._ My meaning in't (I protest!) was very honest in the behalfe of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and denours vp all the fry it finds.

(Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!)

_Int._ reads Let. 'When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it!

_After he scores, he never payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made; match, and well make it!

_He never payes after-debts; take it before;
And say a fouldier (Dian) told thee this:

"Men are to mell with; boyes are not to kis!"

_For count of this, the Count's a Foole, (I know it,) Who payes before, but not when he does owe it!

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,

PAROLLES'

(Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead!

_Cap. E._ This is your devoted friend, fir! the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent fouldier!

_Ber._ I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me!)

_Int._ I perceiue, fir, by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

_Par._ My life, fir, in any case! Not that I am afeaid to dye; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature! Let me liue, fir, in a dungeon, i'th flockes, or any where, fo I may liue!

_Int._ Wee'le see what may bee done, fo you confesse freely; therefore, once more to this Captaine Dumaine! you haue anfwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour: What is his honestie?

_Par._ He will steale, fir, an Egge out of a Cloifter: for rapes and rauifhments, he paralels Neffus. Hee professeis not keep- ing of oaths; in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye, fir, with fuch volubilitie, that you would
All's Well, that Ends Well.

thinke truth were a foole: drunkenneffe is his beft vertue, for he will be fwayne-drunke; and in his sleepe he does little harme, faue to his bed-cloathes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in firaw. I haue but little [237 more to fay, fir, of his honesty: he ha’s euerie thing that an honeft man {should} not haue; what an honeft man should haue, he has nothing.

(Cap. G. I begin to loue him for this. 241

Ber. For this description of thine honoftie? A pox vpon him, for me! he’s more and more a Cat.)

Int. What fay you to his {expertneffe in warre?} 244

Par. Faith, fir, ha’s led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him, I will not; and more of his {foul}dier-ship I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of fifies: I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine. 250

(Cap. G. He hath out-villain’d villanie fo farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him! he’s a Cat {still.} 253

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt. 255

Par. Sir, for a Cardecue he will fell the fee-simple of his faluation, the inheritance of it; and cut th’intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall {succession} for it perpetually!

Int. What’s his Brother, the other Captain Dumain? 259

(Cap. E. Why do’s he aske him of me?)

Int. What’s he? 261

Par. E’ne a Crow a’th fame nef; not altogether fo great as the {first} in goodneffe, but greater, a great deale, in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beft that is: in a retreate he outrunnes any Lackey; marrie, in comming on, hee ha’s the Crampe. 266

Int. If your life be faued, will you vnde{ttake to betray the Florentine?} 267

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horfe, Count Raffilion. 269

Int. Hee {whisper} with the Generall, and knowe his pleafure.

256. Cardecue] F2. Cardceue F. | Quardecue; a {siluer} peece of 'Quart d'escu. A Teston, or | coyn{e} worth 18d. sterl.'—Cotgrave.

IV. iii. 234-270.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. [aside] Ile no more drumming! a plague of all drummes! Oneley to seeme to deferue well, and to beguile the supposition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy, fir, but you must dye! the Generall sayes, you, that haue fo traitoroufully discouer'd the secrets of your army, and made fuch pettiforouz reports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for no honest vse; therefore you must dye. Come, headesman, off with his head!

Par. O Lord, fir, let me liue! or let me fee my death!

Int. That sall you, and take your leave of all your friends!

So, looke about you! know you any heere?

Count (Ber.) Good morrow, noble Captaine!

Lo. E. God bleffe you, Captaine Parolles!

Cap. G. God faue you, noble Captaine!

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew?

I am for France.

Cap. G. Good Captaine, will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rosillion?

and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you: but far you well!  

[Exeunt all but Int. & Par.]

Int. You are vndone, Captaine! all but your scarfe; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruith'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receu'd fo much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well, fir! I am for France too: we shall speake of you there.  

[Exit.]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burft at this! 'Captaine' Ile be no more; But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft

As Captaine shall! Simply the thing I am Shall make me liue! Who knowes himselfe a bragart, Let him feare this; for it will come to passe, That euery bragart shall be found an Aife! 

Ruft sword! coole blusses! and, Parrollés, liue Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'rie thiue!

[IV. iii. 271-309.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

There's place and meanes for every man alive.

Ile after them!

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie; 'fore whose throne 'tis needfull,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele:
Time was, I did him a defin'd office,
Deere almost as his life; which gratitude,
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer, 'thankes.' I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marcellae, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy. You must know
I am suppos'd dead: the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heauen ayding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a servant to whose truft
Your bufines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistris,
Euer a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated ber to be my motiue,
And helper to a husband. (But, O strange men,
That can such sweet vse make of what they hate,
When fawcie trustine of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! So luft doth play

3. 'fore] for F.
1 Marcellae = Marseilles. Cp. IV. v. 74, p. 75; and Shrew, II. iv. iii. 310-311; iv. 1-24.; iv. 72
All's Well, that Ends Well.

With what it loathes, for that which is away.)

But more of this hereafter. If you, Diana,

Vnder my poore instructions, yet must suffer

Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie

Go with your impositions, I am yours,

Vpon your will to suffer!

Hel. Yet, I pray you

But with the word; the time will bring on summer,

When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes,

And be as sweet as harpe! We must away;

Our Wagon is prepar'd, and Time reunites vs:

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! stil 'the Fine's

the Crowne;'

What ere the course, the end is the renowne.
Alf. They are not hearbes, you knaue; they are nose-hearbes.

Cloume. I am no great Nabuchadnezar, sir; I haue not much skill in grace. 1

Laf. Whether doeft thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole, sir, at a womans servise, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distin6tion?

Clo. I would couzen the man of his wife, and do his servise.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his servise,' indeed.

Clo. And I would gie his wife my bauble, sir, to doe her servise.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your servise.

Laf. No, no, no!

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot servue you, I can servue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English mane; 2 but his fKimie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The Blacke Prince, sir; alias, the Prince of Darkenesse; alias, the Diuell.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse! I gie thee not this to suggeft thee from thy mafter thou talk'ft of; servue him still!

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alwaies loued a great fire; and the mafter I speak of, euer keeps a good fire. But, sune, he is the Prince of the world; let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, [47 which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender; and they'le bee for the flourie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies! I begin to bee awearie of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee.

---

1 grace = both 'grass' and 'grace.' 2 mane = mane. 43. ef] off F. IV. v. 16-53.] 74
Go thy ways! let my horses be wel look'd to, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put 'any trickes' vpon em, sir, they shall bee Iades 'trickes;' which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

[Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy!\(^1\)

Lady. So a is! My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him : by his authoritie bee remains heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his sawciness ; and, indeede, he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiffe. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home, I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my \(^{[66}\) daughter; which, in the minoritie of them both, his Maieftie, out of a selfe-gracious remembrance, did first propose : his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it : and, to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content, my Lord; and I wisli it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from Marcellus,\(^2\) of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty : a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in fuch intelligence hath feldome fail'd.

La. It rejoyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall befeech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but plesde your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter; but, I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face: whether there bee a scar vnder't or no,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

the Veluet knowes; but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet: his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worn bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got, or a noble scarre, is a good liu rie of honor; fo, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go see your fonne, I pray you: I long to talke with the yong, noble fouldier.

Cloume. 'Faith, there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and moft courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euery man.  

[Exeunt. 99

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Marseilles. A Street.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Muft wear your spirits low; we cannot helpe it: But since you haue made the daies and nights as one. To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do fo grow in my requitall, As nothing can vurrote you.—In happie time!

Enter a gentle Astringer.¹

This man may helpe me to his Maieffies eare, If he would spend his power. God saue you, sir! And you! Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France. Gent. I haue beene sometimes there. Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not falne From the report that goes vpon your goodneffe; And therefore, goaded with moft sharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vfe of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

¹ Astringer = falconer.  
8. sir] sir F.

IV. v. 89-99; V. i. 1-18.] 76
To giue this poore petition to the King:

And vyde me, with that store of power you haue,
To come into his presence.

Gen. The King's not heere!

Hel. Not heere, sir?

Gen. Not, indeed:

He hence remou'd last night, and with more haft
Then is his vfe.

Wid. Lord, how we loose our paines!

Hel. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, yet,

Though time seeme to aduerse, and meanes vnfit.

If I do befeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie, as I take it, to Raffilion;

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do befeech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the King before me,

Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,

But rather make you thanke your paines for it:

I will come after you with what good speed

Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This I do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankt,

What e're falles more. [Exit Astringer.] ¶ We must to horfe againe.

[to Attendants.] Go, go, prouide!

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Rossillion. Before the Counts Palace.

Enter Clowne, and Parrolles in poore attire.

Par. Good Master Lauatch, giue my Lord Lafew this letter!

I haue ere now, sir, beene better knowne to you, when I haue

held familiaritie with frether cloathes; but I am now, sir,

muddied in Fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her

strong displeasure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell

[V. i. 19-38; ii. 1-6.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee, alow the winde! 8

Par. Nay, you neede not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose; or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee, get thee further!

Par. Pray you, sir, deliuer me this paper!

Clo. Foh! prethee, and away! a paper from Fortunes close-floole, to giue to a Nobleman! Looke! heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. [to Laf.] Heere is a purre of Fortunes, sir, or of Fortunes Cat, (but not a Muscat,) that ha's falne into the vnclene fift-pond of her displeasure, and, as he sayes, is muddied withall: Pray you, sir, vfe the Carpe as you may; for he lookes like a poore, decayed, ingenious, foolish, raftally knaue. I doe pittie his diffreffe in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship. [Exit.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder her? There's a Cardecue for you! Let the Iustices make you and Fortune, friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one singel word!

Laf. You begge a singel peny more: Come, you shall ha't; faue your 'word'!

Par. My name, my good Lord, is Parrolles.

Laf. You begge more then one word, then. Cox my passion! giue me your hand! How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee!

Laf. Was I, insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. Out vpon thee, knaue! doeest thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel? one [44 brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Sound Trumpets.] The King's comming; I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah! inquire further after me; I had talke of you laft night: though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate; go to! follow!

Par. I praiſe God for you!

[Exeunt. 50

Actus Quintus. Seena Tertia.

Rossillion. The Counts Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady (Countess), Lafew, the two French Lords (G. & E.), with Attendants.

Kin. We loft a lewell of her; and our esteeme was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. (Countess.) 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I befeech your Maieftie to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blaze of youth;
When oyle and fire, too strong for reafons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on!

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgien and forgotten all;
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say,
(But firft I begge my pardon,) the yong Lord Did to his Maieftie, his Mother, and his Ladie, Offence of mighty note; but to himſelfe The greatest wrong of all. He loft a wife,
Whole beauty did astonifh the furuey
Of richeſt eies; whose words, all eares tooke captiue;

44. office] office F. 49. [too] too F.
6. [blaze] Warburton. blade F.
79 [V. ii. 43-50 ; iii. 1-17.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to ferue, 
Humbly call'd Mistris!

Kin. Praising what is loft, 
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither!  20

We are reconcil'd; and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And, deeper then oblivion, we do burie  24
Th'incenfing reliques of it. [To a Gentleman.] Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and informe him,
So 'tis our will he should!

Gent. I shall, my Liege.  Exit.  27

Kin. [to Laf.] What fayes he to your daughter? Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, 
That fets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. [to Ber.] I am not a day of seafon,  32
For thou maiste see a fun-shine and a haile
In me at once: But, to the brighteft beames,
Diftrafted clouds giue way; fo ftand thou forth;
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames,  36
Deere Soueraigne, pardon to me!

Kin. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumèd time.
Let's take the infant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees,
Th'inaudible and noiseless foot of Time,
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?  [Pointing to LAFEW.

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege, at first  44
I ftucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durft make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where (the impression of mine eye enfixing)
Contempt his scornfull Perſpective did lend me,

V. iii. 18-48.]  48
Which warpt the line of euerie other fauour;
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expres't it stolne;¹
Extended or contrafted all proportions
To a moft hideous object: Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my felfe,
Since I haue loft, haue lou'd, was in mine eye
The duft that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd!
That thou didft loue her, strikes fome scores away
From the great compt: but loue, that comes too late,
(Like a remoríefull pardon flowly carried,
To the great fender, turns a fowre offence,
Crying, 'that's good that's gone!'
Our rath faults
Make truiall price of ferior things we haue,
Not knowing them, untill we know their graue:
Oft our difpleafures, to our felues vniuft,
Destroy our friends, and after wepe their duft:
Our owne loue waking, cries to fee what's done,
While shamefull hate fleepes out the afternoone.
Be this fweet Helens knell, and now forget her;
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudlin:
The maine confents are had; and heere wee'll fay
To fee our widdowers fecond marriage day.

Countess. Which, better then the firft, O deere heauen,
Or, ere they meete, in me, O Nature, ceffe!

Laf. Come on, my fonne! in whom my houses name
Muft be digefted; giue a fauour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come! [Ber. giues Laf. Hel's Ring.]

By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a fweet creature! fuch a ring as this,
The laft that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I faw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not!

King. Now, pray you, let me fee it! For mine eye,
While I was fpaking, oft was fatten'd to't.

¹ expres't it stolne: said that it was due to painting.
71. Countess.] Theobald. Con-
All's Well, that Ends Well.

This Ring was mine; and, when I gane it Hellen, I bad her, (if her fortunes euer floode) Neceffitted to helpe,) that by this token I would releeue her. Had you that craft, to reane her Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne, How ere it pleafes you to take it fo, The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life! I haue feene her weare it; and the reckon'd it At her lives rate.

Laf. I am sure I faw her weare it!

Ber. You are deceiu'd, my Lord; she neuer faw it: In Florence was it from a cafement throwne mee, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: Noble fhe was, and thought I ftood ingag'd: ¹ but when I had fubfcrib'd To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not anfwer in that courfe of Honour As she had made the ouerture, the ceaf" In beaufie fatisfaction, and would neuer Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. Plutus himfelfe, That knowes the tinſt and multiplying med'cine, Hath not in Natnres myfterie more fience, Then I haue in this Ring: 'Twas mine, 'twas Helens, Who euer gaue it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with your felfe, Confeffe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her: She call'd the Saints to furetie, That she would neuer put it from her finger, Vnleffe she gaue it to your felfe in bed, (Where you haue neuer come,) or fent it vs Vpon her great difafter.

Ber. She neuer faw it.

Kin. Thou fpeakeft it falsely, as I loue mine Honor! And mak'ft conjecturall fears to come into me,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Which I would faine shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, ... 'twill not prove so;— 116
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue,
More then to see this Ring. ¶ Take him away!

[Guards selze BERTRAM.

(My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall,
Shall taxe my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little;) Away with him!
Wee'l lift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove 124
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was! [Exit, guarded.

Enter a Gentleman (the gentle Astringer), with HELS Letter.

King. I am wrapt in dismalle thinking.
Gen. Gracious Soueraigne, 128
Whether I haue beeene to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five remoues come shorit,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing vifage; and she told me,
In a sweet verball briefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter (read by the King).

'Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife
was dead, I blisse to say it, he wonne me. Now is the [140
Count Rossillon a Widdower; his vows are forfeited to mee,
and my honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence,
taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice:
Grant it me, O King! in you it best lies; otherwise a [144
seducer flourisheth, and a poore Maid is undone!

DIANA CAPILET.

116. thou] thou F. 122. taxe] F2. taze F.
83 [V. iii. 115-146.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this: Ile none of him!

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee, Lafew, To bring forth this discou'rie! ¶ Seeke these futors! ¶ Go speedily, and bring againe the Count!

[Exeunt Astringer, and some Attendants.

[To Countess.] I am a-feard the life of Hellen (Ladie) Was fowly fnatcht.

Old La.

Now, iustice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. [to Ber.] I wonder, sir, fith wiuws are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. ¶ What woman's that?

Re-enter Astringer, with Widdow and Diana. (Later, Parrolles.)

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine, Deriuèd from the ancient Capilet:
My suite, as I do vnderstand, you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother, sir, whose age and honoui
Both suffer vnnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall ceafe, without your remedie.

King. Come hether, Count! do you know these Women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord!
Dia. If you shall marrie,
You giue away this hand, and that is mine;
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine;
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine;
For I by vow am fo embodied yours,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none!

Laf. [to Bertram.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her!

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp’rate creature, Whom sometime I haue laugh’d with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour, Then for to thinke that I would finke it heere!

Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend, Till your deeds gaine them: fairer prove your honor, Then in my thought it lies!

Dian. Good my Lord, Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do’s thinke He had not my virginity?

Kin. What faift thou to her?

Ber. She’s impudent, my Lord, And was a common gamefter to the Campe. Dia. He do’s me wrong, my Lord; If I were so, He might haue bought me at a common price: Do not beleue him! O, behold this Ring,

[Shews Ber.s Ring. Whose high respect, and rich validitie, Did lacke a Paralell; yet, for all that, He gaue it to a Commoner a’th Campe, If I be one!

Coun. He bluflhes, and ’tis hit! Of fixe preceding Anceftors, that Iemme, (Confer’d by testament to’th fequent issue,) Hath it beene owed and worn. This is his wife; That Ring’s a thousand proofes!

King. Me thought you faide, You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it?

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce So bad an infrument: his name’s Parrolles.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if ‘man’ he bee!

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether! [Exit an Attendant. What of him?

He’s quoted for a moft perfidious flaue,

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1 The point, the white (his lie), is hit. 204. perfidious] perfidious F. 85 [V. iii. 173-204.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

With all the spots 'a th world, taxt and debosh'd; 205
Whoe nature fickens but to speake a truth!
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll ytter,
That will speake any thing?

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours!

Rof: I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her, 209
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eargernesse with her restraint;
(As all impediments in fancies course, 213
Are motiues of more fancie;) and, in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the Ring;
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient!
You, that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband,) 221
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe!

Rof: I haue it not!

Kin. What Ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia.  Sir, much like
The fame vpon your finger. 225

Kin. Know you this Ring? This Ring was his of late.

[Shews Helenas Ring.]

Dia. And this was it I gaue him, being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes falsse, you threw it him
Out of a Cafement.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. 229

Rof. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle threwdly, euery feather starts you.

Re-enter Attendant, with Parolles.

ş Is this the man you speake of?

1 insuite = ensuit, following on (eagerly), importunity, 'Ensuyvre [pp. ensuat'. To follow, pursue, runne or chase after.' — Cotgrave.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. [to Par.] Tell me, sirrah! (but tell me true, I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your master, Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keepe off.)

By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.

Kin. Come, come! to the purpose! Did hee love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?

Kin. 'How,' I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her, sir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knaue, and no knaue. What an equiuocall Companion is this!

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Majesties command.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme, my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.

Dian. Do you know he promisst me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'ft?

Par. Yes, so please your Majestye. I did goe betweene them, as I said; but more then that, he loued her: for, indeede, he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promissing her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to speake of; therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou haft spoken all alreadie, vnleaff thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside!

This Ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. I, my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gane it you?

---

1 By = of. 244. Gentleman] Rowe. Gent. F.

87 [V. iii. 232-267.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

**Dia.** It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.  
**Kin.** Who lent it you?  
**Dia.** It was not lent me neither.  
**Kin.** Where did you finde it, then?  
**Dia.** I found it not.  
**Kin.** If it were yours by none of all these wayes, How could you giue it him?  
**Dia.** I neuer gaue it him.  
**Laf.** This woman's an easie gloue, my Lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.  
**Kin.** This Ring was mine; I gaue it his first wife.  
**Dia.** It might be yours or hers, for ought I know.  
**Kin.** Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her! and away with him!  
¶ Vnleffe thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring, Thou diest within this houre.  
**Dia.** Ile neuer tell you.  
**Kin.** Take her away!  
**Dia.** Ile put in baile, my liedge.  
**Kin.** I thinke thee now some common Customer.  
**Dia.** [to LAFEW] By loue! if euer I knew man, 'twas you!  
**King.** Wherefore haft thou accusde him al this while?  
**Dia.** Becaufe he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:  
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l fweare to't;  
Ile fweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.  
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life,  
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife!  
[Pointing to LAFEW.

**Kin.** She does abuse our eares: To prison with her!  
**Dia.** [to Wid.] Good mother, fetch my bayle! [Exit Widdow.] ¶ Stay, Royall sir!  
The Ieweller that owes 1 the Ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,  
(Who hath abus'd me, as he knowes himselfe,  
Though yet he neuer harm'd me,) heere I quit him:  
He knowes himselfe, my bed he hath defil'd;  
And at that time he got his wife with childe:  
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:  

286. to't] too F.  
1 owes = owns.

V. iii. 268-298.]
AlVs

Well,
that
Ends

JVell.
So
there's
my
riddle:
One
that's
dead
is
quicke:
And
now
behold
the
meaning!

Re-enter
Widdow,
with
Hellen.

Kin.

Is
there
no
exorcist
Beguilis
the
truer
Office
of
mine
eyes?
Is't
reall
that
I
fee?
Hel.  
No,
my
good
Lord;
'Tis
but
the
shadow
of
a
wife
you
see,
The
name,
and
not
the
thing.
Rof.  
Both,
both!
O
pardon!
Hel.  
Oh
my
good
Lord,
when
I
was
like
this
Maid,
I
found
you
wondrous
kinde!
There
is
your
Ring;
And,
look
you,
heeres
your
letter:
this
it
fayes:
[Reads]
'When
from
my
finger
you
can
get
this
Ring,
And
are
by
me
with
childe,'
&
c.
This
is
done:
Will
you
be
mine,
now
you
are
doubly
wonne?
Rof.  
If
fly,
my
Liege,
can
make
me
know
this
clearly.

Hel.  
If

O
my
dear
mother!
do
I
fee
you
lining?

Lof.  
Mine
eyes
finell
Onions;
I
shall
wepe
anon:

[To
Parrolles]  
Good
Tom
Drumme,
lend
me
a
handkercher!
So,
I
thanke
thee:
waite
on
me
home.

Let
thy
curties
alone,
they
are
scarry
ones.

King.  
Let
vs
from
point
to
point
this
storie
know,
To
make
the
euen
truth
in
pleasure
flow.

[To
Diana]  
If
thou
beest
yet
a
fresh
uncroppd
flower,
Choose
thou
thy
husband,
and
Ile
pay
thy
dower;
For
I
can
guesse,
that,
by
thy
honest
ayde,
Thou
keptst
a
wife
her
selfe,
thy
selfe
a
Maide.

¶
Of
that
and
all
the
progresse,
more
and
lesse,
Refolduedly
more
leafure
shall
expresse:

300. Re-enter. . .] Enter Hellen  and Widdow. F.  
1  'When
thou
canst
get
the
Ring
upon
my
finger,
(which
neuer
shall

come
off,)  
and
shew
me
a
childe
begotten
of
thy
bodie,
that
I
am
father
to,' &c.—III. ii. 56-58, p. 45.
309. are] Rowe. is F.
89 [V. iii. 299-328.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

All yet seemes well; and, if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet!  [Flourish. 330

EPILOGUE spoken by the KING.

The King's a Begger, now the Play is done!
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you express Content; which we will pay,
With sirife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts!

[Exeunt omn.

334. sirifé] strifé F.

FINIS.
NOTES.


p. 11, I. i. 208. *like likes* = as likes.

p. 11, I. ii. 3, 15. 1 Lo. G., 2 Lo. E. The patronymic of these two French lords is Dumain. See IV. iii. 162, p. 68, and I. 259, p. 70. Rowe and all subsequent editors have distinguished them as 'First Lord' and 'Second Lord.' Capell first suggested that G. and E. are their actors' initials. The names of Samuel Gilburne, Robert Gongbre, and William Ecclestone are found in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to F1. French E. and French G., the 'two Gentlemen' who appear at III. ii. 43, p. 45, although they have the same prefixes as the 'two Frenchmen' who enter in III. i., and are called 'souldiers' (III. ii. 33, p. 44), seem to be diplomatic agents of the French court (III. ii. 52-54, p. 45); whose parts were assigned to the same actors who presented Lords G. and E. French E., one of the 'two Gentlemen'—not 'Lords'—is well acquainted with the true disposition of Parolles (III. ii. 87-89, p. 46), from whom Lords G. and E. parted with great apparent cordiality in II. i. 37, 38, 45, p. 22. Moreover, we can hardly suppose French G. and E.—who, when Act III. sc. i. closes, are to join the Florentine army 'to-morrow'—to be the French E. and G. who enter in the next scene, and on the same day (Day 5), on their way to Paris (III. ii. 52-54, p. 45).

p. 12, I. ii. 44, 45. *Making them proud, &c.* The meaning may be:
(1) Making them proud of his humilitie, he [being] humbled (or humbling himself) in their poore praise (their awkward attempts to respond to his condescension); or, (2) making them proud of his humilitie [whom] he humbled in their poore praise (in his poor praise of them; praise which they felt unworthy of).

p. 21, II. i. 13-15. *Those bated, &c.* Thus explained by Singer: 'The king excepts to the unworthy Italians, who inherit not the true "ancient Roman honour," but the degenerate spirit of the decline and fall, and are unfit umpires of worth and valour.'

p. 26, II. i. 165. *her.* Donne has feminine pronouns with Hesperus.
'As Hesperus she [Venus] presents you with her bonum utile, because it is wholesomest in the morning'; &c. ix. Why is Venus-star multinominous, called both Hesperus and Vesper.—*Ioventilia,* 2nd ed. (1633), p. 42.

p. 35, II. iii. 195. *I write Man.* From the following quotations it
would seem that a youthful male adult was said to 'write man.'

... 'for alheit I did write man, yet I was but a young Lad to speak of,' &c.—Mabbe's Gusman de Alfarache, 1623, Pt. I. bk. ii. chap. 6, p. 146. The orig. is: ... 'que aunque varon, era muchacho,' &c. 'But when I once began to write Man,' &c.—ibid., bk. iii. chap. 9, p. 245. 'Quando me vi mancebo' &c. See III. v. 63, p. 51, for a similar phrase.

p. 55. III. vi. 91. case = flay. ... 'then doth he [a Virginian native executioner] proceed with shels and reeds to case the skinne from his [the malefactor's] head and face.'—Capt. J. Smith's Map of Virginia, 1612, p. 37.

p. 59. IV. i. 40, 41. Bajazeths Mule. Shakspere may have met with a story of a mule of Bajazeth I. or II. having been once gifted with speech, as was Balaam's ass, and Achilles's horse Xanthos.

p. 59. IV. i. 62, 63. cargo. Perhaps this word is not mere 'linsie wolys,' like the rest. G. Markham, enumerating the names of the trumpet-signals, says: 'The,' fifth is, Carga, Carga,—or—An Alarum; Charge! Charge! Which sounded, every man (like Lightning) flyes upon his enemie, and giues proove of his valour.'—The Soldiers Accidence, 1625, p. 61.

p. 61. IV. ii. 25. Ioues. The Act referred to above is entitled: 'An Acte to restrain Abuses of Players.' The latter part of chap. 21 runs thus: 'That if at any tymes or tymes, after the end of the present Session of Parliament, any person or persons doe or shall in any Stage play interlude Shewe Maygame or Pageant jestingly or prophanely speake or use the holy Name of God or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost or of the Trinitie, which are not to be spoken but with feare and reverence, [he] shall forfeite for everie such Offence by hym or them committed Tenne Pounds, the one moytie thereof to the Kings Majestie his Heires and Successors the other moytie thereof to hym or them that will sue for the same in any Courte of Recorde at Westminster, wherein no essoigne, Proteccion or Wager of Lawe shalbe allowed.'

p. 62. IV. ii. 38, 39. ropes in such a scarre, &c. Mr. John Davies (Notes & Queries, 5th S., viii. 182; x. 145) conjectured that ropes is the plural of the O. E. rôp, an outcry; scarre = scare; and forsafe = refuse. 'Bertram,' he explained, 'has been protesting vehemently to Diana, and she replies, 'I see that men make loud protestations in the fear that we'll refuse (to give) ourselves.' She adds, therefore, because she wished to have something more substantial, 'Give me that ring.'' Rôp, lament, outcry, is a rare and early word,—the latest known instance of its use occurs in Layamon's Brut (? 1205 A.D.), l. 12540,—though it survives with a restricted sense in the form roup; e. g. sale by public roup. Scarre, a frequent spelling of scare, is found in Rom. & Jul., V. iii. 262, F. text. Forsafe, refuse, is common. See, for an example, II. iii. 54, p. 31, in this play. The word scarre occurs in Lingua, Act I. sc. vi. (see Lettsom's note apud W. S. Walker's Text of Shakspere, iii. 75), where a character named Tactus, after exchang-
All's Well.—Notes.

ing his usual dress and garland, makes a boastful speech, one line of which runs thus: 'Poets will write whole volumes of this scarré.' The Rev. W. A. Harrison points out that the editions of 1607, 1610, 1617, 1622, and 1632 read scarré, but that the edition of 1657 has change, apparently because the former word had become obsolete. Assuming, then, that scarré = exchange, barter, Diana means that in an exchange or barter of empty promises against chastity, men anticipate that women will forsake themselves. If this be the true interpretation of scarré, the ropes may be fond utterances and loving protests; though a much clearer sense would be obtained by reading, with Rowe, hopes for ropes.

[I see that men make rope's in such a scarre, &c. I don't agree with the Note above on this passage. The Folio rope's should have been kept in the text; and as 's = us, I think ropes is a verb, and the phrase an instance of a regular Early English use of make, as in make brenne, cause to be burnt, make brynge, cause to be brought, like the French si fait bâtre une maison, he causes a house to be built, he has a house built. The Brut says that Henry IV 'made burye' the body of Richard II. Shakspere's words therefore mean, 'I see that men cause us to be roped in such a scarre,—rocky or gravelly place—that we'll forsake ourselves, give up our chastity.' Our modern phrase is, 'get us into such a tight place, or corner.'—F. J. Furnivall, 5 June, 1908.]

p. 74, IV. v. 16. not hearbes. not pot hearbes B, Nicholson conj.

p. 74, IV. v. 19. grace. The Clown is punning on the similar pronunciation of grace and grass; which is shown by the frequent occurrence of the latter spelling. Cp. e. g.: 'Thersandro . . . began to take heart at grasse, and within few daies began to recover his former health.'—Greene's Carde of Fancie, 1587, Huth Lib., vol. iv. pp. 151, 152.

p. 84, V. iii. 147, 148. I will buy me a somme in Law in a faire, &c. Lafew probably means that he will be careful to obtain a guarantee of ownership with his next son-in-law; alluding to the stat. 31 Eliz. cap. 12, which regulated the sale of horses. By this statute a penalty of 40 shillings was imposed 'vnesse the Toltaker, . . . will take yppon him perfect knowledge of the same person [the vendor], his name, surname, & place of dwelling, or resonacie, and shall enter the same into a book kept for Horses sold: or vnles the said person do bring to such Toltaker, book-keeper, &c. one sufficient and credible person, that can & wil testifie that he knoweth the seller, giuer, or putter away, his name, surname, mysterie, and dwelling place: and there enter into such booke, aswel the same, as the name, surname, mysterie, and place of

1 1502. Ord. Crysten Men (W. de Worde, 1506). Our Lorde, that this present worlde shall make brenne by fyre.—N. E. D.

2 The good lady made brynge lynnen and other clothes.—Caxton's Four Sonnes of Aymon, E.E.T.Soc. i. 129/7.
All's Well—Notes.

dwelling, or resiance of such testifier, together with the true price that shalbe taken for such horse, mare, gelding, colt, or fillie so sold: &c. A penalty of £5 was incurred by 'the Toletaker, or other officer aforesaide, that shall refuse to giue to the buyer, or taker of such horse, &c. a true note in writing of that his entrie, the partie paying two pence for the same.'—Lambard's Eirmarcha, 1592, pp. 445, 446. *toule* (toll) is used with some latitude for the obtainment by the purchaser of a certificate of sale, the word being properly applicable to the payment by the vendor of a toll (1d. by stat. 3 Ph. & Mar. cap. 4) for the entry of the transaction in the toll-book.
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