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All's Well That Ends Well Act 1

[00:00:54] In delivering my son from me,
 [00:00:55] I bury a second husband.
 [00:00:57] And I in going, madam,
 [00:00:58] weep o'er my father's death anew:
 [00:01:01] but I must attend his majesty's command,
 [00:01:03] to whom I am now in ward,
 [00:01:04] evermore in subjection.
 [00:01:06] You shall find of the king a husband, madam;
 [00:01:08] you, sir, a father
 [00:01:10] What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?
 [00:01:13] He hath abandoned his physicians, madam;
 [00:01:16] under whose practises
 [00:01:17] he hath persecuted time with hope,
 [00:01:19] and finds no other advantage in the process
 [00:01:21] but only the losing of hope by time.
 [00:01:25] This young gentlewoman had a father,
 [00:01:28] O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!
 [00:01:32] whose skill was almost as great as his honesty;
 [00:01:34] had it stretched so far,
 [00:01:36] would have made nature immortal,
 [00:01:38] and death should have play for lack of work.
 [00:01:40] Would, for the king's sake, he were living!
 [00:01:42] I think it would be the death
 [00:01:44] of the king's disease.
 [00:01:45] How called you the man you speak of, madam?
 [00:01:47] He was famous, sir, in his profession,
 [00:01:49] and it was his great right to be so:
 [00:01:51] Gerard de Narbon.
 [00:01:53] He was excellent indeed, madam:
 [00:01:55] the king very lately spoke of him
 [00:01:57] admiringly and mourningly
 [00:01:59] he was likely to have lived still,
 [00:02:02] if knowledge could be set up against mortality.
 [00:02:04] What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?
 [00:02:07] A fistula, my lord.
 [00:02:10] I heard not of it before.
 [00:02:11] I would it were not notorious.
 [00:02:15] Was this gentlewoman
 [00:02:18] the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?
 [00:02:20] His sole child, my lord,
 [00:02:22] and bequeathed to my overlooking.
 [00:02:24] I have those hopes of her good
 [00:02:26] that her education promises;
 [00:02:27] her dispositions she inherits,
 [00:02:30] in her they are the better
 [00:02:31] for their simpleness;
 [00:02:33] she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.
 [00:02:37] Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.
 [00:02:40] 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.
 [00:02:44] The remembrance of her father
 [00:02:45] never approaches her heart
 [00:02:47] but the tyranny of her sorrows
 [00:02:49] takes all livelihood from her cheek.
 [00:02:52] Go to, Helena, no more; go to
 [00:02:56] lest it be rather thought
 [00:02:58] you affect a sorrow than have it.
 [00:03:00] I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.
 [00:03:04] How understand we that?

[00:03:06] Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
 [00:03:08] excessive grief the enemy to the living.
 [00:03:11] If the living be enemy to the grief,
 [00:03:13] the excess makes it soon mortal.
 [00:03:15] Madam, I desire your holy wishes.
 [00:03:20] Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
 [00:03:24] In manners, as in shape!
 [00:03:26] thy blood and virtue contend for empire in thee,
 [00:03:29] and thy goodness share with thy birthright!
 [00:03:35] Love all, trust a few,
 [00:03:39] Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
 [00:03:42] Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
 [00:03:45] Under thy life's key: be cheque'd for silence,
 [00:03:51] But never tax'd for speech.
 [00:03:54] What heaven more will,
 [00:03:55] that thee may furnish and my prayers fall down,
 [00:03:59] Fall on thy head! Farewell,
 [00:04:06] 'Tis an unseason'd courtier;
 [00:04:08] good my lord, Advise him.
 [00:04:09] He cannot want the best
 [00:04:11] that shall attend his love.
 [00:04:13] Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
 [00:04:17] The best wishes that can be forged
 [00:04:18] in your thoughts be servants to you!
 [00:04:22] Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress,
 [00:04:25] and make much of her.
 [00:04:27] Farewell, pretty lady:
 [00:04:30] you must hold the credit of your father.
 [00:04:50] O, were that all! I think not on my father;
 [00:04:55] And these great tears grace his remembrance more
 [00:04:58] Than those I shed for him.
 [00:05:01] What was he like?
 [00:05:04] I have forgot him:
 [00:05:06] my imagination carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
 [00:05:10] I am undone: there is no living, none,
 [00:05:12] If Bertram be away.
 [00:05:15] 'Twere all one that I should love
 [00:05:17] a bright particular star
 [00:05:19] And think to wed it, he is so above me:
 [00:05:24] In his bright radiance and collateral light
 [00:05:26] Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 [00:05:32] The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
 [00:05:36] The hind that would be mated by the lion
 [00:05:38] Must die for love.
 [00:06:37] 'Twas pretty, though plague,
 [00:06:38] to see him every hour;
 [00:06:40] to sit and draw his arched brows,
 [00:06:42] his hawking eye, his curls,
 [00:06:45] In our heart's table;
 [00:06:47] heart too capable of every line and trick
 [00:06:50] of his sweet favour:
 [00:06:55] But now he's gone,
 [00:06:58] and my idolatrous fancy
 [00:07:00] Must sanctify his reliques.
 [00:07:04] Who comes here?
 [00:07:07] One that goes with him:
 [00:07:09] I love him for his sake;
 [00:07:12] And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 [00:07:14] Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
 [00:07:19] Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,

[00:07:21] That they take place,
 [00:07:23] when virtue's steely bones look bleak i' the cold wind:
 [00:07:28] withal, full oft we see
 [00:07:29] Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
 [00:07:37] Save you, fair queen!
 [00:07:38] Are you meditating on virginity?
 [00:07:41] Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you:
 [00:07:45] let me ask you a question.
 [00:07:46] Man is enemy to virginity;
 [00:07:48] how may we barricado it against him?
 [00:07:50] Keep him out.
 [00:07:52] But he assails;
 [00:07:53] and our virginity, though valiant,
 [00:07:55] in the defence yet is weak:
 [00:07:57] unfold to us some warlike resistance.
 [00:07:59] There is none: man, sitting down before you,
 [00:08:02] will undermine you and blow you up.
 [00:08:04] Bless our poor virginity
 [00:08:05] from underminers and blowers up!
 [00:08:08] It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature
 [00:08:11] to preserve virginity.
 [00:08:13] Loss of virginity is rational increase
 [00:08:15] and there was never virgin got
 [00:08:16] till virginity was first lost.
 [00:08:18] I will stand for 't a little,
 [00:08:19] though therefore I die a virgin.
 [00:08:21] Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle,
 [00:08:25] made of self-love,
 [00:08:27] which is the most inhibited sin in the canon.
 [00:08:30] Keep it not; you cannot choose but loose by't:
 [00:08:33] out with 't!
 [00:08:35] within the year it will make itself two,
 [00:08:37] which is a goodly increase;
 [00:08:39] and the principal itself not much the worse:
 [00:08:41] away with 't!
 [00:08:44] How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?
 [00:08:49] Let me see: marry, ill,
 [00:08:52] to like him that ne'er it likes.
 [00:08:53] 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying;
 [00:08:56] the longer kept, the less worth:
 [00:08:58] Virginity, like an old courtier,
 [00:09:00] wears her cap out of fashion:
 [00:09:02] richly suited, but unsuitable:
 [00:09:04] just like the brooch and the tooth-pick,
 [00:09:06] which wear not now.
 [00:09:09] Your date is better in your pie
 [00:09:11] and your porridge than in your cheek;
 [00:09:15] and your virginity, your old virginity,
 [00:09:18] is like one of our French withered pears,
 [00:09:21] it looks ill, it eats drily;
 [00:09:23] marry, 'tis a withered pear;
 [00:09:25] it was formerly better;
 [00:09:27] marry, yet 'tis a withered pear:
 [00:09:30] will you anything with it?
 [00:09:32] Not my virginity yet
 [00:09:34] There shall your master have a thousand loves,
 [00:09:37] A mother and a mistress and a friend,
 [00:09:39] A phoenix, captain and an enemy,
 [00:09:41] A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
 [00:09:44] A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

[00:09:47] His humble ambition, proud humility,
[00:09:49] His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
[00:09:53] His faith, his sweet disaster;
[00:09:55] with a world of pretty,
[00:09:57] fond, adoptious christendoms,
[00:09:59] that blinking Cupid gossips.
[00:10:01] Now shall he--
[00:10:07] I know not what he shall. God send him well!
[00:10:12] The court's a learning place, and he is one--
[00:10:15] What one, i' faith?
[00:10:18] That I wish well. 'Tis pity--
[00:10:23] What's pity?
[00:10:25] That wishing well had not a body in't,
[00:10:27] Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
[00:10:29] Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
[00:10:32] Might with effects of them follow our friends,
[00:10:34] And show what we alone must think,
[00:10:36] which never returns us thanks.
[00:10:38] Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[00:10:42] Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee,
[00:10:45] I will think of thee at court.
[00:10:47] Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
[00:10:50] Under Mars, I.
[00:10:52] I especially think, under Mars.
[00:10:54] Why under Mars?
[00:10:56] The wars have so kept you under
[00:10:57] that you must needs be born under Mars.
[00:10:59] When he was predominant.
[00:11:01] When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
[00:11:03] Why think you so?
[00:11:04] You go so much backward when you fight.
[00:11:06] That's for advantage.
[00:11:08] So is running away, when fear proposes the safety;
[00:11:11] but the composition
[00:11:12] that your valour and fear makes in you
[00:11:14] is a virtue of a good wing,
[00:11:15] and I like the wear well.
[00:11:17] I am so full of businesses,
[00:11:18] I cannot answer thee acutely.
[00:11:21] When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers;
[00:11:23] when thou hast none, remember thy friends;
[00:11:25] get thee a good husband,
[00:11:27] and use him as he uses thee; so, farewell.
[00:11:35] Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
[00:11:36] Which we ascribe to heaven:
[00:11:38] the fated sky gives us free scope,
[00:11:41] only doth backward pull our slow designs
[00:11:43] when we ourselves are dull.
[00:11:47] What power is it which mounts my love so high,
[00:11:50] That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
[00:11:55] The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
[00:11:58] To join like likes and kiss like native things.
[00:12:04] Impossible be strange attempts to those
[00:12:05] that weigh their pains in sense
[00:12:07] and do suppose What hath been cannot be:
[00:12:13] who ever strove to show her merit,
[00:12:16] that did miss her love?
[00:12:27] The king's disease--
[00:12:31] my project may deceive me,
[00:12:35] But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

[00:12:43] The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
[00:12:47] Have fought with equal fortune and continue
[00:12:51] A braving war.
[00:12:53] So 'tis reported, sir.
[00:12:55] Nay, 'tis most credible;
[00:12:57] we here received it. A certainty,
[00:12:59] vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
[00:13:02] With caution that the Florentine will move us
[00:13:05] For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
[00:13:10] Prejudicates the business
[00:13:11] and would seem to have us make denial.
[00:13:15] His love and wisdom, approved so to your majesty,
[00:13:20] may plead for amplest credence.
[00:13:23] He hath arm'd our answer,
[00:13:24] And Florence is denied before he comes:
[00:13:30] Yet, for our gentlemen that mean
[00:13:32] to see the Tuscan service,
[00:13:37] freely have they leave to stand on either part.
[00:13:41] It well may serve A nursery to our gentry,
[00:13:43] who are sick for breathing and exploit.
[00:13:46] What's he comes here?
[00:13:49] It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
[00:13:52] Young Bertram.
[00:13:57] Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
[00:14:01] Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
[00:14:05] Hath well composed thee.
[00:14:08] Thy father's moral parts mayst thou inherit too!
[00:14:13] Welcome to Paris.
[00:14:16] My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
[00:14:20] It much repairs me to talk of your good father.
[00:14:27] In his youth he had the wit
[00:14:32] which I can well observe today
[00:14:34] in our young lords;
[00:14:36] but they may jest till their own scorn
[00:14:39] return to them unnoted
[00:14:41] Ere they can hide their levity in honour;
[00:14:45] who were below him he used as creatures of another place
[00:14:50] And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
[00:14:55] Making them proud by his humility,
[00:15:01] In their poor praise he humbled.
[00:15:06] Such a man might be a copy to these younger times;
[00:15:12] Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
[00:15:15] But goes backward.
[00:15:18] His good remembrance, sir,
[00:15:20] Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
[00:15:22] So in approval lives not his epitaph
[00:15:24] as in your royal speech.
[00:15:26] 'Let me not live,' quoth he,
[00:15:30] 'After my flame lacks oil,
[00:15:34] to be the snuff of younger spirits,
[00:15:38] whose apprehensive senses all but new things disdain;
[00:15:44] whose judgments are mere fathers of their garments;
[00:15:52] whose constancies expire before their fashions.'
[00:16:00] This he wish'd;
[00:16:03] I after him do after him wish too,
[00:16:08] Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
[00:16:13] I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
[00:16:17] To give some labourers room.
[00:16:20] You are loved, sir:
[00:16:21] They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

[00:16:25] I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
[00:16:34] Since the physician at your father's died?
[00:16:38] He was much famed.
[00:16:40] Some six months since, my lord.
[00:16:44] If he were living, I would try him yet.
[00:16:48] Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
[00:16:55] With several applications;
[00:16:58] nature and sickness debate it at their leisure.
[00:17:03] Welcome, count; my sons are no dearer.
[00:17:10] Thank your majesty.
[00:17:15] What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah
[00:17:18] the complaints I have heard of you
[00:17:20] I do not all believe:
[00:17:22] 'tis my slowness that I do not;
[00:17:24] for I know you lack not folly to commit them,
[00:17:26] and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.
[00:17:29] 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.
[00:17:31] Well, sir.
[00:17:32] No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor,
[00:17:35] though many of the rich are damned:
[00:17:37] but, if I may have your ladyship's good will
[00:17:38] to go to the world,
[00:17:40] Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.
[00:17:43] Wilt thou needs be a beggar?
[00:17:45] I do beg your good will in this case.
[00:17:46] In what case?
[00:17:47] In Isbel's case and mine own.
[00:17:50] Service is no heritage:
[00:17:52] and I think I shall never have the blessing of God
[00:17:54] till I have issue o' my body;
[00:17:56] for they say barnes are blessings.
[00:17:58] Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
[00:18:01] My poor body, madam, requires it:
[00:18:04] I am driven on by the flesh;
[00:18:06] and he must needs go that the devil drives.
[00:18:09] Is this all your worship's reason?
[00:18:11] Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons
[00:18:13] such as they are.
[00:18:15] May the world know them?
[00:18:17] I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
[00:18:19] as you and all flesh and blood are;
[00:18:21] and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.
[00:18:24] Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
[00:18:26] I am out o' friends, madam;
[00:18:28] and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.
[00:18:31] Such friends are thine enemies, sirrah.
[00:18:33] Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.
[00:18:38] May it please you, madam,
[00:18:40] that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.
[00:18:42] Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman
[00:18:44] I would speak with her;
[00:18:48] Well, now.
[00:18:49] I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.
[00:18:52] Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me;
[00:18:56] and she herself, without other advantage,
[00:18:58] may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds:
[00:19:01] there is more owing her than is paid;
[00:19:04] and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.
[00:19:07] Madam, I was very late more near her
[00:19:09] than I think she wished me:

[00:19:10] alone she was, and did communicate
 [00:19:12] to herself her own words
 [00:19:14] to her own ears;
 [00:19:16] she thought, I dare vow for her,
 [00:19:19] they touched not any stranger sense.
 [00:19:22] Her matter was, she loved your son:
 [00:19:27] Fortune, she said, was no goddess,
 [00:19:29] that had put such difference
 [00:19:30] betwixt their two estates;
 [00:19:31] Love no god, that would not extend his might,
 [00:19:34] only where qualities were level;
 [00:19:37] This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow
 [00:19:42] that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in:
 [00:19:46] which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal;
 [00:19:49] sithence, in the loss that may happen,
 [00:19:51] it concerns you something to know it.
 [00:19:53] You have discharged this honestly;
 [00:19:55] keep it to yourself:
 [00:19:57] many likelihoods informed me of this before,
 [00:20:00] which hung so tottering in the balance
 [00:20:02] that I could neither believe nor misdoubt.
 [00:20:05] stall this in your bosom;
 [00:20:07] and I thank you for your honest care:
 [00:20:10] I will speak with you more anon.
 [00:20:18] Even so it was with me when I was young:
 [00:20:21] If ever we are nature's, these are ours;
 [00:20:25] this thorn doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
 [00:20:29] Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
 [00:20:33] It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
 [00:20:38] Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
 [00:20:43] By our remembrances of days foregone,
 [00:20:46] Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
 [00:20:54] Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.
 [00:20:59] What is your pleasure, madam?
 [00:21:01] You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.
 [00:21:05] Mine honourable mistress.
 [00:21:07] Nay, a mother: Why not a mother?
 [00:21:10] When I said 'a mother,'
 [00:21:11] methought you saw a serpent:
 [00:21:13] what's in 'mother,' that you start at it? I say,
 [00:21:16] I am your mother;
 [00:21:18] And put you in the catalogue of those
 [00:21:20] That were enwombed mine:
 [00:21:22] 'tis often seen adoption strives with nature
 [00:21:27] and choice breeds a native slip to us from foreign seeds:
 [00:21:31] You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
 [00:21:34] Yet I express to you a mother's care:
 [00:21:39] God's mercy, maiden!
 [00:21:41] Does it curd thy blood to say I am thy mother?
 [00:21:45] Why? that you are my daughter?
 [00:21:47] That I am not.
 [00:21:48] I say, I am your mother.
 [00:21:49] Pardon, madam;
 [00:21:50] The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
 [00:21:53] I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
 [00:21:54] No note upon my parents, his all noble:
 [00:21:57] My master, my dear lord he is;
 [00:21:59] and I his servant live, and will his vassal die:
 [00:22:02] He must not be my brother.
 [00:22:04] Nor I your mother?

[00:22:06] You are my mother, madam; would you were,--
 [00:22:09] So that my lord your son were not my brother,--
 [00:22:12] Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
 [00:22:15] I care no more for than I do for heaven,
 [00:22:17] So I were not his sister.
 [00:22:20] Can't no other, but, I your daughter,
 [00:22:22] he must be my brother?
 [00:22:23] Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
 [00:22:29] God shield you mean it not!
 [00:22:32] Daughter and mother so strive upon your pulse.
 [00:22:37] What, pale again?
 [00:22:40] My fear hath catch'd your fondness:
 [00:22:43] now I see the mystery of your loneliness,
 [00:22:46] and find your salt tears' head:
 [00:22:48] now to all sense 'tis gross
 [00:22:51] You love my son; invention is ashamed,
 [00:22:54] Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 [00:22:56] To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
 [00:23:01] But tell me then, 'tis so;
 [00:23:04] for, look thy cheeks confess it, th' one to th' other;
 [00:23:08] and thine eyes see it so grossly shown
 [00:23:10] in thy behaviors
 [00:23:12] That in their kind they speak it:
 [00:23:14] only sin and hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 [00:23:18] That truth should be suspected.
 [00:23:20] Speak, is't so?
 [00:23:22] If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
 [00:23:26] If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
 [00:23:31] As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 [00:23:34] Tell me truly.
 [00:23:36] Good madam, pardon me!
 [00:23:37] Do you love my son?
 [00:23:39] Your pardon, noble mistress!
 [00:23:40] Love you my son?
 [00:23:41] Do not you love him, madam?
 [00:23:43] Go not about;
 [00:23:45] my love hath in't a bond,
 [00:23:46] whereof the world takes note:
 [00:23:47] come, come, disclose the state of your affection;
 [00:23:51] for your passions have to the full appeach'd.
 [00:23:59] Then, I confess,
 [00:24:02] Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 [00:24:04] That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 [00:24:08] I love your son.
 [00:24:12] My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
 [00:24:15] Be not offended;
 [00:24:16] for it hurts not him that he is loved of me:
 [00:24:18] I follow him not by any token
 [00:24:19] of presumptuous suit;
 [00:24:22] Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
 [00:24:25] Yet never know how that desert should be.
 [00:24:30] I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
 [00:24:35] Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
 [00:24:38] I still pour in the waters of my love
 [00:24:41] And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
 [00:24:47] Religious in mine error,
 [00:24:48] I adore the sun,
 [00:24:51] that looks upon his worshipper,
 [00:24:52] but knows of him no more.
 [00:24:56] My dearest madam,

[00:24:58] Let not your hate encounter with my love
[00:25:01] For loving where you do: but if yourself,
[00:25:05] Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
[00:25:08] Did ever in so true a flame of liking
[00:25:12] Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
[00:25:18] Was both herself and love:
[00:25:21] O, then, give pity to her,
[00:25:23] whose state is such that cannot choose
[00:25:25] But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
[00:25:29] That seeks not to find that her search implies,
[00:25:34] But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!
[00:25:46] Had you not lately an intent,--speak truly,--
[00:25:51] To go to Paris?
[00:25:53] Madam, I had.
[00:25:54] Wherefore? tell true.
[00:25:55] I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
[00:25:59] You know my father left me some prescriptions
[00:26:02] Of rare and proved effects,
[00:26:04] such as his reading and manifest experience
[00:26:06] had collected for general sovereignty;
[00:26:09] amongst the rest, there is a remedy,
[00:26:12] approved, set down,
[00:26:14] To cure the desperate languishings
[00:26:16] whereof the king is render'd lost.
[00:26:19] This was your motive For Paris, was it? speak.
[00:26:24] My lord your son made me to think of this;
[00:26:27] Else Paris and the medicine and the king
[00:26:29] Had from the conversation of my thoughts
[00:26:31] Haply been absent then.
[00:26:33] But think you, Helen,
[00:26:36] If you should tender your supposed aid,
[00:26:38] he would receive it?
[00:26:39] he and his physicians are of a mind;
[00:26:42] he, that they cannot help him,
[00:26:43] They, that they cannot help:
[00:26:45] how shall they credit a poor unlearned virgin,
[00:26:48] when the schools, embowell'd
[00:26:50] of their doctrine,
[00:26:51] have left off the danger to itself?
[00:26:53] There's something in't,
[00:26:54] more than my father's skill,
[00:26:56] which was the greatest of his profession,
[00:26:59] that his good receipt
[00:27:00] shall for my legacy be sanctified
[00:27:02] By the luckiest stars in heaven:
[00:27:05] and, would your honour but give me leave
[00:27:07] to try success,
[00:27:08] I'd venture the well-lost life
[00:27:10] of mine on his grace's cure
[00:27:12] By such a day and hour.
[00:27:16] Dost thou believe't?
[00:27:18] Ay, madam, knowingly.
[00:27:22] Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
[00:27:25] Means and attendants
[00:27:27] and my loving greetings to those of mine in court:
[00:27:30] I'll stay at home and pray God's blessing
[00:27:33] into thy attempt:
[00:27:35] Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
[00:27:41] What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[00:27:45] Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles

All's Well That Ends Well Act 2

[00:27:49] Do not throw from you:
 [00:27:52] and you, my lords, farewell:
 [00:27:56] Share the advice betwixt you;
 [00:28:00] if both gain, all
 [00:28:03] The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
 [00:28:06] And is enough for both.
 [00:28:07] 'Tis our hope, sir, after well enter'd soldiers,
 [00:28:09] to return and find your grace in health.
 [00:28:12] No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
 [00:28:16] Will not confess he owes the malady
 [00:28:18] That doth my life besiege.
 [00:28:21] Farewell, young lords;
 [00:28:24] Whether I live or die,
 [00:28:26] be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen:
 [00:28:29] Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
 [00:28:41] Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
 [00:28:49] They say, our French lack language to deny,
 [00:28:55] If they demand: beware of being captives,
 [00:29:05] Before you serve.
 [00:29:12] Our hearts receive your warnings.
 [00:29:27] Farewell. Farwell, my lord.
 [00:29:29] O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
 [00:29:32] 'Tis not his fault, the spark.
 [00:29:34] O, 'tis brave wars!
 [00:29:35] Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
 [00:29:37] I am commanded here, and kept a coil
 [00:29:39] with 'Too young' and 'the next year'
 [00:29:41] and 'tis too early.'
 [00:29:42] An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.
 [00:29:45] I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
 [00:29:47] Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
 [00:29:49] Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
 [00:29:51] But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.
 [00:29:55] There's honour in the theft.
 [00:29:57] Commit it, count.
 [00:29:58] I am your accessory; and so, farewell.
 [00:30:02] I grow to you, and our parting
 [00:30:04] is a tortured body.
 [00:30:05] Farewell, captain.
 [00:30:08] Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
 [00:30:10] Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
 [00:30:14] Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:
 [00:30:16] you shall find in the regiment
 [00:30:17] of the Spinii one Captain Spurio,
 [00:30:20] with his cicatrice, an emblem of war,
 [00:30:22] here on his sinister cheek;
 [00:30:24] it was this very sword entrenched it:
 [00:30:28] say to him, I live;
 [00:30:29] and observe his reports for me.
 [00:30:31] We shall, noble captain.
 [00:30:35] Mars dote on you for his novices!
 [00:30:50] what will ye do?
 [00:30:55] Stay: the king.
 [00:30:56] But, my good lord 'tis thus;
 [00:30:58] Will you be cured of your infirmity?
 [00:31:00] No.
 [00:31:02] O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
 [00:31:06] Yes, but you will my noble grapes,

[00:31:08] an if my royal fox could reach them:
 [00:31:10] I have seen a medicine
 [00:31:12] that's able to breathe life into a stone,
 [00:31:15] Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
 [00:31:17] With spritely fire and motion;
 [00:31:20] whose simple touch,
 [00:31:21] Is powerful to araise King Pepin,
 [00:31:23] Nay, to give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
 [00:31:26] And write to her a love-line.
 [00:31:29] What 'her' is this?
 [00:31:31] Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one arrived,
 [00:31:35] If you will see her:
 [00:31:38] now, by my faith and honour,
 [00:31:39] If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 [00:31:41] In this my light deliverance,
 [00:31:43] I have spoke with one that,
 [00:31:45] in her sex, her years, profession,
 [00:31:48] Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
 [00:31:51] Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her
 [00:31:54] For that is her demand, and know her business?
 [00:31:56] That done, laugh well at me.
 [00:31:59] Now, good Lafeu,
 [00:32:00] Bring in the admiration;
 [00:32:03] that we with thee may spend our wonder too,
 [00:32:06] or take off thine by wondering how thou took'st it.
 [00:32:09] Nay, I'll fit you, and not be all day neither.
 [00:32:15] Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.
 [00:32:24] This is his majesty; say your mind to him:
 [00:32:29] A traitor you do look like;
 [00:32:30] but such traitors his majesty seldom fears:
 [00:32:34] I am Cressid's uncle, that dare leave two together;
 [00:32:41] Fare you well.
 [00:32:53] Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
 [00:32:58] Ay, my good lord.
 [00:33:00] Gerard de Narbon was my father;
 [00:33:03] In what he did profess, well found.
 [00:33:05] I knew him.
 [00:33:07] The rather will I spare my praises towards him:
 [00:33:09] Knowing him is enough.
 [00:33:12] On's bed of death many receipts he gave me:
 [00:33:15] chiefly one.
 [00:33:16] Which, as the dearest issue of his practise,
 [00:33:18] And of his old experience the oily darling,
 [00:33:20] He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
 [00:33:24] Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;
 [00:33:29] And hearing your high majesty is touch'd
 [00:33:31] With that malignant cause wherein the honour
 [00:33:33] Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
 [00:33:36] I come to tender it and my appliance
 [00:33:39] With all bound humbleness.
 [00:33:41] We thank you, maiden;
 [00:33:43] But may not be so credulous of cure,
 [00:33:45] When our most learned doctors leave us and
 [00:33:49] The congregated college have concluded
 [00:33:51] That labouring art can never ransom nature
 [00:33:55] From her inaidible estate;
 [00:34:00] I say we must not so stain our judgment,
 [00:34:03] or corrupt our hope,
 [00:34:06] to prostitute our past-cure malady
 [00:34:11] To empirics, or to dissever so

[00:34:15] Our great self and our credit, to esteem
[00:34:21] A senseless help when help past sense we deem.
[00:34:27] My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
[00:34:29] I will no more enforce mine office on you.
[00:34:31] Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
[00:34:33] A modest one, to bear me back a again.
[00:34:35] I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
[00:34:39] Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
[00:34:44] As one near death to those that wish him live:
[00:34:50] But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
[00:34:55] I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
[00:34:59] What I can do can do no hurt to try,
[00:35:02] Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
[00:35:04] He that of greatest works is finisher
[00:35:06] Oft does them by the weakest minister:
[00:35:08] So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
[00:35:10] When judges have been babes;
[00:35:12] great floods have flown
[00:35:13] From simple sources, and great seas have dried
[00:35:16] When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
[00:35:19] Oft expectation fails and most oft there
[00:35:23] Where most it promises, and oft it hits
[00:35:26] Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.
[00:35:29] I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
[00:35:35] Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
[00:35:39] Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
[00:35:42] Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
[00:35:45] I am not an impostor that proclaim
[00:35:47] Myself against the level of mine aim;
[00:35:49] But know I think and think I know most sure
[00:35:52] My art is not past power nor you past cure.
[00:36:02] Are thou so confident?
[00:36:07] Within what space hopest thou my cure?
[00:36:11] The great'st grace lending grace
[00:36:16] Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
[00:36:18] Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
[00:36:22] Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
[00:36:26] Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
[00:36:30] Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
[00:36:33] Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
[00:36:38] What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
[00:36:42] Health shall live free and sickness freely die.
[00:36:51] Upon thy certainty and confidence
[00:36:55] What darest thou venture?
[00:36:59] Tax of impudence,
[00:37:01] A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
[00:37:03] Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
[00:37:07] Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse--if worse--extended
[00:37:11] With vilest torture let my life be ended.
[00:37:15] Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
[00:37:21] His powerful sound within an organ weak:
[00:37:25] And what impossibility would slay
[00:37:28] In common sense, sense saves another way.
[00:37:35] Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
[00:37:39] Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
[00:37:45] Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
[00:37:54] That happiness and prime can happy call:
[00:38:00] Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
[00:38:04] Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
[00:38:13] Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,

[00:38:19] That ministers thine own death if I die.
 [00:38:24] If I break time, or flinch in property
 [00:38:26] Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
 [00:38:28] And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee;
 [00:38:32] But, if I help, what do you promise me?
 [00:38:38] Make thy demand.
 [00:38:40] But will you make it even?
 [00:38:42] Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.
 [00:38:46] Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
 [00:38:50] What husband in thy power I will command:
 [00:38:54] Exempted be from me the arrogance
 [00:38:55] To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
 [00:38:58] My low and humble name to propagate
 [00:39:00] With any branch or image of thy state;
 [00:39:04] But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 [00:39:08] Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
 [00:39:12] Here is my hand; the premises observed,
 [00:39:19] Thy will by my performance shall be served:
 [00:39:25] So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
 [00:39:29] Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
 [00:39:35] More should I question thee, and more I must,
 [00:39:38] Though more to know could not be more to trust,
 [00:39:41] From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
 [00:39:48] Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
 [00:40:09] I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.
 [00:40:12] I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught:
 [00:40:15] I know my business is but to the court.
 [00:40:17] To the court! why, what place make you special,
 [00:40:20] when you put off that with such contempt?
 [00:40:23] But to the court!
 [00:40:24] Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners,
 [00:40:27] he may easily put it off at court:
 [00:40:29] he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap,
 [00:40:31] kiss his hand and say nothing,
 [00:40:34] has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap;
 [00:40:36] and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely,
 [00:40:38] were not for the court; but for me,
 [00:40:41] I have an answer will serve all men.
 [00:40:44] Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.
 [00:40:47] From below your duke to beneath your constable,
 [00:40:53] Ask me if I am a courtier:
 [00:40:56] it shall do you no harm to learn.
 [00:40:58] To be young again, if we could:
 [00:41:00] I will be a fool in question,
 [00:41:02] hoping to be the wiser by your answer.
 [00:41:05] I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?
 [00:41:08] O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off
 [00:41:12] More, more, a hundred of them.
 [00:41:15] I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.
 [00:41:18] O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.
 [00:41:21] I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.
 [00:41:23] O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.
 [00:41:26] You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.
 [00:41:29] O Lord, sir! spare not me.
 [00:41:31] Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping,
 [00:41:33] and 'spare not me?' Indeed your 'Spare not me,!'
 [00:41:36] is very sequent to your whipping:
 [00:41:39] you would answer very well to a whipping,
 [00:41:40] if you were but bound to't.
 [00:41:42] I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!'

[00:41:46] I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.
[00:41:50] I play the noble housewife with the time
[00:41:53] To entertain't so merrily with a fool.
[00:41:55] O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.
[00:41:58] An end, sir; to your business.
[00:42:01] Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back:
[00:42:04] Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
[00:42:08] This is not much.
[00:42:10] Not much commendation to them.
[00:42:12] Not much employment for you: you understand me?
[00:42:15] Most fruitfully:
[00:42:19] I am there before my legs.
[00:42:22] They say miracles are past;
[00:42:24] and we have our philosophical persons,
[00:42:26] to make modern and familiar,
[00:42:27] things supernatural and causeless.
[00:42:29] Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors,
[00:42:31] ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,
[00:42:34] when we should submit ourselves
[00:42:35] to an unknown fear.
[00:42:36] Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder
[00:42:38] that hath shot out in our latter times.
[00:42:40] And so 'tis.
[00:42:41] To be relinquish'd of the artists,--
[00:42:42] So I say.
[00:42:43] Both of Galen and Paracelsus.
[00:42:44] Of all the learned and authentic fellows,--
[00:42:46] Right; so I say.
[00:42:48] That gave him out incurable,--
[00:42:49] Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
[00:42:51] Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a--
[00:42:53] Uncertain life, and sure death.
[00:42:55] Just, you say well; so would I have said.
[00:42:58] I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
[00:43:00] It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,
[00:43:03] you shall read it in--what do you call there?
[00:43:06] A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
[00:43:10] That's it; I would have said the very same.
[00:43:12] Why, your dolphin is not lustier:
[00:43:14] 'fore me, I speak in respect--
[00:43:15] Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange,
[00:43:17] that is the brief and the tedious of it;
[00:43:19] and he's of a most facinerious spirit
[00:43:21] that will not acknowledge it to be the--
[00:43:23] Very hand of heaven.
[00:43:24] Ay, so I say.
[00:43:26] In a most weak--
[00:43:27] and debile minister, great power,
[00:43:30] great transcendence:
[00:43:32] which should, indeed,
[00:43:33] give us a further use to be made
[00:43:34] than alone the recovery of the king, as to be--
[00:43:38] generally thankful.
[00:43:40] I would have said it; you say well.
[00:43:43] Here comes the king.
[00:43:45] Lustig, as the Dutchman says:
[00:43:51] I'll like a maid the better,
[00:43:52] whilst I have a tooth in my head:
[00:43:54] why, he's able to lead her a coranto.
[00:43:57] Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

[00:44:02] 'Fore God, I think so.
 [00:44:08] Go, call before me all the lords in court.
 [00:44:38] Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
 [00:44:44] And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
 [00:44:46] Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
 [00:44:48] The confirmation of my promised gift,
 [00:44:51] Which but attends thy naming.
 [00:44:58] Fair maid, send forth thine eye:
 [00:44:59] this youthful parcel
 [00:45:02] Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
 [00:45:05] O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
 [00:45:08] I have to use: thy frank election make;
 [00:45:12] Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
 [00:45:20] To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
 [00:45:23] Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!
 [00:45:27] Peruse them well:
 [00:45:28] Not one of those but had a noble father.
 [00:45:33] Gentlemen, Heaven hath through me
 [00:45:35] restored the king to health.
 [00:45:37] We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
 [00:45:45] I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
 [00:45:48] That I protest I simply am a maid.
 [00:45:53] Please it your majesty, I have done already:
 [00:45:55] The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
 [00:45:57] 'We blush that thou shouldst choose;
 [00:45:59] but, be refused,
 [00:46:00] Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
 [00:46:02] We'll ne'er come there again.'
 [00:46:03] Make choice; and, see,
 [00:46:05] Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
 [00:46:09] Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
 [00:46:12] And to imperial Love, that god most high,
 [00:46:16] Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
 [00:46:21] And grant it.
 [00:46:22] Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
 [00:46:26] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
 [00:46:28] Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
 [00:46:30] Love make your fortunes twenty times above
 [00:46:32] Her that so wishes and her humble love!
 [00:46:36] No better, if you please.
 [00:46:39] My wish receive,
 [00:46:40] Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
 [00:46:47] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
 [00:46:49] I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
 [00:46:52] Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
 [00:46:54] Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
 [00:46:57] These boys are boys of ice,
 [00:46:59] they'll none have her:
 [00:47:00] sure, they are bastards to the English;
 [00:47:01] the French ne'er got 'em.
 [00:47:03] You are too young, too happy, and too good,
 [00:47:05] To make yourself a son out of my blood.
 [00:47:08] Fair one, I think not so.
 [00:47:10] There's one grape yet;
 [00:47:12] I am sure thy father drunk wine:
 [00:47:14] but if thou be'st not an ass,
 [00:47:15] I am a youth of fourteen;
 [00:47:16] I have known thee already.
 [00:47:25] I dare not say I take you; but I give
 [00:47:31] Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

[00:47:35] Into your guiding power. This is the man.
[00:47:41] Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.
[00:47:56] My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
[00:48:01] In such a business give me leave to use
[00:48:03] The help of mine own eyes.
[00:48:04] Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?
[00:48:07] Yes, my good lord;
[00:48:09] but never hope to know why I should marry her.
[00:48:11] Thou know'st she has raised me
[00:48:13] from my sickly bed.
[00:48:15] But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
[00:48:17] Must answer for your raising?
[00:48:24] I know her well:
[00:48:26] She had her breeding at my father's charge.
[00:48:29] A poor physician's daughter my wife!
[00:48:33] Disdain rather corrupt me ever!
[00:48:34] 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
[00:48:37] the which I can build up.
[00:48:39] Strange is it that our bloods,
[00:48:41] In colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
[00:48:44] Would quite confound distinction,
[00:48:46] yet stand off in differences so mighty.
[00:48:50] If she be all that is virtuous,
[00:48:52] save what thou dislikest,
[00:48:53] A poor physician's daughter,
[00:48:56] thou dislikest of virtue for the name:
[00:48:59] but do not so:
[00:49:02] From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
[00:49:05] The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
[00:49:10] Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
[00:49:13] It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
[00:49:16] Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
[00:49:19] The property by what it is should go,
[00:49:21] Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
[00:49:27] In these to nature she's immediate heir,
[00:49:30] And these breed honour:
[00:49:33] the mere word's a slave
[00:49:35] Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
[00:49:37] A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
[00:49:40] Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
[00:49:42] Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
[00:49:48] If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
[00:49:51] I can create the rest: virtue and she
[00:49:56] Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.
[00:50:05] I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
[00:50:08] Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.
[00:50:11] That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:
[00:50:13] Let the rest go.
[00:50:14] My honour's at the stake;
[00:50:16] which to defeat, I must produce my power.
[00:50:18] Here, take her hand,
[00:50:20] Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
[00:50:24] That dost in vile misprision shackle up
[00:50:26] My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
[00:50:31] We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
[00:50:33] Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
[00:50:37] It is in us to plant thine honour where
[00:50:39] We please to have it grow. Cheque thy contempt:
[00:50:45] Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
[00:50:48] Believe not thy disdain, but presently

[00:50:52] Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
[00:50:54] Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
[00:50:59] Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
[00:51:02] Into the staggers and the careless lapse
[00:51:05] Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
[00:51:08] Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
[00:51:10] Without all terms of pity.
[00:51:16] Speak; thine answer.
[00:51:27] Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
[00:51:28] My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
[00:51:32] What great creation and what dole of honour
[00:51:34] Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
[00:51:38] Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
[00:51:41] The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
[00:51:44] Is as 'twere born so.
[00:51:49] Take her by the hand,
[00:51:50] And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
[00:51:53] A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
[00:51:56] A balance more replete.
[00:51:59] I take her hand.
[00:52:01] Good fortune and the favour of the king
[00:52:03] Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
[00:52:07] Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
[00:52:10] And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
[00:52:15] Shall more attend upon the coming space,
[00:52:17] Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
[00:52:23] Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.
[00:52:36] Your lord and master did well
[00:52:38] to make his recantation.
[00:52:40] Recantation! My lord! my master!
[00:52:43] Ay; is it not a language I speak?
[00:52:45] A most harsh one, and not to be understood
[00:52:47] without bloody succeeding. My master!
[00:52:51] Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?
[00:52:54] To any count, to all counts, to what is man.
[00:52:57] To what is count's man:
[00:52:58] count's master is of another style.
[00:53:00] You are too old, sir;
[00:53:02] let it satisfy you, you are too old.
[00:53:04] I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;
[00:53:06] to which title age cannot bring thee.
[00:53:10] What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
[00:53:13] I did think thee, for two ordinaries,
[00:53:16] to be a pretty wise fellow;
[00:53:17] thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel;
[00:53:20] it might pass: yet the scarfs and the
[00:53:24] bannerets about thee
[00:53:26] did manifoldly dissuade me
[00:53:28] from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen.
[00:53:31] I have now found thee; when I lose thee again,
[00:53:35] I care not:
[00:53:36] Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,--
[00:53:38] Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
[00:53:40] lest thou hasten thy trial; which if
[00:53:44] Lord have mercy on thee for a hen!
[00:53:48] So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well:
[00:53:50] thy casement I need not open,
[00:53:52] for I look through thee.
[00:53:55] Give me thy hand.
[00:53:56] My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

[00:53:59] Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.
 [00:54:01] I have not, my lord, deserved it.
 [00:54:03] Yes, good faith, every dram of it;
 [00:54:04] and I will not bate thee a scruple.
 [00:54:06] Well, I shall be wiser.
 [00:54:09] Even as soon as thou canst,
 [00:54:13] If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten,
 [00:54:15] thou shalt find what it is
 [00:54:16] to be proud of thy bondage.
 [00:54:18] My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.
 [00:54:22] I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
 [00:54:23] and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past:
 [00:54:28] as I will by thee,
 [00:54:29] in what motion age will give me leave.
 [00:54:35] Well, thou hast a son
 [00:54:37] shall take this disgrace off me;
 [00:54:40] scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!
 [00:54:44] Well, I must be patient;
 [00:54:46] there is no fettering of authority.
 [00:54:50] I'll beat him, by my life,
 [00:54:52] if I can meet him with any convenience,
 [00:54:53] an he were double and double a lord.
 [00:54:55] I'll have no more pity of his age than I would of--
 [00:54:59] I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.
 [00:55:02] Sirrah, your lord and master's married;
 [00:55:06] there's news for you: you have a new mistress.
 [00:55:08] I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship
 [00:55:10] to make some reservation of your wrongs:
 [00:55:12] he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.
 [00:55:16] Who? God?
 [00:55:18] The devil it is that's thy master.
 [00:55:21] Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
 [00:55:26] dost make hose of sleeves? do other servants so?
 [00:55:31] Thou wert best set thy lower part
 [00:55:32] where thy nose stands.
 [00:55:34] By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger,
 [00:55:36] I'd beat thee:
 [00:55:39] methinks, thou art a general offence,
 [00:55:40] and every man should beat thee:
 [00:55:41] I think thou wast created for men
 [00:55:43] to breathe themselves upon thee.
 [00:55:45] This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.
 [00:55:49] Go to, you are a vagabond and no true traveller:
 [00:55:52] you are more saucy with nobles and honourable personages
 [00:55:56] than the commission of your birth
 [00:55:57] and virtue gives you heraldry.
 [00:56:01] You are not worth another word,
 [00:56:04] else I'd call you knave.
 [00:56:07] Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!
 [00:56:11] What's the matter, sweet-heart?
 [00:56:13] Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
 [00:56:15] I will not bed her.
 [00:56:17] What, what, sweet-heart?
 [00:56:19] O my Parolles, they have married me!
 [00:56:25] I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.
 [00:56:27] France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
 [00:56:29] The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!
 [00:56:32] There's letters from my mother:
 [00:56:34] what the import is, I know not yet.
 [00:56:36] Ay, that would be known.

[00:56:38] To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
[00:56:40] He wears his honour in a box unseen,
[00:56:43] That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
[00:56:45] Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
[00:56:47] Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
[00:56:50] Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
[00:56:53] France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;
[00:56:56] Therefore, to the war!
[00:56:57] It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
[00:57:01] Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
[00:57:03] And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
[00:57:06] That which I durst not speak; his present gift
[00:57:08] Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
[00:57:10] Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
[00:57:14] To the dark house and the detested wife.
[00:57:17] Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?
[00:57:19] I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
[00:57:22] I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
[00:57:26] Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.
[00:57:30] 'Tis hard:
[00:57:31] A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
[00:57:36] My mother greets me kindly; is she well?
[00:57:39] She is not well; but yet she has her health:
[00:57:43] she's very merry; but yet she is not well:
[00:57:46] but thanks be given,
[00:57:48] she's very well and wants nothing
[00:57:50] in the world; but yet she is not well.
[00:57:53] If she be very well, what does she ail,
[00:57:56] that she's not very well?
[00:57:57] Truly, she's very well indeed,
[00:57:59] but for two things.
[00:58:01] What two things?
[00:58:02] One, that she's not in heaven,
[00:58:05] whither God send her quickly!
[00:58:07] the other that she's in earth,
[00:58:09] from whence God send her quickly!
[00:58:12] Bless you, my fortunate lady!
[00:58:15] I hope, sir, I have your good will
[00:58:16] to have mine own good fortunes.
[00:58:18] You had my prayers to lead them on;
[00:58:20] and to keep them on, have them still.
[00:58:23] O, my knave, how does my old lady?
[00:58:27] So that you had her wrinkles and I her money,
[00:58:29] I would she did as you say.
[00:58:30] Why, I say nothing.
[00:58:32] Marry, you are the wiser man;
[00:58:34] for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing:
[00:58:37] to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,
[00:58:40] and to have nothing,
[00:58:42] is to be a great part of your title;
[00:58:44] which is within a very little of nothing.
[00:58:47] Away! thou'rt a knave.
[00:58:49] You should have said, sir, before a knave
[00:58:52] thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave:
[00:58:55] this had been truth, sir.
[00:58:57] Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.
[00:58:59] Did you find me in yourself, sir?
[00:59:01] or were you taught to find me?
[00:59:03] The search, sir, was profitable;
[00:59:06] and much fool may you find in you,

[00:59:09] even to the world's pleasure
[00:59:10] and the increase of laughter.
[00:59:20] A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
[00:59:25] Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
[00:59:29] A very serious business calls on him.
[00:59:32] The great prerogative and rite of love,
[00:59:34] Which, as your due, time claims,
[00:59:35] he does acknowledge;
[00:59:36] But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
[00:59:39] Whose want, and whose delay,
[00:59:41] is strew'd with sweets,
[00:59:43] Which they distil now in the curbed time,
[00:59:46] To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
[00:59:48] And pleasure drown the brim.
[00:59:50] What's his will else?
[00:59:52] That you will take your instant leave o' the king
[00:59:54] And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
[00:59:56] Strengthen'd with what apology you think
[00:59:58] May make it probable need.
[01:00:00] What more commands he?
[01:00:01] That, having this obtain'd, you presently
[01:00:03] Attend his further pleasure.
[01:00:05] In every thing I wait upon his will.
[01:00:07] I shall report it so.
[01:00:11] But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
[01:00:13] Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
[01:00:16] You have it from his own deliverance.
[01:00:17] And by other warranted testimony.
[01:00:19] Then my dial goes not true:
[01:00:20] I took this lark for a bunting.
[01:00:23] I do assure you, my lord,
[01:00:25] he is very great in knowledge
[01:00:26] and accordingly valiant.
[01:00:27] I have then sinned against his experience and
[01:00:29] transgressed against his valour;
[01:00:32] and my state that way is dangerous,
[01:00:34] since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.
[01:00:37] Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends;
[01:00:40] I will pursue the amity.
[01:00:44] Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?
[01:00:47] Sir?
[01:00:48] O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir,
[01:00:51] he's a good workman, a very good tailor.
[01:00:53] Is there any unkindness
[01:00:54] between my lord and you, monsieur?
[01:00:56] I know not how I have deserved
[01:00:58] to run into my lord's displeasure.
[01:01:01] It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.
[01:01:04] And shall do so ever,
[01:01:05] though I took him at 's prayers.
[01:01:07] Believe this of me,
[01:01:09] there can be no kernel in this light nut;
[01:01:13] the soul of this man is his clothes.
[01:01:16] Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence;
[01:01:20] Farewell, monsieur:
[01:01:24] I have spoken better of you
[01:01:25] than you have or will to deserve at my hand;
[01:01:27] but we must do good against evil.
[01:01:33] An idle lord. I swear.
[01:01:35] I think not so.

[01:01:36] Why, do you not know him?
 [01:01:38] Yes, I do know him well,
 [01:01:40] and common speech gives him a worthy pass.
 [01:01:43] Is she gone to the king?
 [01:01:44] She is.
 [01:01:45] Will she away tonight?
 [01:01:46] As you will have her.
 [01:01:47] I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
 [01:01:51] Given order for our horses; and to-night,
 [01:01:54] When I should take possession of the bride,
 [01:01:56] End ere I do begin.
 [01:01:59] Here comes my clog.
 [01:02:04] I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
 [01:02:06] Spoke with the king and have procured his leave
 [01:02:08] For present parting;
 [01:02:09] only he desires some private speech with you.
 [01:02:11] I shall obey his will.
 [01:02:16] You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
 [01:02:19] Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
 [01:02:21] The ministration and required office
 [01:02:23] On my particular. Prepared I was not
 [01:02:27] For such a business; therefore am I found
 [01:02:28] So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you
 [01:02:32] That presently you take our way for home;
 [01:02:34] And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
 [01:02:36] For my respects are better than they seem
 [01:02:38] And my appointments have in them a need
 [01:02:40] Greater than shows itself at the first view
 [01:02:42] To you that know them not.
 [01:02:44] This to my mother:
 [01:02:48] 'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
 [01:02:51] I leave you to your wisdom.
 [01:02:52] Sir, I can nothing say,
 [01:02:53] But that I am your most obedient servant.
 [01:02:56] Come, come, no more of that.
 [01:02:57] And ever shall
 [01:02:58] With true observance seek to eke out that
 [01:02:59] Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
 [01:03:02] To equal my great fortune.
 [01:03:03] Let that go:
 [01:03:05] My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.
 [01:03:09] Pray, sir, your pardon.
 [01:03:10] Well, what would you say?
 [01:03:13] I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
 [01:03:15] Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
 [01:03:18] But, like a timorous thief,
 [01:03:19] most fain would steal
 [01:03:21] What law does vouch mine own.
 [01:03:24] What would you have?
 [01:03:26] Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
 [01:03:35] I would not tell you what I would, my lord:
 [01:03:36] Faith yes;
 [01:03:40] Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
 [01:03:51] I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
 [01:04:00] I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
 [01:04:08] Go thou toward home; where I will never come
 [01:04:11] Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
 [01:04:17] Great Mars, I put myself into thy file
 [01:04:22] Make me but like my thoughts
 [01:04:25] and I shall prove a lover of thy drum,

[01:04:29] hater of love

All's Well That Ends Well Act 3

[01:04:35] I have sent you a daughter-in-law:
[01:04:39] she hath recovered the king, and undone me.
[01:04:44] I have wedded her, not bedded her;
[01:04:48] and sworn to make the 'not' eternal.
[01:04:51] You shall hear I am run away:
[01:04:53] know it before the report come.
[01:04:57] If there be breadth enough in the world,
[01:04:59] I will hold a long distance.
[01:05:01] My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, Bertram.
[01:05:07] This is not well, rash and unbridled boy.
[01:05:11] To fly the favours of so good a king;
[01:05:14] To pluck his indignation on thy head
[01:05:15] By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
[01:05:18] For the contempt of empire.
[01:05:20] O madam, yonder is heavy news within
[01:05:23] between two soldiers and my young lady!
[01:05:25] What is the matter?
[01:05:27] Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort;
[01:05:30] your son will not be killed
[01:05:31] so soon as I thought he would.
[01:05:33] Why should he be killed?
[01:05:34] So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does:
[01:05:38] the danger is in standing to't;
[01:05:40] that's the loss of men,
[01:05:41] though it be the getting of children.
[01:05:44] Here they come will tell you more:
[01:05:52] Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
[01:05:57] Do not say so.
[01:06:01] Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
[01:06:07] I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
[01:06:11] That the first face of neither, on the start,
[01:06:13] Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray you?
[01:06:15] Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
[01:06:18] We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
[01:06:20] And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
[01:06:21] Thither we bend again.
[01:06:23] Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.
[01:06:29] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger
[01:06:33] which never shall come off,
[01:06:36] and show me a child begotten
[01:06:37] of thy body that I am father to,
[01:06:41] then call me husband:
[01:06:44] but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'
[01:06:50] This is a dreadful sentence.
[01:06:53] Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
[01:06:54] Ay, madam;
[01:06:55] And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.
[01:06:58] I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
[01:07:01] If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
[01:07:03] Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
[01:07:08] But I do wash his name out of my blood,
[01:07:10] And thou art all my child.
[01:07:12] Towards Florence is he?
[01:07:13] Ay, madam.
[01:07:15] And to be a soldier?
[01:07:16] Such is his noble purpose; and believe 't,
[01:07:18] The duke will lay upon him all the honour
[01:07:19] That good convenience claims.

[01:07:22] Return you thither?
[01:07:23] Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
[01:07:25] Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.
[01:07:29] 'Tis bitter.
[01:07:30] Find you that there?
[01:07:31] Ay, madam.
[01:07:32] 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
[01:07:34] which his heart was not consenting to.
[01:07:37] Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
[01:07:41] There's nothing here that is too good for him
[01:07:43] But only she; and she deserves a lord
[01:07:46] That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
[01:07:48] And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
[01:07:52] A servant only, and a gentleman
[01:07:54] Which I have sometime known.
[01:07:57] Parolles, was it not?
[01:07:58] Ay, my good lady, he.
[01:08:00] A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
[01:08:05] My son corrupts a well-derived nature
[01:08:07] With his inducement.
[01:08:08] Indeed, good lady,
[01:08:09] The fellow has a deal of that too much,
[01:08:10] Which holds him much to have.
[01:08:13] You're welcome, gentlemen.
[01:08:15] I will entreat you, when you see my son,
[01:08:18] To tell him that his sword can never win
[01:08:21] The honour that he loses:
[01:08:23] more I'll entreat you written to bear along.
[01:08:26] We serve you, madam
[01:08:36] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
[01:08:40] Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
[01:08:44] Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
[01:08:46] Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
[01:08:53] That chase thee from thy country and expose
[01:08:56] Those tender limbs of thine to the event
[01:08:59] Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
[01:09:02] That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
[01:09:05] Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
[01:09:08] Of smoky muskets?
[01:09:15] O you leaden messengers,
[01:09:19] That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
[01:09:23] Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
[01:09:27] That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
[01:09:30] Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
[01:09:34] Whoever charges on his forward breast,
[01:09:36] I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;
[01:09:39] And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
[01:09:42] His death was so effected: better 'twere
[01:09:45] I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
[01:09:47] With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
[01:09:50] That all the miseries which nature owes
[01:09:52] Were mine at once.
[01:10:03] No, come thou home, Rousillon,
[01:10:11] Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
[01:10:14] As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
[01:10:22] My being here it is that holds thee hence:
[01:10:23] Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
[01:10:31] The air of paradise did fan the house
[01:10:34] And angels officed all: I will be gone,
[01:10:38] That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

[01:10:41] To console thine ear.
[01:10:45] Come, night; end, day!
[01:10:52] For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[01:11:03] Alas! and would you take the letter from her?
[01:11:05] Might you not know she would do as she has done,
[01:11:07] By sending me a letter? Read it again.
[01:11:12] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
[01:11:16] Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
[01:11:18] That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
[01:11:21] With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
[01:11:25] Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
[01:11:29] My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
[01:11:33] Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
[01:11:36] His name with zealous fervor sanctify:
[01:11:40] He is too good and fair for death and me:
[01:11:43] Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
[01:11:46] Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
[01:11:51] Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
[01:11:54] As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
[01:11:57] I could have well diverted her intents,
[01:11:59] Which thus she hath prevented.
[01:12:00] Pardon me, madam:
[01:12:02] If I had given you this at over-night,
[01:12:04] She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
[01:12:07] Pursuit would be but vain.
[01:12:11] What angel shall
[01:12:12] Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
[01:12:17] Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
[01:12:20] And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
[01:12:23] Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
[01:12:28] To this unworthy husband of his wife;
[01:12:31] Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
[01:12:33] That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief.
[01:12:37] Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
[01:12:41] Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
[01:12:44] When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
[01:12:47] He will return; and hope I may that she,
[01:12:51] Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
[01:12:55] Led hither by pure love: which of them both
[01:13:00] Is dearest to me. I have no skill in sense
[01:13:04] To make distinction: provide this messenger:
[01:13:10] My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
[01:13:16] Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[01:13:35] They say the French count has done most honourable service.
[01:13:38] It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander;
[01:13:41] and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother.
[01:13:44] Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl:
[01:13:47] the honour of a maid is her name;
[01:13:48] and no legacy is so rich as honesty.
[01:13:51] I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited
[01:13:54] by a gentleman his companion.
[01:13:56] I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles:
[01:14:00] a filthy officer he is in those suggestions
[01:14:03] for the young earl.
[01:14:05] Beware of them, Diana; their promises,
[01:14:07] enticements, oaths, tokens,
[01:14:10] and all these engines of lust,
[01:14:12] are not the things they go under:
[01:14:16] many a maid hath been seduced by them;
[01:14:19] and the misery is,

[01:14:21] example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood,
 [01:14:24] cannot for all that dissuade succession,
 [01:14:27] but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.
 [01:14:34] I hope I need not to advise you further;
 [01:14:36] but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are,
 [01:14:40] though there were no further danger known
 [01:14:42] but the modesty which is so lost.
 [01:14:44] You shall not need to fear me.
 [01:14:46] I hope so.
 [01:14:50] Look, here comes a pilgrim:
 [01:14:52] God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?
 [01:14:54] To Saint Jaques le Grand.
 [01:14:56] Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
 [01:14:58] At the Saint Francis here
 [01:15:01] If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
 [01:15:02] But till the troops come by,
 [01:15:04] I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
 [01:15:06] The rather, for I think I know your hostess
 [01:15:08] As ample as myself.
 [01:15:10] Is it yourself?
 [01:15:12] If you shall please so, pilgrim.
 [01:15:15] I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
 [01:15:32] You came, I think, from France?
 [01:15:35] I did so.
 [01:15:38] Here you shall see a countryman of yours
 [01:15:39] That has done worthy service.
 [01:15:41] His name, I pray you.
 [01:15:42] The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?
 [01:15:46] But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
 [01:15:49] His face I know not.
 [01:15:50] Whatsome'er he is,
 [01:15:51] He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
 [01:15:54] As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
 [01:15:56] Against his liking: think you it is so?
 [01:15:58] Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
 [01:16:03] There is a gentleman that serves the count
 [01:16:04] Reports but coarsely of her.
 [01:16:06] What's his name?
 [01:16:07] Monsieur Parolles.
 [01:16:09] O, I believe with him,
 [01:16:12] In argument of praise, or to the worth
 [01:16:14] Of the great count himself, she is too mean
 [01:16:16] To have her name repeated: all her deserving
 [01:16:19] Is a reserved honesty, and that
 [01:16:21] I have not heard examined.
 [01:16:23] Alas, poor lady!
 [01:16:26] 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
 [01:16:28] of a detesting lord.
 [01:16:30] I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
 [01:16:33] Her heart weighs sadly:
 [01:16:36] this young maid might do her a shrewd turn,
 [01:16:39] if she so chose.
 [01:16:42] How do you mean?
 [01:16:45] May be the amorous count solicits her
 [01:16:47] In the unlawful purpose.
 [01:16:50] He does indeed;
 [01:16:52] And brokes with all that can in such a suit
 [01:16:54] Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
 [01:16:57] But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
 [01:17:00] In honestest defence.

[01:17:02] The gods forbid else!
 [01:17:06] So, now they come:
 [01:17:17] That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
 [01:17:23] That, Escalus.
 [01:17:24] Which is the Frenchman?
 [01:17:26] He; That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
 [01:17:30] I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
 [01:17:32] He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?
 [01:17:35] I like him well.
 [01:17:36] 'Tis pity he is not honest:
 [01:17:40] yond's that same knave
 [01:17:41] That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
 [01:17:44] I would Poison that vile rascal.
 [01:17:46] Which is he?
 [01:17:47] That jack-an-apes with scarfs:
 [01:17:51] why is he melancholy?
 [01:17:52] Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
 [01:17:54] Lose our drum! well.
 [01:17:56] He's shrewdly vexed at something:
 [01:17:59] look, he has spied us.
 [01:18:01] Marry, hang you!
 [01:18:04] And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
 [01:18:17] The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
 [01:18:20] Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
 [01:18:24] There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
 [01:18:26] Already at my house.
 [01:18:27] I humbly thank you:
 [01:18:29] Please it this matron and this gentle maid
 [01:18:31] To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
 [01:18:33] Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
 [01:18:36] I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
 [01:18:39] Worthy the note.
 [01:18:41] We'll take your offer kindly.
 [01:18:44] Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.
 [01:18:49] If your lordship find him not a hilding,
 [01:18:50] hold me no more in your respect.
 [01:18:52] On my life, my lord, a bubble.
 [01:18:55] Do you think I am so far deceived in him?
 [01:18:57] Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge,
 [01:19:00] without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman,
 [01:19:03] he's a most notable coward,
 [01:19:05] an infinite and endless liar,
 [01:19:07] an hourly promise-breaker,
 [01:19:08] the owner of no one good quality
 [01:19:10] worthy your lordship's entertainment.
 [01:19:12] It were fit you knew him;
 [01:19:13] lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
 [01:19:17] he might at some great and trusty business
 [01:19:18] in a main danger fail you.
 [01:19:22] I would I knew in what particular action to try him.
 [01:19:24] None better than to let him fetch off his drum,
 [01:19:28] which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.
 [01:19:31] I, with a troop of Florentines,
 [01:19:34] will suddenly surprise him;
 [01:19:35] such I will have, whom I am sure
 [01:19:37] he knows not from the enemy:
 [01:19:39] we will bind and hoodwink him
 [01:19:41] so, that he shall suppose no other but that
 [01:19:42] he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,
 [01:19:45] when we bring him to our own tents.

[01:19:49] Be but your lordship present at his examination:
[01:19:51] if he do not, for the promise of his life
[01:19:53] and in the highest compulsion of base fear,
[01:19:55] offer to betray you
[01:19:56] and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you,
[01:19:58] and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,
[01:20:01] never trust my judgment in any thing.
[01:20:03] O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum;
[01:20:07] he says he has a stratagem for't:
[01:20:09] when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't,
[01:20:12] and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore
[01:20:14] will be melted,
[01:20:15] if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,
[01:20:16] your inclining cannot be removed.
[01:20:20] Here he comes.
[01:20:21] O, for the love of laughter,
[01:20:22] hinder not the honour of his design:
[01:20:24] let him fetch off his drum in any hand.
[01:20:45] How now, monsieur!
[01:20:47] this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.
[01:20:50] A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.
[01:20:54] 'But a drum!' is't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost!
[01:20:58] There was excellent command,
[01:21:00] to charge in with our horse upon our own wings,
[01:21:02] and to rend our own soldiers!
[01:21:04] That was not to be blamed in the command of the service:
[01:21:07] it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself
[01:21:10] could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.
[01:21:12] Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success:
[01:21:15] some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum;
[01:21:18] but it is not to be recovered.
[01:21:21] It might have been recovered.
[01:21:22] It might; but it is not now.
[01:21:24] It is to be recovered:
[01:21:26] but that the merit of service is seldom attributed
[01:21:29] to the true and exact performer,
[01:21:30] I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'
[01:21:36] Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur:
[01:21:39] if you think your mystery in stratagem
[01:21:41] can bring this instrument of honour again
[01:21:43] into his native quarter,
[01:21:45] be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on;
[01:21:49] I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit:
[01:21:53] if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it
[01:21:56] and extend to you what further becomes his greatness,
[01:21:59] even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.
[01:22:03] By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.
[01:22:08] But you must not now slumber in it.
[01:22:09] I'll about it this evening:
[01:22:11] and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,
[01:22:13] encourage myself in my certainty,
[01:22:15] put myself into my mortal preparation;
[01:22:17] and by midnight look to hear further from me.
[01:22:21] May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?
[01:22:23] I know not what the success will be, my lord;
[01:22:25] but the attempt I vow.
[01:22:29] I know thou'rt valiant;
[01:22:31] and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,
[01:22:33] will subscribe for thee.
[01:22:35] Farewell.

[01:22:36] I love not many words.
 [01:22:42] No more than a fish loves water.
 [01:22:46] Is not this a strange fellow, my lord,
 [01:22:48] that so confidently seems to undertake this business,
 [01:22:51] which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do
 [01:22:54] and dares better be damned than to do't?
 [01:22:56] You do not know him, my lord, as we do:
 [01:22:58] certain it is that he will steal himself
 [01:23:00] into a man's favour
 [01:23:01] and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries;
 [01:23:04] but when you find him out, you have him ever after.
 [01:23:07] Why, do you think he will make no deed at all
 [01:23:08] of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?
 [01:23:11] None in the world; but return with an invention
 [01:23:14] and clap upon you two or three probable lies:
 [01:23:18] but we have almost embossed him;
 [01:23:19] you shall see his fall to-night;
 [01:23:20] for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.
 [01:23:23] We'll make you some sport with the fox
 [01:23:25] ere we case him.
 [01:23:26] He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu:
 [01:23:28] when his disguise and he is parted,
 [01:23:30] you tell me what a sprat you shall find him;
 [01:23:33] which you shall see this very night.
 [01:23:35] I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.
 [01:23:40] Your brother he shall go along with me.
 [01:23:42] As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.
 [01:23:48] Now will I lead you to the house,
 [01:23:54] and show you The lass I spoke of.
 [01:23:56] But you say she's honest.
 [01:23:58] That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
 [01:24:02] And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
 [01:24:06] By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
 [01:24:08] Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
 [01:24:11] And this is all I have done.
 [01:24:20] She's a fair creature:
 [01:24:23] Will you go see her?
 [01:24:24] With all my heart, my lord.
 [01:24:27] If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
 [01:24:29] I know not how I shall assure you further,
 [01:24:31] But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
 [01:24:36] Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
 [01:24:39] Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
 [01:24:41] And would not put my reputation now
 [01:24:43] In any staining act.
 [01:24:44] Nor would I wish you.
 [01:24:47] First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
 [01:24:50] And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
 [01:24:52] Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
 [01:24:55] By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
 [01:24:57] Err in bestowing it.
 [01:24:58] I should believe you:
 [01:25:00] For you have show'd me that which well approves
 [01:25:02] You're great in fortune.
 [01:25:06] Take this purse of gold,
 [01:25:11] And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
 [01:25:14] Which I will over-pay and pay again
 [01:25:16] when I have found it.
 [01:25:19] The count he woos your daughter,
 [01:25:23] Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

[01:25:25] Resolved to carry her:
[01:25:28] let her in fine consent,
[01:25:30] As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
[01:25:33] Now his important blood will nought deny
[01:25:36] That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
[01:25:40] That downward hath succeeded in his house
[01:25:42] From son to son, some four or five descents
[01:25:44] Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
[01:25:47] In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
[01:25:51] To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
[01:25:55] Howe'er repented after.
[01:25:57] Now I see
[01:25:58] The bottom of your purpose.
[01:25:59] You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
[01:26:03] But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
[01:26:05] Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
[01:26:09] In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
[01:26:14] Herself most chastely absent:
[01:26:23] after this,
[01:26:24] To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
[01:26:28] To what is passed already.
[01:26:36] I have yielded:
[01:26:41] Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
[01:26:43] That time and place with this deceit so lawful
[01:26:47] May prove coherent. Every night he comes
[01:26:51] With musics of all sorts and songs composed
[01:26:54] To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
[01:26:57] To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
[01:26:59] As if his life lay on't.
[01:27:01] Why then to-night
[01:27:02] Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
[01:27:06] Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
[01:27:09] And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
[01:27:13] Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
[01:27:21] But let's about it.
[01:27:25] When you sally upon him,

All's Well That Ends Well Act 4

[01:27:28] speak what terrible language you will:
[01:27:30] though you understand it not yourselves, no matter;
[01:27:33] for we must not seem to understand him,
[01:27:35] unless some one among us
[01:27:37] whom we must produce for an interpreter.
[01:27:39] Good captain, let me be the interpreter.
[01:27:42] Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?
[01:27:44] No, sir, I warrant you.
[01:27:45] But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?
[01:27:49] E'en such as you speak to me.
[01:27:54] He must think us some band of strangers
[01:27:55] i' the adversary's entertainment.
[01:27:57] Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages;
[01:28:00] therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy,
[01:28:03] not to know what we speak one to another;
[01:28:05] that we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:
[01:28:09] choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough.
[01:28:20] As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.
[01:28:24] But couch, ho!
[01:28:33] here he comes,
[01:28:34] to beguile two hours in a sleep,
[01:28:37] and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
[01:29:04] Ten o'clock: within these three hours
[01:29:08] 'twill be time enough to go home.
[01:29:14] What shall I say I have done?
[01:29:16] It must be a very plausive invention that carries it:
[01:29:19] they begin to smoke me;
[01:29:20] and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door.
[01:29:24] I find my tongue is too foolhardy;
[01:29:27] but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it
[01:29:29] not daring the reports of my tongue.
[01:29:31] This is the first truth
[01:29:32] that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.
[01:29:33] What the devil should move me to undertake
[01:29:36] the recovery of this drum,
[01:29:37] being not ignorant of the impossibility,
[01:29:39] and knowing I had no such purpose?
[01:29:43] Is it possible he should know what he is,
[01:29:46] and be that he is?
[01:29:48] I would I had any drum of the enemy's:
[01:29:49] I would swear I recovered it.
[01:29:51] You shall hear one anon.
[01:29:56] A drum now of the enemy's,--
[01:29:58] Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
[01:30:10] Boskos thromuldo boskos.
[01:30:13] I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
[01:30:15] And I shall lose my life for want of language;
[01:30:17] If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
[01:30:19] Italian, or French, let him speak to me;
[01:30:21] I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.
[01:30:23] Boskos vauvado:
[01:30:26] I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.
[01:30:29] Kerely bonto,
[01:30:32] Manka revania dulce.
[01:30:34] Oscorbidulchos volivorco.
[01:30:38] The general is content to spare thee yet;
[01:30:40] And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
[01:30:42] To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform

[01:30:45] Something to save thy life.
[01:30:46] O, let me live!
[01:30:47] And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
[01:30:51] Their force, their purposes; nay,
[01:30:53] I'll speak that which you will wonder at.
[01:30:59] They told me that your name was Fontibell.
[01:31:01] No, my good lord, Diana.
[01:31:05] Titled goddess;
[01:31:07] And worth it, with addition!
[01:31:14] But, fair soul,
[01:31:15] In your fine frame hath love no quality?
[01:31:20] If quick fire of youth light not your mind,
[01:31:23] You are no maiden, but a monument:
[01:31:26] When you are dead,
[01:31:27] you should be such a one as you are now,
[01:31:30] for you are cold and stem;
[01:31:33] And now you should be as your mother was
[01:31:36] When your sweet self was got.
[01:31:38] She then was honest.
[01:31:39] So should you be.
[01:31:40] No:
[01:31:42] My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
[01:31:44] As you owe to your wife.
[01:31:46] No more o' that;
[01:31:54] I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
[01:31:57] I was compell'd to her;
[01:32:01] but I love thee by love's own sweet constraint,
[01:32:05] and will for ever do thee all rights of service.
[01:32:08] Ay, so you serve us till we serve you;
[01:32:13] but when you have our roses,
[01:32:14] You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
[01:32:17] And mock us with our bareness.
[01:32:19] How have I sworn!
[01:32:20] 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
[01:32:22] But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
[01:32:27] What is not holy, that we swear not by,
[01:32:29] But take the High'st to witness:
[01:32:32] then, pray you, tell me,
[01:32:34] If I should swear by God's great attributes,
[01:32:36] I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
[01:32:40] When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
[01:32:45] To swear by him whom I protest to love,
[01:32:47] That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
[01:32:52] Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
[01:33:04] At least in my opinion.
[01:33:08] Change it, change it;
[01:33:13] Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
[01:33:20] And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
[01:33:22] that you do charge men with.
[01:33:25] Stand no more off,
[01:33:28] But give thyself unto my sick desires,
[01:33:32] Who then recover: say thou art mine,
[01:33:38] and ever my love as it begins shall so persevere.
[01:33:46] I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
[01:33:50] That we'll forsake ourselves.
[01:34:04] Give me that ring.
[01:34:13] I'll lend it thee, my dear;
[01:34:15] but have no power to give it from me.
[01:34:18] Will you not, my lord?
[01:34:21] It is an honour 'longing to our house,

[01:34:23] Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 [01:34:26] Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 [01:34:27] In me to lose.
 [01:34:29] Mine honour's such a ring:
 [01:34:32] My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 [01:34:34] Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 [01:34:36] Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 [01:34:38] In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
 [01:34:43] Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
 [01:34:46] Against your vain assault.
 [01:35:02] Here, take my ring:
 [01:35:06] My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
 [01:35:19] And I'll be bid by thee.
 [01:35:24] When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
 [01:35:26] I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
 [01:35:30] Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 [01:35:33] When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
 [01:35:35] Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
 [01:35:38] My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
 [01:35:40] When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
 [01:35:44] And on your finger in the night
 [01:35:47] I'll put a nother ring, that what in time proceeds
 [01:35:51] May token to the future our past deeds.
 [01:35:57] Adieu, till then; then, fail not.
 [01:36:01] You have won a wife of me,
 [01:36:03] though there my hope be done.
 [01:36:06] A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
 [01:36:19] For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
 [01:36:23] You may so in the end.
 [01:36:31] My mother told me just how he would woo,
 [01:36:33] As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
 [01:36:37] Have the like oaths:
 [01:36:41] he had sworn to marry me when his wife's dead;
 [01:36:46] Therefore I'll lie with him when I am buried.
 [01:36:53] Since Frenchmen are so braid,
 [01:36:57] Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
 [01:37:06] Only in this disguise I think't no sin
 [01:37:09] To cozen him that would unjustly win.
 [01:37:18] You have not given him his mother's letter?
 [01:37:20] I have delivered it an hour since:
 [01:37:22] there is something in't that stings his nature;
 [01:37:24] for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.
 [01:37:27] He has much worthy blame laid upon him
 [01:37:29] for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.
 [01:37:32] Especially he hath incurred
 [01:37:34] the everlasting displeasure of the king,
 [01:37:36] who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him.
 [01:37:41] I will tell you a thing,
 [01:37:43] but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
 [01:37:46] When you have spoken it, 'tis dead,
 [01:37:48] and I am the grave of it.
 [01:37:51] He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence,
 [01:37:53] of a most chaste renown;
 [01:37:55] and this night he fleshes his will
 [01:37:56] in the spoil of her honour:
 [01:37:58] he hath given her his monumental ring,
 [01:37:59] and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.
 [01:38:02] Now, God delay our rebellion!
 [01:38:07] as we are ourselves, what things are we!
 [01:38:10] Merely our own traitors.

[01:38:12] And as in the common course of all treasons,
 [01:38:14] we still see them reveal themselves,
 [01:38:16] till they attain to their abhorred ends,
 [01:38:19] so he that in this action contrives
 [01:38:20] against his own nobility,
 [01:38:22] in his proper stream o'erflows himself.
 [01:38:24] Is it not meant damnable in us,
 [01:38:26] to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?
 [01:38:32] We shall not then have his company to-night?
 [01:38:34] Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.
 [01:38:38] That approaches apace;
 [01:38:43] I would gladly have him see his company anatomized,
 [01:38:46] that he might take a measure of his own judgments,
 [01:38:48] wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.
 [01:38:51] We will not meddle with him till he come;
 [01:38:53] for his presence must be the whip of the other.
 [01:38:56] In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?
 [01:38:59] I hear there is an overture of peace.
 [01:39:01] Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.
 [01:39:06] What will Count Rousillon do then?
 [01:39:09] will he travel higher, or return again into France?
 [01:39:12] I perceive, by this demand,
 [01:39:13] you are not altogether of his council.
 [01:39:16] Let it be forbid, sir;
 [01:39:18] so should I be a great deal of his act.
 [01:39:19] Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house:
 [01:39:23] her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand;
 [01:39:27] which holy undertaking
 [01:39:28] with most austere sanctimony she accomplished;
 [01:39:31] and, there residing the tenderness of her nature
 [01:39:34] became as a prey to her grief;
 [01:39:36] in fine, made a groan of her last breath,
 [01:39:39] and now she sings in heaven.
 [01:39:42] How is this justified?
 [01:39:43] The stronger part of it by her own letters,
 [01:39:45] which makes her story true,
 [01:39:46] even to the point of her death: her death itself,
 [01:39:49] which could not be her office to say is come,
 [01:39:51] was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.
 [01:39:54] Hath the count all this intelligence?
 [01:39:55] Ay, and the particular confirmations,
 [01:39:57] point from point, so to the full arming of the verity.
 [01:40:02] I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.
 [01:40:04] How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!
 [01:40:08] And how mightily some other times
 [01:40:10] we drown our gain in tears!
 [01:40:12] The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him
 [01:40:16] shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.
 [01:40:20] The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
 [01:40:24] good and ill together:
 [01:40:27] our virtues would be proud,
 [01:40:28] if our faults whipped them not;
 [01:40:31] and our crimes would despair,
 [01:40:33] if they were not cherished by our virtues.
 [01:40:40] How now my lord ! it's not after midnight?
 [01:40:45] I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses,
 [01:40:47] a month's length a-piece,
 [01:40:50] I have congied with the duke,
 [01:40:51] done my adieu with his nearest;
 [01:40:54] buried a wife, mourned for her;

[01:40:57] writ to my lady mother I am returning;
[01:40:58] entertained my convoy;
[01:41:00] and between these main parcels of dispatch
[01:41:03] effected many nicer needs;
[01:41:07] the last was the greatest,
[01:41:10] but that I have not ended yet.
[01:41:11] If the business be of any difficulty,
[01:41:13] and this morning your departure hence,
[01:41:15] it requires haste of your lordship.
[01:41:17] I mean, the business is not ended,
[01:41:19] as fearing to hear of it hereafter.
[01:41:23] But shall we have this dialogue
[01:41:25] between the fool and the soldier?
[01:41:27] Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,
[01:41:29] he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.
[01:41:31] Bring him forth:
[01:41:33] has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.
[01:41:36] No matter: his heels have deserved it,
[01:41:37] in usurping his spurs so long.
[01:41:40] How does he carry himself?
[01:41:41] I have told your lordship already,
[01:41:42] the stocks carry him.
[01:41:47] But to answer you as you would be understood;
[01:41:49] he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk:
[01:41:52] he hath confessed himself to Morgan,
[01:41:54] whom he supposes to be a friar,
[01:41:57] from the time of his remembrance
[01:41:58] to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks:
[01:42:02] and what think you he hath confessed?
[01:42:04] Nothing of me, has a'?'
[01:42:06] His confession is taken,
[01:42:07] and it shall be read to his face:
[01:42:09] if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are,
[01:42:11] you must have the patience to hear it.
[01:42:14] A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me:
[01:42:18] hush, hush!
[01:42:19] Hoodman comes!
[01:42:24] Portotartarosa
[01:42:26] He calls for the tortures:
[01:42:27] what will you say without 'em?
[01:42:28] I will confess what I know without constraint:
[01:42:32] if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.
[01:42:37] Bosko chimurcho.
[01:42:39] Boblibindo chicurmurco.
[01:42:43] You are a merciful general.
[01:42:46] Our general bids you answer
[01:42:48] to what I shall ask you out of a note.
[01:42:49] And truly, as I hope to live.
[01:42:52] First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.'
[01:42:55] What say you to that?
[01:42:57] Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable:
[01:43:00] the troops are all scattered,
[01:43:02] and the commanders very poor rogues,
[01:43:03] upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.
[01:43:06] Shall I set down your answer so?
[01:43:07] Do: I'll take the sacrament on't,
[01:43:09] how and which way you will.
[01:43:11] All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!
[01:43:15] You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles,
[01:43:18] the gallant militarist,--that was his own phrase,

[01:43:21] that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf,
[01:43:23] and the practise in the chape of his dagger.
[01:43:25] I will never trust a man again
[01:43:26] for keeping his sword clean.
[01:43:28] nor believe he can have every thing in him
[01:43:29] by wearing his apparel neatly.
[01:43:31] Well, that's set down.
[01:43:33] Five or six thousand horse, I said
[01:43:36] I will say true, or thereabouts,
[01:43:38] set down, for I'll speak truth.
[01:43:40] He's very near the truth in this.
[01:43:42] But I con him no thanks for't,
[01:43:43] in the nature he delivers it.
[01:43:44] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.'
[01:43:47] By my troth, sir,
[01:43:49] if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true.
[01:43:51] Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty;
[01:43:54] Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many;
[01:43:57] Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii,
[01:43:59] two hundred and fifty each;
[01:44:00] mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii,
[01:44:02] two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file,
[01:44:04] rotten and sound, upon my life,
[01:44:05] amounts not to fifteen thousand poll;
[01:44:09] half of the which dare not shake snow
[01:44:11] from off their cassocks,
[01:44:12] lest they shake themselves to pieces.
[01:44:13] What shall be done to him?
[01:44:15] Nothing, but let him have thanks.
[01:44:19] Bollybingo agranoche
[01:44:23] Demand of him my condition,
[01:44:25] and what credit I have with the duke.
[01:44:30] Well, that's set down.
[01:44:32] 'You shall demand of him,
[01:44:33] whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp,
[01:44:35] a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke;
[01:44:38] what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars;
[01:44:42] or whether he thinks it were not possible,
[01:44:43] with well-weighing sums of gold,
[01:44:46] to corrupt him to revolt.'
[01:44:48] What say you to this? what do you know of it?
[01:44:50] I beseech you,
[01:44:51] let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories:
[01:44:53] demand them singly.
[01:44:56] Do you know this Captain Dumain?
[01:45:00] I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris,
[01:45:03] from whence he was whipped
[01:45:04] for getting the shrieve's fool with child,
[01:45:06] a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.
[01:45:09] Nay, stay! Hold your hands, by your leave,
[01:45:13] Though I know his brains
[01:45:14] are forfeit to the next tile that falls.
[01:45:16] Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?
[01:45:20] Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.
[01:45:25] Nay look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.
[01:45:28] What is his reputation with the duke?
[01:45:30] The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine;
[01:45:35] and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band:
[01:45:38] I think I have his letter in my pocket.
[01:45:40] Marry, we'll search.

[01:45:41] In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there,
 [01:45:43] or it is upon a file
 [01:45:44] with the duke's other letters in my tent.
 [01:45:46] Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?
 [01:45:49] I do not know if it be it or no.
 [01:45:53] Our interpreter does it well.
 [01:45:54] Excellently.
 [01:45:56] 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,'--
 [01:46:00] That is not the duke's letter, sir;
 [01:46:02] that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence,
 [01:46:04] one Diana,
 [01:46:05] to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon,
 [01:46:07] a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish:
 [01:46:10] I pray you, sir, put it up again.
 [01:46:11] Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.
 [01:46:13] My meaning in't,
 [01:46:14] I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid;
 [01:46:16] for I knew the young count
 [01:46:17] to be a dangerous and lascivious boy,
 [01:46:18] who is a whale to virginity
 [01:46:19] and devours up all the fry it finds.
 [01:46:22] Damnable both-sides rogue!
 [01:46:24] 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
 [01:46:29] After he scores, he never pays the score:
 [01:46:32] Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
 [01:46:37] He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
 [01:46:41] And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
 [01:46:44] Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
 [01:46:50] For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
 [01:46:52] Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
 [01:46:55] Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, Parolles.'
 [01:47:02] He shall be whipped through the army
 [01:47:04] with this rhyme in's forehead.
 [01:47:11] This is your devoted friend, sir,
 [01:47:13] the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.
 [01:47:16] I could endure any thing before but a cat,
 [01:47:19] and now he's a cat to me.
 [01:47:21] I perceive, sir, by the general's looks,
 [01:47:23] we shall be fain to hang you.
 [01:47:25] My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die;
 [01:47:29] but that, my offences being many,
 [01:47:31] I would repent out the remainder of nature:
 [01:47:34] let me live, sir, in a dungeon,
 [01:47:36] i' the stocks, or any where,
 [01:47:37] so I may live.
 [01:47:40] We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely;
 [01:47:44] therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain:
 [01:47:48] what is his honesty?
 [01:47:52] he will lie, sir, with such volubility,
 [01:47:55] that you would think truth were a fool:
 [01:47:57] What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?
 [01:48:00] Why does he ask him of me?
 [01:48:01] What's he?
 [01:48:02] E'en a crow o' the same nest;
 [01:48:05] he excels his brother for a coward,
 [01:48:07] yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is:
 [01:48:12] If your life be saved,
 [01:48:14] will you undertake to betray the Florentine?
 [01:48:17] Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.
 [01:48:23] I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

[01:48:30] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums!
 [01:48:34] Only to seem to deserve well,
 [01:48:36] and to beguile the supposition
 [01:48:37] of that lascivious young boy
 [01:48:39] the count, have I run into this danger.
 [01:48:42] Yet who would have suspected an ambush
 [01:48:44] where I was taken?
 [01:48:50] There is no remedy, sir, but you must die:
 [01:48:55] the general says, you that have so traitorously
 [01:48:57] discovered the secrets of your army and made such
 [01:48:59] pestiferous reports of men very nobly held,
 [01:49:02] can serve the world for no honest use;
 [01:49:06] therefore you must die.
 [01:49:38] Come, headsman, off with his head.
 [01:49:55] O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!
 [01:50:01] That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.
 [01:50:06] look about you: know you any here?
 [01:50:14] Good morrow, noble captain.
 [01:50:19] God bless you, Captain Parolles.
 [01:50:21] God save you, noble captain.
 [01:50:24] Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu?
 [01:50:28] I am for France.
 [01:50:29] Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet
 [01:50:31] you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon?
 [01:50:35] an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you:
 [01:50:39] but fare you well.
 [01:50:48] You are undone, captain, all but your scarf;
 [01:50:52] that has a knot on't yet
 [01:50:54] Who cannot be crushed with a plot?
 [01:50:57] If you could find out a country
 [01:50:58] where but women were that had received so much shame,
 [01:51:01] you might begin an impudent nation.
 [01:51:05] Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too:
 [01:51:09] we shall speak of you there.
 [01:51:21] Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
 [01:51:25] 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
 [01:51:34] But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
 [01:51:36] As captain shall: simply the thing I am
 [01:51:40] Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
 [01:51:44] Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
 [01:51:46] that every braggart shall be found an ass.
 [01:51:49] Rust, sword? cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
 [01:51:53] Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
 [01:52:00] There's place and means for every man alive.
 [01:52:07] I'll after them.
 [01:52:09] That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
 [01:52:12] One of the greatest in the Christian world
 [01:52:14] Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
 [01:52:17] Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
 [01:52:20] Time was, I did him a desired office,
 [01:52:23] Dear almost as his life
 [01:52:28] You must know I am supposed dead:
 [01:52:34] the army breaking,
 [01:52:35] My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
 [01:52:37] And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 [01:52:39] We'll be before our welcome.
 [01:52:41] Gentle madam,
 [01:52:42] You never had a servant to whose trust
 [01:52:44] Your business was more welcome.
 [01:52:46] Nor you, mistress,

[01:52:47] Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
[01:52:48] To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
[01:52:52] Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
[01:52:54] As it hath fated her to be my motive
[01:52:57] And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
[01:53:02] That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
[01:53:06] But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
[01:53:10] Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
[01:53:12] Something in my behalf.
[01:53:13] Let death and honesty
[01:53:15] Go with your impositions, I am yours
[01:53:17] Upon your will to suffer.
[01:53:20] Yet, I pray you:
[01:53:25] But with the word the time will bring on summer,
[01:53:30] When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
[01:53:32] And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
[01:53:40] Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:
[01:53:57] All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown;
[01:54:04] Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[01:54:11] No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta
[01:54:15] fellow there, whose villanous saffron
[01:54:17] would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth
[01:54:19] of a nation in his colour:
[01:54:22] your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour,
[01:54:25] and your son here at home,
[01:54:26] more advanced by the king
[01:54:28] than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.
[01:54:31] I would I had not known him;
[01:54:33] it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman
[01:54:35] that ever nature had praise for creating.
[01:54:38] If she had partaken of my flesh,
[01:54:40] and cost me the dearest groans of a mother,
[01:54:42] I could not have owed her a more rooted love.
[01:54:46] 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:
[01:54:49] we may pick a thousand salads
[01:54:51] ere we light on such another herb.
[01:54:52] Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad,
[01:54:56] or rather, the herb of grace.
[01:54:57] They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.
[01:55:00] I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir;
[01:55:02] I have not much skill in grass.
[01:55:03] Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?
[01:55:06] A fool, sir, at a woman's service,
[01:55:08] and a knave at a man's.
[01:55:09] Your distinction?
[01:55:11] I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.
[01:55:14] So you were a knave at his service, indeed.
[01:55:17] And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.
[01:55:20] I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.
[01:55:23] At your service.
[01:55:24] No, no, no.
[01:55:26] Why, sir, if I cannot serve you,
[01:55:28] I can serve as great a prince as you are.
[01:55:32] What prince is that?
[01:55:34] The black prince, sir; alias,
[01:55:36] the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.
[01:55:42] Hold thee, there's my purse:
[01:55:46] I give thee not this to suggest thee
[01:55:48] from thy master thou talkest of;
[01:55:50] serve him still.

[01:55:52] I am a woodland fellow, sir,
[01:55:54] that always loved a great fire;
[01:55:58] and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire.
[01:56:01] But, sure, he is the prince of the world;
[01:56:05] let his nobility remain in's court.
[01:56:08] I am for the house with the narrow gate,
[01:56:11] which I take to be too little for pomp to enter:
[01:56:15] some that humble themselves may;
[01:56:18] but the many will be too chill and tender,
[01:56:22] and they'll be for the flowery way
[01:56:24] that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.
[01:56:35] A shrewd knave and an unhappy.
[01:56:38] So he is.
[01:56:40] My late lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him:
[01:56:44] by his authority he remains here,
[01:56:46] which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness;
[01:56:49] and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.
[01:56:51] I like him well; 'tis not amiss.
[01:56:54] And I was about to tell you,
[01:56:58] since I heard of the good lady's death
[01:57:02] and that my lord your son was upon his return home,
[01:57:05] I moved his majesty to speak in the behalf of my daughter;
[01:57:10] which, in the minority of them both, his majesty,
[01:57:15] out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose:
[01:57:19] his highness hath promised me to do it:
[01:57:21] and, to stop up the displeasure
[01:57:24] he hath conceived against your son,
[01:57:27] there is no fitter matter.
[01:57:29] How does your ladyship like it?
[01:57:33] With very much content
[01:57:35] and I wish it happily effected.
[01:57:37] His highness will be here tomorrow
[01:57:40] of as able body as when he numbered thirty:
[01:57:42] It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die.
[01:57:46] I have letters that my son will be here this evening
[01:57:48] and I shall beseech your lordship to remain me till they meet together.
[01:57:53] Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.
[01:57:56] You need but plead your honourable privilege.
[01:57:59] Lady, of that I have made a bold charter;
[01:58:01] but I thank my God it holds yet.
[01:58:05] O madam, yonder's my lord your son
[01:58:07] Let us go see your son, I pray you:
[01:58:09] I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

All's Well That Ends Well Act 5

[01:58:15] What's your will?
[01:58:19] That it will please you
[01:58:20] To give this poor petition to the king,
[01:58:23] And aid me with that store of power
[01:58:25] you have to come into his presence.
[01:58:26] The king's not here.
[01:58:28] Not here, sir!
[01:58:30] Not, indeed:
[01:58:32] He hence removed last night and with more haste
[01:58:35] Than is his use.
[01:58:38] Lord, how we lose our pains!
[01:58:41] But this exceeding posting day and night
[01:58:43] must wear your spirits low
[01:58:45] We can't help it
[01:58:46] All's well that ends well, yet,
[01:58:48] Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
[01:58:53] I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
[01:58:56] Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
[01:58:58] Whither I am going.
[01:59:00] I do beseech you, sir,
[01:59:02] Since you are like to see the king before me,
[01:59:04] Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
[01:59:06] Which I presume shall render you no blame
[01:59:08] But rather make you thank your pains for it.
[01:59:11] I will come after you with what good speed
[01:59:13] Our means will make us means.
[01:59:16] This I'll do for you.
[01:59:19] Good Monsieur Lavache,
[01:59:20] give my Lord Lafeu this letter:
[01:59:23] I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,
[01:59:25] when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes;
[01:59:28] but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,
[01:59:30] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.
[01:59:33] Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
[01:59:36] if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of:
[01:59:38] Prithee, allow the wind.
[01:59:41] Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir;
[01:59:42] I spake but by a metaphor.
[01:59:44] Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink,
[01:59:46] I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
[01:59:50] Prithee, get thee further.
[01:59:51] Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.
[01:59:53] Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool
[01:59:58] to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.
[02:00:04] Here is a purr of fortune's, sir,
[02:00:07] that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure,
[02:00:11] and, as he says, is muddied withal:
[02:00:14] I do pity his distress and leave him to your lordship.
[02:00:18] My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.
[02:00:23] And what would you have me to do?
[02:00:25] 'Tis too late to pare her nails now.
[02:00:28] Wherein have you played the knave with fortune,
[02:00:29] that she should scratch you,
[02:00:30] who of herself is a good lady
[02:00:32] and would not have knaves thrive long under her?
[02:00:39] There's a quart d'ecu for you:
[02:00:42] let the justices make you and fortune friends:
[02:00:44] I am for other business.

[02:00:46] I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.
 [02:00:49] You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't;
 [02:00:52] save your word.
 [02:00:54] My name, my good lord, is Parolles.
 [02:01:05] give me your hand. How does your drum?
 [02:01:10] O my good lord, you were the first that found me!
 [02:01:14] Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.
 [02:01:16] It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace,
 [02:01:19] for you did bring me out.
 [02:01:20] Out upon thee, knave!
 [02:01:21] dost thou put upon me at once both the office
 [02:01:23] of God and the devil?
 [02:01:24] One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out.
 [02:01:28] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.
 [02:01:32] Sirrah, inquire further after me;
 [02:01:36] I had talk of you last night:
 [02:01:39] though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to
 [02:01:44] I praise God for you.
 [02:01:57] We lost a jewel of her;
 [02:01:59] and our esteem was made much poorer by it:
 [02:02:02] but your son, mad in folly, lack'd the sense
 [02:02:04] to know her estimation home.
 [02:02:06] 'Tis past, my liege;
 [02:02:07] And I beseech your majesty to make it
 [02:02:09] Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
 [02:02:13] When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
 [02:02:16] O'erbears it and burns on.
 [02:02:17] My honour'd lady,
 [02:02:18] I have forgiven and forgotten all;
 [02:02:21] Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
 [02:02:23] And watch'd the time to shoot.
 [02:02:25] This I must say,
 [02:02:26] But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
 [02:02:30] Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
 [02:02:32] Offence of mighty note; but to himself
 [02:02:35] The greatest wrong of all.
 [02:02:37] He lost a wife whose beauty did astonish the survey
 [02:02:40] Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
 [02:02:44] Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
 [02:02:48] Humbly call'd mistress.
 [02:02:49] Praising what is lost
 [02:02:50] Makes the remembrance dear.
 [02:02:52] Well, call him hither;
 [02:02:53] We are reconciled,
 [02:02:54] and the first view shall kill all repetition:
 [02:02:57] let him not ask our pardon;
 [02:02:58] The nature of his great offence is dead,
 [02:03:00] And deeper than oblivion
 [02:03:02] we do bury the incensing relics of it:
 [02:03:05] let him approach, a stranger, no offender;
 [02:03:07] and inform him so 'tis our will he should.
 [02:03:10] I shall, my liege.
 [02:03:16] What says he to your daughter? have you spoke
 [02:03:20] All that he is hath reference to your highness.
 [02:03:23] Then shall we have a match.
 [02:03:25] I have letters sent me
 [02:03:26] That set him high in fame.
 [02:03:27] He looks well on't.
 [02:03:32] I am not a day of season,
 [02:03:35] For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail

[02:03:37] In me at once: but to the brightest beams
[02:03:40] Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
[02:03:45] The time is fair again.
[02:03:47] My high-repented blames,
[02:03:49] Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
[02:03:51] All is whole;
[02:03:53] Not one word more of the consumed time.
[02:03:55] Let's take the instant by the forward top;
[02:03:57] For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
[02:04:00] The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
[02:04:03] Steals ere we can effect them.
[02:04:06] You remember the daughter of this lord?
[02:04:10] Admiringly, my liege,
[02:04:12] At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
[02:04:14] Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
[02:04:18] Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
[02:04:20] Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
[02:04:23] Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
[02:04:26] Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
[02:04:29] Extended or contracted all proportions
[02:04:31] To a most hideous object: thence it came
[02:04:35] That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
[02:04:38] Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
[02:04:42] The dust that did offend it.
[02:04:45] Well excused:
[02:04:47] Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
[02:04:50] Destroy our friends and after weep their dust
[02:04:54] Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
[02:04:57] While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.
[02:05:01] Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
[02:05:06] Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
[02:05:09] The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
[02:05:12] To see our widower's second marriage-day.
[02:05:16] Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
[02:05:19] Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
[02:05:22] Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
[02:05:24] Must be digested, give a favour from you
[02:05:27] To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
[02:05:30] That she may quickly come.
[02:05:40] By my old beard,
[02:05:41] And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
[02:05:45] Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
[02:05:48] The last that e'er I took her at court,
[02:05:50] I saw upon her finger.
[02:05:52] Hers it was not.
[02:05:53] Let me see it; for mine eye,
[02:05:55] While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
[02:06:00] This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
[02:06:04] I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
[02:06:05] Necessitated to help,
[02:06:07] that by this token I would relieve her.
[02:06:10] Had you that craft, to reave her
[02:06:12] Of what should stead her most?
[02:06:14] My gracious sovereign,
[02:06:15] Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
[02:06:17] The ring was never hers.
[02:06:18] Son, on my life,
[02:06:19] I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
[02:06:22] At her life's rate.
[02:06:23] I am sure I saw her wear it.

[02:06:26] You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it
[02:06:30] In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
[02:06:34] Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
[02:06:35] Of her that threw it: noble she was,
[02:06:38] and thought I stood engaged:
[02:06:39] but when I had subscribed to mine own fortune
[02:06:43] and inform'd her fully I could not answer
[02:06:44] in that course of honour
[02:06:46] As she had made the overture, she ceased
[02:06:48] In heavy satisfaction
[02:06:49] and would never receive the ring again.
[02:06:51] Plutus himself,
[02:06:52] That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
[02:06:54] Hath not in nature's mystery more science
[02:06:56] Than I have in this ring:
[02:06:58] 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
[02:07:01] Confess 'twas hers,
[02:07:02] and by what rough enforcement you got it from her:
[02:07:05] she call'd the saints to surety
[02:07:07] That she would never put it from her finger,
[02:07:08] Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
[02:07:11] Where you have never come,
[02:07:13] or sent it us upon her great disaster.
[02:07:16] She never saw it.
[02:07:18] Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
[02:07:21] And makest conjectural fears to come into me
[02:07:23] Which I would fain shut out.
[02:07:26] If it should prove
[02:07:27] That thou art so inhuman,--'twill not prove so;--
[02:07:31] And yet I know not:
[02:07:33] thou didst hate her deadly,
[02:07:35] And she is dead;
[02:07:37] which nothing, but to close her eyes myself,
[02:07:39] could win me to believe,
[02:07:40] More than to see this ring. Take him away.
[02:07:48] We'll sift this matter further.
[02:07:55] I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
[02:07:59] Gracious sovereign,
[02:08:01] Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
[02:08:03] Here's a petition from a Florentine,
[02:08:05] Who hath for four or five removes come short
[02:08:07] To tender it herself.
[02:08:09] I undertook it,
[02:08:10] Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
[02:08:13] Of the poor suppliant,
[02:08:14] who by this I know is here attending:
[02:08:17] her business looks in her
[02:08:18] With an importing visage; and she told me,
[02:08:21] In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
[02:08:24] Your highness with herself.
[02:08:27] Upon his many protestations to marry me
[02:08:30] when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
[02:08:33] he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower:
[02:08:37] his vows are forfeited to me,
[02:08:39] and my honour's paid to him.
[02:08:42] He stole from Florence, taking no leave,
[02:08:44] and I follow him to his country for justice:
[02:08:47] grant it me, O king! in you it best lies;
[02:08:50] otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.
[02:08:57] Diana Capilet.

[02:09:00] I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
 [02:09:02] and toll for this: I'll none of him.
 [02:09:04] The heavens have thought well on thee Lafeu,
 [02:09:05] To bring forth this discovery.
 [02:09:07] Seek these suitors:
 [02:09:08] Go speedily and bring again the count.
 [02:09:11] I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
 [02:09:13] Was foully snatch'd.
 [02:09:16] Now, justice on the doers!
 [02:09:19] I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
 [02:09:22] And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
 [02:09:25] Yet you desire to marry.
 [02:09:30] What woman's that?
 [02:09:31] I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
 [02:09:33] Derived from the ancient Capilet:
 [02:09:36] My suit, as I do understand, you know,
 [02:09:38] And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
 [02:09:41] I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
 [02:09:45] Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
 [02:09:48] And both shall cease, without your remedy.
 [02:09:50] Count; do you know these women?
 [02:09:53] My lord, I neither can nor will deny
 [02:09:56] But that I know them: do they charge me further?
 [02:09:59] Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
 [02:10:01] She's none of mine, my lord.
 [02:10:03] If you shall marry,
 [02:10:04] You give away this hand, and that is mine;
 [02:10:08] You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
 [02:10:11] You give away myself, which is known mine;
 [02:10:13] For I by vow am so embodied yours,
 [02:10:15] That she which marries you must marry me,
 [02:10:18] Either both or none.
 [02:10:21] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter;
 [02:10:23] you are no husband for her.
 [02:10:24] My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature
 [02:10:27] Whom sometime I have laugh'd with:
 [02:10:29] let your highness lay a more noble thought
 [02:10:31] upon mine honour
 [02:10:32] Than for to think that I would sink it here.
 [02:10:33] Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
 [02:10:35] Till your deeds gain them:
 [02:10:37] fairer prove your honour than in my thought it lies.
 [02:10:39] Good my lord,
 [02:10:40] Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
 [02:10:41] He had not my virginity.
 [02:10:45] What say'st thou to her?
 [02:10:47] She's impudent, my lord,
 [02:10:49] And was a common gamester to the camp.
 [02:10:51] He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
 [02:10:53] He might have bought me at a common price:
 [02:10:55] Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
 [02:10:58] Whose high respect and rich validity
 [02:11:00] Did lack a parallel;
 [02:11:02] yet for all that, he gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
 [02:11:05] If I be one.
 [02:11:09] He blushes, and 'tis it
 [02:11:11] Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
 [02:11:14] Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
 [02:11:16] Hath it been owed and worn.
 [02:11:19] This is his wife; that ring's a thousand proofs.

[02:11:23] Methought you said you saw one here in court
[02:11:25] could witness it.
[02:11:26] I did, my lord,
[02:11:27] but loath am to produce so bad an instrument:
[02:11:29] his name's Parolles.
[02:11:30] I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
[02:11:33] Find him, and bring him hither.
[02:11:34] What of him?
[02:11:35] He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
[02:11:38] With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
[02:11:41] Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
[02:11:44] Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
[02:11:46] That will speak any thing?
[02:11:47] She hath that ring of yours.
[02:11:49] I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
[02:11:54] And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
[02:11:57] She knew her distance and did angle for me,
[02:12:00] Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
[02:12:02] As all impediments in fancy's course
[02:12:04] Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
[02:12:07] Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
[02:12:10] Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
[02:12:15] And I had that which any inferior might
[02:12:16] At market-price have bought.
[02:12:19] I must be patient:
[02:12:21] You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
[02:12:24] May justly diet me. I pray you yet;
[02:12:27] Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband;
[02:12:30] Send for your ring, I will return it home,
[02:12:32] And give me mine again.
[02:12:34] I have it not.
[02:12:35] What ring was yours, I pray you?
[02:12:37] Sir, much like the same upon your finger.
[02:12:41] Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
[02:12:44] And this was it I gave him, being abed.
[02:12:46] The story then goes false,
[02:12:47] you threw it him out of a casement.
[02:12:48] I have spoke the truth.
[02:12:49] My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
[02:12:52] You boggle shrewdly, every feather stars you.
[02:12:58] Is this the man you speak of?
[02:12:59] Ay, my lord.
[02:13:01] Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
[02:13:03] Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
[02:13:05] Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
[02:13:07] By him and by this woman here what know you?
[02:13:12] So please your majesty, my master hath been an
[02:13:14] honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him,
[02:13:16] which gentlemen have.
[02:13:18] Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
[02:13:22] Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
[02:13:25] How, I pray you?
[02:13:26] He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
[02:13:28] How is that?
[02:13:29] He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
[02:13:31] As thou art a knave, and no knave.
[02:13:33] What an equivocal companion is this!
[02:13:35] I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
[02:13:38] He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
[02:13:42] Do you know he promised me marriage?

[02:13:44] Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
 [02:13:46] But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
 [02:13:49] Yes, so please your majesty.
 [02:13:51] I did go between them, as I said; but more than that,
 [02:13:53] he loved her:
 [02:13:54] for indeed he was mad for her,
 [02:13:56] and talked of Satan an of Limbo
 [02:13:57] and of Furies and I know not what:
 [02:13:59] yet I was in that credit with them at that time
 [02:14:01] that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions,
 [02:14:03] as promising her marriage,
 [02:14:04] and things which would derive me ill will to speak of;
 [02:14:07] therefore I will not speak what I know.
 [02:14:09] Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say
 [02:14:11] they are married:
 [02:14:13] but thou art too fine in thy evidence;
 [02:14:14] therefore stand aside.
 [02:14:17] This ring, you say, was yours?
 [02:14:19] Ay, my good lord.
 [02:14:20] Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
 [02:14:22] It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
 [02:14:25] Who lent it you?
 [02:14:26] It was not lent me neither.
 [02:14:28] Where did you find it, then?
 [02:14:29] I found it not.
 [02:14:30] If it were yours by none of all these ways,
 [02:14:31] How could you give it him?
 [02:14:32] I never gave it him.
 [02:14:34] This woman's an easy glove, my lord;
 [02:14:35] she goes off and on at pleasure.
 [02:14:37] This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.
 [02:14:42] It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.
 [02:14:45] Take her away; I do not like her now;
 [02:14:47] To prison with her: and away with him.
 [02:14:48] Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
 [02:14:50] within this hour, thou diest.
 [02:14:51] I'll never tell you.
 [02:14:53] I'll put in bail, my liege.
 [02:14:54] I think thee now some common customer.
 [02:14:56] By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
 [02:15:00] Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
 [02:15:02] Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
 [02:15:05] He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
 [02:15:09] I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
 [02:15:15] Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
 [02:15:18] I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
 [02:15:22] She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
 [02:15:25] Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
 [02:15:28] The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
 [02:15:30] And he shall surety me.
 [02:15:33] But for this lord, who hath abused me,
 [02:15:35] as he knows himself,
 [02:15:37] Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
 [02:15:43] He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
 [02:15:47] And at that time he got his wife with child:
 [02:15:55] Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
 [02:15:59] So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick:
 [02:16:09] And now behold the meaning.
 [02:16:48] Is there no exorcist
 [02:16:50] Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

[02:16:54] Is't real that I see?
[02:16:56] No, my good lord;
[02:16:58] 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
[02:17:00] The name and not the thing.
[02:17:03] Both, both. O, pardon!
[02:17:14] O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
[02:17:22] I found you wondrous kind.
[02:17:32] There is your ring,
[02:17:36] and, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
[02:17:41] 'When from my finger you can get this ring
[02:17:43] And are by me with child,' etc. This is done:
[02:17:54] Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
[02:17:59] If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
[02:18:04] I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
[02:18:20] If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
[02:18:23] Deadly divorce step between me and you!
[02:18:28] O my dear mother, do I see you living?
[02:18:32] Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[02:18:37] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher:
[02:18:42] so, I thank thee: wait on me home,
[02:18:49] I'll make sport with thee:
[02:18:51] Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
[02:18:56] Let us from point to point this story know,
[02:19:00] To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[02:19:08] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[02:19:12] Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
[02:19:16] For I can guess that by thy honest aid
[02:19:19] Thou keep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
[02:19:26] Of that and all the progress, more or less,
[02:19:29] Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
[02:19:50] All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
[02:19:58] The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.