THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE:
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.
ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

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INTRODUCTION
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All's Well, that Ends Well

INTRODUCTION

DATE

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

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

Text

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

Source

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

creations of the poet. In the story, in fact, all the characters are mere wax figures.

The Characters, etc., of All's Well

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

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

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

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

The conclusion, too, is unsatisfactory, for the reader feels that the real problem is only now to begin. These weaknesses, combined with the unpleasantness of the general theme, amply account for the comparative neglect that *All's Well* has suffered among Shakespeare's plays.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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

**KING of France**, I.ii.1, p. 11; II.i.1, p. 21; III.iii.4, p. 30; V.iii.1, p. 70.

**DUKE of Florence**, III.ii.1, p. 42; iii.1, p. 47.

**BERTRAM**, Count of Rossillion, I.i.3, p. 5; II.ii.3, p. 12; II.ii.7, p. 22; III.ii.9, p. 29; v.3, p. 39; III.iii.3, p. 48; vi.6, p. 33; IV.ii.5, p. 61; iii.80, p. 65; V.iii.36, p. 80; as a Mute, III.v. p. 52.

**LAKEW**, an old Lord, I.i.6, p. 5; II.i.60, p. 23; iii.1, p. 29; v.1, p. 39; IV.v.1, p. 73; V.ii.27, p. 78; iii.11, p. 79.

**Captaine PARROLES**, a cowardly bragging knave, a follower of BERTRAM, I.i.100, p. 8; II.i.25, p. 21; III.ii.7, p. 29; iv.13, p. 38; v.25, p. 40; III.vi.40, p. 54; IV.i.24, p. 58; iii.113, p. 65; V.ii.1, p. 77; iii.237, p. 87: as a Mute, I.i.12; III.iii.47; v. p. 52.

A Page, I.i.174, p. 10; and a Messenger, IV.iii.72, p. 65: Servants to BERTRAM.

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

**LAVARDO**, a Clowne, 'a shrewd knave and an unhappe', Servants to the COUNTESS of Rossillion.

**Lord G.** (or DUMAIN), a French Lord, afterwards a Captaine in the Florentine army, I.i.3, p. 11; II.i.5, p. 21; III.ii.4, p. 43; vii.3, p. 52; IV.iii.1, p. 63.

**Lord E.**, his brother, also a Captaine in the Florentine armie, I.ii.15, p. 11; II.ii.25, p. 21; III.iii.9, p. 43; vii.1, p. 53; IV.i.1, p. 58; iii.2, p. 63.

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

**French E.**, III.ii.44, p. 45; and **French G.**, III.ii.51, p. 45: two French Gentlemen, Envoys to the Court of Florence.

Four young French Lords, 'Noble Batchellors', offered by the KING to HELENA 'franche election': 1st Lord, I.ii.75, p. 31; 2nd Lord, 82, p. 31; 4th Lord, 96, p. 32.

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

A gentle Astringer (called also a Gentleman), V.ii.9, p. 76; iii.126, p. 83.

**1st Souldier**, the Interpreter of 'Chougres language' to PARROLES, IV.i.7, p. 58; iii.111, p. 66: 2nd Souldier, IV.i.89, p. 60.

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

**COUNTESS of Rossillon, mother to BERTRAM**, I.i.3, p. 5; iii.1, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 27; III.ii.1, p. 43; iv.1, p. 48; IV.v.7, p. 73; V.iii.4, p. 79.

**HELENA (or HELEN)**, daughter of the Philipsian GERARD de MARBOE, brought up by the COUNTESS; in love with BERTRAM, I.i.47, p. 6; iii.127, p. 17; II.ii.101, p. 84; iii.55, p. 32; iv.1, p. 38; v.54, p. 41; III.ii.45, p. 45; v.31, p. 50; vii.1, p. 56; IV.v.1, p. 72; V.ii.1, p. 76; iii.302, p. 89.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

An old Widow of Florence, III.v.1, p. 49; vii.4, p. 35; IV.iv.14, p. 72; V.i.2, p. 77; iii.161, p. 84.

Diana, daughter to the Widow, 'derived from the ancient Capulet', III.v.3, p. 49; IV.ii.9, p. 61; iv.ii.8, p. 73; V.ii.157, p. 84: as a Nurse, V.i. p. 76.

Mariana, a neighbour and friend of the Widow, III.v.9, p. 50.

Violetta, (?) daughter to Mariana, speaks together with Mariana at III. v.98, p. 53.

Mutes: Divers yong French Lords, going to the Florentine warre, II.i. p. 21; 3rd young French Lord, offered to Helena, II.iii. p. 32. ANTONHIO and ESCALUS, sons to the Duke of Florence, III.v. p. 52; Lords, Attendants, Soldiers, Servants, French and Florentine.


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2 On Day 3, Helena hopes to cure the King in two days' space. See II.i. p. 162-169, p. 26. The cure has been effected when the King enters in II.ii. (Day 4).
3 In IV.iii.46, p. 64 (Day 8) Lord G. says that Helena had fled from Rossallion 'some two months since'.
4 Cp. IV.iii.48-50, p. 64, and IV.iii.79, p. 65.

NOTICE

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

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

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

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

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

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.
Rossillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter yong Bertram, Count of Rossillon; his Mother, the Countess of Rossillon; Helena, and Lord LAFew, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

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

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

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

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions, Madam; vnder whose prattices he hath perfecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantaige in the processe, but onely the losung of 'hope' by 'time.'

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

[Enter . . . Helena, and Lord LAFew] Eenr . . . and Helena, Lord Lafew F.

§ [I. i. 1-19.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Would, for the Kings fake, hee were liuing! I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

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

Mo. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, Madam! the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd stille, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie.

Rof. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fishtula, my Lord.

Rof. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. || Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Mo. His sole childe, my Lord; and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer; for where an uncleane mind carries vertuus qualities, there commendations go with pitty; they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse: she derives her honestie, and atcheues her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations, Madam, get from her, teares.

Mo. 'Ts the best brine a Maiden can seafon her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheeke. || No more of this, Helena! go to, no more! leaft it be rather thought you affect a sorrow then to haue . . .

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

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive griefe the enemy to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excessive makes it soone mortall.

Rof. [kneeling] Maddam, I defie your holie wishes!

Laf. [aside] How vnderstand we that?

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

Doe wrong to none; be able for thine enemie,
Rather in power then vse, and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key; Be checkt for silence, 60
But neuer tax'd for speech! What heauen more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers placke downe,
Fall on thy head! [Ber. rises] ¶ Farwell, my Lord!
'Tis an unfeason'd Courtier; good my Lord, 64
Aduise him!

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

Mo. Heauen blesse him! Farwell, Bertram! 67

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

Laf. Farewell, prettie Lady! you must hold the credit of
your father. [Exeunt Bertram and Lafew. 72

Hell. O, were that all! I thinke not on my father;
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then tho'fe I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him: My imagination 76
Carries no fauour in't but Bertrams!
I am vndone: there is no liuing, none,
If Bertram be away! 'Twere all one,
That I shou'd loue a bright particular starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me!
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe: 80
The hind that would be mated by the Lion,
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague.
To see him euerie houre; to fit and draw
His arch'd browes, his hawking eie, his curles, 88
In our hearts table; heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques!—Who comes heere?
One that goes with him: I loue him for his fake;
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward;
Yet thefe fixt euils fit so fit in him,
All's Well, that Ends Well

That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisedome weighting on superfluos follie.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Saue you, faire Queene!

Hel. And you, Monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I. You haue some staine of fouldier in you; Let
mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie; how
may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out!

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

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

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

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier
be blowne vp: marry, in blowing him downe againe, with
the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not
politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferue [120
virginitie. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease; and there
was neuer Virgin got, till virginitie was firft loft. That you
were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by
beeing once loft, may be ten times found; by being euer [124
kept, it is euer loft: 'tis too cold a companion; Away with't!

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

Par. There's little can bee saide in't; 'tis against the rule
of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse
your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience! He that
hangs himselfe is1 a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it selfe; [131
and shold be buried in highwayes, out of all sanctified limit,

122. got] F2. goe F.

L. 1. 97-132.1

8
as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheele; consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. [135 Befides, Virginitie is penuith, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited finne in the Cannon. Keepe it not! you cannot choose but loose by't: Out with't! within the yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increas; [139 and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't!

\textit{Hel.} How might one do, sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

\textit{Par.} Let mee fee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne're it likes! 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glose with lying; The [143 longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible! Answere the time of request! Virginitie, like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion; richely futed, but vnfuteable: iust like the brooch & the toothpick, which were \footnote{1} not now. [147 Your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares; it lookes ill, it eates drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd peare; it was formerly better; [151 marry, yet 'tis a wither'd peare! Will you any thing with it?

\textit{Hel.} Not my virginity yet!\footnote{2} There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Miftresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddess, and a Soueraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoreffe, and a Deare!
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His iarreing concord, and his difcord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disafter: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendomes,
That blinking Cupid gossips! Now shall he . . . [163 I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The Courts a learning place, and he is one . . .

\textit{Par.} What 'one,' ifaith?
\textit{Hel.} That I with well. 'Tis pitty . . .

\textit{Par.} What's ' pitty ?' 

\footnote{138. the}{B. Nicholson. ten F. \footnote{were}{wear, are worn. \footnote{2}{Hammer inserted You're for the Court after yet. But the discon- tinuity in the text better marks Hel.'s abrupt outburst as to Ber- tram, of whom her heart and mind have all along been full. [I. i. 133-167.}
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

Enter Page.

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

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

Par. Vnder Mars, I!
Hel. I especially thinke, 'vnder Mars.'
Par. Why 'vnder Mars?'
Hel. The warres hath so kept you 'vnder,' that you must
needes be borne 'vnder Mars.'
Par. When he was predominant!
Hel. When he was retrograde, I thinke, rather.
Par. Why thinke you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That's for aduantage.
Hel. So is running away, when feare proposes the safetie:
but the composision, that your valour and feare makes in you,
is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll. I am so full of busineses, I cannot answere thee
acutely. I will returne perfect Courtier; in the which, my in-
struction shall ferue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capa-
bale of a Courtiers counsell, and vnderstand what aduice shall [195
thrust ypon thee; else thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes,
and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell! When thou
haught leyture, say thy praizers; when thou haft none, remember
thy Friends! Get thee a good husband, and vfe him as he
vfe thee! So, farewell! [Exit. 200

Hel. Our remedies oft in our felunes do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Gines vs free scope; onely doth backward pull
Our owne desigues, when we our felues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye;
I. 1. 168-205.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

That makes me fee, and cannot feeze mine eye?
The mightieest space in Fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like likes, and kiss like native things.
Imposible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in fence; and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue
To shew her merit, that did misfe her loue?—
The Kings diseafe... My proieect may deceie me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. [Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.


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

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

1. Lo. G. (the elder Dumaine) So tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, ts moft credible; we heere receiue it
A certaintie, vouch'd from our Cozin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs
For speedie ayde; wherein our deerest friend
Preiudicates the bu finesse, and would feeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G. His loue and wisedome.

Approu'd so to your Maiestie, may pleade
For ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answere,
And Florence is deni'de before he comes:
Yet, for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The Tuscan seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2. Lo. E. (the younger Dumaine) It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentry, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

1 See note at end of play.

[i. i. 206-214; ii. 1-17.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

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

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

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.

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

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

King. Would I were with him! He would alwaies say: 52

I. ii. 18-52.][43. And] Aud (turned n) F. 12
All's Well, that Ends Well.

(Me thinkes I heare him now; his plausuie words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them,
To grow there and to beare:) 'Let me not liue,'
(This his good melancholly oft began,
On the Catastrphe and heele of pastime,
When it was out,) 'Let me not liue' (quoth hee)
'After my flame lackes yole, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses,
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions!' This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him with too,
(Since I, nor wax nor honie can bring home,)
I quickly were disflouëd from my hiue,
To gie some Laborars roome.

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

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

Ber. Some six moneths since, my Lord.

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

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty!

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Rossillon. The Counts Palace.

Enter Countesse, Steward (Rinaldo), and Clowne
(Lauatch) behind.

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

Ste. Maddam, the care I haue had to enuen your content, I
with might be found in the Kalender of my past endeouers;

76. Exeunt.] Exit F.

[II. ii. 53-76; iii. 1-4.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clear-
nessse of our deseruings, when of our felues we publish them. 6

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

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

Coun. Well, sir! 14

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

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

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

Coun. In what cafe?

Clo. In Isbels cafe and mine owne. 'Service is no heri-
tage:' and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God, till I haue suffe a my bodie; for they say, 'barnes are blessings.'

Coun. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie, Madam, requires it: I am driuen
on by the flesh; and 'hee must needes goe, that the diuell
driues.' 25

Coun. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I haue other hollie reasons, such as they are.

Coun. May the world know them?

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

Coun. Thy marriage, sooner then thy wickednesse!

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

Coun. Such friends are thine enemies, knaue!

Clo. Y'are shalow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a ware of. He,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee leaua to
Inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, hee's my drudge: he [44
that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood;
hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loues my flesh and
blood; he that loues my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo,
he that kisst my wife is my friend. If men could be [48
contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage;
for yong Charlon the Puritan, and old Poyfam the Papist, how-
somere their hearts are feuerr'd in Religion, their heads are
both one; they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th
Herd. 53

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

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

For I the Ballad will repeate,
Which men full true shall finde,
Your marriage comes by destinie,
Your Cuckow fongs by kinde. 57

Cou. Get you gone, sir! Ie talke with you more anon.

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

Cou. Sirra! tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her;
Hellen, I meane. 66

Clo. [sings] 'Was this faire face the cause,' quoth she,
'Why the Grecians fack'd Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?'
With that she fighed as she froad,
And gaue this sentence then:
'Among nine bad, if one be good,
Among nine bad, if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.' 70

Cou. What, 'one good in tenne'? you corrupt the fong,
firra! 77

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam; which is a purifying
ath'fong: would God would ferue the world so all the
yeere! wee'd finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were
15 [I. iii. 43-50.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

the Parson. 'One in ten,' quoth a! And wee might [81 haue a good woman borne but ore\(^1\) euerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Loterie well: a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one. 84

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

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

_Cou._ Well, now

_Stew._ I know, Madam, you loue your Gentlewoman intirely. 93

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

_Stew._ Madam, I was (verie late) more neere her then I thinke shee woulde mee: alone shee was, and did communicare to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares; shee thought (I dare vowe for her) they toocht not anie stranger fence. [101 Her matter was, shee loued your Sonne: Fortune, shee said, was no goddesse, that had put such difference betwixt their two eftates; Loue no god, that would not extend his might, onelie where qualities were leuell; _Diana no Queene of_ [105 Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault or ranfome afterward! This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in: which I held my dutie speedily to [109 acquaint you withall; fithence, in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it. 111

_Cou._ You haue discharged this honestie: kepe it to your selfe! manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt. Praie you, leaue mee: fthal this in your [115 bofome; and I thanke you for your honest care! I will speake with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

_Old. Cou._ Euen so it vvas vvith me when I was yong: 118

\(^1\) ore = or, before; or = over. 105. _Diana no] Theobald.

I. iii. 81-118.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

Enter Hellen.

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

Hell. What is your pleasure, Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know, Hellen, I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris!

Ol. Cou. Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I fed, 'a mother,'
Me thought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your 'mother';
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine: 'tis often seene,
Adoption f'rues vvith Nature; and choife breedes
A natuee slip to vs from forraine feedes:
You were opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care!—
(Gods mercie, maiden!) dos it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy 'mother'? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The manic colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

—Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not

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

Hell. Pardon, Madam!

The Count Rofillion cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name;
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble:
My Mafter, my deere Lord he is; and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die!

He must not be my brother!

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

Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother?

Hell. You are my mother, Madam; would you were (So that my Lord, your sonne, were not my brother)
Indeeede my 'mother'! or were you both our mothers, 153
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister! Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my 'brother'? 156

Old. Cou. Yes, Hellen, you might be my daughter in law:
God shielde you meane it not! 'daughter' and 'mother' 
So stiue vpon your pulse. What, pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see 160
The mistrie of your lonelinesse! and finde 
Your salt teares head! now to all fence 'tis grosse,
You loue my sonne! inuention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passioun,
To say thou dooest not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so! for, looke, thy cheeke 
Confesse it, 'ton to th'other; and thine eies 
See it so grossely showne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it: onely sinne 
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tonguie,
That truth should be suspected! Speake! if it so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe;
If it be not, forfweare't! how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auailae, 
To tell me truelie!

Hell. Good Madam, pardon me!

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon, noble Miftris! 176

Cou. Love you my Sonne?

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

Cou. Goe not about! my loue hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come! disclose 
The state of your affection! for your passions 180
Haue to the full appeach'd.

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

That before you, and next vnto high heauen,
I loue your Sonne! 184
My friends were poore, but honest; so's my loue:
Be not offended! for it hurts not him,
That he is lou'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite;
Nor would I have him till I doe deferue him;
Yet never know how that desert shou'd be!
I know I loue in vaine, friuie against hope;
Yet, in this captious, and intemible Siue,
I still poure in the waters of my loue,
And lacke not to looie still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne, that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but, if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chaftly, and loue dearely, that your Dian
Was both her selfe and Loue, O, then, giue pittie
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to looſe;
That seekes not to finde that her search implies,
But, riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies!

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, (speake truely!)

To goe to Paris?

Hell. Madam, I had.

Cou. Wherefore? tell true!

Hell. I will tell truth; by Grace it selfe, I sweare!

You know my Father left me some prescriptions... 211
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall foueraignty; and that he wil'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestowe them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approu'd, set downe,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd loft.

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

Hell. My Lord, your fonne, made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,

Had, from the conuerstion of my thoughts,
Happily¹ beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you, Hellen,
If you should tender your supposéd aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phistions

Are of a ² minde; he, that they cannot helpe him;
They, that they cannot helpe: how shall they credit

A poore vnlearnèd Virgin, when the Schooles
(Embowl'ed of their doctrine) haue left off
The danger to it selfe?

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, (which was the great'ft
Of his profession,) that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacie, be sanctified

Byth'luckiest stars in heauen: and, would your honor
But give me leaue to trie succeffe, I'de venture
The well-loft life of mine on his Graces cure,
By such a day, and houre.

Cou. Doo'ft thou beleue't?

Hell. I, Madam, knowingly.

Cou. Why, Hellen, thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,

Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To thofe of mine in Court! Ile staie at home,

And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt.
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse! [Exeunt. 246

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

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Paris. The King's Palace.

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

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

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

King. No, no, it cannot be! and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallyady
That doth my life besiege. 'Faithwell, yong Lords!
Whether I live or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men! let higher Italy
(Tho' bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) fee that you come,
Not to woone honour, but to wed it; when
The braueft questant shrinke, finde what you seeke,
That Fame may cry you loud! I say, farewell!

L. E. Health, at your bidding, serue your Maiestie!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them!
They say, our French lacke language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being Captaines
Before you serue!

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

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

[Exit, supported.

1. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord, that you will stay behind vs!

Parr. 'Tis not his fault, the spark!


21
2. Lo. E. Oh, 'tis brave warres! 25

Parr. Most admirable! I have seen those warres.

Ros. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with
'Too young', and 'the next yeere', and 'tis too early'. 28

Parr. And thy minde stand to't, boy, steale away brauely!

Rosill. I shall stay here the for-horse to a smocke,

Creeking my sooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worn
d But one to dance with! By heauen, Ile steale away!

1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft!

Parr. Commit it, Count!

2. Lo. E. I am your accesiary; and so, farewell!

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body! 36

1. Lo. G. Farewell, Captaine!

2. Lo. E. Sweet Mounfier Parolles!

Parr. Noble Heroes, my sword and yours are kinne!

Good sparkes and lustres, a word, good metalls! You [40
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Sporio, his fiscatrice, with an Embleme of warre, heere on his
finifter cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to
him I liue, and obserue his reports for me! 44

Lo. G. We shall, noble Captaine.

Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices! [Exeunt Lords.]

¶ What will ye doe?

Ros. Stay! the King! 48

Re-enter King, supported. Ros. and Par. go apart.

Parr. Vie a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords;
you have refrains't your selfe within the Lift of too cold an
adieu: be more expressiue to them: for they weare them-
theselves in the cap of the time; there do muffer true gate, [52
eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of the moﬆ re-
ceiu'd starre; and, though the deuill leade the meaure, such
are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated
farewell!

Ros. And I will doe so!

Parr. Worthy fellowes; and like to prooue moﬆ finewie
sword-men! [Exeunt.

29.  to't] too't F.  37.  Farewell] Farewell F.

1 A patch or plaster.—B. Nichol-
son. Cp. IV. v. 87-89, pp. 75, 76.

II. i. 25-59.]  22
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter LAFEW.

L. Laf. [kneeling] Pardon, my Lord, for mee and for my tidings! 60
King. Ile fee thee to stand vp.
L. Laf. [rising] Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon!
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aske me mercy;
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand vp! 64
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And askt thee mercy for't!
Laf. Good faith, a-croffe! but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie? 68
King. No!
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royall foxe?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine, 72
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari,
With spriightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayfe King Pippen, nay,
To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand,
And write to her a loue-line! 76
King. What 'her' is this?
Laf. Why, doctor She! My Lord, there's one arriu'd, 80
If you will see her: . . . now, by my faith and honour,
(If seriuously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance,) I haue spoke
With one, that, in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,
Wisedome, and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeenesse! will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me!
King. Now, good Lafew, 88
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookst it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

And not be all day neither! [Exit. 92

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

Re-enter LAFEW, with HELLEN.

Laf. Nay, come your waies!

King. This haste hath wings indeed!

Laf. Nay, come your waies!

This is his Maieftie, say your minde to him!

A Traitor you doe looke like; but such traitors

His Maieftie feldome feares: I am Crefi'ds Vncle,

That dare leaue two together; far you well! [Exit. 96

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

Hel. I, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;

In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praifes towards him; 104

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death,

Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,

Which, (as the deareft issue of his practice,

And, of his olde experience, th'onlye darling,) 108

He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,

Safer then mine owne two, more deare: I haue fo;

And, hearing your high Maieftie is toucht

With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour

Of my deare fathers gift standes cheefe in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humblenesse.

King. We thanke you, maiden;

But may not be fo credulous of cure,

When our most learned Doctors leaue vs; and

The congregated Colledge haué concluded,

That labouring Art can neuer ransome Nature

From her inaydible effate: I say, we must not 112

So ftaine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,

To profittue our past-cure malladie

To emericks; or to diffeuer fo

116

120

123

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

II. i. 92-123.] 24
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A fenecelesse helpe, when helpe past fence we deeme! 125

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

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

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie.
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ in babes hath judgement showne,
When Judges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From simple sources; and great Seas haue dried,
When Miracles haue by the greatest beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promisses; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

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

Hell. Inspired Merit for by breath is bard:
It is not so with Him that all things knowes,
As 'tis with vs that square our gueffe by shoues;
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavours give content!
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment!
I am not an Imposture, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuell of mine aime;
But know I thynke, and thynke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

142. greatest] Theobald. great'st
F. Theobald also read mir'cles for miracles.
145. sits] Pope. fits Collier
156. Imposture] Impostrue F. Impostor F.3.

[II. i. 124-159.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopt'lt thou my cure?

Hel. The great't Grace lending grace, 161
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring;
Ere twice, in murke and occidentall dampe,
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her 1 sleepy Lampe;
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuith minutes, how they passe;
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flye,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'lt thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A trumpe't boldnesse, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads! my maidens name
Seard otherwise; ne, 2 worfe of worst extended,
With vildest torture, let my life be ended!

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

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

King. Make thy demand!

Hel. But will you make it euen?

King. I, by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe! 8

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161. great't Capell. greatest F.
1 her' F. his Rowe. But Hesperus, the evening star, is Venus.
2 ne = nay.
3 helpe] F. heaven Thirlby, to preserve the sequence of couplets.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

Kin. Here is my hand! the premises observed,
Thy will, by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved Patient, on thee still rely:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
(Though more to know, could not be more to trust,)
From whence thou came'rt, how tended on: but rest,
Vnto question'd, welcome; and vndoubted, blest.
¶ Give me some help here, hoa! ¶ If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed!

[Flourish. Exeunt. The KING supported.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

RossilIon. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Countess and Clowne.

Lady (Countess). Come on, sir; I shall now put you to

the height of your breeding!

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught:
I know my businesse is but to the Court.

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

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-

ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kiss he's hand, and say nothing,
has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and, indeed, such a
fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court: but, for [12
me, I haue an answer we will serue all men.

211. Exeunt.] Exit. F.

27 [II. i. 194-211; ii. 1-13.]
Lady. Marry, that's a bountifull answer, that fits all
questions!
Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire, that fits all buttockes; [16
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke,
or any buttocke.
Lady. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attourney, [20
as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as Tibs ruff
for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrue-tuesday, a
Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to
his horse, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as [24
the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth; nay, as the pudding to his
skin.
Lady. Haue you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all
questions?
Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable,
it will fit any question.
Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that
must fit all demands.
Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier; it shall doe you no
harme to learne!
Lady. To be young againe, if we could! I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answer.
'I pray you, sir, are you a Courtier?'
Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' ... (There's a simple putting off!
more, more, a hundred of them!)
La. 'Sir, I am a poore friend of yours, that loues you.'
Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' ... (Thicke, thicke, spare not me!)
La. 'I think, sir, you can eate none of this homely meate?'
Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' ... (Nay, put me to't, I warrant you!)
La. 'You were lately whipt, sir, as I thinke.'
Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' ... (Spare not me!)
La. Doe you crie, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and
'spare not me?' Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir!' is very frequent
to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whip-
ning, if you were but bound to't!
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my 'O Lord, fir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve euer!

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

Clo. 'O Lord, fir!' ... (Why, there't serve us well agen!)

La. An end, fir! to your buffeife! Giue Hellen this!

[Giues a Letter.]

And urge her to a present answer backe;
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my fonne:

This is not much!

Clo. 'Not much' commendation to them.

La. 'Not much' imployement for you: you vsnderstand me?

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

La. Hast thou agen!

[Exeunt. 64

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Paris. The King's Palace.

Enter Count BOSSILLION, LAFEW, and PAROLLES.

Old Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar, things supernaturall and causelie. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terours; enfencing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare.

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

Raf. And so 'tis!

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

(Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelus!)

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

(Par. Right! so I say.)

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

(Par. Why, there 'tis! so say I too.)

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

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

57. Am] Rowe (ed. 2). And F. 63. legger] legegs F.
1 Hast = Haste.
29 [II. ii. 52-64; III. i-17.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Laf. Uncertaine life, and sure death.

(Par. Iuft! you say well; so would I have said!)

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world!

Par. It is, indeede, if you will have it in shewing; you shal reade it in ... what do ye call there?

Ol. Laf. A 'shewing' of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it! I would have said the verie same.

Ol. Laf. Why, your Dolphin¹ is not lustier: fore mee, I speake in respect ...

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'ts very strangue, that is the breefe and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facierenous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the ...

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heauen ...

Par. I! so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a moost weake ...

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeede, give vs a further vie to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the King, as to bee ...

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Par. I would haue said it; you say well. Heere comes the King!

Enter King, Hellen, and Attendants.

Ol. Laf. 'Lustige,'² as the Dutchman faies! Ile like a maide the better whil't I haue a tooth in my head: why, he's able to leade her a Carranto!

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Ol. Laf. Fore God, I thinke so!

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court!

[Exit an Attendant.

¶ Sit, my Preferuer, by thy patients side;
And with this healthfull hand, whose baniisht fence
Thou haist repeale'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming!

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide, send forth thine eye! this youthfull parcell

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¹ Dolphin = Dauphin. ² Lustig, Pleasant, Delightfull, or Delicious.—Hexham, 1660. ³ Mort du vinaigre Mor du vinager F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom, both Soueraigne power and fathers voice
I haue to vse: thy franke election make!
Thou haft power to choose, and they none to forfake!

Hel. [to Lords] To each of you, one faire and vertuous
Miftris,
Fall, when Loue please! marry, to each but one!

Old Lafi. I de gieue bay Curtall, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard!

King. Perufe them well!
Not one of those but had a Noble father.

[She addressest her to the Lords.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heauen hath, through me, restor'd the King to health. 

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you!

Hel. I am a simple Maide; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a Maide!—

¶ Please it your Maieftie, I haue done already!
The blushes in my cheeckes thus whisper mee,
'We blushe that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death fit on thy cheeke for euer;
Wlee'l nere come there againe!'

King. Make choife; and, see,
Who thuns thy loue, thuns all his loue in mee!

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy Altar do I fly;
And to imperiall Loue, that God most high,
Do my fighes freame!—[To 1. Lo.] Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1. Lo. And grant it.

Hel. Thankes, sir; all the rest is mute! 75

Old. Lafi. I had rather be in this choife then throw Amef-
ace for my life!

Hel. [to 2. Lo.] The honor, sir, that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake, too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that fo vvilhes, and her humble loue!

2. Lo. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Loue grant, and so I take my leaue!

60. . . . the Lords.] . . . a Lord F.
31 [II. iii. 51-83.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'd have them whip'd; or I would send them to' th Turk, to make Eunuches of!

Hel. [to 3. Lo.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take; I'll never do you wrong for your owne sake!

Blessing vpon your vowes! and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

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

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

To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood!

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

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

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

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

Ber. My 'wife'! my Leige? I shall beseech your highnes, In such a busines, give me leave to vive The helpe of mine owne eyes!

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What shee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord;

But never hope to know why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it, my Lord, to bring me downe Muft answer for your raising? I knowe her well:

Shee had her breeding at my father's charge. A poore Physhians daughter, my wife! Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer!

King. Tis onely title thou disdains't in her, the which I can build vp. Strange is it that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Would quite confound distinction, yet stands off
In differences so mightie! If the bee
All that is vertuous, (saue what thou dislik'ft, 120
'A poore Phifitian daughter,') thou dislik'ft
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so!
From lowest 1 place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deedes:
Where great additions fwell, and vertue none,
It is a dropped honour: Good alone
Is good, without a name; Vileneffe is so:
The propertie, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire;
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire;
And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrieue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue,
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a flaue
Deboth'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue;
A lying Trophhee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd obliuion, is the Tombe
Of honour'd bones indeed! What should be faide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee,
Is her owne dower; Honour, and wealth, from mee!

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will trieue to doo't!

King. Thou wrong'ft thy selfe, if thou hold'ft trieue to
choofe.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the rest go!

King. My Honor's at the stake!—Which to defeate, 2
I muft produce my power! Heere, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy! vnworthie this good gift,
That doft in vile misprifion thackle vp

1 From lowest place, sc. from that lowest place.
128. it is] is is F.
2 Which to defeate; that is, the dishonour which Ber.'s refusal will bring upon me, a thought unexpressed by the King. Or 'the mere fact that the King's honour is at the stake, like a criminal, is in itself a dishonour, which to defeate, he says,—to defeat which dishonourable predicament,—I must produce my power.'—B. N.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

My loue, and her desert; that canst not dreame,
We (poizing vs in her defectione scale)
Shall weigh thee to the beame; that wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour where
We pleafe to haue it grow! Checke thy contempt!
Obey Our will, which trausiles in thy good!
Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes;
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the taggers, and the carelesse lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my reuenge and hate
Looing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie! Speake! thine answere!

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

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

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the fav'our of the King,
Smile vpon this Contractor! whose Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,¹
And be perform'd to night: the solemn Feast
Shall more attend vpon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. ¶ As thou lou'ft her,
Thy loue's to me Religious; else, do's erre! [Exeunt. 181

Parolles and Laffew stay behind, commenting of this 
 wedding.

Laf. Do you heare, Monsieur? A word with you!
Par. Your pleasure, sir.
Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation

¹ The now created document, or Contract of Marriage.

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

Par. 'Recantation'? My 'Lord'? my 'Master'? 185
Laf. I! Is it not a Language I speake?
Par. A moost harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding! My 'Master'!
Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Rocillon? 189
Par. To any 'Count'; to all Counts; to what is man!
Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile. 192
Par. You are too old, sir! Let it satisie you, you are too old!
Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write Man; to which title age cannot bring thee! 196
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did thinke thee, for two ordinaries, to bee a prettie wife fellow; thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell; it might passe: yet the scarffes and the bannertes about thee [200 did manifoldlie diffwade me from beleuening thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee: when I loo Che thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp; and that thou'rt scarce worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the pruileged of Antiquity vpon thee,. . . 206
Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe too farre in anger, leaft thou hatten thy triall; which if ... Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen! So, my good window of Lettice, fare thee well! thy cæmerent I neede not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand!
Par. My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity!
Laf. I, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it!
Par. I haue not, my Lord, deseru'd it. 214
Laf. Yes, good faith, eu'rv dramme of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple!
Par. Well, I shall be wiser . . . 217
Laf. Eu'n as foone as thou can'ft, for thou haft to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie! If euer thou bee'ft bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shal finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage! I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, (or rather my knowledge,) that I may savy, in the default, 'he is a man I know'!

207. too] to F. 35 [II. iii. 185-224
All’s Well, that Ends Well.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall! for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leaue! 

[Exit. 227

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

Re-enter Laf ew.

Laf. Sirra! your ‘Lord’ and ‘mafter’s’ married! there’s newes for you: you haue a new Mistris! 236

Par. I must vnslainely beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord: whom I serue aboue, is my master.

Laf. Who? God? 241

Par. I, sir!

Laf. The devill it is, that’s thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Doost make hofe of thy fleuens? Do other servuants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nofe standes! By mine Honor, [245 if I were but two hours younger, I’d beate thee! meethink’t thou art a generall offence, and every man hold beate thee: I thinke thou waft created for men to breath themselves vpon thee!

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord!

Laf. Go, to, sir! you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller! you are more sawcie with lordses and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and [254 vertue gives you Heraldry! You are not worth another word, else I’d call you ‘knaue’. I leaue you! 

[Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then! good, very good! let it be conceal’d awhile! 258

251. τ] too F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ros. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer!
Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?
Rosill. Although before the solemne Prieft I haue sworne,
I will not bed her.
Par. What! what, sweet heart?
Ros. O my Parrollés, they haue married me!
Ile to the Tuscan warres, and neuer bed her!
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a mans foot! to'th warres!
Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is,
I know not yet. [warres!
Par. I, that would be knowne: to'th warres, my boy, to'th
He weares his honor in a boxe vnfeene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare\(^1\) at home,
Spending his manlie jarrow in her armes,
Which shoulde sustaine the bound and high curuet
Of Mares fierie steed! To other Regions!
France is a stabe! wee, that dwell in't, Iades;
Therefore, to'th warre!
Ros. It shall be so! Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherfore I am fled; Write to the King
That which I durft not speake: His present gift
Shall furnisht me to thoie Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike. Warres is no strie
To the darke house, and the detested wife!
Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?
Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and aduise me!
Ile send her straight away: To morrow
Ile to the warres, she to her fingle sorrow!
Par. Why, these bals bound; ther's noise in it! Tis hard:
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard!
Therefore away, and leaue her; branely go!
The King ha's done you wrong; but, hulh, 'tis so! [Exeunt.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.


Enter Helena and Clowne.

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

Clo. She is not 'well'; but yet she has her health: she's very merrie; but yet she is not 'well': but, thankes be giuen, she's very 'well', and wants nothing i'th world; but yet she is not 'well'. 5

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

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

Hel. What 'two things'?

Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly! 9

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless ye, my fortunate Ladie!

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

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

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

Par. Why, I say nothing! 21

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

Par. Away! th'art a knaue!

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

15. fortunes] Capell (Heath conj.). fortune F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. Go to! thou art a witty fool; I have found thee!
Clo. Did you find me in your selfe, sir? or were you taught to finde me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter!

Par. A good knave, ifaith! and well fed!
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night;
A verie serius business call's on him.
The great prerogatiue and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd reftaint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distill now in the curb'd time,
To make the comming hour oerflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim!

Hel. What's his will else?
Par. That you will take your infant leave a'th king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

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

Hel. In every thing I waite vpon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.

Hell. I pray you! [Exit Par.

Exeunt. 54

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Paris. The King's Palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a fouldier?
Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of verie valiant approoche.
Laf. You haue it from his owne deliverance!

31. too F. 53. Exit Par. F (after so, l. 53).
33. The search] Clo. The search 54. Exeunt. F.
F. 39

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

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. [to Ber.] These things shall be done, sir!  
Laf. [to Ber.] Pray you, sir, whose his Tailor?  
Par. Sir?  
Laf. O, I know him well: I, sir; hee, sir, 's a good workman! a verie good Tailor!  
(Ber. [aside to Par.] Is shee gone to the king?  
Par. Shee is.  
Ber. Will shee away to night?  
Par. As you haue her.  
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure, Giuen order for our horfes; and to night, When I shoulde take possession of the Bride,  
End, ere I doe begin!)  
Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and vses a known truth to passe a thousand nothinds with, shoulde bee once hard, and thrice beaten!  
Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you, Monsieur?  
Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my Lords displeasure.  
Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all, like him that leapt into the Cuftard; and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.

29. one] on F.  
And F.  
1hard = heard.

II. v. 5-39.]  
40
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him, my Lord.
Laf. And shall doe so euery, though I tooke him at's prayers! Fare you well, my Lord! and beleue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heauie consequence! I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. "Farewell, Monsieur! I haue spoken better of you then you haue or will to defere at my hand; but we must do good against euill.

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

[Exit. 48

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue For present parting; onely, he desires Some priuate speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not menuaile, Helen, at my courfe, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The miniftration, and requir'd office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a businesse; therefore am I found So much vnsetled: This drivies me to intreate you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather mufe, then aske, why I intreate you; For my respects are better then they feeme, And my appointments haue in them a neede Greater then thowes it felfe, at the firft view, To you that know them not. This to my mother!

[Gluing a Letter.

"Twill be two daies ere I shall see you; so, I leaue you to your wisedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant;...

(Ber. Come, come, no more of that!)
Hel. And euery shall

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

With true obseruance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely starrs haue faileth
To equall my great fortune!

Ber. Let that goe! 76

My haft is verie great. Farewell! Hie home!

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon!

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,¹
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; (and yet it is;) 80
But, like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

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

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse!

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse! 88

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord.

Ber. [to PAR.] Where are my other men, Monsieur?

[Farwell! 91

Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme!
Away, and for our flight!

Par. Bravely, Coragio! [Exeunt. 93

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Florence. The DUKES Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, and the two French-men (Lords G. & E.) with a troope of Souldiers.

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

¹ owe = own.

90. Where . . . Farewell! / Hammer (Theobald conj.): continued to Helena in F.
91. Go thou / Ber. Go thou F. Florence] Floreuce (turned n) F.
II. v. 74-93; III. i. 1-3.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

And more thirsts after.

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

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

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

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren. G. But I am sure, the yonger of our nature,
That furfet on their eafe, will, day by day,
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee!
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them settle. ¶ You know your places well;
When better fall, for your auailes they fell:
To morrow to the field!

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Rossillon. The Counts Palace.

Enter Countesse with a Letter, and Clowne.

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

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

Count. By what obseruance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will looke vppon his boote, and sing; mende
the Ruffe and fing; ask question and sing; picke his teeth,

4. i. Lord. G.] i. Lord. F. 23. to the] to' th the F.

43 [III. i. 4-23; ii. 1-7.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

and sing. I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Manner for a song.

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

Clow. [asides] I have no minde to Isbell since I was at Court. Our old Ling, and our Isbels a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling, and your Isbels a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I beginne to loue, as an old man loutes money, with no stomache.

Lad. What haue we here? Clo. E'en that you haue there. [Exit.

A Letter read by the Countess.

'I haue sent you a Daughter-in-law; shee hath recovered the King, and vsed me.' I haue wedde her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternall! You shall heare I am runne away: know it before the report come. If there bee breede enough in the world, I will hold a long distance! My duty to you.

Your unfortunate sonne,

BERTRAM.'

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

Re-enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within, betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie!

La. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort; your sonne will not be kild fo foone as I thought he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the losse of men,
though it be the getting of children! Here they come, will
tell you more! For my part, I only hear your sonne was
run away!

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

French E. Saue you, good Madam!

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone! for ever gone!

French G. Do not say so!

La. Thinke upon patience! Pray you, Gentlemen,
(I have felt so many quirks of joy and griefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vnto't,) Where is my sonne, I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Look on his Letter, Madam; here's my Passport!

[Reads] 'When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, (which
neuer shall come off,) and shew mee a childe begotten of thy
bodie, that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such
a "then" I write a "Neuer"!'

This is a dreadful sentence!

La. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen?

I. G. I, Madam;

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

Old La. [to Hel.] I prethee, Ladie, haue a better cheere!

If thou engroffeest all the griefes are thine,
Thou rob'st me of a moiety: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my childe! Towards Florence, is he:

Fren. G. I, Madam!

La. And to be a soldier?

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose: and, beleev't,
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor

That good conuenience claimes!

La. Returne you thither?

Fren. E. I, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

---

50. vnto't] vntoo't F.

45 (III. ii. 41-72.)
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I, Madame!

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

Lad. 'Nothing in France,' vntill he haue no wife!
There's nothing heere that is too good for him,
But onely she; and she deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourly, 'Mistris!' "Whi who was with him?

Fren. E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman
Which I haue sometime knowne.

La. Parolles, was it not?

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

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse!
My sone correpts a well deriu'd nature
With his inducement!

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

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

Fren. G. We serue you, Madam,
In that and all your worthie stfaire.

La. Not so; but as we change our coursties,
Will you draw neere?

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France'!

'Nothing in France, vntill he has no wife'?

Thou shalt have none, Roffilion, none in France;
Then haft thou all againe! Poore Lord! is't I,
That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose

76. to F.
83. Which] which F.
1 holds him - betfits him. Par.
has 'too much' of 'that', sc. 'wickednesse' (l. 85), which it betfits him

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

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Florence. Before the Dukes Palace.

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

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

1 ? still-peering = ever-prying, and so pervading. Or the 'violent speede of fire' and the seeming stillness of the air are contrasted?

109. songs] [sings F.
112. to't] [to't F.

124. Angels] Angles F.

Flourish . . . Soldiers.] Flourish.
Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles. F.

[III. ii. 102-127; iii. 1, 2.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Vpon thy promisifg fortune.  
  Ber.  Sir, it is  
A charge too heauy for my strength; but yet  
Wee'll friue to beare it, for your worthy fake,  
To th'extreme edge of hazard.  
  Duke.  Then go thou forth;  
And Fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme,  
As thy auspicious mitris!  

[Exit Duke to the Palace, attended.  
  Ber.  This very day,  
Great Mars, I put my selfe into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue  
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue!  
[Exeunt omnes.  

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.  

Rosallion. The Counts Palace.  

Enter Countesse & Steward.  

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

Letter (read by the Steward).

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

7. hose] hase (turned w) F.

III. iiii. 3-11; iv. 1-17.] 48
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ah, what sharpe stings are in her mildest words! 
Rynaldo, you did never lacke advisce so much, 
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her, 
I could have well diuerted her intents, 
Which thus the hath presuened! 21

Ste. Pardon me, Madam!

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

La. What Angell shall 25

Blesse this vnworthy husband? he cannot thrive, 
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare, 
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath 
Of greatest Iustice.—Write, write, Rynaldo, 
To this vnworthy husband, of his wife! 
Let euery word waie heauie of her worth, 
That he does waie too light! my greatest greese, 
(Though little he do feele it,) let downe sharply! 
Dispatch the most convenient messenger! 
When haply he shall heare that she is gone, 
He will returme; and hope I may, that shee, 
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe, 
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both 
Is deereft to me, I have no skill in fenci 
To make distincition: (proviade this Messenger!) 
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake; 
Greese would have teares, and sorrow bids me speake! 42

[Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Florence. Without the Walls.

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

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

Diana. They say, the French Count has done most honour- 
able service! 4

31. [worth] worth F.

49 F. [III. iv. 18-42; v. 1-4.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

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

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

**Maria.** I know that knaue; (hang him!) one Paroles: a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle. Beware of them, Diana! their promifes, entiiments, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of luft, are not the things they [18 go vnder: many a maide hath beeene seduced by them; and the miserie is, example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade sucession, but that they are limed with the twiggis that threatens them! [22 I hope I neede not to aduise you further; but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne but the modestie which is so loft.

**Dia.** You shall not neede to feare me. 26

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

Enter Hellen In pilgrim weeds.

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

**Hel.** To S. Jaques le Grand.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

**Wid.** At the S. Francis heere, beside the Port.

**Hel.** Is this the way?

**Wid.** I, marrie, ift! [A march afarre.] ¶ Harke you! 34 they come this way.

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

The rather, for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

_Hel._ Is it your selfe?

_Wid._ If you shall please so, Pilgrime.

_Hel._ I thanke you, and will stay vnpon your leisur.

_Wid._ You came, I thinke, from France?

_Hel._ I did so.

_Wid._ Heere you shall see a Countrimen of yours,
That has done worthy seruice.

_Hel._ His name, I pray you.

_Dia._ The Count Ruffilione : know you such a one?

_Hel._ But by the eare, that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

_Dia._ Whatcomere he is,
He's brauely taken heere. He stole from France,
(As 'tis reported,) for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

_Hel._ I, surely, meere the truth : I know his Lady.

_Dia._ There is a Gentleman, that serues the Count,
Reports but courselie of her.

_Hel._ What's his name?

_Dia._ Monsieur Parrolles.

_Hel._ Oh, I beleue with him,
In argument of prаife, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To haue her name repeated! all her deseruing
Is a referuеd honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

_Dian._ Alas, poore Ladie!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

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

_Hel._ How do you meane?

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

_Wid._ He does, indeede;

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

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

Mar. The goddes forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

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

That is Anthonio, the Dukes eldest sonne;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee;

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

Hel. I like him well!

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

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That laxe-an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

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

(Par. Loose our drum! Well!)

Mar. He's shrewdly vex't at someting. [Par. off-caps to them.] Looke! he has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie, hang you!

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

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

Wid. The troope is past. Why, Come, pilgrim, I wil bring you
Where you shall hofft: Of moyn'd penitents
There's foure er five, to great S. Iaques bound,
Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

([To Mar. & Wid.] Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide,

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72. Enter . . . Armie.] Drum
and Colours. Enter . . . F (after defence, l. 71).
III. v. 68-94.]
All's Well, that Ends Well

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me:) and, to requite you further,
I will beftow some precepts of this Virgin,1
Worthy the note.
Both. Wee'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt. 98

Actus Tertius. Scena Sexta.

Camp before Florence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

53 [III. v. 95-98; vi. 1-26.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer truft my judgement in anie thing!

Cap. G. O, for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme! he fayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of his succeffe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of oré will be melted, if you gue [32 him not 'John Drummes entertainemt,' your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes!

Cap. E. O, for the loue of laughter, hinder not the honor of his designe! let him fetch off his drumme in any hand! 36

Enter Parrolles.

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

Cap. G. A pox on't! let it go; 'tis but a drumme!

Par. 'But a drumme!' 'If but a drumme'! A [40 drum so loft! There was excellent command! to charge in with our horfe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne-fouldiers!

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

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our succeffe: [47 some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue beene recovered!

Ber. It might, but it is not now. 51

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

Ber. Why, if you haue a stomacke, to't, Monsieur! if [55 you thinke your mysterie in stratagem can bring this instru-ment of honour againe into his natuie quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize, and go on! I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall [59 both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euon to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

32. ore] oare Theobald. ours F. 1, 34).
33. inclining] inelining F. 55. to't] too't F.
III. vi. 27-61.] 54
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier, I will undertake it!

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening: and I will presently pen
downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certainie,
put my selfe into my mortall preparation; and, by midnight,
looke to heare further from me!

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone
about it?

Par. I know not what the successe will be, my Lord; but
the attempt I vow!

Ber. I know th'art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy
fouldier ship, will subscribe for thee. Farewell!

Par. I loue not many words! [Exit. 74

Cap. E. No more then a ffish loues water! Is not this
a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to
undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done;
damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to
do't?

Cap. G. You do not know him, my Lord, as we doe:
certaine it is, that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour,
and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries; but,
when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why, do you thinke he will make no deede at all of
this that so seriouly hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

Cap. E. None in the world; but returne with an inuention,
and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we [87
haue almoost imboft1 him; you shall see his fall to night; for,
indeede, he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere
we cace2 him! He was first smoak'd by the old Lord [91
Lafeu: when his dignifie and he is parted, tell me what a
sprat you shall finde him; which you shall see this verie night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twigges: he shall be caught. 94

Ber. [to Cap. G.3] Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship: Ile leaue you. [Exit.

1 imboft = ambuscaded (Fr. embrusquer, Ital. imboscare). — Cap. E. has to say—he knows all
about Diana in IV. iii, and Cap. G. knows nothing — Ber. must
speak here to Cap. G.

2 case = fall.

3 to Cap. G.] om. F. But as
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

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

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

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Septima.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

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

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

Hel. Nor would I wish you!
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so, from word to word: and then you cannot,
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you;
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes[^1] your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton sedge before her beautie,
Resolues to carrie her: let her, in fine, content,


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

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

Wid. Now I see

The bottome of your purpose.

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

Wid. I haue yeelded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall performe,
That time and place, with this deceite so lawfull,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Muskkes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing heeds vs
To chide him from our eues; for he perfits
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to night

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

[Exeunt.

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

Actus Quartus. Seena Prima.

Before Florence. Without the Florentine Camp.

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

Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will; though you vnderstand it not your selues, no matter; for we must not seeme to vnderstand [4] him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

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

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


Lo. E. But what linfie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs againe?

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

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

Enter Parrolles. Clock strikes ten.

Par. Ten a clocke! Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shal I say I haue done? It must bee a very plauffle invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee; and disgrace haue of late knock'd too often at my doore. I finde my tongue, is too foole- [28

1. Lord E.] 1. Lord E. F
7. Captaine] Captaine (turned n) F.
IV. i. 1-28.] 58
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

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

Par. What the diuell shoule moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet flight ones will not carrie it: They will say, 'Came you off with so little?' And great ones I dare not giue. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of Biaxzeths Mule, if you prattle mee into these perillse! 41

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

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword! 45

(Lo. E. We cannot afford you so!)

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem! 48

(Lo. E. 'Twould not do!)

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.
(Lo. E. Hardly serue!)

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell . . . 53

(Lo. E. How deep?)

Par. Thirty fadome.

(Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleued!)

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

(Lo. E. You shall heare one anon!)

Par. A drumme now of the enemies, . . . 57

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Throca movousus, cargo! cargo! cargo!
All. Cargo! cargo! cargo! villienda par corbo, cargo!

41. Mute] F. Mute Warburton. 44. the] thc F. 59
[IV. i. 29-63.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

[They seize and blindfold him.]

Inter. [1 Sol.] Boskos tromuldo boskos!
Par. I know you are the Muskos Regiment;
And I shall loose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Int. Boskos vauvado. ¶ I understand thee, & can speak thy tongue. ¶ Kerelybonto. ¶ Sir, betake thee to thy faith,
for seventeene ponyards are at thy disposed!

Par. Oh!

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

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

Par. O, let me liue!
And all the secrets of our campe I'll shew,
Their force, their purpose; Nay, I'll speake that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me!

Inter. ¶ Acordo linta?
¶ Come on! thou art granted space.

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

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

2 Sol. So I will, sir.
L.E. Till then I'll keepe him darke, and safely lockt.

[Exeunt.]

86. art] are F.  
1 on = of.  
92. Exeunt.] Exit. F.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontybell.
Dia. No, my good Lord, Diana.

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

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

Ber. No more a'that!
I prethee, do not strenue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her; but I loue thee
By Loues owne sweete constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice!

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

Ber. How haue I sworne! 20
Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth;
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the High'ft to witnesse: then, pray you, tell me, 24
If I should sweare by Ioues\(^1\) great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleue my oathes,

\(^1\) The players no doubt altered | Act 3 Jac. I. cap. 21 (1605-6).
Gods to Ioues in consequence of the | See note at end of Twelfe Night.
61 [IV. ii. 1-26.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

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

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

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

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

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

Dian. Mine Honor's such a Ring:
My chastitie's the ieowell of our house,
'Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose.' Thus your owne proper wisdome
Brings in the Champion, Honor, on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

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

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

38. rope] rope's F. See note at end of Play.
IV. ii. 27.60.] 62
All's Well, that Ends Well.

And on your finger, in the night, I'le put
Another Ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then! then, faile not! You haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee! [Exit.
Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me! 67
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iuast how he would woo,
As if the fate in's heart; She fayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had iowerne to marrie me
When his wife's dead; therefor I'le lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide, 1
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely, in this disguise, I think't no finne,
To cofen him that would vniuiftly winne! [Exit. 76

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

Cap. G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter? 1
Cap. E. I haue deliu'red it an houre since: there is som-
thing in't that ftngs his nature; for, on the reading it, he
chang'd almoft into another man.
Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid uppon him, for
shaking off fo good a wife, and fo sweet a Lady.
Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the everlafting dis-
pleasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to finge
happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let
it dwell darkly with you.
Cap. G. When you haue spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the
graue of it.
Cap. E. Hee hath peruered a young Gentlewoman heere in
Florence, of a moft chaffe renown; & this night he fleshes
his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his
monumentall 2 Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in thevnchaffe
compofition.

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

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

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale themselues, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends, so he, that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility, in his proper streame, overflows himselfe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cap. G. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

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

Cap. G. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fledde from his house; her pretence ² is a pilgrimage to Saint Iaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most auftere sanctimonie, she accomplisht; and, there residing, the tenderneffe of her Nature became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heauen.

Cap. E. How is this iustified?

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

¹ damnable = damnably. Does it not show a damnable meaning or disposition in us?
² Pretence: f. A pretence; purpo\_pose, designement, project, intent—Cotgrave.

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

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

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

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

Cap. E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'll bee gladde of this!

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

Cap. E. And how mightily, some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares! The great dignitie, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample. 66

Cap. G. The webbe of our life is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would dispaire, if they were not cherish'd by our vertues. 70

Enter a Messenger.

¶ How now! Where's your master?

Ser. (M888.) He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offer'd him Letters of commendations to the King. [Exit. 75

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

Enter Count Rossillon.

¶ How now, my Lord! it's not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixeene businesse, a moneths length a pence, by an absctact of succeffe: I haue congiued with the Duke; done my adieu with his neereft; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my Ladie mother [83 I am returning; entertain'd my Conuoy; &; betwenee these maine parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the laft was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet. 86

77. Ber. before 'They cannot,' [1. 77].
&c., in F. 85. effected] F3. affected F.
78. Enter ... ]F (after commend, 85. the F 54-86.
65
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

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

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

Ber. No matter; his heeles haue defeu'd it, in vfurping his spurres fo long. How does he carry himfelfe?

Cap. E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: the flockes carrie him. But, to anfwer you as you would be vnderflood; [99 hee weepes like a wench that had fhed her milke: he hath confleft himfelfe to Morgan, whom hee fuppoftes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very infant diafater of his setting i' th flockes: and what thinke you he hath confleft?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confeffion is taken, and it fhall bee read to his face: if your Lordhippe be in't, as I beleue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles muffeld & guarded, with his Interpreter (1 Sol.).

(Ber. [aside] A plague vpon him! muffeld! he can fay nothing of me: huff, huff!

Cap. G. Hoodman comes!) ¶ Portotartaroffa!

Inter. (1 Sol.) He calles for the tortures: what will you fay without em?

Par. I will confeffe what I know without contraint; if ye pinch me like a Pafty, I can fay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho?

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco!

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

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. [reads] 'First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong.' What fay you to that?

Par. Five or fixe thoufand; but very weake and vnfeuiceable: the troopes are all fcttered, and the Commanders vere

IV. iii. 87-123.]
poore rogues, uppon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

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

(Ber. All's one to him. What a past-sauing slaue is this!
Cap. G. Y'are deceiu'd, my Lord: this is Mounsieur Parroilles, the gallant 'militarist,' (that was his owne phrase,) that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practife in the chape of his dagger.

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

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or fix thousand horse, I fed, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set downe, for Ile speake truth.

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

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he deliveres it.)

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

Int. Well, that's set downe.

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

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

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true! Let me see: Spurio, a hundred & fiftie; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Iaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodoviche, and Gratij, two hundred [152 fiftie each; Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Vaulmond, Bentij, two hundred fiftie each;--so that the muster file, rotten and found, vppon my life, amounts not to fifteeen thousand pole; halfe of the which dare not shake the snow from off their Cafflocks, leaft they shake themselves to peeces.

(Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him haue thanks! ¶ Demand of him my condition, and what credite I haue with the Duke.)


67 [IV. iii. 124-160.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Int. Well, that's set downe. [Reads] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Dumaine bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honestie, and expertness in warres; or whether he thinkes it were not possible, with well-waighing summes of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? What do you know of it? 167

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

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dumaine? 170

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

[Cap. G. (Dumaine) offers to strike Par. 175

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

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

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lawfie.

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

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other but a poore Officer of mine; and writ to mee this other day to turne him out a'th band: I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket. 183

Int. Marry, we'll search!

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

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

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

(Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellent!) 191

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

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, fir; that is an advertiment to a proper maide in Florence, one Diana, to take heede of the allurement of one Count Rosillion, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very rutthif: I pray you, fir, put it vp againe!


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

Int. Nay! Ile reade it first, by your fauour.

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

(Ber. Damanble both-sides rogue!)

Int. readd Let. 'When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it!

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made; match, and well make it!
He nere payes after-debts; take it before;

And say a soldier (Dian) told thee this:
"Men are to mell with; boyes are not to kis!"

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

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine care,
PAROLLES.

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

Cap. E. This is your deuoted friend, sir! the manifold
Linguift, and the army-potent soldier!

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

Int. I perceiue, sir, by our Generals lookes, wee shall be
faine to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am aforide to
dye; but that, my offences beeing many, I would repent out
the remainder of Nature! Let me liue, sir, in a dungeon,
i'th flockes, or any where, so I may liue!

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

Par. He will steale, sir, an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes
and rausishments, he paralels Neffus. Hee professes not keeping
of oaths; in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules.
He will lyfe, sir, with such volubilitie, that you would [233

204. Int. reads Let.] Int. Let. F. 220. [wit.] Capell.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

thinke truth were a foole: drunkenesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke; and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little [237] more to say, sir, of his honesty: he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

(Cap. G. I begin to loute him for this. 241
Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him, for me! he's more and more a Cat.)

Int. What say you to his expertness in warre? 244
Par. Faith, sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him, I will not; and more of his foulsheip I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine. 250

(Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemeth him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a Cat still.) 253

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

Par. Sir, for a Cardenue he will fell the fee-simble of his valuation, the inheritance of it; and cut th'inntale from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually!

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain Dumain? 259 (Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me?)

Int. What's he? 261

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th fame nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater, a great deale, in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie, in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe. 266

Int. If your life be saued, will you vnndertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Rosfillion. 269

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

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

Par. [aside] Ile no more drumming! a plague of all drummes! Onely to seeme to deferue well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspeeted an ambush where I was taken? 275

Int. There is no remedy, sir, but you must dye! the Generall fayes, you, that haue so traitorously discouer'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestipherous reports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for no honest [279 vie; therefore you must dye. Come, headesman, off with his head!

Par. O Lord, sir, let me liue! or let me see my death!

Int. That shalI, and take your leau of all your friends!

[Unmuffling him.

So, looke about you! know you any heere? 284

Count (Ber.) Good morrow, noble Captaine!

Lo. E. God bleffe you, Captaine Parolles!

Cap. G. God saue you, noble Captaine!

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

I am for France.

Cap. G. Good Captaine, will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Raffilion? and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you: but far you well! [Exeunt all but Int. & PAR. 293

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

Par. Who cannot be cruith'd with a plot? 296

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

[Exit. 300

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this! 'Captaine' Ile be no more;
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as fofl
As Captaine shalI! Simply the thing I am 304
Shall make me liue! Who knowes himselfe a braggart,
Let him feare this; for it will come to paffe,
That every braggart shall be found an Affe! 307
Ruft sword! coole blusses! and, Parroltés, liue
Safeft in shame! being fool'd, by fool'rie thrive!

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

There's place and meanes for every man alive.
Ile after them!

[Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my furetie; 'fore whole throne 'tis needfull,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele:
Time was, I did him a desirèd office,
Deere almoast as his life; which gratitude,
Through flintie Tartars boosome would peepe forth,
And answer, 'thankes.' I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marcellæ, 1 to which place
We haue convenient conuoy. You must know
I am supposèd dead: the Army breaking,
My husband bies him home; where, heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

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

Hel. Nor you, Mistris, 16
Euer a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your lone: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue,
And helper to a husband. (But, O straunge men,
That can fuch sweet vfe make of what they hate,
When favcie trufting of the cofin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! fo luft doth play

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

With what it loathes, for that which is away.)
But more of this hereafter. If You, Diana,
Vnder my poore instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours,
Vpon your will to suffer!

Hel. Yet, I pray you
But with the word; the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaues as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe! We must away;
Our Wagon is prepar'ed, and Time requites vs:
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! till 'the Fine's
the Crowne;'
What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

Rossilhon. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Clowne, old Lady (COUNTESS), and LAFEW.

Laf. No, no, no! your sonne was mistled with a snipt-
taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron wold have made
all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour:
your daughter-in-law had beeene alius at this hour, and [4
your sonne heere at home, more advanc'd by the King, then
by that red-tail'd Humble Bee I speak of.

La. (Countess.) I would I had not knowne him! it was the
death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature [8
had praisè for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and
cott mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not haue
owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady! Wee may
picke a thousand fallets ere wee light on such another hearbe.
Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweete Margerom of the fallet,
or, rather, the hearbe of grace.

9. partaken] partaken F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. They are not hearbes, you knaue; they are nose-hearbes.

Clowme. I am no great Nabuchadnezar, sir; I have not much skill in grace.¹

Laf. Whether doest thou proffe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

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

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would counf the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

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

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble, sir, to doe her seruice.

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

Clo. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no!

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

Laf. Whose that? a Frenchman?

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

Laf. What prince is that?

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

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse! I giue thee not this to suggeist thee from thy master thou talk'st of; ferue him still!

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alwaies loued a great fire; and the master I speke of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the Prince of the world; let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, [47 which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselfes may, but the mane will be too chill and tender; and they'll bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

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

¹ grace = both 'grass' and 'grace.' ² maine = mane. 43. of] off F.

IV. v. 16-53.] 74


All's Well, that Ends Well.

Go thy ways! let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricke.

55

Clo. If I put 'any tricke' vpon em, sir, they shal bee lades 'tricke,' which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

[Exit.

58

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an unhappie! 1

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

62

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

71

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

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

77

La. It rejoyces me, that I hope I shal see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sorne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaie with mee, till they meeet together.

81

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

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priviledge.

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

86

Re-enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your sorne with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there bee a scar vnder't or no,

---

1 unhappe = roguish.  iv. 9, p. 72.

54. to] too F. 78. It] Ir F.

* Marseilles. See note on IV. [IV. v. 54-88. 75
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

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

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

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

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

[Exeunt. 99

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Marseilles. A Street.

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

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

Enter a gentle Astringer.¹

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,
If he would spende his power. ¶ God saue you, sir!

Gent. And you!

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.
Gent. I haue beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse;
And therefore, goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vie of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleae you

¹ Astringer = falconer. 8. sir] sir F.
[V. v. 89-99; V. i. 1-18.] 76
All's Well, that Ends Well.

To give this poor petition to the King;

[Glues Ast. a Letter.

And ride me, with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gen. The King's not here!

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gen. Not, indeed:

He hence remou'd last night, and with more haste
Then is his vie.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, yet,
Though time seeme to aduerse, and meanes vnfit.

If I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

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

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you with what good speed;
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankt,
What e're fallés more. [Exit Astringer.] [We must to horse againe.

[To Attendants.] Go, go, provide!

[Exeunt. 38

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Rossillion. Before the Count's Palace.

Enter Clowne, and Parrolles in poore attire.

Par. Good Master Lawash, give my Lord Lafew this letter!
I haue ere now, sir, beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

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

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

so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no
Fith of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee, alow the winde! 8
Par. Nay, you neede not to stop your nose, sir; I spake
but by a Metaphor.
Clo. Indeed, sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my
nose; or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee, get thee
further!
Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper!
Clo. Foh! prethee, stand away! a paper from Fortunes
close-stoole, to give to a Nobleman! Looke! heere he comes
himselxe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. [to LAF.] Heere is a purre of Fortunes, sir, or of Fort-
tunes Cat, (but not a Mufcat,) that ha's falne into the vnchea-
fish-pond of her displeaurence, and, as he fayes, is muddied
withall: Pray you, sir, vfe the Carpe as you may; for he [21
lookes like a poore, decayed, ingenious, foolish, raftcly knaue.
I doe pittie his diftreffe in my smiles of comfort, and leave
him to your Lordship. [Exit.
Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly
scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late
to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue
with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her selxe is
a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long [30
vnder her? There's a Cardecue for you! Let the Iustices
make you and Fortune, friends; I am for other businesse.
Par. I befeech your honour to heare mee one single word!
Laf. You begge a single penye more: Come, you shall
ha't; saue your 'word'!

Par. My name, my good Lord, is Parrolles.
Laf. You begge more then one word, then. Cox my
passion! gie me your hand! How does your drumme? 38
Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee!
Laf. Was I, insooth? And I was the first that loft thee.
Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace,
for you did bring me out.

37. one] F3.
V. ii. 7-42.] 78
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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

Par. I praiize God for you! [Exeunt. 50

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

Rossillon. The Counts Palace.

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

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

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

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

Laf. This I must say, (But first I begge my pardon,) the yong Lord Did to his Maiestie, his Mother, and his Ladie, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe The greatest wrong of all. He lof a wife, Whose beauty did aftonish the suruey Of richest eies; whose words, all eares tooke captione;

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

Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,
Humbly call'd Mistis!

Kin. Prais'ng what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither! 20
We are reconcil'd; and the firft view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And, deeper then oblivion, we do burie 24
Th'incensing reliques of it. [To a Gentleman.] Let him
approach,
A stranger, no offender; and informe him,
So 'tis our will he should!

Gent. I shall, my Liege. [Exit. 27

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

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

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

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf: He lookes well on't.

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

Ber. My high repent'ed blames, 36
Deere Soueraigne, pardon to me!

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

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

v. iii. 18-48.]  80
V. iii. All's Well, that Ends Well.

Which warp't the line of euerie other fav'our;
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne;¹
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selle,
Since I haue loft, haue lou'd, was in mine eye
The duft that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd!
That thou didst loue her, strik'some scores away
From the great compt: but loue, that comes too late,
(Like a remorfefull pardon slowly carried.)
To the great sender, turns a fowre offence,
Crying, 'that's good that's gone!' Our rash faults
Make triuiall price of seruious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue:
Oft our displeasures, to our selues vniuft,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their duft:
Our owne lone waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleepe out the afternoone.
Be this sweet Helens knell, and now forget her;
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudlin:
The maine contentes are had; and heere wee'll stay
To see our widdowers secondd marriage day.

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

Laf. Come on, my sonne! in whom my houses name
Muss be diggested; gieue a fav'our from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come! [Ber. glues LAF. HEL. S Ring.]

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

Ber. Hers it was not!

King. Now, pray you, let me see it! For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.

---

¹ exprest it stolne: said that it was due to painting.

82. to't too't F.

71. Countess.] Theobald. Con-

81 G [V. iii. 49-82.
All's Weil, that Ends Well.

This Ring was mine; and, when I gave it Hellen,
I bad her, (if her fortunes euer floode
Necessitied to helpe,) that by this token
I would releue her. Had you that craft, to reaue her
Of what should stead her moost?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,

How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life!
I haue seene her weare it; and the reckond't it
At her liese rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it!

Ber. You are deceiu'd, my Lord; she neuer saw it:

In Florence was it from a cailment throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which coutain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, she caeff
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. Plutus himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in Natures mysterie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring: 'Twas mine, 'twas Helens,
Who euer gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Conseffe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
(Where you haue neuer come,) or sent it vs
Upon her great disater.

Ber. She neuer saw it.

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

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

[Guards seize Bertram.

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

Ber. If you shall prove

This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was!

[Exit, guarded.

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

King. I am wrapp'd in dismally thinking.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne, 128

Whether I haue beene to blame or no, I know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath for foure or fife remoues come short,

To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speeche

Of the poore suppliante, who by this, I know,

Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her

With an importung viilage; and she told me,

In a tweet verball breefe, it did concerne

Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter (read by the King).

'Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife

was dead, I blu/h to say it, he wonne me. Now is the [140

Count Rosfillion a Widdower; his vows are forfeited to

me, and my honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence,

taking no leave, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice:

Grant it me, O King! in you it best lies; otherwise a [144

seducer flourishes, and a poore Maid is vndone!'

DIANA CAPILET.'

116. thou] thou F.  122. taxe] F2. taze F.

83  [V. iii. 115-146.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this: Ile none of him! 148

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

[Exeunt Astringer, and some Attendants.

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

Old La. Now, iustice on the doers! 153

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

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

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

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine, 157
Deriuëd from the ancient Capilet:
My fuite, as I do vnnderstand, you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother, sir, whose age and honou 161
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether, Count! do you know these Women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie, 165
But that I know them: do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you looke so strange uppon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord!

Dia. If you shall marrie,
You giue away this hand, and that is mine; 169
You giue away heauen's vowes, and those are mine;
You giue away my felse, which is knowne mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

That she which marries you, must marrie me, 173
Either both or none!

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

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature, 177
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would finke it heere!

Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend, 181
Till your deeds gaine them: fairer proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies!

Dian. Good my Lord, 185
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity?

Kin. What faist,thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord, 189
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong, my Lord; If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price:
Do not beleue him! O, behold this Ring,

[Shews Ber.'s Ring.

Whose high respect, and rich validitie,
Did lacke a Paralell; yet, for all that,
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe, 193
If I be one!

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit! 1
Of fixe preceding Ancestors, that Iemme,
(Confer'd by testament to'th fuent issue,)
Hath it beene owed and worene. This is his wife;
That Ring's a thousand proofes!

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

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an infrument: his name's Parrolles. 201

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

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

Rof. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious flau,

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

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

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours!

Rof. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her, 209
And boorded her i' th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagnerness with her refraine;
(As all impediments in fancies course)
Are motiunes of more fancie;) and, in fine,
Her infiuite 1 comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the Ring;
And I had that which any inferiour might 217
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient!

You, that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May inftly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loo'e a husband,) 221
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe!

Rof. I haue it not!

Kin. What Ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same vpon your finger. 225

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

[Shows HELENAS Ring.

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

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him

Out of a Casement.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. 229

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

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather flarts you.

Re-enter Attendant, with Parolles.

Is this the man you speake of?

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1 ensuite — ensuit, following on (eagerly), importunity. Ensvyore [pp. ensuit]. To follow, pursue, runne or chase after. — Cotgrave.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. [to Par.] Tell me, sirrah! (but tell me true, I charge you,)
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your unjust proceeding, I leave off;
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentleman haue.

Kin. Come, come! to th'purpose! Did hee loue this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did loue her: but how?

Kin. 'How,' I pray you?

Par. He did loue her, sir, as a Gentleman loues a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her, sir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knaue, and no knaue. What an equiuocal Companion is this!

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties command.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme, my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.

Dian. Do you know he promisit me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'ft?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did goe betweene them, as I said; but more then that, he loued her: for, [indeede, he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promissing her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to speake of; therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou haft spokien alreadie, vnlesse thou canst say they are maried: but thou art too fine in thy euidence; therefore stand aside!

Par. This Ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. I, my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

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All's Well, that Ends Well.

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kin. Where did you finde it, then?
Dia. I found it not.
Kin. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you giue it him?
Dia. I neuer gaue it him.
Laf. This woman's an easie gloue, my Lord; she goes off
and on at pleasure.
Kin. This Ring was mine; I gaue it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers, for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her! and away with him!
¶ Villeneue thou telst me where thou haddest this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.
Dia. Ile neuer tell you.
Kin. Take her away!
Dia. Ile put in baile, my liege.
Kin. I thinke the now some common Customer.
Dia. [to LAFEW] By Ioue! if euer I knew man, 'twas you!
King. Wherefore haft thou accus'd him at this while?
Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guiltie:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'll sweare to't;
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old man's wife!

[Pointing to LAFEW.]

Kin. She does abuse our ears: To prison with her!
Dia. [to WID.] Good mother, fetch my bayle! [Exit
Widdow.] ¶ Stay, Royall Sir!
The Jeweller that owes 1 the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
(Who hath abus'd me, as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me,) heere I quit him:
He knowes himselfe, my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she fees her yong one kicke:

286. to'l [too F. 1 owes == owns.

V. iii. 268-298.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

So there's my riddle: One that's dead is quicke:
And now behold the meaning!

Re-enter Widdow, with Hellen.

Kin.

Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't really that I see?

Hel.

No, my good Lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ros.

Both, both! O pardon!

Hel.

Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind! There is your Ring;
And, looke you, heeres your letter: this it fayes:

[Reads] 'When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly wonne?

Ros.

If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly!

Hel.

If it appeare not plaine, and prove vntrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you!

Laf.

O my deere mother! do I see you liuing?

[To PARROLI] Good Tom Drumme, lend me a handkercher!

So,

I thanke thee: waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee:
Let thy curtysies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King.

Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the eu'n truth in pleasure flow.

[To DIANA] If thou beest yet a freshe vncreppéd flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dowre;
For I can guesse, that, by thy honest ayde,
Thou keepest a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.

[Of that and all the progresse, more and lesse,
Refolduedly more leaseffe shall expresse:

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300. Re-enter... ] Enter Hellen and Widdow, F.
1 'When thou canst get the Ring
upon my finger, (which neuer shall
begetten of thy bodie, that I am
father to,' &c.—III. ii. 56-58, p. 45.
309. are] Rowe. is F.

[V. iii. 299-328.]
All's Well, that Ends Well.

All yet seemes well; and, if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet!  [Flourish. 330

EPILOGUE spoken by the KING.

The King's a Beggar, now the Play is done!
All is well ended, if this suit be wonne,
That you express Content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts!  [Exeunt omn.

334. strite] strift F.

FINIS.

v. iii. 329-336.] 90
NOTES.

p. 7, I. i. 69. *Ber. to Hel.* B. Nicholson conj. Rowe and subsequent editors made Ber. address the whole speech—including ll. 68, 69, 'The best . . . to you'—to Hel.

p. 11, I. i. 208. *like likes* = as likes.

p. 11, I. ii. 3, 15. 1 Lo. G., 2 Lo. E. The patronymic of these two French lords is Dumain. See IV. iii. 162, p. 68, and I. 259, p. 70. Rowe and all subsequent editors have distinguished them as 'First Lord' and 'Second Lord.' Capell first suggested that G. and E. are their actors' initials. The names of Samuel Gilburne, Robert Gough, and William Ecclestone are found in the list of 'Principal Actors' prefixed to F1. French E. and French G., the 'two Gentlemen' who appear at III. ii. 43, p. 45, although they have the same prefixes as the 'two Frenchmen' who enter in III. i., and are called 'souldiers' (III. ii. 33, p. 44), seem to be diplomatic agents of the French court (III. ii. 52-54, p. 45); whose parts were assigned to the same actors who presented Lords G. and E. French E., one of the 'two Gentlemen'—not 'Lords'—is well acquainted with the true disposition of Parolles (III. ii. 87-89, p. 46), from whom Lords G. and E. parted with great apparent cordiality in II. i. 37, 38, 45, p. 22. Moreover, we can hardly suppose French G. and E.—who, when Act III. sc. i. closes, are to join the Florentine army 'to-morrow'—to be the French E. and G. who enter in the next scene, and on the same day (Day 5), on their way to Paris (III. ii. 52-54, p. 45).

p. 12, I. ii. 44, 45. *Making them proud,* &c. The meaning may be:
(1) Making them proud of his humilitie, he [being] humbled (or humbling himself) in their poore praise (their awkward attempts to respond to his condescension); or, (2) making them proud of his humilitie [whom] he humbled in their poore praise (in his poor praise of them; praise which they felt unworthy of).

p. 21, II. i. 13-15. *Those bated,* &c. Thus explained by Singer: 'The king excepts to the unworthy Italians, who inherit not the true 'ancient Roman honour,' but the degenerate spirit of the decline and fall, and are *unfit umbires of worth and valour.*'

p. 26, II. i. 165. *her.* Donne has feminine pronouns with Hesperus.
'As Hesperus she [Venus] presents you with her bonum utile, because it is wholesomest in the morning'; &c. ix. Why is Venus-star multinosimus, called both Hesperus and Vesper.—*Iovemista,* 2nd ed. (1633), p. 42.

p. 35, II. iii. 195. *I write Man.* From the following quotations it
All's Well.—Notes.

would seem that a youthful male adult was said to 'write man.'
 . . . 'for albeit I did write man, yet I was but a young Lad to
speak of,' &c.—Mabbe's Guzman de Alfarache, 1623, P. I. bk. ii.
chap. 6, p. 146. The orig. is: . . . 'que aunque varon, era
muchacho,' &c. 'But when I once began to wrole Man,' &c.—
ibid., bk. iii. chap. 9, p. 245. 'Quando me vi mancebo' &c.
See III. v. 63, p. 51, for a similar phrase.

p. 55, III. vi. 91. case — stay. . . . 'then doth he [a Virginian
native executioner] proceed with shels and reeds to case the skinne
from his [the malefactor's] head and face.'—Capt. J. Smith's Map
of Virginia, 1612, p. 37.

p. 59, IV. i. 40, 41. Bajazeths Mule. Shakspeare may have met with
a story of a mule of Bajazeth I. or II. having been once gifted
with speech, as was Balaam's ass, and Achilles's horse Xanthos.

p. 59, IV. i. 62, 63. cargo. Perhaps this word is not mere 'linsie woly,'
like the rest. G. Markham, enumerating the names of the trumpet-
signals, says: 'The' fift is, Carga, Carga,—or—An Alarum;
Charge! Charge! Which sounded, every man (like Lightning) flies
upon his enemy, and gives proofe of his valour.'—The Soulliers
Accidence, 1625, p. 61.

p. 61, IV. ii. 25. Ioues. The Act referred to above is entitled: 'An Acte
to restrain Abuses of Players.' The latter part of chap. 21 runs
thus: 'That if at any tyme or tymes, after the end of the present
Session of Parliament, any person or persons doe or shall in any
Stage play interlude Shewe Maygame or Pageant jestingly or pro-
phanely speake or use the holy Name of God or of Christ Jesus, or
of the Holy Ghost or of the Trinitie, which are not to be spoken but
with feare and reverence, [he] shall forfeite for everie such Offence
by hym or them committed Tenne Pounds, the one mytie thereof
to the Kings Majestie his Heires and Successors the other mytie
thereof to hym or them that will sue for the same in any Courte of
Recorde at Westminster, wherein no essoigne, Proteccion or Wager
of Lawe shalbe allowed.'

p. 62, IV. ii. 38, 39. ropes in such a scarre, &c. Mr. John Davies
(Notes & Queries, 5th S., viii. 182; x. 145) conjectured that ropes
is the plural of the O. E. röf, an outcry; scarre = scare; and
forsake = refuse. 'Bertram,' he explained, 'has been protesting
vehemently to Diana, and she replies, 'I see that men make loud
protestations in the fear that we'll refuse (to give) ourselves.' She
adds, therefore, because she wished to have something more sub-
stantial, 'Give me that ring.''' Röf, lament, outcry, is a rare and
early word,—the latest known instance of its use occurs in
Layamon's Brut (? 1205 A.D.), l. 12540,—though it survives with
a restricted sense in the form röp; e. g. sale by public röp.
Scarre, a frequent spelling of scare, is found in Rom. & Jul., V.
iii. 262, F. text. Forsake, refuse, is common. See, for an example,
II. iii. 54, p. 31, in this play. The word scarre occurs in Lingua,
Act I. sc. vi. (see Lettsom's note apud W. S. Walker's Text of
Shakspeare, iii. 75), where a character named Tactus, after exchang-
Ayll's Well.—Notes.

ing his usual dress and garland for a robe and crown, makes a boastful speech, one line of which runs thus: 'Poets will write whole volumes of this scarre.' The Rev. W. A. Harrison points out that the editions of 1607, 1610, 1617, 1622, and 1632 read scarre, but that the edition of 1657 has change, apparently because the former word had become obsolete. Assuming, then, that scarre = exchange, barter, Diana means that in an exchange or barter of empty promises against chastity, men anticipate that women will forsake themselves. If this be the true interpretation of scarre, the ropes may be fond utterances and loving protests; though a much clearer sense would be obtained by reading, with Rowe, hopes for ropes.

[I see that men make rope's in such a scarre, &c. I don't agree with the Note above on this passage. The Folio rope's should have been kept in the text; and as 's = us, I think ropes is a verb, and the phrase an instance of a regular Early English use of make, as in make brene,¹ cause to be burnt, make bryng,² cause to be brought, like the French il fait bâtir une maison, he causes a house to be built, he has a house built. The Brut says that Henry IV 'made burye' the body of Richard II. Shakspeare's words therefore mean, 'I see that men cause us to be roped in such a scarre,—rocky or gravelly place—that we'll forsake ourselves, give up our chastity.' Our modern phrase is, 'get us into such a tight place, or corner.'—F. J. Furnivall, 5 June, 1908.]

p. 74, IV. v. 16. not hearbes. not pot hearbes B, Nicholson conj.

p. 74, IV. v. 19. grace. The Clown is punning on the similar pronunciation of grace and grass; which is shown by the frequent occurrence of the latter spelling. Cp. e. g.: 'Thersandro... began to take heart at grass, and within few daies began to recouer his former health.'—Greene's Carde of Fancie, 1587, Huth Lib., vol. iv, pp. 151, 152.

p. 84, V. iii. 147, 148. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, &c. Lafew probably means that he will be careful to obtain a guarantee of ownership with his next son-in-law; alluding to the stat. 31 Eliz. cap. 12, which regulated the sale of horses. By this statute a penalty of 40 shillings was imposed 'vnsesse the Toltaker, ... will take vppon him perfect knowledge of the same person [the vendor], his name, surname, & place of dwelling, or resiancie, and shall enter the same into a booke kept for Horses sold; or vnsesse the said person do bring to such Toltaker, book-keeper, &c. one sufficient and credible person, that can & wil testifie that he knoweth the seller, guier, or putter away, his name, surname, mysterie, and dwelling place; and there enter into such booke, aswel the same, as the name, surname, mysterie, and place of

¹ 1502. Ord. Crysten Men (W. de Word, 1506), Our Lorde, that . . . this present worlde shall make brene by fyre.—N. E. D.

² The good lady ma'ise bryng lynnen and other clothes.—Caxton's Four Sonnes of Aymon, E.E.T.Soc. i. 129/7.

93