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Gallathea.

As it was playde before the Queenes Maiestie at Greene-wiche, on Newyeeres day at Night.

By the Chylldren of Paules.

AT LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Charlwoode for the VVid-dow Broome.
1592.
The Prologue.

IOS and Smyrna were two
sweete Cytties, the first named
of the Violet, the latter of the
Myrrh: Homer was borne
in the one, and buried in the
other; Your Maiesties judgement and fauour,
are our Sunne and shadowe, the one comming
of your deepe wisedome, the other of your won-
ted grace. VVee in all humilitie desire, that by
the former, receiuuing our first breath, we may
in the latter, take our last rest.
Augustus Cæsar had such pearcing eyes,
that who so looked on him, was constrained to
wincke. Your highnesse hath so perfit a iudge-
ment, that what soever we offer, we are enfor-
ced to blush; yet as the Athenians were most
curious, that the Lawne wherewith Minerua
was couered, should be without spotte or wrin-
kle,
The Prologue.

d, So haue we endeoured with all care, that what wee present your Highnesse, shoulde ney-
ther offend in Scæne nor sillable, knowing that as in the ground where Gold groweth, nothing will prosper but Golde, so in your Maiestes
minde, where nothing doth harbor but vertue, nothing can enter but vertue.

GAL.
GALLATHEA.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Tyterus. Gallathea.

    Tyterus. THE Sunne dooth beate
    vppon the playne fieldes,
    wherefore let vs sit downe
    Gallathea, vnder this faire
    Oake, by whose broade
    leaues, beeing defended
    from the warme beames, we may enjoy the fresh ayre,
    which softly breathes from Humber floodes.
    
    Galla. Father, you haue deuised well, and whilst our
    flocke doth roame vp and downe thys pleasant greene,
    you shall recount to mee, if it please you, for what cause
    thys Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and why you
    haue thus disguised me.
    
    Tyterus I doe agree thereto, and when thy state and
    my care be considered, thou shalt knowe thys question
    was not asked in vaine.
    
    Gallathea I willingly attend.
    
    Tyterus In tymes past, where thou seest a heape
    of small pyble, stoode a stately Temple of white Mar-
    ble, which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in
    right beeing so neere the Sea) hether came all such as
    B.1.
Gallathea.

eyther ventured by long trauell to see Countries, or by
great traffique to vse merchandise, offering Sacrifice by
fire, to gette safety by water; yeelding thanks for per-
rils past, & making prayers for good successe to come;
but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancie, did
change her copie, as the people their custome, for the
Land being oppressed by Danes, who in steed of sacri-
fice, committed sacrilidge, in steede of religion, rebell-
on, and made a pray of that in which they should haue
made theyr prayers, tearing downe the Temple euen
with the earth, being almost equall with the skies, en-
graged so the God who bindes the windes in the hol-
lowes of the earth, that he caused the Seas to breake
their bounds, sith men had broke their vowes, and to
swell as farre aboue theyr reach, as men had swarued
beyond theyr reason: then might you see shippes sayle
where sheepe fedde, ankers cast where ploughes goe,
fishermen throw theyr nets, where husbandmen sowe
theyr Corne, and fishes throw their scales where fowles
doe breede theyr quils: then might you gather froth
where nowe is dewe, rotten weedes for sweete roses, &
take viewe of monstrous Maremaides, instead of pas-
sing faire Maydes.

Galla. To heare these sweete maruailes, I would
mine eyes were turned also into eares.

Tyte. But at the last, our Country-men repenting,
and not too late, because at last, Neptune either wearie
of his wroth, or warie to doe them wrong, vpon condi-
tion consented to ease theyr miseries.

Galla. What condition will not miserable men ac-
cept?

Tyte. The condition was this, that at euery fiue
yeeres day, the fairest and chastest virgine in all the
Countrey, should be brought vnto this Tree, & heere
beeing bound, (whom neither parentage shall excuse

for
Gallathea.

for honour, nor vertue for entegritie) is left for a peace offering vnto Neptune.

Galla. Deere is the peace that is bought with guiltlesse blood.

Tyte. I am not able to say that, but hee sendeth a Monster called the Agar, against whose comming the waters rore, the fowles flie away, and the Cattell in the field for terror, shunne the bankes.

Galla. And she bound to endure that horror?

Tyte. And she bound to endure that horror.

Galla. Doth thy Monster deoure her?

Tyte. Whether she be deoured of him, or conuei- ed to Neptune, or drowned between both, it is not permitted to knowe, and encurreth danger to coniecture; Now Gallathea heere endeth my tale, & beginneth thy tragedie.

Galla. Alas father, and why so?

Tyte. I would thou hadst bee ne lesse faire, or more fortunate, then shouldest thou not repine that I haue disguised thee in this attyre, for thy beautie will make thee to be thought worthy of this God; to auoide ther fore desteny (for wisedome ruleth the stars) I thinke it better to use an vnlawfull means (your honour preser- ued) then intollerable greefe, both life and honor ha- zarded, and to preuent (if it be possible) thy constellation by my craft. Now hast thou heard the custome of this Countrey, the cause why thy Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and the vexing care of thy fearefull Fa- ther.

Galla. Father, I haue bee ne attentiue to heare, and by your patience am ready to aunswer. Destenie may be deferred, not preuented: and therefore it were bet- ter to offer my selfe in triumph, then to be drawne to it with dishonour. Hath nature (as you say) made mee so faire aboue all, and shall not vertue make mee as fa- mous
Gallathea.

mous as others? Doe you not knowe, (or dooth ouer-carefulnes make you forget) that an honorable death is to be preferred before an infamous life. I am but a child, and haue not liued long, and yet not so childish, as I desire to liue euer: vertues I meane to carry to my graue, not gray haires. I woulde I were as sure that destiny would light on me, as I am resolued it could not feare me. Nature hath givē me beauty, Vertue courage, Nature must yeeld mee death, Vertue honor. Suffer mee therefore to die, for which I was borne, or let me curse that I was borne, sith I may not die for it.

Tyte. Alas Gallathea, to consider the causes of change, thou art too young, and that I should find them out for thee, too too fortunate.

Galla. The destenie to me cannot be so hard as the disguising hatefull.

Tyte. To gaine loue, the Gods haue taken shapes of beastes, and to saue life art thou coy to take the attire of men?

Galla. They were beastly gods, that lust could make them seeme as beastes.

Tyte. In health it is easie to counsell the sicke, but it’s hard for the sicke to followe wholesome counsaile. Well let vs depart, the day is farre spent.

Exeunt.

Actus primus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid, Nimp of Diana.

Cupid. Faire Nimphe, are you strayed from your companie by chaunce, or loue you to wander solitarily on purpose?

Nimph. Faire boy, or god, or what euer you bee, I would you knew these woods are to me so well known, that I cannot stray though I would, and my minde so free, that to be melancholy I haue no cause. There is none of Dianaes trayne that any can traine, either out
of their waie, or out of their wits.

    Cupid. What is that Diana a goddesse? what her
    Nimphes virgins? what her pastimes hunting?
    Nimph A goddesse? who knowes it not? Virgins?
    who thinkes it not? Hunting? who loues it not?
    Cupid I pray thee sweete wench, amongst all your
    sweete troope, is there not one that followeth the swee-
test thing. Sweete loue?
    Nimph Loue good sir, what meane you by it? or
    what doe you call it?
    Cupid A heate full of coldnesse, a sweet full of bit-
ternesse, a paine ful of pleasantnesse, which maketh
thoughts haue eyes, and harts eares, bred by desire, nur-
sed by delight, weaned by ielousie, kild by dissembling,
buried by ingratitue, and this is loue, fayre Lady wil
you any?
    Nimph If it be nothing els, it is but a foolish thing.
    Cupid Try, and you shall find it a prettie thing.
    Nimph I haue neither will nor leysure, but I will fol-
lowe Diana in the Chace, whose virgins are all chast, de-
lighting in the bowe that wounds the swift Hart in the
Forrest, not fearing the bowe that strikes the softe hart
in the Chamber. This difference is betweene my Mi-
stris Diana, and your Mother (as I gesse) Venus, that
all her Nimphes are amiable and wise in theyr kinde,
the other amorous and too kinde for their sexe; and so
farewell little god.
    Cupid Diana, and thou, and all thine, shall knowe
that Cupid is a great god, I will practise a while in
these woodes, and play such pranckes with these
Nimphes, that while they ayme to hit others with their
Arrowes, they shall be wounded themselues with their
owne eyes.

Exit.

Actus
Gallathea.

Actus primus. Scæna tertia.  

Melebeus. Phillida.

Meleb. Come Phillida, faire Phillida, and I feare me too faire being my Phillida, thou knowest the cu-tome of this Countrey, & I the greatnes of thy beau-tie, we both the fiercenesse of the monster Agar. Eue-rrie one thinketh his owne childe faire, but I know that which I most desire, and would least haue, that thou art fairest. Thou shalt therefore disguise thy selfe in attire, least I should disguise my selfe in affection, in suffering thee to perrish by a fond desire, whom I may preserue by a sure deceit.

Phil. Deere father, Nature could not make mee so faire as she hath made you kinde, nor you more kinde then me dutifull. What soeuer you commaunde I will not refuse, because you commaund nothing but my sa-fetie, and your happinesse. But howe shall I be disgui-sed?

Mele. In mans apparell.

Phil. It wil neither become my bodie, nor my minde.

Mele. Why Phillida?

Phil. For then I must keepe companie with boyes, and commit follies vnseemelie for my sexe, or keepe company with girles, and be thought more wanton then becommeth me. Besides, I shall be ashamed of my long hose and short coate, and so vnwarelie blabbe out something by blushing at euery thing.

Mele. Feare not Phillida, vse will make it easie, feare must make it necessarie.

Phil. I agree, since my father will haue it so, and fortune must.

Mele. Come let vs in, and when thou art disgui-sed, roame about these woods till the time be past, and Neptune pleased.

Exeunt.  

Actus
Gallathea.

Actus primus. Scæna quarta.

Mariner, Raffe, Robin, and Dickie.

Rob. Now Mariner, what callest thou this sport on the Sea?

Mar. It is called a wracke.

Raffe. I take no pleasure in it. Of all deathes I wold not be drownd, ones clothes will be so wet when hee is taken vp.

Dicke What calst thou the thing wee were bounde to?

Mar. A raughter.

Raffe. I wyll rather hang my selfe on a raughter in the house, then be so haled in the Sea, there one may haue a leape for his lyfe; but I maruaile howe our Master speedes.

Dicke Ile warrant by this time he is wetshod. Dyd you euery see water buble as the Sea did? But what shall we doe?

Mar. You are now in Lyncolnshire, where you can want no foule, if you can deuise meanes to catch them, there be woods hard by, and at euery myles ende houses: so that if you seeke on the Lande, you shall speede better then on the Sea.

Rob. Sea, nay I will never saile more, I brooke not their diet: their bread is so hard, that one must carrie a whetstone in his mouth to grinde his teeth: the meate so salt, that one woulde thinke after dinner his tongue had beene powdred ten daies.

Raffe O thou hast a sweet life Mariner to be pinde in a few boordes, and to be within an inche of a thing bottomlesse. I pray thee howe often hast thou beeene drowned?

Mar. Foole thou seest I am yet aliue.

Rob. Why be they deade that be drownd, I had B.4. thought
thought they had beene with the fish, and so by chance beene caught vp with them in a Nette againe. It were a shame a little cold water should kill a man of reason, when you shall see a poore Mynow lie in it, that hath no vnderstanding.

Mar. Thou art wise from the crowne of thy heade vpwards; seeke you new fortunes nowe, I will followe mine olde. I can shift the Moone and the Sunne, and know by one Carde, what all you cannot do by a whole payre. The Lode-stone that alwaies holdeth his nose to the North, the two and thirty poynfts for the winde, the wonders I see woulde make all you blinde: you be but boyes, I feare the Sea no more then a dish of water. Why fooles it is but a liquid element, farewell.

Rob. It were good wee learned his cunning at the Cardes, for we must liue by cosenage, we haue neyther Lands nor wit, nor Maisters, nor honestie.

Rafe Nay I would faine haue his thirty two, that is, his three dozen lacking foure points, for you see betwixt vs three there is not two good points.

Dicke Let vs call him a little backe that wee may learne those points. Sirra a word, I pray thee shewe vs thy points.

Mar. Will you learne?

Dicke. I.

Mar. Then as you like this I will instruct you in all our secretes: for there is not a clowte nor carde, nor boord, nor post, that hath not a speciall name, or singuler nature.

Dicke Well begin with your points, for I lacke onlie points in this world.


Dicke Ile say it. North, north-east, North-east, Nore...
nore and by Nore-east. I shall neuer doe it.
   Mar.    Thys is but one quarter.
   Rob.    I shall neuer learne a quarter of it. I will try.
North, North-east, is by the West side, North and by North.
   Dicke    Passing ill.
   Rafe    North North and by North. I can goe no fur-
er.
   Mar.    O dulerde, is thy head lighter then the wind,
and thy tongue so heauie it will not wagge. I will once
againe say it.
   Rafe    I will neuer learne this language, it wil get but
small liuing, when it will scarce be learned till one bee
olde.
   Mar.    Nay then farewell, and if your fortunes ex-
ceede not your wits, you shall starue before ye sleepe.
   Rafe    Was there euer such cosening? Come let vs
to the woods, and see what fortune we may haue be-
fore they be made shippes: as for our Maister hee is
drownd.
   Dicke    I will this way.
   Robin    I this.
   Rafe    I this, & this day twelue-month let vs all meete
heere againe: it may be we shall eyther beg together, or
hang together.
   Dicke    It skils not so we be together. But let vs sing
now, though we cry heereafter.  

   Exeunt.

Actus secundus Scæna prima.

Gallathea alone.

   Galla.    BLush Gallathea that must frame thy affec-
tion fitte for thy habite, and therefore be
thought immodest, because thou art vnfortunate. Thy
   C.1.    tender
Gallathea.

tender yeeres cannot dissemble this deceit, nor thy sexe beare it. O woulde the gods had made mee as I seeme to be, or that I might safelie be what I seeme not. Thy Father doteth Gallathea, whose blind loue corrupteth his fonde judgement, and jealous of thy death, seemeth to dote on thy beauty, whose fonde care carrieth his parciall eye as farre from trueth, as his hart is frō falshood. But why doost thou blame him, or blab what thou art, when thou shouldest onelie counterfet what thou art not. But whist, heere commeth a ladde: I will learne of him how to behaue my selfe.

Enter Phillida in mans attire.

Phill. I neither like my gate, nor my garments, the one vntoward, the other vnfit, both vnseemly. O Phillida, but yonder staieth one, and therefore say nothing. But ô Phillida.

Gall. I perceiue that boyes are in as great disliking of themselues as maides, therefore though I weare the apparell, I am glad I am not the person.

Phill. It is a pretty boy and a faire, hee might well haue beene a woman, but because he is not, I am glad I am, for nowe vnnder the color of my coate, I shall decipher the follies of their kind.

Gall. I would salute him, but I feare I should make a curtsie in steed of a legge.

Phill. If I durst trust my face as well as I doe my habite, I would spend some time to make pastime, for saie what they will of a mans wit, it is no seconde thing to be a woman.

Gall. All the blood in my bodie would be in my face, if he should aske me (as the question among men is common) are you a maide?

Phil. Why stande I still, boyes shoulde be bolde, but heere commeth a braue traine that will spill all our talke.

Enter
Gallathea.

Enter Diana, Telusa, and Eufota.

Diana. God speede faire boy.
Galla. You are deceiued Ladie.
Diana. Why, are you no boy?
Galla. No faire boy.
Diana. But I see an vnhappy boy.
Telusa. Saw you not the Deare come this waie, hee
flew downe the winde, & I beleue you haue blancht
him.

Galla. Whose Deare was it Ladie?
Telusa. Dianae Deare.
Galla. I saw none but mine owne Deare.
Telusa. This wagge is wanton or a foole, aske the
other, Diana.

Galla. I knowe not howe it commeth to passe, but
yonder boy is in mine eye too beaftufull, I pray gods the
Ladies thinke him not their Deare.

Diana. Prettie lad, doe your sheepe feede in the For-
rest, or are you straied from you flocke, or on purpose
come ye to marre Dianae pastime?

Phillida. I vnderstand not one word you speake.
Diana. VVhat art thou neither Ladde nor sheepe-
hearde?

Phill. My mother said I could be no ladde til I was
twentie yeere olde, nor keepe sheepe till I could tell
them; and therefore Ladie neither lad nor sheepehearde
is heere.

Telusa. These boyes are both agreed, either they are
verie pleasant or too peruerse: you were best Ladie
make them tuske these VVoodes, whilst wee stande
with our bowes, and so vse them as Beagles since they
haue so good mouthes.

Diana. I wil. Follow me without delaie, or excuse, &
if you can doe nothing, yet shall you hallow the Deare.

C.2.      Phillida
Gallathea.

Phil. I am willing to goe, not for these Ladies company, because my selfe am a virgine, but for that fayre boyes fauer, who I thinke be a God.

Diana. You sir boy shall also goe.

Galla. I must if you commaunde, and would if you had not.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid alone in Nimphes apparell, and Neptune listening.

Cupid Nowe Cupid, vnnder the shape of a sillie girlie shewe the power of a mightie God. Let Diana and all her coy Nimphes know, that there is no hart so chaste but thy bowe can wounde, nor eyes so modest, but thy brandes can kindle, nor thoughts so staied, but thy shafts can make wauering, weake and wanton: Cupid though he be a child, is no babie. I will make their paines my pastimes, & so confound their loues in their owne sexe, that they shall dote in their desires, delight in their affections, and practise onely impossibilities. Whilst I trewant from my mother, I wil vse some tyranny in these woodes, and so shall their exercise in foolish loue, be my excuse for running away. I wil see whither faire faces be alwaies chast, or Dianaes virgins one-lie modest, els will I spende both my shafts and shyfts, and then Ladies if you see these daintie Dames intrapt in loue, saie softlie to your selues, wee may all loue.

Exit.

Neptune. Doe sillie Sheepeheards goe about to deceiue great Neptune, in putting on mans attire vpon women: and Cupid to make sport deceiue them all, by vsing a vvomans apparell vpon a God, then Neptune that hast taken sundrie shapes to obtaine loue, stick not to practise some deceipt to shew thy deitie, and hauing oftē thrust thy self into the shape of beasts to deceiue men,
men be not coy to vse the shape of a Sheepehearde, to shew thy selfe a God. Neptune cannot be ouer-reached by Swaines, himselfe is subtle, and if Diana be ouer-taken by craft, Cupid is wise. I will into these woodes and marke all, and in the end will marre all. 

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scæna tertia.

Enter Raffe alone.

Rafe Call you this seeking of fortunes when one can finde nothing but byrds nestes? would I were out of these VVoodes, for I shall haue but wedden lucke, heers nothing but the skreeking of Owles, croking of Frogs, hissing of Adders, barking of Foxes, walking of Hagges. But what be these?

Enter Fayries dauncing and playing and so, Exeunt.

I will follow them, to hell I shall not goe, for so faire faces neuer can haue such hard fortunes. What blacke boy is this.

Enter the Alcumists boy Peter.

Peter What a life doe I leade with my Maister nothing but blowing of bellows, beating of spirits, & scraping of Croslets? it is a very secrete Science, for none almost can understand the language of it. Sublimation, Almigation, Calcination, Rubification, Encorporation, Circination, Sementation, Albification, and Fre-mentoration. With as many terms vnpossible to be vte-red, as the Arte to be compassed.

Raffe Let me crosse my selfe, I neuer heard so many great deuils in a little Monkies mouth.

Peter Then our instruments, Croslets, Subliuato-ries, Cucurbits, Limbecks, Decensores, Violes, manu-all and murall, for enbibing and conbibing, Bellowes, molificatiue and enduratiue.

Rafe What language is this? doe they speake so? 

C.3.
Gallathea.


Rafe  My haire beginneth to stande vpright, would the boy would make an end.

Peter  And yet such a beggerly Science it is, and so strong on multiplication, that the ende is to haue neyther gold, wit, nor honestie.

Rafe  Then am I iust of thy occupation. What fellow, well met.

Peter  Felow, vpon what acquaintance?

Rafe  Why thou saist, the end of thy occupation is to haue neither wit, money, nor honestie: & me thinks at a blush, thou shouldest be one of my occupation.

Peter  Thou art deceiued, my Master is an Alcumist.

Rafe  Whats that, a man?

Peter  A little more then a man, and a hayres breth lesse then a God. He can make of thy cap gold, and by multiplication of one grote, three old Angels. I haue knowne him of the tagge of a poynit, to make a siluer boole of a pint.

Rafe  That makes thee haue neuer a point, they be al turned to pots: but if he can doe thy, he shall be a god altogether.

Peter  Yf thou haue any gold to worke on, thou art then made for euer: for with one pound of golde, hee will goo neere to paue tenne Akers of ground.

Rafe  Howe might a man serue him and learne hys cunning?

Peter  Easilie. First seeme to vnderstand the termes, and speciallie marke these points. In our Arte there are foure Spirits.

Rafe
Gallathea.

Rafe  Nay I haue doone if you worke with deuils.
Peter  Thou art grosse; we call those Spirits that are
       the grounds of our Arte, & as it were the mettles more
       incorporatije for domination. The first Spirit is
       Quick-siluer.
Rafe  That is my Spirit, for my siluer is so quicke;
       that I haue much a doe to catch it, and when I haue it,
       it is so nimble that I cannot holde it; I thought there
       was a deuill in it.
Peter  The second, Orpyment.
Rafe  Thats no Spirit, but a worde to conjure a
       Spirit.
Peter  The third, Sal Armoniack.
Rafe  A propper word.
Peter  The fourth, Brimstone.
Rafe  Thats a stincking Spirit, I thought there was
       some spirit in it because it burnt so blew. For my Mo-
       ther would often tell mee that when the candle burnt
       blew, there was some ill Spirit in the house, and now I
       perceiue it was the spirit Brimstone.
Peter  Thou cast remember these foure spirits.
Rafe  Let me alone to conjure them.
Peter  Now are there also seauen bodies, but heere
       commeth my Maister.

Enter Alcumist.

Rafe  This is a beggar.
Peter  No, such cunning men must disguise them-
       selves, as though there were nothing in them for other-
       wise they shall be compelled to worke for Princes, and
       so be constrained to bewray their secrets.
Rafe  I like not his attire, but am enamored of hys
       Arte.
Alcumist  An ounce of Siluer limde, as much of
         crude Mercury, of Spirits foure, beeing tempered with
         the bodies seauen, by multiplying of it ten times, comes
         C.4.
for one pound, eyght thousand pounds, so that I may haue onely Beechen coales.

Rafe  Is it possible?
Peter  It is more certaine then certainty.
Rafe  Ile tell thee one secrete, I stole a siluer thimble; dost thou thinke that he will make it a pottle pot?
Peter  A pottle pot, nay I dare warrant it a whole Cupbord of plate: why of the quintessence of a leaden plummet, he hath framed xx. dozen of siluer Spoones. Looke howe hee studies, I durst venture my life hee is nowe casting about, howe of his breath hee may make golden braselets, for often-times of smoke hee hath made siluer drops.
Rafe  What doe I heare?
Peter  Dydst thou neuer heare howe Jupiter came in a golden shower to Danae?
Rafe  I remember that tale.
Peter  That shower did my Master make of a spoonefull of Tartar-alom, but with the fire of blood, & the corasiue of the ayre, he is able to make nothing infinit, but whist he espieth vs.
Alcum.  What Peter doe you loyter, knowing that euerie minute increaseth our Mine?
Peter  I was glad to take ayre, for the mettle came so fast, that I feared my face would haue beene turned to siluer.
Alcum.  But what stripling is this?
Peter  One that is desirous to learne your craft.
Alcum.  Craft sir boy, you must call it misterie.
Rafe  All is one, a craftie misterie, and a mysticall craft.
Alcum.  Canst thou take paynes?
Rafe  Infinite.
Alcum.  But thou must be sworne to be secret, and then I wyll entertaine thee.

Rafe
Gallathea.

*Rafe*  I can sweare though I be a poore fellow as well as the best man in the Shyre. But Sir I much maruaile that you beeing so cunning, should be so ragged.

*Alcu.*  O my childe, Gryphes make theyr nestes of gold though their coates are fethers, and we fether our nestes with Diamonds, though our garments be but frize. Yf thou knewest the secret of this Science, the cunning woulde make thee so proude that thou wouldest disdain the outward pompe.

*Peter*  My Maister is so rauisht with his Arte, that we manie times goe supperlesse to bed, for he wil make gold of his breade, and such is the drouth of his desire, that we all wish our very guts were gold.

*Rafe*  I haue good fortune to light vpon such a Maister.

*Alcum.*  When in the depth of my skill I determine to try the vtttermost of mine Arte, I am disswaded by the gods, otherwise, I durst vndertake to make the fire as it flames, gold, the winde as it blowes, siluer, the water as it runnes, lead, the earth as it standes, yron, the skye, brasse, and mens thoughts, firme mettles.

*Rafe*  I must blesse my selfe, and maruell at you.

*Alcum.*  Come in, and thou shalt see all.

*Exit.*

*Rafe*  I followe, I runne, I flye; they say my Father hath a golden thumbe, you shall see me haue a golden bodie.

*Exit.*

*Peter*  I am glad of this, for now I shall haue leysure to runne away; such a bald Arte as newer was, let him keepe his newe man, for he shall newer see his olde a-gaine; God sheld me from blowing gold to nothing, with a strong imagination to make nothing any thing.

*Exit.*

D.1.  Actus
Gallathea.

Actus secundus. Scæna quarta.

Galla. How now Gallathea? miserable Gallathea, that hauing put on the apparell of a boy, thou canst also put on the minde. O faire Melebeus, I too faire, and therefore I feare, too proude. Had it not beeene better for thee to haue beene a sacrifice to Neptune, then a slaue to Cupid? to die for thy Countrey, then to liue in thy fancie? to be a sacrifice, then a Louer? O woulde when I hunted his eye with my harte, hee might haue scene my hart with his eyes. Why did Nature to him a boy giue a face so faire, or to me a virgine a fortune so hard? I will now vse for the distaffe the bowe, and play at quaites abroade, that was wont to sowe in my Sampler at home. It may be Gallathea, foolish Gallathea, what may be? nothing. Let mee followe him into the Woods, and thou sweete Venus be my guide.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scena quinta.

Enter Phillida alone.

Philli. Poore Phillida, curse the time of thy birth and rarenes of thy beautie, the vnaptnes of thy apparel, and the vntamednes of thy affections. Art thou no sooner in the habite of a boy, but thou must be enamored of a boy, what shalt thou doe when what best lyketh thee, most discontenteth thee? Goe into the Woods, watch the good times, his best moods, and transgresse in loue a little of thy modestie, I will, I dare not, thou must, I cannot. Then pine in thine owne peeuishnes. I will not, I wil. Ah Phillida doe something, nay anie thing rather then liue thus. Well, what I will doe, my selfe knowes not, but what I ought I knowe too well, and so I goe resolute, eyther to bewray my loue, or suffer shame.

Exit.

Actus
Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

_Telusa_ alone.

_HOwe nowe? what newe conceits, vvhat strange contraries breede in thy minde?_ is thy Diana become a Venus, thy chast thoughts turnd to wanton lookes, thy conquering modestie to a captiue imagination? Beginnest thou with Piralis to die in the ayre and liue in the fire, to leave the sweete delight of hunting, and to followe the hote desire of loue? O Telusa, these words are vnfit for thy sexe beeing a virgine, but apt for thy affections being a Louer. And can there in yeeres so young, in education so precise, in vowes so holy, and in a hart so chaste, enter eyther a strong desire, or a wish, or a wauering thought of loue? Can Cupids brands quench Vestas flames, and his feeble shafts headed with feathers, pearce deeper thē Dīanaes arrowes headed with steele? Breake thy bowe Telusa that seekest to breake thy vowe, and let those hands that aymed to hit the Wilde Hart, scratche out those eyes that haue wounded thy tame hart. O vaine and onely naked name of Chastitie, that is made eternall, and perish by time: holy, and is infected by fancy: diuine, and is made mortall by folly. Virgins harts I perceive are not vnlike Cotton trees, whose fruite is so hard in the budde, that it soundeth like steele, and beeing rype, poureth forth nothing but wool, and theyr thoughts like the leaues of Luntary, which the further they growe from the Sunne, the sooner they are scorched with his beames. O Melebeus, because thou art fayre, must I be fickle, and false my vowe because I see thy vertue? Fonde gyrlle that I am to thinke of loue, nay vaine profession that I follow to disdaine loue, but heere commeth Eurota, I must nowe put on a redde

_D.2._

maske
maske and blushe, least she perceiue my pale face and laugh.

Enter Eurota.

Eurota  Telusa, Diana bid me hunt you out, & saith that you care not to hunt with her, but if you followe any other Game then she hath rowsd, your punishment shall be to bend all our bowes, and weaue al our strings. Why looke ye so pale, so sad, so wildly.

Telusa  Eurota, the Game I follow is the thing I flye: my strange disease my chiefes desire.

Eurota  I am no Oedipus to expound riddles, and I muse how thou canst be Sphinx to vtter them. But I pray thee Telusa tell mee what thou aylest, if thou be sicke, this ground hath leaues to heale: if melancholie, heere are pastimes to vse: if peeuish, wit must weane it, or time, or counsell. Yf thou be in loue (for I haue heard of such a beast called loue) it shall be cured, why blushest thou Telusa?

Telusa  To heare thee in reckoning my paines to recite thine owne. I saw Eurota howe amorouslie you glanced your eye on the faire boy in the white coate, and howe cunninglie (now that you would haue some talke of loue) you hit me in the teeth with loue.

Eurota  I confesse that I am in loue, and yet sweare that I know not what it is. I feele my thoughts vnknit, mine eyes vnstaied, my hart I know not how affected, or infected, my sleepes broken and full of dreames, my wakenesse sad and full of sighes, my selfe in all thinges vnlike my selfe. If this be loue, I woule it had neuer beene deuised.

Telusa  Thou hast told what I am in vttering what thy selfe is: these are my passions Eurota my vnbridled passions, my intolerable passions, which I were as good acknowledge and craue counsell, as to denie and endure perill.

Eurota
Gallathea.

Eurota   How did it take you first Telusa?
Telusa   By the eyes, my wanton eyes which concei-
         ued the picture of his face, and hangd it on the verie
         strings of my hart. O faire Melebeus, ô fonde Telusa,
         but how did it take you Eurota?
Eurota   By the eares, whose sweete words suncke so
         deepe into my head, that the remembrance of his wit,
         hath bereaued mee of my wisedome; ô eloquent Tyte-
         rus, ô credulous Eurota. But soft heere commeth Ra-
         mia, but let her not heare vs talke, wee will withdrawe
         our selues, and heare her talke.

Enter Ramia.

Ramia   I am sent to seeke others that haue lost my
         selfe.
Eurota   You shall see Ramia hath also bitten on a
         loue leafe.
Ramia   Can there be no hart so chast, but loue can
         wound? nor vowes so holie but affection can violate.
         Vaine art thou vertue, & thou chastity but a by word,
         when you both are subject to loue, of all thinges the
         most abiect. If Loue be a God, why should not Louers
         be vertuous? Loue is a God, and Louers are vertuous.
Eurota   Indeede Ramia, if Louers were not vertu-
         ous, then wert thou vicious.
Ramia   What are you come so neere me?
Telusa   I thinke we came neere you when wee saide
         you loued.
Eurota   Tush Ramia, tis too late to recall it, to re-
         pent it a shame: therfore I pray thee tell what is loue?
Ramia   If my selfe felt onelie this infection, I would
         then take vpon me the definition, but beeing incident
         to so manie, I dare not my selfe describe it, but we will
         all talke of that in the Woodes. Diana stormeth that
         sending one to seeke another, shee looseth all. Seruia
         of all the Nimphes the coyest, loueth deadly, and ex-

D.3.  claimeth
Gallathea.

claimeth against Diana, honoureth Venus, detesteth Vesta, and maketh a common scorne of vertue. Clymene, whose statelie lookes seemed to amaze the greatest Lordses, stoopeth, yeeldeth, and fauneth on the strange boy in the Woods. My selfe (with blushing I speak it) am thrall to that boy, that faire boy, that beautifull boy.

Telusa What haue wee heere, all in loue? no other foode then fancie; no no, she shall not haue the fayre boy.

Europa Nor you Telusa.

Ramia Nor you Eurota.

Telusa I loue Melebeus, and my deserts shalbe aunswerable to my desires. I will forsake Diana for him. I will die for him.

Ramia So saith Clymene, and shee will haue Him. I care not, my sweete Tyterus though he seeme proude, I impute it to childishnes: who beeing yet scarce out of his swath-clowtes, cannot vnderstande these depe conceits; I loue him.

Europa So doe I, and I will haue him.

Telusa Immodest all that wee are, vnde fortune all that we are like to be; shall virgins beginne to wrangle for loue, and become wanton in their thoughts, in their words, in their actions. O deuine Loue, which art therefor called deuine, because thou ouer-reaches the wiuest, conquerest the chastest, and doost all things both unlikely and impossible, because thou art Loue. Thou makes the bashfull impudent, the wise fond, the chaste wanton, and workest contraries to our reach, because thy selfe is beyond reason.

Europa Talke no more Telusa, your words wound. Ah would I were no woman.

Ramia Would Tyterus were no boy.

Telusa Would Telusa were no body.
Gallathea.

Actus tertius. Scæna secunda.

Philida and Gallathea.

Phil. It is pitty that Nature framed you not a woman, hauing a face so faire, so louely a countenaunce, so modest a behauiour.

Galla. There is a Tree in Tylos, whose nuttes haue shels like fire, and beeing cracked, the karnell is but water.

Phil. What a toy is it to tell mee of that tree, beeing nothing to the purpose: I say it is pitty you are not a woman.

Galla. I would not wish to be a woman, vnlesse it were because thou art a man.

Phil. Nay I doe not wish to be woman, for then I should not loue thee, for I haue sworne neuer to loue a woman.

Galla. A strange humor in so prettie a youth, and according to myne, for my selfe will neuer loue a woman.

Phil. It were a shame if a mayden should be a suiter, (a thing hated in that sexe) that thou shouldest denie to be her servaunt.

Galla. If it be a shame in me, it can be no commendation in you, for your selfe is of that minde.

Phil. Suppose I were a virgine (I blush in supposing my selfe one) and that vnnder the habite of a boy were the person of a mayde, if I should vtter my affecction with sighes, manifest my sweete loue by my salte teares, and proue my loyaltie vnspotted, and my griefes intollerable, would not then that faire face, pittie thyts true hart?

Galla. Admit that I were, as you woulde haue mee suppose that you are, and that I should with intreaties, prayers, othes, bribes, and what euer can be inuented in love,
loue, desire your fauour, would you not yeeld?

      Phill.    Tush you come in with admit.
      Galla.    And you with suppose.
      Phill.    What doubtfull speeches be these? I feare me
he is as I am, a mayden.
      Galla.    What dread riseth in my minde, I feare the
boy to be as I am a mayden.
      Phill.    Tush it cannot be, his voice shewes the con-
trarie.
      Galla.    Yet I doe not thinke it; for he woulde then
haue blushed.
      Phill.    Haue you euery a Sister?
      Galla.    If I had but one, my brother must needs haue
two, but I pray haue you euery a one?
      Phill.    My Father had but one daughter, and there-
fore I could haue no sister.
      Galla.    Aye me, he is as I am, for his speeches be as
mine are.
      Phill.    What shall I doe, eyther hee is subtil or my
sexe simple.
      Galla.    I haue knowne diuers of Dianaes Nimphes
enamore of him, yet hath he reiect all, eyther as too
proude to disdaine, or too childish not to vnderstande,
or for that he knoweth himselfe to be a Virgin.
      Phill.    I am in a quandarie, Dianaes Nimphes haue
followed him, and he despised them, eyther knowing
too well the beautie of his owne face, or that himselfe
is of the same mould. I will once againe try him. You
promised me in the woods, that you would loue me be-
fore all Dianaes Nimphes.
      Galla.    I, so you would loue mee before all Dianaes
Nimphes.
      Phill.    Can you preferre a fonde boy as I am, before
so faire Ladies as they are.
      Galla.    Why should not I as well as you?

    Phillida
Gallathea.

*Phyllida* Come let vs into the Groue, and make much one of another, that cannot tel what to think one of another.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

*Alcum. Rafe, my boy is run away, I trust thou wilt not runne after.*

*Rafe* I would I had a paire of wings that I might flie after.

*Alcum.* My boy was the veriest theefe, the aran-test lyar, and the wildest swearer in the worlde, otherwise the best boy in the world, he hath stolen my appa-rrell, all my money, and forgot nothing but to bid mee farewell.

*Rafe* That will not I forget, farewell Maister.

*Alcum.* Why thou hast not yet seene the ende of my Arte.

*Rafe* I would I had not known the beginning. Did not you promise mee, of my siluer thimble to make a whole cupboard of plate, and that of a Spanish needle you would build a siluer steeple?

*Alcum.* I Rafe, the fortune of this Arte consisteth in the measure of the fire, for if there be a cole too much, or a sparke too little, if it be a little too hote, or a thought too softe, all our labour is in vaine; besides, they that blowe, must beate tyme with theyr breathes, as Musicians doe with their breasts, so as there must be of the mettals, the fire and workers a verie harmonie.

*Rafe* Nay if you must weigh your fire by ounces, & take measure of a mans blast, you may then make of a dramme of winde a wedge of gold, and of the shadowe of one shilling make another, so as you haue an Organist to tune your temperatures.

*Alcum.* So is it, and often doth it happen, that the E.1.

iust
Gallathea.

just proportion of the fire and all things concurr.

Rafe Concurre, condogge. I will away.

Alcum. Then away. Exit Alcumist.

Enter Astronomer.

Rafe An arte quoth you, that one multiplieth so much all day, that he wanteth money to buy meate at night? But what haue we yonder? what deuoute man? he will neuer speake till he be vrged. I wil salute him. Sir, there lieth a purse vnder your feete, if I thought it were not yours, I would take it vp.

Astron. Doost thou not knowe that I was calculating the natiuity of Alexanders great horse?

Rafe Why what are you?

Astron. An Astronomer.

Rafe What one of those that makes Almanacks.

Astro. Ipsissimus. I can tell the minute of thy byrth, the moment of thy death, and the manner. I can tel thee what wether shall be betweene this and Octogessimus octauus mirabilis annus. When I list I can sette a trap for the Sunne, catch the Moone with lyme-twigges, and goe a batfowling for starres. I can tell thee things past, and things to come, & with my cunning, measure how many yards of Clowdes are beneath the Skye. Nothing can happen which I fore-see not, nothing shall.

Rafe I hope sir you are no more then a God.

Astron. I can bring the twelue signes out of theyr Zodiacks, and hang them vp at Tauerns.

Rafe I pray you sir tell me what you cannot doe, for I perceiue there is nothing so easie for you to compasse as impossibilities. But what be those signes?

Astro. As a man should say, signes which gouerne the body. The Ramme gouerneth the head.

Rafe That is the worst signe for the head.

Astro. Why?

Rafe
**Gallathea.**

*Rafe*  Because it is a signe of an ill Ewe.

*Astron.*  Tush, that signe must be there. Then the Bull for the throte, Capricornus for the knees.

*Rafe*  I will heare no more signes, if they be all such desperate signes: but seeing you are, (I know not who to terme you) shall I serue you? I would faine serue.

*Astron.*  I accept thee.

*Rafe.*  Happie am I, for now shall I reach thoughts, and tell how many drops of water goes to the greatest showre of rayne. You shall see me catch the Moone in the clips like a Conny in a pursnet.

*Astro.*  I will teach thee the Golden number, the Epact, and the Prime.

*Rafe*  I wil meddle no more with numbring of gold, for multiplication is a miserable action; I pray sir what wether shall we haue this howre three-score yeere?

*Astro.*  That I must cast by our Iudicials Astronomicall, therefore come in with me, and thou shall see euerie wrinkle of my Astrologickal wisedome, and I will make the Heauens as plaine to thee as the high waie, thy cunning shall sitte cheeke by iole with the Sunnes Chariot; then shalt thou see what a base thing it is, to haue others thoughts creepe on the grounde, when as thine shall be stitched to the starres.

*Rafe*  Then I shall be translated from this mortality.

*Astro.*  Thy thoughts shall be metamorphosed, and made haile fellowes with the Gods.

*Rafe*  O fortune. I feele my very braines moralized, and as it were a certaine contemp of earthly actions is crept into my minde, by an etheriall contemplation. Come let vs in.

_Exeunt._

E.2.

Actus
Gallathea.

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

_Diana, Telusa, Eurota, Ramia, Larissa._

_Diana_ What newes haue we heere Ladies, are all in loue? are Dianaes Nimphes become Venus wantons? is it a shame to be chast, because you be amiable? or must you needes be amorous, because you are faire? O Venus, if thys be thy spight, I will requite it wyth more then hate, well shalt thou know what it is to drib thine arrowes vp and downe Dianaes leies. There is an vknowne Nimph that straggleth vp and downe these woods, which I suspect hath beene the weauer of these woes, I saw her slumbring by the brooke side, go search her & bring her, if you find vpon her shoulder a burne, it is Cupid: if any print on her backe like a leafe, it is Medea: if any picture on her left breast like a birde, it is Calipso; who euer it be, bring her hether, and speedilie bring her hether.

_Telusa_ I will goe with speede.

_Diana_ Goe you Larissa and helpe her.

_Lurissa_ I obey.

_Diana_ Nowe Ladies, dooth not that make your cheekes blushe, that makes mine eares glowe? or can you remember that without sobes, which Diana can not thinke on without sighes? What greater dishonour could happen to Diana, or to her Nimphes shame, then that there can be any time so idle, that shold make their heads so addle? Your chast harts my Nimphes, should resemble the Onix, which is hottest when it is whitest, and your thoughts, the more they are assaul-ted with desires, the lesse they should be affected. You should thinke loue like Homers Moly, a white leafe & a blacke roote, a faire shewe, and a bitter taste. Of all Trees the Cedar is greatest, and hath the smallest seedes: of all affections, loue hath the greatest name, & the
Gallathea.

the least vertue. Shall it be said, and shall Venus say it? nay shall it be seene, and shall wantons see it? that Di-
ana the goddesse of chastity, whose thoughts are al-
waies answerable to her vowes, whose eyes never glanced on desire, and whose hart abateth the poyn of Cu-
pids arrowes, shall haue her virgins to become vnchast in desires, immoderate in affection, vntemperate in
love, in foolish loue, in base loue. Eagles cast their euill
feathers in the Sunne, but you cast your best desires v-
pon a shadowe. The birdes Ibes lose their sweetnesse
when they lose their sightes, and virgins all their ver-
tues with theyr vnchast thoughts, vnchast, Diana cal-
leth that, that hath eyther any shoue or suspicion of
lightnesse. O my deere Nimphes, if you knewe howe
louing thoughts staine louely faces, you woude bee as
careful to haue the one as vnspotted as the other beau-
tiful.

Cast before your eyes the loues of Venus truls, their
fortunes, their fancys, their ends. What are they els
but Silenus pictures, without, Lambes & Doues, with
in, Apes, and Owles, who like Ixion imbrace clowdes
for Iuno, the shadowes of vertue in steede of the sub-
stance. The Eagles fethers consume the fethers of all o-
thers, and loues desire corrupteth all other vertues. I
blush Ladies that you hauing beene heretofore patient
of labours, should nowe become prentises to idlenesse,
and vse the penne for Sonets, not the needle for Sam-
plers. And howe is your loue placed, vpon pelting
boyes, perhaps base of birth, without doubt weake of
discretion. I but they are fayre. O Ladies doe your eyes
begin to loue collours, whose harts was wont to loath
them? is Dianaes Chase become Venus Courte? and
are your holy vowes turnd to hollow thoughts?

Ramia  Madame, if loue were not a thing beyonde
reason, we might then giue a reason of our doings, but
E.3.
so deuine is his force, that it worketh effects as contra-
rie to that wee wishe, as vnreasonable against that wee
ought.

Larissa Lady, so vnacquainted are the passions of
loue, that we can neither describe them nor beare them.

Diana Foolish gyrles, how willing you are to follow
that which you should flie, but heere commeth Telusa.

Enter Telusa and other with Cupid.

Telusa We haue brought the disguised Nimphe, &
haue found on his shoulder Psiches burne, and he con-
fesseth himselfe to be Cupid.

Diana Howe now sir, are you caught, are you Cu-
pid?

Cupid Thou shalt see Diana that I dare confesse my
selfe to be Cupid.

Diana And thou shalt see Cupid that I will shewe
my selfe to be Diana, that is, Conquerer of thy loose &
vntamed appetites. Did thy mother Venus vnder the
colour of a Nimphe, sende thee hether to wounde my
Nimphes? Doth she adde craft to her malice, and mis-
trusting her deitie, practise deceite: is there no place
but my Groues, no persons but my Nimphes? Cruell
and vnkind Venus, that spighteth onely chastitie, thou
shalt see that Dianaeas power shal reuenge thy policie,
and tame thy's pride. As for thee Cupid, I will breake
thy bowe, and burne thine arrowes, binde thy handes,
clyp thy wings, and fetter thy feete. Thou that fattest
others with hopes, shalt be fedde thy selfe with wishes,
& thou that bindest others with golden thoughts, shalt
be bound thy selfe with golden fetters, Venus rods are
made of Roses, Dianaes of Bryers. Let Venus that great
Goddesse, raunsome Cupid that little God. These La-
dies heere whom thou hast infected with foolish loue,
shall both tread on thee and triumph ouer thee. Thine

own
Gallathea.

owne arrow shall be shot into thine owne bosome, and
thou shalt be inamored, not on Psiches, but on Circes.
I will teach thee what it is to displease Diana, distresse
her Nymphes, or disturbe her Game.

Cupid  Diana, what I haue done, cannot be vndone,
but what you meane to doe, shall. Venus hath some
Gods to her friends, Cupid shall haue all.

Diana  Are you prating? I will bridle thy tongue &
thy power, and in spight of mine owne thoughts, I
will sette thee a taske every day, which if thou finish
not, thou shalt feele the smart. Thou shalt be vsed as
Dianaes slau, not Venus sonne. All the worlde shall
see that I will vse thee like a captiue, and shew my selfe
a Conquerer. Come haue him in, that wee may devise
apt punishments for his proude presumptions.

Europa  We will plague yee for a little God.
Telusa  We wyll neuer pittie thee though thou be
a God.

Ramia  Nor I.
Larissa  Nor I.  

Exeunt.

Actus quartus Scæna prima.

Augur, Mellebeus, Tyterus, Populus.

Augur  THis is the day wherein you must satis­fie
Neptune and saue your selues, call toge­
ther your fayre Daughters, and for a Sacrifice take the
fayrest, for better it is to offer a Virgine then suffer ru­
ine. If you think it against nature to sacrifice your chil­
dren, thinke it also against sence to destroy your Coun­
trey. If you imagine Neptune pittlesse to desire such a
pray, confesse your selues peruerse to deserue such a
punishment. You see this tree, this fatall Tree, whose
leaues though they glistere like golde, yet it threateneth
to fayre virgins griefe. To this Tree must the beauti­

fullest
Gallathea.

fullest be bound vntil the Monster Agar carry her a-
waie, and if the Monster come not, then assure your
selues that the fairest is concealed, and then your coun-
trey shall be destroyed, therefore consult with your
selues, not as fathers of children, but as favouers of
your Countrey. Let Neptune haue his right if you will
haue your quiet; thus haue I warned you to be care-
full, and would wish you to be wise, knowing that who
so hath the fairest daughter, hath the greatest fortune,
in loosing one to saue all, and so I depart to provide ce-
remonies for the Sacrifice, and commaund you to bring
the Sacrifice.

Mel. They say Tyterus that you haue a faire daugh-
ter, if it be so, dissemble not, for you shall be a for-
tunate father. It is a thing holy to preserue ones Country,
and honorable to be the cause.

Tyterus In deede Melebeus I haue heard you boast
that you had a faire daughter, then the which none was
more beautiful. I hope you are not so careful of a child,
that you will be carelesse of your Countrey, or adde so
much to nature, that you will detract from wisedome.

Melle. I must confesse that I had a daughter, and I
knowe you haue, but alas my Childes cradle was her
graue, and her swath-clowte her winding sheete. I
would she had liued til now, she should willingly haue
died now; for what could haue happened to pore Me-
lebeus more comfortable, then to bee the father of a
fayre child, and sweet Countrey.

Tyterus O Mellebeus, dissemble you may with mē,
deceiue the Gods you cannot, dyd not I see, (and very
lately see) your daughter in your armes, when as you
gauue her infinite kisses, with affection I feare mee more
then fatherly. You haue conueyed her away, that you
might cast vs all away, bereauing her the honour of her
beauty, and vs the benefite, preferring a common in-

conuenience,
conuenience, before a priuate mischiefe.

_Melle._ It is a bad cloth Tyerus that will take no colour, and a simple Father that can vse no cunning, you make the people beleue that you wish well, when you practise nothing but ill, wishing to be thought religiouis towards the Gods, when I knowe you deceitful towards men. You cannot ouer-reach me Tyerus, ouer-shoote your selfe you may. It is a wilie Mouse that will breede in the Cats eare, and hee must halt cunninglie, that will deceiue a Cripple. Did you euer see me kisse my Daughter? you are deceiued, it was my wife. And if you thought so young a peece vnfit for so old a person, and therefore imagined it to be my childe, not my spouse, you must knowe that siluer haires delight in golden lockes, and the olde fancies craue young Nurses, and frostie yeeres must bee thawed by youthfull fyers. But this matter set aside, you haue a faire daughter Tyerus, and it is pittie you are so fond a Father.

_Popu._ You are bothe eyther too fonde or too froward: for whilst you dispute to saue your Daughters, we neglect to preuent our destruction.

_Alter._ Come let vs away and seeke out a sacrifice. Wee must sift out their cunning, and let them shift for themselves.

_Exeunt._

Actus quartus. Scæna secunda.

_Cupid. Telusa, Eurota, Larissa, enter singing._

_Telusa_ Come Cupid to your taske. First you must vndoe all these Louers knots, because you tyed them.

_Cupid_ If they be true loue knots, tis vnpossible to vn-knit them, if false, I neuer tied them.

_Eurota_ Make no excuse but to it.

_Cupid_ Loue knots are tyde with eyes, and cannot be
be vndoone with hands, made fast with thoughts, and
cannot be vnlosed with fingers, had Diana no taske to
set Cupid to but things impossible, I wil to it.
   Ramia   Why how now? you tie the knots faster.
   Cupid   I cannot chuse, it goeth against my mind to
make them loose.
   Eurota  Let me see, nowe tis vnpossible to be vndoone.
   Cupid   It is the true loue knotte of a womens hart,
therefore cannot be vndoone.
   Ramia   That fals in sunder of it selfe.
   Cupid   It was made of a mans thought which will
neuer hang together.
   Larissa You haue vndoone that well.
   Cupid   I, because it was neuer tide well.
   Telusa  To the rest, for shee will giue you no rest.
These two knots are finely vntide.
   Cupid   It was because I neuer tide them, the one was
knit by Pluto, not Cupid, by money, not loue, the other
by force, not faith, by appointment, not affection.
   Ramia   Why do you lay that knot aside.
   Cupid   For death.
   Telusa  Why?
   Cupid   Because the knot was knit by faith, and must
onely be vnknot of death.
   Eurota  Why laugh you?
   Cupid   Because it is the fairest and the falsest, doone
with greatest arte and least trueth, with best collours,
and worst conceits.
   Telusa  VVho tide it?
   Cupid   A mans tongue.
   Larissa  Why do you put that in my bosome?
   Cupid   Because it is onely for a Womans bosome.
   Larissa  Why what is it?
   Cupid   A womens hart.
Gallathea.

     Telusa  Come let vs goe in, and tell that Cupid hath doone his taske, stay you behind Larissa, and see hee sleepe not, for Loue will be idle, and take heede you surfette not, for loue will be wanton.  
          Exit Telusa.
     Laris.  Let me alone I wil find him some-what to do.
     Cupid  Lady, can you for pittie see Cupid thus pu-nished.
     Larissa  Why did Cupid punish vs without pittie?
     Cupid  Is loue a punishment?
     Larissa  It is no pastime.
     Cupid  O Venus, if thou sawest Cupid as a captiue, bound to obey that was wont to commaunde, fearing Ladies threatens, that once pearced their harts, I cannot tell whether thou wouldest reuenge it for despight, or laugh at it for disport. The time may come Diana, and the time shall come, that thou that settest Cupid to vn-doe knots, shall intreate Cupid to tye knots, and you Ladies that with solace haue behelde my paines, shall with sighes intreate my pittie.

          Hee offereth to sleepe.
     Larissa  How now Cupid begin you to nod?
     Ramia  Come Cupid, Diana hath deuised newe la-bours for you that are God of loues, you shall weaue Samplers all night, and lackie after Diana all day. You shall shortlie shooe at beasts for men, because you haue made beastes of men, & waight on Ladies traines, because thou intrappest Ladies by traines. All the sto-ries that are in Dianaes Arras, which are of loue, you must picke out with your needle, & in that place sowe Vesta with her Nuns, and Diana with her Nymphes. How like you this Cupid.
     Cupid  I say I will picke as well with my needle, as euer I did with mine arrowes.
     Telusa  Diana cannot yeele, she conquers affection.
     Cup.  Diana shall yeeld, she cannot conquer desteny.

     F.2.
     Larissa
Gallathea.

Larissa. Come Cupid, you must to your busines.
Cupid. You shall find me so busie in your heads, that you shall wish I had beene idle with your harts.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.
Neptune alone.
Neptune. Thys day is the solemnne Sacrifice at thys Tree, wherein the fairest virgine (were not the inhabitants faithlesse) should be offered vnto me, but so ouer carefull are Fathers to their children, that they forgette the safetie of their Countrey, & fearing to become vn-naturall, become vnreasonable; their slightes may bleeve men, deceiue me they cannot, I wil be here at the houre, and shew as great crueltie as they haue doone craft, & well shall they know that Neptune should haue beene intreated, not cosened.

Exit.

Actus quartus Scæna quarta.
Enter Gallathea and Phillida.

Phill. I maruell what virgine the people will pre-present, it is happy you are none, for thê it would haue falne to your lot because you are so faire.
Galla. If you had beene a Maiden too I neede not to haue feared, because you are fairer.

Phill. I pray thee sweete boy flatter not me, speake trueth of thy selfe, for in mine eye of all the world thou art fayrest.
Galla. These be faire words, but farre from thy true thoughts, I know mine owne face in a true Glasse, and desire not to see it in a flattering mouth.

Phill. O would I did flatter thee, and that fortune would not flatter me. I loue thee as a brother, but loue not me so.
Galla. Noe I will not, but loue thee better, because I cannot
cannot loue as a brother.

**Phill.** Seeing we are both boyes, and both louers, that our affection may haue some showe, and seeme as it were loue, let me call thee Mistris.

**Galla.** I accept that name, for diuers before haue cald me Mistris.

**Phill.** For what cause?

**Galla.** Nay there lie the Mistrisse.

**Philli.** Wyll not you be at the sacrifice?

**Galla.** Noe.

**Phill.** Why?

**Galla.** Because I dreamt that if I were there, I shold be turned to a virgine, and then being so faire (as thou saist I am) I shoule be offered as thou knowest one must. But will not you be there.

**Phill.** Not vnesse I were sure that a boy might be sacrificed, and not a mayden.

**Galla.** Why then you are in danger.

**Phill.** But I would escape it by deceite, but seeing we are resolued to be both absent, let vs wander into these Groues, till the howre be past.

**Galla.** I am agreed, for then my feare wil be past.

**Phill.** Why, what doost thou feare?

**Galla.** Nothing but that you loue me not.

**Philli.** I will. Poore Phillida, what shouldest thou thinke of thy selfe, that loues one that I feare mee, is as thy selfe is; and may it not be, that her Father practi-zed the same deceite with her, that my Father hath with me, and knowing her to be fayre, feared she shold be v?f?fortunate, if it be so, Phillida how desperate is thy case? if it be not, howe doubtfull? For if she be a May-den there is no hope of my loue, if a boy, a hazarde: I will after him or her, and leade a melancholie life, that looke for a miserable death.

**Galla.**

F.3.

**Exit.**

**Actus**
Gallathea.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe. NO more Maisters now, but a Mistrissee if I can light on her. An Astronomer? of all occupations thats the worst, yet well fare the Alcuminist, for he keepes good fires though he gets no golde, the other standes warming himselfe by staring on the starres, which I think he can as soone number as know their vertues. He told me a long tale of Octogessimus octauus, and the meeting of the Coniunctions & Planets, and in the meane-time he fell backwarde himselfe into a pond. I askt him why he fore-sawe not that by the starres, he said hee knewe it, but contemnd it. But soft, is not this my brother Robin?

Enter Robin.

Robin Yes as sure as thou art Rafe.


Robin Faith I haue had but badde fortune, but I prie-thee tell me thine.

Rafe I haue had two Maisters, not by arte but by nature, one sayd, that by multiplying he would make of a penny tenne pound.

Robin I but could he doe it?

Rafe Could he doe it quoth you? why man, I sawe a prettie wench come to his shoppe, where with puffing, blowing, and sweating, he so plyed her, that hee multiplied her.

Robin Howe?

Rafe Why he made her of one, two.

Robin What by fire?

Rafe No, by the Philosophers stone.

Robin Why, haue Philosophers such stones?

Rafe I, but they lie in a priuie cupboard.

Robin.
Gallathea.

Robin  Why then thou art rich if thou haue learned this cunning.
Rafe  Tush this was nothing, hee would of a little fasting spittle, make a hose & dublet of cloth of siluer.
Robin  Would I had beene with him, for I haue had almost no meate, but spittle since I came to the woods.
Rafe  How then didst thou liue?
Robin  Why man I serued a fortune-teller, who saide I should liue to see my Father hangd, and both my brothers beg. So I conclude the Mill shall be mine, and I liue by imagina­tion still.
Rafe  Thy Maister was an Asse, and lookt on the lines of thy hands, but my other Maister was an Astronomer, which could picke my natuitiie out of the stars. I should haue halfe a dozen starres in my pocket if I haue not lost them, but heere they be. Sol, Saturne, Jupiter, Mars, Venus.
Robin  Why these be but names.
Rafe  I, but by these he gathereth, that I was a Joo­ualist, borne of a Thursday, & that I should be a braue Venerian, and gette all my good lucke on a Fryday.
Robin  Tis strange that a fishe day should be a flesh­day.
Rafe  O Robin, Venus orta mari, Venus was borne of the Sea, the Sea will haue fishe, fishe must haue wine, wine will haue flesh, for Caro carnis genus est muliebre: but soft, heere commeth that notable villaine, that once preferrd me to the Alcumist.

Enter Peter.

Peter  So I had a Maister, I would not care what became of me.
Rafe  Robin thou shalt see me fitte him. So I had a seruaunt, I care neither for his conditions, his qualityes, nor his person.
Peter  What Rafe? well mette. No doubt you had a warme
warne service of my Maister the Alcumist?

Rafe Twas warne indeede, for the fire had almost burnt out mine eyes, and yet my teeth still warred with hungar: so that my service was both too whote & too cold. I melted all my meate, and made onely my slumber thoughts, and so had a full head and an empty bel- lie. But where hast thou beeene since?

Peter With a brother of thine I thinke, for hee hath such a coate, and two brothers (as hee saith) seeking of fortunes.

Robin Tys my brother Dicke, I prie-thee lets goe to him.

Rafe Syrra, what was he doing that hee came not with thee?

Peter Hee hath gotten a Maister nowe, that will teach him to make you both his younger brothers.

Rafe I, thou passest for deusing impossibilities, thats as true as thy Maister could make siluer pottes of tagges of poynts.

Peter Nay he will teach him to cozen you both, & so gette the Mill to himself.

Rafe Nay if he be both our cozens, I will bee his great Grand-father, and Robin shall be his Vnkle, but I pray thee bring vs to him quickly, for I am great bellied with conceite till I see him.

Peter Come then and goe with me, and I will bring ye to him straight.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna secunda.

Augur. Ericthis.

Augur Bring forth the virgine, the fatall virgin, the fairest virgine, if you meane to appease Neptune, and preserue your Countrey.
Eri[ct. Heere shee commeth, accompanied onelie with men, because it is a sight vnseemely (as all virgins say) to see the mis-fortune of a mayden, and terrible to behold the fiercenes of Agar that Monster.

Enter Hæbe, with other to the sacrifice.

Hæbe Myserable and accursed Hæbe, that beeing neither faire nor fortunate, thou shouldest be thought most happy and beautifull. Curse thy birth, thy lyfe, thy death, beeing borne to liue in danger, and hauing liuide, to die by deceit. Art thou the sacrifice to appease Neptune, and satis-fie the custome, the bloodie cu-stom, ordained for the safetie of thy Country. I Hæbe, poore Hæbe, men will haue it so, whose forces com-maund our weake natures, nay the Gods wil haue it so, whose powers dally with our purposes. The Egyp-tians neuer cut their Dates from the tree, because they are so fresh and greene. It is thought wickednes to pul Roses from the stalkes in the Garden of Palestine, for that they haue so liulie a redde: and who so cutteth the incense Tree in Arabia before it fal, committeth sac-rilege.

Shall it onely be lawfull amongst vs in the prime of youth, and pride of beautie, to destroy both youth and beautie: and what was honoured in frui[tes and flowres as a vertue, to violate in a virgine as a vice? But alas de[stenie alloweth no dispute, die Hæbe, Hæbe die, wofull Hæbe, and onely accursed Hæbe. Farewell the sweete delights of life, and welcome nowe the bitter pangs of death. Fare-well you chast virgins, whose thoughts are diuine, whose faces faire, whose fortunes are agreeable to your affections, enioy and long enioy the pleasure of your curled locks, the amiablenesse of

G.1.

your
your wished lookes, the sweetnes of your tuned voices, the content of your inwarde thoughts, the pompe of your outward showes, onely Hæbe biddeth farewell to all the ioyes that she conceiued, and you hope for, that shee possessed, and you shall; fare-well the pompe of Princes Courts, whose roofes are imbosst with golde, and whose pauements are decked with faire Ladies, where the daies are spent in sweet delights, the nights in pleasant dreames, where chastitie honoreth affectiions, and commandeth, yeeldeth to desire and conquether.

Fare-well the Soueraigne of all vertue, and Goddesse of all virgins, Diana, whose perfections are impossible to be numbred, and therefore infinite, neuer to be matched, and therefore immortall. Fare-well sweet Parents, yet to be mine, vnfortunate Parents. Howe blessed had you beene in barrennes? how happy had I beene if I had not beene. Fare-well life, vaine life, wretchted life, whose sorrowes are long, whose ende doubtfull, whose miseries certaine, whose hopes innumerable, whose feares intollerable. Come death, and welcome death whom nature cannot resist, because necessity rueth, nor deferre because destenie hasteth. Come Agar thou vnsatiable Monster of Maidens blood, & dounerrer of beauties bowels, glut thy selfe till thou surft, & let my life end thine. Teare these tender ioynts wyth thy greediie iawes, these yellow lockes with thy black feete, this faire face with thy foule teeth. Why abateth thou thy wonted swiftnes? I am faire, I am a virgine, I am readie. Come Agar thou horrible monster, & farewell world thou viler Monster.

**Augur**  The Monster is not come, and therefore I see Neptune is abused, whose rage will I feare mee, be both infinite and intollerable: take in this Virgine,
Gallathea.

whose want of beauty hath saued her owne life, and all yours.

   Eric. We could not finde any fairer.
   Augur Neptune will. Goe deliuer her to her father.
   Haæbe Fortunate Hæbe, howe shalt thou expresse thy ioyes? Nay vnhappy girle that art not the fairest. Had it not been better for thee to haue died with fame, then to liue with dishonour, to haue preferred the safe-tie of thy Countrey and rarenesse of thy beautie, before sweetnes of life, & vanity of the world? But alas, desteny would not haue it so, desteny coulde not, for it asketh the beautifullest, I would Hæbe thou hadst been beautifullest.

   Eric. Come Hæbe, heere is no time for vs to reason, it had beene best for vs thou hadst beene most beautifull.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

   Phillida. Gallathea.

   Phillida We mette the virgine that shoulde haue been offered to Neptune, belike eyther the custome is pardoned, or she not thought fairest.
   Galla I cannot coniecture the cause, but I feare the euent.
   Phil Why should you feare, the God requireth no boy.
   Galla I would he did, then should I haue no feare.
   Phil I am glad he doth not tho, because if he did, I should haue also cause to feare. But soft, what man or God is this? Let vs closely withdrew our selues into the Thickets,

Exeunt ambo.

G.2. Enter
Gallathea.

Enter Neptune alone.

Neptune And doe men beginne to bee equall with Gods, seeking by craft to ouer-reach thē that by power ouer-see them? Doe they dote so much on their daugh-
ters that they stick not to dallie with our deities, well
shall the inhabitants see, that destinie cannot be pre-
vented by craft, nor my anger be appeased by submis-
sion. I will make haucck of Diannaes Nimphes, my
Temple shall bee died with Maydens blood, and there
shal be nothing more vile then to be a Virgine. To be
young and fayre, shall be accounted shame & punish-
ment, in so much as it shall be thought as dishonorabile
to be honest, as fortunate to be deformed.

Enter Diana with her Nimphes.

Diana O Neptune, hast thou forgotten thy selfe, or
wilt thou cleane for-sake mee? Hath Diana therfore
brought danger to her Nimphes, because they be chast?
shal vertue suffer both paine and shame which alwaies
deserueth praise and honor?

Enter Venus.

Venus Praye and honour (Neptune) nothing lesse,
extcept it be commendable to be coy, and honorable to
be peeuish. Sweet Neptune, if Venus can do any thing,
let her try it in this one thing, that Diana may finde as
small comfort at thy hands, as Loue hath found curte-
sie at hers.
This is shee that hateth sweete delights, enuieth
louing desires, masketh wanton eyes, stoppeth amor-
rous eares, bridleth youthfull mouthes, and vnder a
name, or a worde constancie, entertaineth all kinde of
crueltie: shee hath taken my sonne Cupid, Cupid my

louely
Gallathea.

louely sonne, vsing him like a pretise, whypping him like a slate, scorning him like a beast, therefore Neptune I intreate thee by no other God, then the God of loue, that thou euill intreate this Goddesse of hate.

Neptune I muse not a little to see you two in this place, at this time, and about this matter, but what say you Diana, haue you Cupid captuie?

Diana I say there is nothing more vaine, then to dispute with Venus, whose vntamed affections haue bred more brawles in heauen, then is fitte to repeate in earth, or possible to recount in number, I haue Cupid, and will keepe him, not to dandle in my lappe, whom I abhor in my hart, but to laugh him to scorne, that hath made in my virgin harts such deepe scarres.

Venus Scarres Diana call you them that I know to be bleeding woundes? alas weake deitie, it stretcheth not so farre, both to abate the sharpnesse of his Arrows, and to heale the hurts. No, Loues woundes when they seeme greene, rankle, and having a smooth skinne without, fester to the death within. Therefore Neptune, if euer Venus stoode thee in steed, furthe-red thy fancies, or shall at all times be at thy cōmaund, let eyther Diana bring her Virgins to a continuall massacre, or release Cupid of his martyrdom.

Diana It is knowne Venus, that your tongue is as vnruulie as your thoughts, and your thoughts as vn-staiied as your eyes, Diana cannot chasse, Venus cannot chuse.

Venus It is an honour for Diana to haue Venus meane ill, when she so speaketh well, but you shal see I come not to trifle, therefore once againe Neptune, if that be not buried, which can neuer die, fancie, or that quenched which must euer burne, affection, shew thy selfe the same Neptune that I knew thee to bee when thou
thou wast a Sheepe-hearde, and let not Venus wordes be vaine in thyne eares, since thyne were imprinted in my hart.

Neptune  It were vnfitte that Goddesses shoulde striue, and it were vreasonable that I shold not yeeld, and therefore to please both, both attend; Diana I must honor, her vertue deserueth no lesse, but Venus I must loue, I must confesse so much.
Diana, restore Cupid to Venus, and I will for euer release the sacrifice of Virgins, if therefore you loue your Nimphes as shee doth her Sonne, or preferre not a priuate grudge before a common griefe, aunswered what you will doe.

Diana  I account not the choyse harde, for had I twentie Cupids, I woude deliuer them all to saue one Virgine, knowing loue to be a thing of all the vainest, virginitie to be a vertue of all the noblest. I yeeld, Larissa, bring out Cupid: and now shall it be saide, that Cupid saued those he thought to spoyle.
Venus  I agree to this willinglie: for I will be warie howe my Sonne wander againe. But Diana cannot forbid him to wounde.

Diana  Yes, chastitie is not within the leuell of his bowe.
Venus  But beautie is a fayre marke to hit.
Neptune  Well I am gladde you are agreed: and saie that Neptune hath delt well wyth Beautie and Chastitie.

Enter Cupid.

Diana  Heere take your sonne.
Venus  Syr boy where haue you beeene? alwaies taken, first by Sapho, nowe by Diana, howe hapneth it you
you vnappie Elphe?

_Cupid_ Comming through Dianaes woodes, and see-
ing so manie fayre faces with folde hearts, I thought
for my sport to make them smart, and so was taken by
_Diana_ I am glad I haue you.

_Venus_ Alas poore boy, thy VVinges clypt? thy
brandes quench? thy Bowe burnt? and thy Arrowes
broke?

_Cupid_ I but it skilleth not, I beare nowe myne Ar-
rowes in mine eyes, my Winges on my thoughts, my
brandes in myne eares, my bowe in my mouth, so as I
can wounde with looking, flye with thinking, burne
with hearing, shoote with speaking.

_Venus_ VVell you shall vp to heauen with mee, for
on earth thou wilt lose me.

_Enter Tyterus, Melebeus, Gallathea
and Phyllida._

_Neptune_ But soft, what be these?

_Tyterus_ Those that haue offended thee to saue
their daughters.

_Neptune_ VVhy, had you a faire daughter?

_Tyterus_ I, and Melebeus a faire daughter.

_Neptune_ Where be they?

_Meleb._ In yonder Woods, and mee thinkes I see
them comming.

_Neptune_ Well, your deserts haue not gotten par-
don, but these Goddesses iarres.

_Meleb._ Thys is my Daughter, my sweete Phil-
vida.

_Tyterus_ And this is my faire Gallathea.

_Galla._
Gallathea.

_Galla._ Vnfortunate Gallathea if this be Phillida.

_Phill._ Accursed Phillida if that be Gallathea.

_Galla._ And wast thou all thyss while enamoured of Phillida, that sweete Phillida?

_Phill._ And couldest thou doate vpon the face of a Maiden, thy selfe beeing one, on the face of fayre Gal-

Neptune_ Doe you both beeing Maidens loue one another?

_Galla._ I had thought the habite agreeable with the Sexe, and so burned in the fire of mine owne fancies.

_Phill._ I had thought that in the attyre of a boy, there could not haue lodged the body of a Virgine, &
so was inflamed with a sweete desire, which now I find a sower deceit.

_Diana._ Nowe things falling out as they doe, you must leaue these fond _fond_ affections, nature will haue it so, necessitie must.

_Gallathea._ I will neuer loue any but Phillida, her loue is engrauen in my hart, with her eyes.

_Phillida._ Nor I any but Gallathea, whose faith is im-

Neptune_ An idle choyce, strange, and foolish, for one Virgine to doate on another, and to imagine a con-
stant faith, where there can be no cause of affection.

Howe like you this Venus?

_Venus._ I like well and allowe it, they shall both be possessed of their wishes, for neuer shall it be said that Nature or Fortune shall ouer-throwe Loue, and Fayth.

Is your loues vnspotted, begunne with trueh, con-

_Gallathea._ Die Gallathea if thy loue be not so.

_Phillida._ Accursed be thou Phillida if thy loue be not
not so.

_Diana_ Suppose all this Venus, what then?

_Venus_ Then shall it be seene, that I can turne one of them to be a man, and that I will.

_Diana_ Is it possible?

_Venus_ What is to Loue or the Mistrisse of loue vn-possible? Was it not Venus that did the like to Iphis and lanthes; howe say yee are ye agreed, one to bee a boy presently?

_Phillida_ I am content, so I may imbrace Gallathea.

_Gallathea_ I wish it, so I may enioy Phillida.

_Melleb._ Soft Daughter, you must know whether I will haue you a Sonne.

_Tyterus_ Take mee with you Gallathea, I will keepe you as I begatte you, a Daughter.

_Melleb._ Tyterus, let yours be a boy and if you will, mine shall not.

_Tyterus_ Nay mine shall not, for by that meanes my young sonne shall lose his inheritance.

_Melleb._ Why then gette him to be made a Maiden and then there is nothing lost.

_Tyte._ If there bee such changing, I woulde Venus could make my wife a Man.

_Melleb._ Why?

_Tyterus_ Because shee loues alwaies to play with men.

_Venus_ Well you are both fonde, therefore agree to thys changing, or suffer your Daughters to endure harde chaunce.

_Melleb._ Howe say you Tyterus, shall wee referre it to Venus.

_Tyte._ I am content, because she is a Goddesse.

_Venus_ Neptune you will not dislike it.

_Neptune_ Not I.
Gallathea.

\textit{Venus} Nor you Diana.
\textit{Diana} Not I.
\textit{Venus} Cupid shall not.
\textit{Cupid} I will not.
\textit{Venus} Then let vs depart, neither of them shall know whose lot it shal be til they come to the Church-dore. One shall be, doth it suffise?
\textit{Phillida} And satis-fie vs both, dooth it not Gallathea?
\textit{Galla.} Yes Phillida.

\textit{Enter Rafe, Robin, and Dick.}

\textit{Rafe} Come Robin, I am gladde I haue mette with thee, for nowe wee will make our Father laugh at these tales.
\textit{Diana} What are these that so malepartlie thrust themselues into our companies?
\textit{Robin} Forsooth Madame we are fortune tellers.
\textit{Venus} Fortune tellers; tell me my fortune.
\textit{Rafe} We doe not meane fortune tellers, we meane fortune tellers: we can tell what fortune wee haue had these twelue monthes in the Woods.
\textit{Diana} Let them alone, they be but peeuish.
\textit{Venus} Yet they will be as good as Minstrils at the marriage, to make vs all merrie.
\textit{Dicke} I Ladies we beare a very good Consort,
\textit{Venus} Can you sing?
\textit{Rafe} Baselie.
\textit{Venus} And you?
\textit{Dicke} Meanely.
\textit{Venus} And what can you doe?
\textit{Robin} If they duble it, I will treble it.
\textit{Venus} Then shall yee goe with vs, and sing Hymen before the marriage. Are you content?
\textit{Rafe}
Gallathea.

Rafe  Content? neuer better content, for there we
shall be sure to fill our bellies with Capons rumpes, or
some such daintie dishes.

Venus  Then follow vs.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Galla.  GOE all, tis I onely that conclude al. You
Ladies may see, that Venus can make
constancie ficklenes, courage cowardice, modestie
lightnesse, working things impossible in your Sexe,
and tempering hardest harts like softest wooll. Yeelde
Ladies, yeeld to loue Ladies, which lurketh vnder your
eye-lids whilst you sleepe, and plaieth with your hart
strings whilst you wake: whose sweetnes neuer bree-
deth satietie, labour wearinesse, nor greefe bitterness.
Cupid was begotten in a miste, nursed in Clowdes, and
sucking onelie vpon conceits. Confesse him a Conque-
rer, whom yee ought to regarde, sith it is vnpossible to
resist, for this is infallible, that Loue conquereth all
things but it selfe, and Ladies all harts but their owne.

FINIS.

H.2.
Textual Notes

1. **377 (8-b)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *you*.
2. **451 (9-b)**: The regularized reading *Fermentation* is amended from the original *Frementation*.
3. **516 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *canst* is amended from the original *cast*.
4. **826 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *he*.
5. **957 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *Larissa* is amended from the original *Lurissa*.
6. **1231 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *present* is amended from the original *pre-present*.
7. **1437 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *devourer* is amended from the original *douourer*.
8. **1448 (24-b)**: Some editions supply a word such as *spoiled* or *destroyed* before *all yours* to give the correct meaning.
9. **1625 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *fond* comes from the original *fond*, though possible variants include *found*. 