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Gallathea.

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

❖By the Chyl드ren of
Paules.

AT LONDON,
Printed by John Charl-
woode 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, receiuing 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 soeuer 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.

kle. So haue we endeuoured with all care, that what wee present your Highnesse, shoulde neyther offend in Scæne nor sillable, knowing that as in the ground where Gold groweth, nothing will prosper but Golde, so in your Matestes minde, where nothing doth harbor but vertue, nothing can enter but vertue.
GALLATHEA.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Tyterus. Gallathea.

Tyterus. THE Sunne dooth beate
vpon 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.

Galla. I willingly attend.

Tyterus In tymes past, where thou seest a heape
of small pyble, stoode a stately Temple of white Marble,
which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in
right beeing so neere the Sea) hether came all such as
B.1.

eyther
Gallathea.

eyther ventured by long trauell to see Countries, or by
great traffique to use merchandise, offering Sacrifice by
fire, to gette safety by water; yeelding thanks for per-
rills past, & making prayers for good successes to come;
but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancie, did
diange 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 euens
with the earth, being almost equall with the skyes, en-
raged 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 every 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
for honour, nor vertue for entegrity) 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 thys Monster deuoure her?

Tyte. Whether she be deuoured of him, or conueied 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 beene 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 vse an vnlawfull meanes (your honour preserued) then intollerable greefe, both life and honor hazarded, and to preuent (if it be possible) thy constellacion by my craft. Now hast thou heard the custome of this Countrey, the cause why thys Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and the vexing care of thy fearefull Father.

Galla. Father, I haue beene attentive to heare, and by your patience am ready to aunswer. Destenie may be deferred, not preuented: and therefore it were better 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 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 desntenie to me cannot be so hard as the disguising hateful.

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, Nimph 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 wel 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
of their waie, or out of their wits.

_Cupid._ What is that Diana a goddesse? what her Nimphes virgins? what her pastimes hunting?


_Cupid._ I pray thee sweete wench, amongst all your sweete troope, is there not one that followeth the sweetest 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 bitterness, a paine ful of pleasantnesse, which maketh thoughts haue eyes, and harts eares, bred by desire, nurset by delight, weaned by iealousie, kild by dissembling, buried by ingratitute, 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 followe Diana in the Chace, whose virgins are all chast, delighting 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 Mistris 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.

_B.3._

_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 cu­tome of this Countrey, & I the greatnes of thy beau­tie, we both the fiercenesse of the monster Agar. Eue­rie 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 sa­fetie, and your happinesse. But howe shall I be disgui­sed?

Mele. In mans apparell.

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

Mele. Why Phillida?

Philli. 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.

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus
Gallathea.

Actus primus. Scæna quarta.
Mariner, Raffe, Robin, and Dicke.

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 euer 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 neuer 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 thoun 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 beene 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 poynths 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 four 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
Gallathea.

nortn 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- ther.

Mar. O dullerde, 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.

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

Exeunt.

Actus secundus Scæna prima.

Gallathea alone.
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 llove corrupteth his fonde judgement, and iealous of thy death, seemeth to dote on thy beauty, whose fonde care carrieth his parciall eye as farre from trueth, as his hart is fro 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.

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

Galla. 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.

Philli. 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 vnder the color of my coate, I shall decipher the follies of their kind.

Galla. I would salute him, but I feare I should make a curtsie in stead of a legge.

Philli. 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.

Galla. 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 Eurota.

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 vnhappie boy.
Telusa Saw you not the Deare come this waie, hee flewe downe the winde, & I beleue you haue blancht him.

Galla Whose Deare was it Ladie?
Telusa Dianaes 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 beautifull, I pray gods the Ladies thinke him not their Deare.
Diana Prettie lad, doe your sheepe feede in the Forrest, or are you straied from you flocke, or on purpose come ye to marre Dianaes 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 sheephearde 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.

Phill. I am willing to goe, not for these Ladies company, because my selfe am a virgine, but for that fayre boyes fauor, 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.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid alone in Nimphes apparell, and Neptune lystening.

Cupid Nowe Cupid, vnder the shape of a sillie girle 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 will vse some tyrannie 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 Sheepheards goe about to deceiue great Neptune, in putting on mans attire uppon 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 deceit to shew thy deitie, and hauing oftē thrust thy self into the shape of beasts to deceiue men,
Gallathea.

men be not coy to use the shape of a Sheepehearde, to shew thy selfe a God. Neptune cannot be ouer-reached by Swaines, himselfe is subtile, 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 wodden 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.

Rafe 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, Rubification, Encorporation, Circination, Sementation, Albification, and Frementation. With as many termes vnpossible to be vtted, 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, Subliuatories, Cucurbits, Limbecks, Decensors, Violes, manuall and murall, for enbibing and conbibing, Bellowes, mollificatiue and enduratiue.

Rafe What language is this? doe they speake so?

C.3.

Peter
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 Fellow, 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 Alcummist.

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 poynt, 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 thys, 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 goe 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
incorporatiue 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 bleu. For my Mo­
ter 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 begger.
Peter No, such cunning men must disguise them­
selues, 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 have 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 leadan 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.
Pet.  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 wel 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 disdaine 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 vtermost 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.

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

*Peter*  I am glad of this, for now I shall haue leysure to runne away; such a bald Arte as neuer was, let him keepe his newe man, for he shall neuer see his olde a­gaine; 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 al-so put on the minde. O faire Melebeus, I too faire, and therefore I feare, too proude. Had it not beene 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 seene 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 quiates 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. Scæna quinta.

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 soo-ner 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 peuuishnes. 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 suf-fer shame.

Exit.

Actus
Gallathea.

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Telusa alone.

Telusa  
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 cap-tiuie imagination? Beginnest thou with Piralis to die in the ayre and liue in the fire, to leaue the sweete delight of hunting, and to followe the hote desire of loue? O Telusa, these words are vnfit for thy sexe beeing a vir-gine, 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 fee-ble shafts headed with feathers, pearce deeper thē Dianaes 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 perceiue are not vnlike Cotton trees, whose fruite is so hard in the budde, that it soundeth like steele, and bee-ing rype, poureth forth nothing but wool, and theyr thoughts like the leaues of Lunary, which the further they Rowe from the Sunne, the sooner they are scor-ched with his beames. O Melebeus, because thou art fayre, must I be fickle, and false my vowe because I see thy vertue? Fonde gyrle 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
Gallathea.

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 chiefe 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 amorouslifie you glaunced your eye on the faire boy in the white coate, and howe cunninglifie (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 woulde 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 intollerable passions, which I were as good acknowledge and craue counsell, as to denye and endure perill.

**Eurota**
Enter Ramia.

Eurota How did it take you first Telusa?

Telusa By the eyes, my wanton eyes which conceived 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 Tyternus, ô credulous Eurota. But soft heere commeth Ramia, but let her not heare vs talke, wee will withdrewe 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 subiect 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 vertuous, 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 repent 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-claimeth
claimeth against Diana, honoureth Venus, detesteth Vesta, and maketh a common scorne of vertue. Clymene, whose statelie lookes seemed to amaze the greatest Lordes, 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.

*Eurota* 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 deepe conceits; I loue him.

*Eurota* So doe I, and I will haue him.

*Telusa* Immodest all that wee are, vnfortunate 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 therefore called deuine, because thou ouer-reachest the wi- sest, conquerest the chastest, and doost all things both unlikely and impossible, because thou art Loue. Thou makest the bashfull impudent, the wise fond, the chast wanton, and workest contraries to our reach, because thy selfe is beyond reason.

*Eurota* 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. 

*ActuExeunt*
Actus tertius. Scæna secunda.

*Phil.* It is pitty that Nature framed you not a woman, having a face so faire, so louely a countenaunce, so modest a behauior.

*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.

*Philli.* It were a shame if a mayden should be a su­ter, (a thing hated in that sexe) that thou shouldest denie to be her seruant.

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

*Philli.* Suppose I were a virgine (I blush in suppo­sing my selfe one) and that vnder the habite of a boy were the person of a mayde, if I should vtter my affec­tion with sighes, manifest my sweete loue by my salte teares, and proue my loyaltie vnsptotted, and my griefes intollerable, would not then that faire face, pittie thys 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?

   Philli. Tush you come in with admit.
   Galla. And you with suppose.
   Philli. 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.
   Philli. Tush it cannot be, his voice shewes the con-
strarie.
   Galla. Yet I doe not thinke it; for he woulde then
haue blushed.
   Philli. Haue you euer a Sister?
   Galla. If I had but one, my brother must needs haue
two, but I pray haue you euer a one?
   Philli. 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.
   Philli. What shall I doe, eyther hee is subtill or my
sexe simple.
   Galla. I haue knowne diuers of Dianaes Nimphes
enamored of him, yet hath he reiected all, eyther as too
proude to disdaine, or too childish not to vnderstande,
or for that he knoweth himselfe to he a Virgin.
   Philli. 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.
   Philli. 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?

Philida
Gallathea.

Phillida Come let vs into the Groue, and make much one of another, that cannot tell what to think one of another.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Alcumist. Rafe.

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 arantest lyar, and the vildest swearer in the worlde, otherwise the best boy in the world, he hath stolen my apparel, 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 Musicions 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
Gallathea.

iust proportion of the fire and all things concurre.

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 natiiuty 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 Zodiacs, 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 Judicials Astronomicall, therefore come in with me, and thou shall see euerie wrinkle of my Astrologicall 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 contempt 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 vnknowne 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 sobs, 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
the least vertue. Shall it be said, and shall Venus say it? nay shall it be scene, and shall wantons see it? that Di-
ana the goddesse of chastity, whose thoughts are al-
waies answerable to her vowes, whose eyes neuer glan-
ced on desire, and whose hart abateth the poynt of Cu-
pids arrowes, shall haue her virgins to become vnchast in desires, immoderate in affection, vntemperate in loue, in foolish loue, in base loue. Eagles cast their euill feathers in the Sunne, but you cast your best desires vpon a shadowe. The birdes Ibes lose their sweetnesse when they lose theyr sights, and virgins all theyr vertues with theyr vnchast thoughts, vnchast, Diana cal-
leth that, that hath eyther any showe or suspicion of lightnesse. O my deere Nimphes, if you knewe howe louing thoughts staine louely faces, you woulde bee as careful to haue the one as vnsptotted as the other beauty-
ful.

Cast before your eyes the loues of Venus truls, their fortunes, theyr fancies, 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
Gallathea.

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 add 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 Dianaes power shal reuenge thy pollicie,
and tame thyss 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
Godesse, 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
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 Nimphes, or disturb her Game.

Cupid  Diana, what I haue doone, 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 euery day, which if thou finish not, thou shalt feele the smart. Thou shalt be vsed as Diaenas slaue, 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 deuise apt punishments for his proud presumptions.

Eurota  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.
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 fauourers 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-
remoynes 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 fortu-
nate 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 carefull 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,
deeuie the Gods you cannot, dyd not I see, (and very
lately see) your daughter in your armes, when as you
gau 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 co-
    lour, 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 religi-
    ous towards the Gods, when I knowe you deceitful to-
    wards 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 per-
    son, 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 Nur-
    ses, and frostie yeeres must bee thawed by youthfull
    fyers. But this matter set aside, you haue a faire daugh-
    ter Tyerus, and it is pittie you are so fond a Father.

    Popu. You are bothe eyther too fonde or too fro-
    ward: 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
    themselues.

    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
      F.1.  be
be vndone 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 vn-
doone.
Cupid It is the true loue knotte of a womans hart,
therefore cannot be vndone.

Ramia That fals in sunder of it selfe.
Cupid It was made of a mans thought which will
neuer hang together.

Larissa You haue vndone 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 doe you lay that knot aside.
Cupid For death.

Telusa Why?
Cupid Because the knot was knit by faith, and must
onely be vnknit 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 doe you put that in my bosome?
Cupid Because it is onely for a Womans bosome.

Telusa Why what is it?
Cupid A womans hart.

Telusa
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 beastes for men, because you
haue made beastes of men, & waight on Ladies trai-nes,
because thou intrappest Ladies by traines. All the sto-
ties 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 Nimphes.
How like you this Cupid.

Cupid  I say I will pricke 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 solemne Sacrifice at thys
Tree, wherein the fairest virgine (were not the inhabi-
tants faithlesse) should be offered vnsto 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 slights may bleere
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 thē 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
Gallathea.

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.

Philli. 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 shoulde be offered as thou knowest one must. But will not you be there.

Phill. Not vnlesse 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 louest 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 vnfortunate, 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.

F.3.

Exit.
Gallathea.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe. NO more Maisters now, but a Mistrisse if I can light on her. An Astronomer? of all occupations thats the worst, yet well fare the Alchemist, for he keeps 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 woulde make of a penny tenne pound.

Robin I but coulde 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 Astro-nomer, which could picke my natuittie out of the stars. I shoulde haue halfe a dozen starres in my pocket if I haue not lost them, but heere they be. Sol, Saturne, Iu­piter, Mars, Venus.

Robin Why these be but names.

Rafe I, but by these he gathereth, that I was a Io­ualist, 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 preferd 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 qualities, nor his person.

Peter What Rafe? well mette. No doubt you had a warme
Gallathea.

warne servise of my Maister the Alcumist?

Rafe   Twas warme indeede, for the fire had almost burnt out mine eyes, and yet my teeth still watred with hungar: so that my servise 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 bel­lie. But where hast thou beene 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 dooing 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 deuising 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 himselfe.

Rafe   Nay if he be both our cozens, I will bee hys great Grand-father, and Robin shall be his Vncle, 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. Ericthinis.

Augur   Bring forth the virgine, the fatall virgin, the fairest virgine, if you meane to appease Neptune, and preserue your Countrey.

Eric. 
Gallathea.

*Erect.* 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 most happy nor fortunat, thou shouldest be thought most happy and beautifull. Curse thy birth, thy lyfe, thy death, beeing borne to liue in danger, and having liuide, to die by deceit. Art thou the sacrifice to appease Neptune, and satisfie the custome, the bloodie custom, ordained for the safetie of thy Country. I Hæbe, poore Hæbe, men will haue it so, whose forces commaund our weake natures, nay the Gods wil haue it so, whose powers dally with our purposes. The Egiptians 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 liuely a redde: and who so cutteth the incense Tree in Arabia before it fal, committeth sacriledge.

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 destenie 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, enjoy and long enjoy the pleasure of your curled locks, the amiablenesse of G.1.
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 conceived, 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 affecti-
ons, and commaundeth, yeeldeth to desire and conque-
reth.
Fare-well the Soueraigne of all vertue, and God-
desse of all virgins, Diana, whose perfections are impos-
sible to be numbred, and therefore infinite, neuer to be 
mached, and therefore immortall. Fare-well sweet Pa-
rents, yet to be mine, vnfortunate Parents. Howe bless-
ed had you bee in barrennes? how happy had I been 
if I had not bee. Fare-well life, vaine life, wretched 
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 ru-
leth, nor deferre because destenie hasteth. Come Agar 
thou vnsatiable Monster of Maidens blood, & douou-
rer of beauties bowels, glut thy selfe till thou surfet, & 
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 swiftnesse? I am faire, I am a virgine, I 
am readie. Come Agar thou horrible monster, & fare-
well 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 saue her owne life, and all yours.

   *Erect.* We could not finde any fairer.

   *Augur* Neptune will. Goe deliuer her to her father.

   *Hæbe* 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 safe­tie of thy Countrey and raresse of thy beautie, before sweetness 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.

   *Erect.* Come Hæbe, heere is no time for vs to reason, it had beeene best for vs thou hadst beeene 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 withrawe our selues into the Thickets,

Exeunt ambo.

G.2.  

Enter
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 daughters that they stick not to dallie with our deities, well shall the inhabitants see, that destinie cannot be prevented by craft, nor my anger be appeased by submission. I will make hauccke of Dianaes Nimphes, my Temple shall bee died with Maydens blood, and there shall be nothing more vile then to be a Virgine. To be young and fayre, shall be accounted shame & punishment, in so much as it shall be thought asdishonoroble 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 for­sake 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, except 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 curte­sie at hers. This is shee that hateth sweete delights, enuieth louing desires, masketh wanton eyes, stoppeth amor­rous 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
louely sonne, vsing him like a prentise, whypping him like a slaue, 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 captiue?

Diana I say there is nothing more vaine, then to dispute with Venus, whose vntamed affections haue bred more browles in heauen, then is fitte to repeate in earth, or possible to recount in number, I haue Cupid, and will kepe him, not to dandle in my lappe, whom I abhor in my hart, but to laugh him to scorne, that hath made in my virgins 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 Ar­rowes and to heale the hurts. No, Loues woundes when they seeme greene, rankle, and hauing a smooth skinne without, fester to the death within. Therefore Neptune, if euer Venus stoode thee in steed, furthe­red 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 vnruolie as your thoughts, and your thoughts as vn­staied as your eyes, Diana cannot chatter, 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

G.3.
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 woulde 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, La- 
rissa, 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 for- 
bid 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 beene? alwaies ta- 
ten, first by Sapho, nowe by Diana, howe hapneth it 

you
you vnhappie Elphe?

Cupid Comming through Dianaes woodes, and see-
ing so manie fayre faces with fonde hearts, I thought
for my sport to make them smart, and so was taken by
Diana.

Venus I am glad I haue you.

Diana And I am gladde I am ridde of him.

Venus Alas poore boy, thy VVinges clumpt? thy
brandes quencht? 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 VWell 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-
llida.

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 thys while enamoured of Phillida, that sweete Phillida?
Phill. And coudest thou doate vpon the face of a Maiden, thy selfe beeing one, on the face of fayre Gallathea?
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.
Phillida 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 imprinted in my thoughts by her words.
Neptune An idle choyce, strange, and foolish, for one Virgine to doate on another, and to imagine a constant 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 unspotted, begunne with trueth, continued wyth constancie, and not to bee altered tyll death?
Gallathea Die Gallathea if thy loue be not so.
Phillida Accursed bee thou Phillida if thy loue be not
Gallathea.

not so.

Diana  Suppose all this Venus, what then?
Venus  Then shall it be see, 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 un-
possible? Was it not Venus that did the like to Iphis
and Ianthes; 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.

Venus Nor you Diana.
Diana Not I.
Venus Cupid shall not.
Cupid I will not.
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 suffice?
Phillida And satis-fie vs both, dooth it not Gallathea?
Galla Yes Phillida.

Enter Rafe, Robin, and Dicke.
Rafe Come Robin, I am gladde I haue mette with thee, for nowe wee will make our Father laugh at these tales.
Diana What are these that so malepartlie thrust themselues into our companies?
Robin Forsooth Madame we are fortune tellers.
Venus Fortune tellers; tell me my fortune.
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.
Diana Let them alone, they be but peeuish.
Venus Yet they will be as good as Minstrils at the marriage, to make vs all merrie.
Dicke I Ladies we beare a very good Consort,
Venus Can you sing?
Rafe Baselie.
Venus And you?
Dicke Meanely.
Venus And what can you doe?
Robin If they duble it, I will treble it.
Venus Then shall yee goe with vs, and sing Hymen before the marriage. Are you content?

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 plaith with your hart strings whilst you wake: whose sweetnes neuer breedeth satietie, labour wearinesse, nor greefe bitterness. Cupid was begotten in a miste, nursed in Clowdes, and sucking onelie vpon conceits. Confesse him a Conquerer, 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*. 