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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

In 0001

Gallathea.

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

As it was played before
the Queen's Majesty at
Greenwich, on New year's
day at Night.

In 0006

In 0007

*By the Children of
Paul's.*

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

AT LONDON,
Printed by John Charlewood
for the Widow
Broome.
1592.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001

The Prologue.

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

*IOS and Smyrna were two
sweet Cities, the first named
of the Violet, the latter of the
Myrrh: Homer was born
in the one, and buried in the
other; Your Majesty's judgement and favor,
are our Sun and shadow, the one coming
of your deep wisdom, the other of your wonted
grace. We in all humility desire, that by
the former, receiving our first breath, we may
in the latter, take our last rest.
Augustus Caesar had such piercing eyes,
that who so looked on him, was constrained to
wink. Your highness hath so perfect a judgement,
that whatsoever we offer, we are enforced
to blush; yet as the Athenians were most
curious, that the Lawn wherewith Minerva
was covered, should be without spot or*

img: 3-a

sig: A2v

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

*wrinkle, So have we endeavored with all care, that
what we present your Highness, should neither
offend in Scene nor syllable, knowing that
as in the ground where Gold groweth, nothing*

wln 0025

wln 0026

img: 3-b
sig: B1r

wln 0027

wln 0028

wln 0029

wln 0030

wln 0031

wln 0032

wln 0033

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wln 0036

wln 0037

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wln 0041

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wln 0045

wln 0046

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wln 0049

wln 0050

img: 4-a
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wln 0051

wln 0052

wln 0053

wln 0054

wln 0055

wln 0056

wln 0057

wln 0058

wln 0059

wln 0060

wln 0061

wln 0062

wln 0063

wln 0064

wln 0065

wln 0066

*will prosper but Gold, so in your Majesty's
mind, where nothing doth harbor but virtue,
nothing can enter but virtue.*

GALLATHEA.

Actus primus. Scaena prima.

Tityrus. Gallathea.

Tityrus. THE Sun doth beat
upon the plain fields,
wherefore let us sit down
Gallathea, under this fair
Oak, by whose broad
leaves, being defended
from the warm beams, we may enjoy the fresh air,
which softly breathes from Humber floods.

Gallathea Father, you have devised well, and whilst our
flock doth roam up and down this pleasant green,
you shall recount to me, if it please you, for what cause
this Tree was dedicated unto Neptune, and why you
have thus disguised me.

Tityrus I do agree thereto, and when thy state and
my care be considered, thou shalt know this question
was not asked in vain.

Gallathea I willingly attend.

Tityrus In times past, where thou seest a heap
of small pebble, stood a stately Temple of white Marble,
which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in
right being so near the Sea) hither came all such as

either ventured by long travel to see Countries, or by
great traffic to use merchandise, offering Sacrifice by
fire, to get safety by water; yielding thanks for perils
past, and making prayers for good success to come;
but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancy, did
change her copy, as the people their custom, for the
Land being oppressed by Danes, who instead of sacrifice,
committed sacrilege, instead of religion, rebellion,
and made a prey of that in which they should have
made their prayers, tearing down the Temple even
with the earth, being almost equal with the skies, enraged
so the God who binds the winds in the hollows
of the earth, that he caused the Seas to break
their bounds, sith men had broke their vows, and to
swell as far above their reach, as men had swerved
beyond their reason: then might you see ships sail

wln 0067
wln 0068
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wln 0074
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wln 0076
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img: 4-b
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wln 0086
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wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114

where sheep fed, anchors cast where plows go,
fishermen throw their nets, where husbandmen sow
their Corn, and fishes throw their scales where fowls
do breed their quills: then might you gather froth
where now is dew, rotten weeds for sweet roses, and
take view of monstrous Mermaids, instead of passing
fair Maids.

Gallathea To hear these sweet marvels, I would
mine eyes were turned also into ears.

Tityrus But at the last, our Countrymen repenting,
and not too late, because at last, Neptune either weary
of his wrath, or wary to do them wrong, upon condition
consented to ease their miseries.

Gallathea What condition will not miserable men
accept?

Tityrus The condition was this, that at every five
years day, the fairest and chastest virgin in all the
Country, should be brought unto this Tree, and here
being bound, (whom neither parentage shall excuse

for honor, nor virtue for integrity) is left for a peace
offering unto Neptune.

Gallathea Dear is the peace that is bought with guiltless
blood.

Tityrus I am not able to say that, but he sendeth a
Monster called the *Agar*, against whose coming the
waters roar, the fowls fly away, and the Cattle in the
field for terror, shun the banks.

Gallathea And she bound to endure that horror?

Tityrus And she bound to endure that horror.

Gallathea Doth this Monster devour her?

Tityrus Whether she be devoured of him, or conveyed
to Neptune, or drowned between both, it is not permitted
to know, and incurreth danger to conjecture;
Now Gallathea here endeth my tale, and beginneth thy
tragedy.

Gallathea Alas father, and why so?

Tityrus I would thou hadst been less fair, or more
fortunate, then shouldst thou not repine that I have
disguised thee in this attire, for thy beauty will make
thee to be thought worthy of this God; to avoid therefore
destiny (for wisdom ruleth the stars) I think it
better to use an unlawful means (your honor preserved)
than intolerable grief, both life and honor hazarded,
and to prevent (if it be possible) thy constellation
by my craft. Now hast thou heard the custom of
this Country, the cause why this Tree was dedicated
unto Neptune, and the vexing care of thy fearful
Father.

wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119

img: 5-a
sig: B2v

Gallathea Father, I have been attentive to hear, and by your patience am ready to answer. Destiny may be deferred, not prevented: and therefore it were better to offer myself in triumph, than to be drawn to it with dishonor. Hath nature (as you say) made me so fair above all, and shall not virtue make me as famous

wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126
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wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144

as others? Do you not know, (or doth overcarefulness make you forget) that an honorable death is to be preferred before an infamous life. I am but a child, and have not lived long, and yet not so childish, as I desire to live ever: virtues I mean to carry to my grave, not gray hairs. I would I were as sure that destiny would light on me, as I am resolved it could not fear me. Nature hath given me beauty, Virtue courage, Nature must yield me death, Virtue honor. Suffer me therefore to die, for which I was born, or let me curse that I was born, sith I may not die for it.

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

Gallathea The destiny to me cannot be so hard as the disguising hateful.

Tityrus To gain love, the Gods have taken shapes of beasts, and to save life art thou coy to take the attire of men?

Gallathea They were beastly gods, that lust could make them seem as beasts.

Tityrus In health it is easy to counsel the sick, but it's hard for the sick to follow wholesome counsel. Well let us depart, the day is far spent.

Exeunt.

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wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154

img: 5-b
sig: B3r

Actus primus. Scaena secunda.

Cupid, Nymph of Diana.

Cupid. Fair Nymph, are you strayed from your company by chance, or love you to wander solitarily on purpose?

Nymph. Fair boy, or god, or whatever you be, I would you knew these woods are to me so well known, that I cannot stray though I would, and my mind so free, that to be melancholy I have no cause. There is none of Diana's train that any can train, either out

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158

of their way, or out of their wits.

Cupid. What is that Diana a goddess? what her Nymph's virgins? what her pastimes hunting?

Nymph A goddess? who knows it not? Virgins?

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wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
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wln 0185
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wln 0187

img: 6-a
sig: B3v

wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
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wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206

who thinks it not? Hunting? who loves it not?

Cupid I pray thee sweet wench, amongst all your sweet troop, is there not one that followeth the sweetest thing. Sweet love?

Nymph Love good sir, what mean you by it? or what do you call it?

Cupid A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness, which maketh thoughts have eyes, and heart's ears, bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, buried by ingratitude, and this is love, fair Lady will you any?

Nymph If it be nothing else, it is but a foolish thing.

Cupid Try, and you shall find it a pretty thing.

Nymph I have neither will nor leisure, but I will follow Diana in the Chase, whose virgins are all chaste, delighting in the bow that wounds the swift Hart in the Forest, not fearing the bow that strikes the soft heart in the Chamber. This difference is between my Mistress Diana, and your Mother (as I guess) Venus, that all her Nymphs are amiable and wise in their kind, the other amorous and too kind for their sex; and so farewell little god.

Exit.

Cupid Diana, and thou, and all thine, shall know that Cupid is a great god, I will practice a while in these woods, and play such pranks with these Nymphs, that while they aim to hit others with their Arrows, they shall be wounded themselves with their own eyes.

Exit.

Actus primus. Scaena tertia.

Melebeus. Phillida.

Melebeus Come Phillida, fair Phillida, and I fear me too fair being my Phillida, thou knowest the custom of this Country, and I the greatness of thy beauty, we both the fierceness of the monster *Agar*. Everyone thinketh his own child fair, but I know that which I most desire, and would least have, that thou art fairest. Thou shalt therefore disguise thyself in attire, lest I should disguise myself in affection, in suffering thee to perish by a fond desire, whom I may preserve by a sure deceit.

Phillida Dear father, Nature could not make me so fair as she hath made you kind, nor you more kind than me dutiful. Whatsoever you command I will not refuse, because you command nothing but my safety, and your happiness. But how shall I be disguised?

Melebeus In man's apparel.

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wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221

img: 6-b
sig: B4r

wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
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wln 0230
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wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254

Phillida It will neither become my body, nor my mind.

Melebeus Why *Phillida*?

Phillida For then I must keep company with boys,
and commit follies unseemly for my sex, or keep
company with girls, and be thought more wanton
than becometh me. Besides, I shall be ashamed of my
long hose and short coat, and so unwarily blab out
something by blushing at everything.

Melebeus Fear not *Phillida*, use will make it easy,
fear must make it necessary.

Phillida I agree, since my father will have it so, and
fortune must.

Melebeus Come let us in, and when thou art disguised,
roam about these woods till the time be past, and
Neptune pleased.

Exeunt.

Actus primus. Scaena quarta.

Mariner, Rafe, Robin, and Dick.

Robin Now *Mariner*, what callest thou this sport on
the Sea?

Mariner It is called a wrack.

Rafe. I take no pleasure in it. Of all deaths I would
not be drowned, one's clothes will be so wet when he is
taken up.

Dick What call'st thou the thing we were bound
to?

Mariner A rafter.

Rafe. I will rather hang myself on a rafter in
the house, than be so haled in the Sea, there one may
have a leap for his life; but I marvel how our Master
speeds.

Dick I'll warrant by this time he is wetshod. Did
you ever see water bubble as the Sea did? But what shall
we do?

Mariner You are now in Lincolnshire, where you can
want no foul, if you can devise means to catch them,
there be woods hard by, and at every mile's end houses:
so that if you seek on the Land, you shall speed
better than on the Sea.

Robin Sea, nay I will never sail more, I brook not
their diet: their bread is so hard, that one must carry a
whetstone in his mouth to grind his teeth: the meat
so salt, that one would think after dinner his tongue
had been powdered ten days.

Rafe O thou hast a sweet life *Mariner* to be pinned
in a few boards, and to be within an inch of a thing
bottomless. I pray thee how often hast thou been
drowned?

Mariner Fool thou seest I am yet alive.

wln 0255

img: 7-a
sig: B4v

wln 0256

wln 0257

wln 0258

wln 0259

wln 0260

wln 0261

wln 0262

wln 0263

wln 0264

wln 0265

wln 0266

wln 0267

wln 0268

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wln 0290

img: 7-b
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wln 0291

wln 0292

wln 0293

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wln 0295

wln 0296

wln 0297

wln 0298

wln 0299

Robin Why be they dead that be drowned, I had

thought they had been with the fish, and so by chance
been caught up with them in a Net again. It were
a shame a little cold water should kill a man of reason,
when you shall see a poor Minnow lie in it, that hath
no understanding.

Mariner Thou art wise from the crown of thy head
upwards; seek you new fortunes now, I will follow
mine old. I can shift the Moon and the Sun, and
know by one Card, what all you cannot do by a whole
pair. The Loadstone that always holdeth his nose
to the North, the two and thirty points for the wind,
the wonders I see would make all you blind: you be
but boys, I fear the Sea no more than a dish of water.
Why fools it is but a liquid element, farewell.

Robin It were good we learned his cunning at the
Cards, for we must live by cozenage, we have neither
Lands nor wit, nor Masters, nor honesty.

Rafe Nay I would fain have his thirty-two, that is,
his three dozen lacking four points, for you see betwixt
us three there is not two good points.

Dick Let us call him a little back that we may
learn those points. Sirrah a word, I pray thee show us
thy points.

Mariner Will you learn?

Dick. Ay.

Mariner Then as you like this I will instruct you in
all our secrets: for there is not a clout nor card, nor
board, nor post, that hath not a special name, or singular
nature.

Dick Well begin with your points, for I lack only
points in this world.

Mariner North. North and by East. North-Northeast.
Northeast and by North, Northeast. Northeast and
by East. East-Northeast, East and by North. East.

Dick I'll say it. North, northeast, Northeast, Nore

nore and by Nore-east. I shall never do it.

Mariner This is but one quarter.

Robin I shall never learn a quarter of it. I will try.
North, Northeast, is by the West side, North and by
North.

Dick Passing ill.

Mariner Hast thou no memory. Try thou.

Rafe North North and by North. I can go no
further.

wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318

Mariner O dullard, is thy head lighter than the wind,
and thy tongue so heavy it will not wag. I will once
again say it.

Rafe I will never learn this language, it will get but
small living, when it will scarce be learned till one be
old.

Mariner Nay then farewell, and if your fortunes exceed
not your wits, you shall starve before ye sleep.

Rafe Was there ever such cozening? Come let us
to the woods, and see what fortune we may have before
they be made ships: as for our Master he is
drowned.

Dick I will this way.

Robin I this.

Rafe I this, and this day twelvemonth let us all meet
here again: it may be we shall either beg together, or
hang together.

Dick It skills not so we be together. But let us sing
now, though we cry hereafter.

Exeunt.

wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323

Actus secundus Scaena prima.

Gallathea alone.

Gallathea BLush Gallathea that must frame thy affection
fit for thy habit, and therefore be
thought immodest, because thou art unfortunate. Thy

img: 8-a
sig: C1v

wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
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wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346

tender years cannot dissemble this deceit, nor thy
sex bear it. O would the gods had made me as I
seem to be, or that I might safely be what I seem not.
Thy Father doteth Gallathea, whose blind love corrupteth
his fond judgement, and jealous of thy death,
seemeth to dote on thy beauty, whose fond care carrieth
his partial eye as far from truth, as his heart is from
falsehood. But why dost thou blame him, or blab what
thou art, when thou shouldst only counterfeit what
thou art not. But whist, here cometh a lad: I will
learn of him how to behave myself.

Enter Phillida in man's attire.

Phillida I neither like my gait, nor my garments, the
one untoward, the other unfit, both unseemly. O Phillida,
but yonder stayeth one, and therefore say nothing.
But o Phillida.

Gallathea I perceive that boys are in as great disliking
of themselves as maids, therefore though I wear the
apparel, I am glad I am not the person.

Phillida It is a pretty boy and a fair, he might well
have been a woman, but because he is not, I am glad I
am, for now under the color of my coat, I shall decipher
the follies of their kind.

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wln 0358

img: 8-b
sig: C2r

wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
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wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
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wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392

img: 9-a
sig: C2v

Gallathea I would salute him, but I fear I should make a curtsy instead of a leg.

Phillida If I durst trust my face as well as I do my habit, I would spend some time to make pastime, for say what they will of a man's wit, it is no second thing to be a woman.

Gallathea All the blood in my body would be in my face, if he should ask me (as the question among men is common) are you a maid?

Phillida Why stand I still, boys should be bold, but here cometh a brave train that will spill all our talk.

Enter Diana, Telusa, and Eurota.

Diana God speed fair boy.

Gallathea You are deceived Lady.

Diana Why, are you no boy?

Gallathea No fair boy.

Diana But I see an unhappy boy.

Telusa. Saw you not the Deer come this way, he flew down the wind, and I believe you have blanched him.

Gallathea Whose Dear was it Lady?

Telusa. Diana's Deer.

Gallathea I saw none but mine own Dear.

Telusa This wag is wanton or a fool, ask the other, Diana.

Gallathea I know not how it cometh to pass, but yonder boy is in mine eye too beautiful, I pray gods the Ladies think him not their Dear.

Diana Pretty lad, do your sheep feed in the Forest, or are you strayed from **your** flock, or on purpose come ye to mar Diana's pastime?

Phillida I understand not one word you speak.

Diana What art thou neither Lad nor shepherd?

Phillida My mother said I could be no lad till I was twenty year old, nor keep sheep till I could tell them; and therefore Lady neither lad nor shepherd is here.

Telusa These boys are both agreed, either they are very pleasant or too perverse: you were best Lady make them tusk these Woods, whilst we stand with our bows, and so use them as Beagles since they have so good mouths.

Diana I will. Follow me without delay, or excuse, and if you can do nothing, yet shall you halloo the Deer.

wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398

Phillida I am willing to go, not for these Ladies' company,
because myself am a virgin, but for that fair
boy's favor, who I think be a God.

Diana. You sir boy shall also go.

Gallathea I must if you command, and would if you
had not.

Exeunt.

wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
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wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426

Actus secundus. Scaena secunda.

*Cupid alone in Nymph's apparel, and Neptune
listening.*

Cupid Now Cupid, under the shape of a silly
girl show the power of a mighty God. Let Diana
and all her coy Nymphs know, that there is no heart so
chaste but thy bow can wound, nor eyes so modest,
but thy brands can kindle, nor thoughts so staid, but
thy shafts can make wavering, weak and wanton: Cupid
though he be a child, is no baby. I will make their
pains my pastimes, and so confound their loves in their
own sex, that they shall dote in their desires, delight
in their affections, and practice only impossibilities.
Whilst I truant from my mother, I will use some tyranny
in these woods, and so shall their exercise in foolish
love, be my excuse for running away. I will see whither
fair faces be always chaste, or Diana's virgins only
modest, else will I spend both my shafts and shifts,
and then Ladies if you see these dainty Dames entrapped
in love, say softly to yourselves, we may all love.

Exit.

Neptune. Do silly Shepherds go about to deceive
great Neptune, in putting on man's attire upon
women: and Cupid to make sport deceive them all, by
using a woman's apparel upon a God, then Neptune
that hast taken sundry shapes to obtain love, stick not
to practice some deceit to show thy deity, and having
often thrust thyself into the shape of beasts to deceive

img: 9-b
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wln 0427
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men be not coy to use the shape of a Shepherd, to
show thyself a God. Neptune cannot be overreached
by Swains, himself is subtle, and if Diana be overtaken
by craft, Cupid is wise. I will into these woods
and mark all, and in the end will mar all.

Exit.

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Actus secundus. Scaena tertia.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe Call you this seeking of fortunes when one
can find nothing but birds' nests? would I were out
of these Woods, for I shall have but wooden luck,
here's nothing but the screeking of Owls, croaking of

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wln 0483
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wln 0485

Frogs, hissing of Adders, barking of Foxes, walking of Hags. But what be these?

Enter Fairies dancing and playing
and so, Exeunt.

I will follow them, to hell I shall not go, for so fair faces never can have such hard fortunes. What black boy is this.

Enter the Alchemist's boy Peter.

Peter What a life do I lead with my Master nothing but blowing of bellows, beating of spirits, and scraping of Crosslets? it is a very secret Science, for none almost can understand the language of it. Sublimation, Almigation, Calcination, Rubification, Incorporation, Circination, Cementation, Albification, and **Fermentation**. With as many terms impossible to be uttered, as the Art to be compassed.

Rafe Let me cross myself, I never heard so many great devils in a little Monkey's mouth.

Peter Then our instruments, Crosslets, Sublivatories, Cucurbits, Limbecks, Decensories, Viols, manual and mural, for imbibing and conbibing, Bellows, mollificative and indurative.

Rafe What language is this? do they speak so?

Peter Then our Metals, Saltpetre, Vitriol, Sal tartar, Sal perperat, Argol, Resagar, Sal Armonic, Agrimony, Lumany, Brimstone, Valerian, Tartar Alum, Broomwort, Glass, Unslaked lime, Chalk, Ashes, hair, and what not, to make I know not what.

Rafe My hair beginneth to stand upright, would the boy would make an end.

Peter And yet such a beggarly Science it is, and so strong on multiplication, that the end is to have neither gold, wit, nor honesty.

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

Peter Fellow, upon what acquaintance?

Rafe Why thou sayst, the end of thy occupation is to have neither wit, money, nor honesty: and methinks at a blush, thou shouldst be one of my occupation.

Peter Thou art deceived, my Master is an Alchemist.

Rafe What's that, a man?

Peter A little more than a man, and a hair's breadth less than a God. He can make of thy cap gold, and by multiplication of one groat, three old Angels. I have known him of the tag of a point, to make a silver bowl of a pint.

Rafe That makes thee have never a point, they be all

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img: 11-a
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turned to pots: but if he can do this, he shall be a god altogether.

Peter If thou have any gold to work on, thou art then made for ever: for with one pound of gold, he will go near to pave ten Acres of ground.

Rafe How might a man serve him and learn his cunning?

Peter Easily. First seem to understand the terms, and specially mark these points. In our Art there are four Spirits.

Rafe Nay I have done if you work with devils.

Peter Thou art gross; we call those Spirits that are the grounds of our Art, and as it were the metals more incorporative for domination. The first Spirit is Quicksilver.

Rafe That is my Spirit, for my silver is so quick; that I have much ado to catch it, and when I have it, it is so nimble that I cannot hold it; I thought there was a devil in it.

Peter The second, Orpiment.

Rafe That's no Spirit, but a word to conjure a Spirit.

Peter The third, Sal Armoniac.

Rafe A proper word.

Peter The fourth, Brimstone.

Rafe That's a stinking Spirit, I thought there was some spirit in it because it burnt so blue. For my Mother would often tell me that when the candle burnt blue, there was some ill Spirit in the house, and now I perceive it was the spirit Brimstone.

Peter Thou **canst** remember these four spirits.

Rafe Let me alone to conjure them.

Peter Now are there also seven bodies, but here cometh my Master.

Enter Alchemist.

Rafe This is a beggar.

Peter No, such cunning men must disguise themselves, as though there were nothing in them for otherwise they shall be compelled to work for Princes, and so be constrained to bewray their secrets.

Rafe I like not his attire, but am enamored of his Art.

Alchemist An ounce of Silver limed, as much of crude Mercury, of Spirits four, being tempered with the bodies seven, by multiplying of it ten times, comes

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for one pound, eight thousand pounds, so that I may have only Beechen coals.

Rafe Is it possible?

Peter It is more certain than certainty.

Rafe I'll tell thee one secret, I stole a silver thimble; dost thou think that he will make it a pottle pot?

Peter A pottle pot, nay I dare warrant it a whole Cupboard of plate: why of the quintessence of a leaden plummet, he hath framed twenty dozen of silver Spoons. Look how he studies, I durst venture my life he is now casting about, how of his breath he may make golden bracelets, for oftentimes of smoke he hath made silver drops.

Rafe What do I hear?

Peter Didst thou never hear how Jupiter came in a golden shower to Danae?

Rafe I remember that tale.

Peter That shower did my Master make of a spoonful of Tartar alum, but with the fire of blood, and the corrosive of the air, he is able to make nothing infinite, but whist he espieth us.

Alchemist What Peter do you loiter, knowing that every minute increaseth our Mine?

Peter I was glad to take air, for the metal came so fast, that I feared my face would have been turned to silver.

Alchemist But what stripling is this?

Peter One that is desirous to learn your craft.

Alchemist Craft sir boy, you must call it mystery.

Rafe All is one, a crafty mystery, and a mystical craft.

Alchemist Canst thou take pains?

Rafe Infinite.

Alchemist But thou must be sworn to be secret, and then I will entertain thee.

Rafe I can swear though I be a poor fellow as well as the best man in the Shire. But Sir I much marvel that you being so cunning, should be so ragged.

Alchemist O my child, Gryphes make their nests of gold though their coats are feathers, and we feather our nests with Diamonds, though our garments be but frieze. If thou knewest the secret of this Science, the cunning would make thee so proud that thou wouldst disdain the outward pomp.

Peter My Master is so ravished with his Art, that we many times go supperless to bed, for he will make gold of his bread, and such is the drought of his desire, that we all wish our very guts were gold.

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Rafe I have good fortune to light upon such a Master.

Alchemist When in the depth of my skill I determine to try the uttermost of mine Art, I am dissuaded by the gods, otherwise, I durst undertake to make the fire as it flames, gold, the wind as it blows, silver, the water as it runs, lead, the earth as it stands, iron, the sky, brass, and men's thoughts, firm metals.

Rafe I must bless myself, and marvel at you.

Alchemist Come in, and thou shalt see all.

Exit.

Rafe I follow, I run, I fly; they say my Father hath a golden thumb, you shall see me have a golden body.

Exit.

Peter I am glad of this, for now I shall have leisure to run away; such a bald Art as never was, let him keep his new man, for he shall never see his old again; God shield me from blowing gold to nothing, with a strong imagination to make nothing any thing.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scaena quarta.

Gallathea alone.

Gallathea How now Gallathea? miserable Gallathea, that having put on the apparel of a boy, thou canst also put on the mind. O fair Melebeus, Ay too fair, and therefore I fear, too proud. Had it not been better for thee to have been a sacrifice to Neptune, than a slave to Cupid? to die for thy Country, than to live in thy fancy? to be a sacrifice, than a Lover? O would when I hunted his eye with my heart, he might have seen my heart with his eyes. Why did Nature to him a boy give a face so fair, or to me a virgin a fortune so hard? I will now use for the distaff the bow, and play at quoits abroad, that was wont to sew in my Sampler at home. It may be Gallathea, foolish Gallathea, what may be? nothing. Let me follow him into the Woods, and thou sweet Venus be my guide.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scaena quinta.

Enter Phillida alone.

Phillida Poor Phillida, curse the time of thy birth and rareness of thy beauty, the unaptness of thy apparel, and the untamedness of thy affections. Art thou no sooner in the habit of a boy, but thou must be enamored of a boy, what shalt thou do when what best liketh thee, most discontenteth thee? Go into the Woods, watch the good times, his best moods, and transgress

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in love a little of thy modesty, I will, I dare not, thou must, I cannot. Then pine in thine own peevishness. I will not, I will. Ah Phillida do something, nay any thing rather than live thus. Well, what I will do, myself knows not, but what I ought I know too well, and so I go resolute, either to bewray my love, or suffer shame.

Exit.

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Actus tertius. Scaena prima.

Telusa alone.

Telusa HOW now? what new conceits, what strange contraries breed in thy mind? is thy Diana become a Venus, thy chaste thoughts turned to wanton looks, thy conquering modesty to a captive imagination? Beginnest thou with Piralis to die in the air and live in the fire, to leave the sweet delight of hunting, and to follow the hot desire of love? O *Telusa*, these words are unfit for thy sex being a virgin, but apt for thy affections being a Lover. And can there in years so young, in education so precise, in vows so holy, and in a heart so chaste, enter either a strong desire, or a wish, or a wavering thought of love? Can Cupid's brands quench Vesta's flames, and his feeble shafts headed with feathers, pierce deeper than Diana's arrows headed with steel? Break thy bow *Telusa* that seekest to break thy vow, and let those hands that aimed to hit the wild Hart, scratch out those eyes that have wounded thy tame heart. O vain and only naked name of Chastity, that is made eternal, and perish by time: holy, and is infected by fancy: divine, and is made mortal by folly. Virgins' hearts I perceive are not unlike Cotton trees, whose fruit is so hard in the bud, that it soundeth like steel, and being ripe, poureth forth nothing but wool, and their thoughts like the leaves of Lunary, which the further they grow from the Sun, the sooner they are scorched with his beams. O *Melebeus*, because thou art fair, must I be fickle, and false my vow because I see thy virtue? Fond girl that I am to think of love, nay vain profession that I follow to disdain love, but here cometh *Eurota*, I must now put on a red

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mask and blush, lest she perceive my pale face and laugh.

Enter Eurota.

Eurota *Telusa*, Diana bid me hunt you out, and saith

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that you care not to hunt with her, but if you follow any other Game than she hath roused, your punishment shall be to bend all our bows, and weave all our strings. Why look ye so pale, so sad, so wildly.

Telusa Eurota, the Game I follow is the thing I fly: my strange disease my chief desire.

Eurota I am no Oedipus to expound riddles, and I muse how thou canst be Sphinx to utter them. But I pray thee Telusa tell me what thou ailest, if thou be sick, this ground hath leaves to heal: if melancholy, here are pastimes to use: if peevish, wit must wean it, or time, or counsel. If thou be in love (for I have heard of such a beast called love) it shall be cured, why blushest thou Telusa?

Telusa To hear thee in reckoning my pains to recite thine own. I saw Eurota how amorously you glanced your eye on the fair boy in the white coat, and how cunningly (now that you would have some talk of love) you hit me in the teeth with love.

Eurota I confess that I am in love, and yet swear that I know not what it is. I feel my thoughts unknit, mine eyes unstayed, my heart I know not how affected, or infected, my sleep's broken and full of dreams, my wakeness sad and full of sighs, myself in all things unlike myself. If this be love, I would it had never been devised.

Telusa Thou hast told what I am in uttering what thyself is: these are my passions Eurota my unbridled passions, my intolerable passions, which I were as good acknowledge and crave counsel, as to deny and endure peril.

Eurota How did it take you first Telusa?

Telusa By the eyes, my wanton eyes which conceived the picture of his face, and hanged it on the very strings of my heart. O fair Melebeus, o fond Telusa, but how did it take you Eurota?

Eurota By the ears, whose sweet words sunk so deep into my head, that the remembrance of his wit, hath bereaved me of my wisdom; o eloquent Tityrus, o credulous Eurota. But soft here cometh Ramia, but let her not hear us talk, we will withdraw ourselves, and hear her talk.

Enter Ramia.

Ramia I am sent to seek others that have lost myself.

Eurota You shall see Ramia hath also bitten on a love leaf.

Ramia Can there be no heart so chaste, but love can

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wound? nor vows so holy but affection can violate.
Vain art thou virtue, and thou chastity but a by-word,
when you both are subject to love, of all things the
most abject. If Love be a God, why should not lovers
be virtuous? Love is a God, and Lovers are virtuous.

Eurota Indeed Ramia, if Lovers were not virtuous,
then wert thou vicious.

Ramia What are you come so near me?

Telusa I think we came near you when we said
you loved.

Eurota Tush Ramia, 'tis too late to recall it, to repent
it a shame: therefore I pray thee tell what is love?

Ramia If myself felt only this infection, I would
then take upon me the definition, but being incident
to so many, I dare not myself describe it, but we will
all talk of that in the Woods. Diana stormeth that
sending one to seek another, she loseth all. Servia
of all the Nymphs the coyest, loveth deadly, and exclaimeth

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against Diana, honoreth Venus, detesteth
Vesta, and maketh a common scorn of virtue. Clymene,
whose stately looks seemed to amaze the greatest
Lords, stoopeth, yieldeth, and fawneth on the
strange boy in the Woods. Myself (with blushing I
speak it) am thrall to that boy, that fair boy, that beautiful
boy.

Telusa What have we here, all in love? no other
food than fancy; no no, she shall not have the fair
boy.

Eurota Nor you Telusa.

Ramia Nor you Eurota.

Telusa I love Melebeus, and my deserts shall be answerable
to my desires. I will forsake Diana for him. I
will die for him.

Ramia So saith Clymene, and she will have Him. I
care not, my sweet Tityrus though he seem proud,
I impute it to childishness: who being yet scarce out
of his swath-clouts, cannot understand these deep
conceits; I love him.

Eurota So do I, and I will have him.

Telusa Immodest all that we are, unfortunate all
that we are like to be; shall virgins begin to wrangle
for love, and become wanton in their thoughts, in their
words, in their actions. O divine Love, which art therefore
called divine, because thou over-reachest the wisest,
conquerest the chastest, and dost all things both
unlikely and impossible, because thou art Love. Thou
makest the bashful impudent, the wise fond, the chaste
wanton, and workest contraries to our reach, because

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thyslf is beyond reason.

Eurota Talk no more Telusa, your words wound.

Ah would I were no woman.

Ramia Would Tityrus were no boy.

Telusa Would Telusa were nobody.

Exeunt

Actus tertius. Scaena secunda.

Phillida and Gallathea.

Phillida It is pity that Nature framed you not a woman, having a face so fair, so lovely a countenance, so modest a behavior.

Gallathea There is a Tree in Tylos, whose nuts have shells like fire, and being cracked, the kernel is but water.

Phillida What a toy is it to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose: I say it is pity you are not a woman.

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

Phillida Nay I do not wish to be woman, for then I should not love thee, for I have sworn never to love a woman.

Gallathea A strange humor in so pretty a youth, and according to mine, for myself will never love a woman.

Phillida It were a shame if a maiden should be a suitor, (a thing hated in that sex) that thou shouldst deny to be her servant.

Gallathea If it be a shame in me, it can be no commendation in you, for yourself is of that mind.

Phillida Suppose I were a virgin (I blush in supposing myself one) and that under the habit of a boy were the person of a maid, if I should utter my affection with sighs, manifest my sweet love by my salt tears, and prove my loyalty unspotted, and my griefs intolerable, would not then that fair face, pity this true heart?

Gallathea Admit that I were, as you would have me suppose that you are, and that I should with entreaties, prayers, oaths, bribes, and whatever can be invented in

love, desire your favor, would you not yield?

Phillida Tush you come in with admit.

Gallathea And you with suppose.

Phillida What doubtful speeches be these? I fear me he is as I am, a maiden.

Gallathea What dread riseth in my mind, I fear the

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boy to be as I am a maiden.

Phillida Tush it cannot be, his voice shows the contrary.

Gallathea Yet I do not think it; for he would then have blushed.

Phillida Have you ever a Sister?

Gallathea If I had but one, my brother must needs have two, but I pray have you ever a one?

Phillida My Father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister.

Gallathea Ay me, he is as I am, for his speeches be as mine are.

Phillida What shall I do, either he is subtle or my sex simple.

Gallathea I have known divers of Diana's Nymphs enamored of him, yet hath he rejected all, either as too proud to disdain, or too childish not to understand, or for that he knoweth himself to **be** a Virgin.

Phillida I am in a quandary, Diana's Nymphs have followed him, and he despised them, either knowing too well the beauty of his own face, or that himself is of the same mold. I will once again try him. You promised me in the woods, that you would love me before all Diana's Nymphs.

Gallathea Ay, so you would love me before all Diana's Nymphs.

Phillida Can you prefer a fond boy as I am, before so fair Ladies as they are.

Gallathea Why should not I as well as you?

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

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scaena tertia.

Alchemist. Rafe.

Alchemist Rafe, my boy is run away, I trust thou wilt not run after.

Rafe I would I had a pair of wings that I might fly after.

Alchemist My boy was the veriest thief, the arrantest liar, and the vildest swearer in the world, otherwise the best boy in the world, he hath stolen my apparel, all my money, and forgot nothing but to bid me farewell.

Rafe That will not I forget, farewell Master.

Alchemist Why thou hast not yet seen the end of my Art.

Rafe I would I had not known the beginning. Did

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wln 0863
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wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871

img: 16-a
sig: E1v

wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874

wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
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wln 0898
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wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902

not you promise me, of my silver thimble to make a whole cupboard of plate, and that of a Spanish needle you would build a silver steeple?

Alchemist Ay Rafe, the fortune of this Art consisteth in the measure of the fire, for if there be a coal too much, or a spark too little, if it be a little too hot, or a thought too soft, all our labor is in vain; besides, they that blow, must beat time with their breathes, as Musicians do with their breasts, so as there must be of the metals, the fire and workers a very harmony.

Rafe Nay if you must weigh your fire by ounces, and take measure of a man's blast, you may then make of a dram of wind a wedge of gold, and of the shadow of one shilling make another, so as you have an Organist to tune your temperatures.

Alchemist So is it, and often doth it happen, that the

just proportion of the fire and all things concur.

Rafe Concur, condog. I will away.

Alchemist Then away.

Exit Alchemist.

Enter Astronomer.

Rafe An art quoth you, that one multiplieth so much all day, that he wanteth money to buy meat at night? But what have we yonder? what devout man? he will never speak till he be urged. I will salute him. Sir, there lieth a purse under your feet, if I thought it were not yours, I would take it up.

Astronomer Dost thou not know that I was calculating the nativity of Alexander's great horse?

Rafe Why what are you?

Astronomer An Astronomer.

Rafe What one of those that makes Almanacs.

Astronomer *Ipsissimus*. I can tell the minute of thy birth, the moment of thy death, and the manner. I can tell thee what weather shall be between this and *Octogessimus octavus mirabilis annus*. When I list I can set a trap for the Sun, catch the Moon with lime-twigs, and go a-batfowling for stars. I can tell thee things past, and things to come, and with my cunning, measure how many yards of Clouds are beneath the Sky. Nothing can happen which I foresee not, nothing shall.

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

Astronomer I can bring the twelve signs out of their Zodiacs, and hang them up at Taverns.

Rafe I pray you sir tell me what you cannot do, for I perceive there is nothing so easy for you to compass as impossibilities. But what be those signs?

Astronomer As a man should say, signs which govern

wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905

img: 16-b
sig: E2r

the body. The Ram governeth the head.
Rafe That is the worst sign for the head.
Astronomer Why?

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wln 0912
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wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937

Rafe Because it is a sign of an ill Ewe.
Astronomer Tush, that sign must be there. Then the
Bull for the throat, Capricornus for the knees.
Rafe I will hear no more signs, if they be all such
desperate signs: but seeing you are, (I know not who
to term you) shall I serve you? I would fain serve.
Astronomer I accept thee.
Rafe. Happy am I, for now shall I reach thoughts,
and tell how many drops of water goes to the greatest
shower of rain. You shall see me catch the Moon in
the clips like a Coney in a purse-net.
Astronomer I will teach thee the Golden number, the
Epact, and the Prime.
Rafe I will meddle no more with numbering of gold,
for multiplication is a miserable action; I pray sir what
weather shall we have this hour threescore year?
Astronomer That I must cast by our Judicials Astronomical,
therefore come in with me, and thou shall see every
wrinkle of my Astrological wisdom, and I will
make the Heavens as plain to thee as the highway,
thy cunning shall sit cheek by jowl with the Sun's
Chariot; then shalt thou see what a base thing it is, to
have others' thoughts creep on the ground, whenas
thine shall be stitched to the stars.
Rafe Then I shall be translated from this mortality.
Astronomer Thy thoughts shall be metamorphosed, and
made hail-fellows with the Gods.
Rafe O fortune. I feel my very brains moralized,
and as it were a certain contempt of earthly actions is
crept into my mind, by an etherial contemplation.
Come let us in.

Exeunt.

img: 17-a
sig: E2v

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wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946

Actus tertius. Scaena quarta.
Diana, Telusa, Eurota, Ramia, Larissa.
Diana What news have we here Ladies, are all
in love? are Diana's Nymphs become Venus' wantons?
is it a shame to be chaste, because you be amiable?
or must you needs be amorous, because you are fair?
O Venus, if this be thy spite, I will requite it with
more than hate, well shalt thou know what it is to drib
thine arrows up and down Diana's leas. There is an

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wln 0971

img: 18-b
sig: E4r

wln 1041
wln 1042
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wln 1058
wln 1059

img: 17-b
sig: E3r

wln 0972

unknown Nymph that straggleth up and down these woods, which I suspect hath been the weaver of these woes, I saw her slumb'ring by the brook side, go search her and bring her, if you find upon her shoulder a burn, it is Cupid: if any print on her back like a leaf, it is Medea: if any picture on her left breast like a bird, it is Calipso; whoever it be, bring her hither, and speedily bring her hither.

Telusa I will go with speed.

Diana Go you Larissa and help her.

Larissa I obey.

Diana Now Ladies, doth not that make your cheeks blush, that makes mine ears glow? or can you remember that without sobs, which Diana can not think on without sighs? What greater dishonor could happen to Diana, or to her Nymphs' shame, than that there can be any time so idle, that should make their heads so addle? Your chaste hearts my Nymphs, should resemble the Onyx, which is hottest when it is whitest, and your thoughts, the more they are assaulted with desires, the less they should be affected. You should think love like Homer's Moly, a white leaf and a black root, a fair show, and a bitter taste. Of all Trees the Cedar is greatest, and hath the smallest seeds: of all affections, love hath the greatest name, and

own arrow shall be shot into thine own bosom, and thou shalt be enamored, not on Psyche, but on Circes. I will teach thee what it is to displease Diana, distress her Nymphs, or disturb her Game.

Cupid Diana, what I have done, cannot be undone, but what you mean to do, shall. Venus hath some Gods to her friends, Cupid shall have all.

Diana Are you prating? I will bridle thy tongue and thy power, and in spite of mine own thoughts, I will set thee a task every day, which if thou finish not, thou shalt feel the smart. Thou shalt be used as Diana's slave, not Venus' son. All the world shall see that I will use thee like a captive, and show myself a Conqueror. Come have him in, that we may devise apt punishments for his proud presumptions.

Eurota We will plague ye for a little God.

Telusa We will never pity thee though thou be a God.

Ramia Nor I.

Larissa Nor I.

Exeunt.

the least virtue. Shall it be said, and shall Venus say it?

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wln 1004
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img: 18-a
sig: E3v

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wln 1018
wln 1019

may shall it be seen, and shall wantons see it? that Diana the goddess of chastity, whose thoughts are always answerable to her vows, whose eyes never glanced on desire, and whose heart abateth the point of Cupid's arrows, shall have her virgins to become unchaste in desires, immoderate in affection, untemperate in love, in foolish love, in base love. Eagles cast their evil feathers in the Sun, but you cast your best desires upon a shadow. The birds Ibes lose their sweetness when they lose their sights, and virgins all their virtues with their unchaste thoughts, unchaste, Diana calleth that, that hath either any show or suspicion of lightness. O my dear Nymphs, if you knew how loving thoughts stain lovely faces, you would be as careful to have the one as unspotted as the other beautiful.

Cast before your eyes the loves of Venus' trulls, their fortunes, their fancies, their ends. What are they else but Silenus' pictures, without, Lambs and Doves, within, Apes, and Owls, who like Ixion embrace clouds for Juno, the shadows of virtue in stead of the substance. The Eagle's feathers consume the feathers of all others, and love's desire corrupteth all other virtues. I blush Ladies that you having been heretofore patient of labors, should now become prentices to idleness, and use the pen for Sonnets, not the needle for Samplers. And how is your love placed, upon pelting boys, perhaps base of birth, without doubt weak of discretion. Ay but they are fair. O Ladies do your eyes begin to love colors, whose hearts was wont to loathe them? is Diana's Chase become Venus' Court? and are your holy vows turned to hollow thoughts?

Ramia Madam, if love were not a thing beyond reason, we might then give a reason of our doings, but

so divine is his force, that it worketh effects as contrary to that we wish, as unreasonable against that we ought.

Larissa Lady, so unacquainted are the passions of love, that we can neither describe them nor bear them.

Diana Foolish girls, how willing you are to follow that which you should fly, but here cometh Telusa.

Enter Telusa and other with Cupid.

Telusa We have brought the disguised Nymph, and have found on his shoulder Psyche's burn, and he confesseth himself to be Cupid.

Diana How now sir, are you caught, are you Cupid?

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Cupid Thou shalt see Diana that I dare confess myself to be Cupid.

Diana And thou shalt see Cupid that I will show myself to be Diana, that is, Conqueror of thy loose and untamed appetites. Did thy mother Venus under the color of a Nymph, send thee hither to wound my Nymphs? Doth she add craft to her malice, and mistrusting her deity, practice deceit: is there no place but my Groves, no persons but my Nymphs? Cruel and unkind Venus, that spiteth only chastity, thou shalt see that Diana's power shall revenge thy policy, and tame this pride. As for thee Cupid, I will break thy bow, and burn thine arrows, bind thy hands, clip thy wings, and fetter thy feet. Thou that fattest others with hopes, shalt be fed thyself with wishes, and thou that bindest others with golden thoughts, shalt be bound thyself with golden fetters, Venus' rods are made of Roses, Diana's of Briers. Let Venus that great Goddess, ransom Cupid that little God. These Ladies here whom thou hast infected with foolish love, shall both tread on thee and triumph over thee. Thine

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wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072

Actus quartus Scaena prima.

Augur, Melebeus, Tityrus, Populus.

Augur THIS is the day wherein you must satisfy Neptune and save yourselves, call together your fair Daughters, and for a Sacrifice take the fairest, for better it is to offer a Virgin than suffer ruin. If you think it against nature to sacrifice your children, think it also against sense to destroy your Country. If you imagine Neptune pitiless to desire such a prey, confess yourselves perverse to deserve such a punishment. You see this tree, this fatal Tree, whose leaves though they glister like gold, yet it threateneth to fair virgins grief. To this Tree must the beautifullest

img: 19-a
sig: E4v

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wln 1080
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wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085

be bound until the Monster *Agar* carry her away, and if the Monster come not, then assure yourselves that the fairest is concealed, and then your country shall be destroyed, therefore consult with yourselves, not as fathers of children, but as favorers of your Country. Let Neptune have his right if you will have your quiet; thus have I warned you to be careful, and would wish you to be wise, knowing that who so hath the fairest daughter, hath the greatest fortune, in losing one to save all, and so I depart to provide ceremonies for the Sacrifice, and command you to bring the Sacrifice.

Exit Augur.

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wln 1107
wln 1108

img: 19-b
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wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
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wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

Melebeus They say Tityrus that you have a fair daughter,
if it be so, dissemble not, for you shall be a fortunate
father. It is a thing holy to preserve ones Country,
and honorable to be the cause.

Tityrus Indeed Melebeus I have heard you boast
that you had a fair daughter, than the which none was
more beautiful. I hope you are not so careful of a child,
that you will be careless of your Country, or add so
much to nature, that you will detract from wisdom.

Melebeus I must confess that I had a daughter, and I
know you have, but alas my Child's cradle was her
grave, and her swath-clout her winding sheet. I
would she had lived till now, she should willingly have
died now; for what could have happened to poor Melebeus
more comfortable, than to be the father of a
fair child, and sweet Country.

Tityrus O Melebeus, dissemble you may with men,
deceive the Gods you cannot, did not I see, (and very
lately see) your daughter in your arms, whenas you
gave her infinite kisses, with affection I fear me more
than fatherly. You have conveyed her away, that you
might cast us all away, bereaving her the honor of her
beauty, and us the benefit, preferring a common

inconvenience, before a private mischief.

Melebeus It is a bad cloth Tityrus that will take no color,
and a simple Father that can use no cunning, you
make the people believe that you wish well, when you
practice nothing but ill, wishing to be thought religious
towards the Gods, when I know you deceitful towards
men. You cannot overreach me Tityrus, overshoot
yourself you may. It is a wily Mouse that will
breed in the Cat's ear, and he must halt cunningly,
that will deceive a Cripple. Did you ever see me kiss
my Daughter? you are deceived, it was my wife. And
if you thought so young a piece unfit for so old a person,
and therefore imagined it to be my child, not my
spouse, you must know that silver hairs delight in
golden locks, and the old fancies crave young Nurses,
and frosty years must be thawed by youthful
fires. But this matter set aside, you have a fair daughter
Tityrus, and it is pity you are so fond a Father.

Populus You are both either too fond or too froward:
for whilst you dispute to save your Daughters,
we neglect to prevent our destruction.

Alter Come let us away and seek out a sacrifice.
We must sift out their cunning, and let them shift for
themselves.

Exeunt.

wln 1134
wln 1135
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wln 1141
wln 1142

img: 20-a
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wln 1143
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wln 1174
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wln 1176
wln 1177

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Actus quartus. Scaena secunda.
Cupid. Telusa, Eurota, Larissa, enter
singing.

Telusa Come Cupid to your task. First you must
undo all these Lovers' knots, because you tied them.
Cupid If they be true love knots, 'tis impossible to unknit
them, if false, I never tied them.
Eurota Make no excuse but to it.
Cupid Love knots are tied with eyes, and cannot

be undone with hands, made fast with thoughts, and
cannot be unloosed with fingers, had Diana no task to
set Cupid to but things impossible, I will to it.
Ramia Why how now? you tie the knots faster.
Cupid I cannot choose, it goeth against my mind to
make them loose.
Eurota Let me see, now 'tis impossible to be
undone.
Cupid It is the true love knot of a woman's heart,
therefore cannot be undone.
Ramia That falls in sunder of itself.
Cupid It was made of a man's thought which will
never hang together.
Larissa You have undone that well.
Cupid Ay, because it was never tied well.
Telusa To the rest, for she will give you no rest.
These two knots are finely untied.
Cupid It was because I never tied them, the one was
knit by Pluto, not Cupid, by money, not love, 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
only be unknit of death.
Eurota Why laugh you?
Cupid Because it is the fairest and the falsest, done
with greatest art and least truth, with best colors,
and worst conceits.
Telusa Who tied it?
Cupid A man's tongue.
Larissa Why do you put that in my bosom?
Cupid Because it is only for a Woman's bosom.
Larissa Why what is it?
Cupid A woman's heart.

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img: 21-a
sig: F2v

wln 1213
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wln 1223
wln 1224

Telusa Come let us go in, and tell that Cupid hath done his task, stay you behind Larissa, and see he sleep not, for Love will be idle, and take heed you surfeit not, for love will be wanton.

Exit Telusa.

Larissa Let me alone I will find him somewhat to do.

Cupid Lady, can you for pity see Cupid thus punished.

Larissa Why did Cupid punish us without pity?

Cupid Is love a punishment?

Larissa It is no pastime.

Cupid O Venus, if thou sawest Cupid as a captive, bound to obey that was wont to command, fearing Ladies' threats, that once pierced their hearts, I cannot tell whether thou wouldst revenge it for despite, or laugh at it for disport. The time may come Diana, and the time shall come, that thou that settest Cupid to undo knots, shall entreat Cupid to tie knots, and you Ladies that with solace have beheld my pains, shall with sighs entreat my pity.

He offereth to sleep.

Larissa How now Cupid begin you to nod?

Ramia Come Cupid, Diana hath devised new labors for you that are God of loves, you shall weave Samplers all night, and lackey after Diana all day. You shall shortly shoot at beasts for men, because you have made beasts of men, and wait on Ladies' trains, because thou entrappes Ladies by trains. All the stories that are in Diana's Arras, which are of love, you must pick out with your needle, and in that place sew Vesta with her Nuns, and Diana with her Nymphs. How like you this Cupid.

Cupid I say I will prick as well with my needle, as ever I did with mine arrows.

Telusa Diana cannot yield, she conquers affection.

Cupid Diana shall yield, she cannot conquer destiny.

Larissa Come Cupid, you must to your business.

Cupid You shall find me so busy in your heads, that you shall wish I had been idle with your hearts.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scaena tertia.

Neptune alone.

Neptune This day is the solemn Sacrifice at this Tree, wherein the fairest virgin (were not the inhabitants faithless) should be offered unto me, but so over careful are Fathers to their children, that they forget the safety of their Country, and fearing to become unnatural, become unreasonable; their sleights may blear

wln 1225
wln 1226
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wln 1228

men, deceive me they cannot, I will be here at the hour,
and show as great cruelty as they have done craft, and
well shall they know that Neptune should have been
entreated, not cozened.

Exit.

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wln 1243
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wln 1245

Actus quartus Scaena quarta.

Enter Gallathea and Phillida.

Phillida I marvel what virgin the people will **present**,
it is happy you are none, for then it would have
fall'n to your lot because you are so fair.

Gallathea If you had been a Maiden too I need not
to have feared, because you are fairer.

Phillida I pray thee sweet boy flatter not me, speak
truth of thyself, for in mine eye of all the world thou
art fairest.

Gallathea These be fair words, but far from thy true
thoughts, I know mine own face in a true Glass, and
desire not to see it in a flattering mouth.

Phillida O would I did flatter thee, and that fortune
would not flatter me. I love thee as a brother, but love
not me so.

Gallathea No I will not, but love thee better, because I

img: 21-b
sig: F3r

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wln 1271

cannot love as a brother.

Phillida Seeing we are both boys, and both lovers,
that our affection may have some show, and seem as
it were love, let me call thee Mistress.

Gallathea I accept that name, for divers before have
called me Mistress.

Phillida For what cause?

Gallathea Nay there lie the Mistress.

Phillida Will not you be at the sacrifice?

Gallathea No.

Phillida Why?

Gallathea Because I dreamt that if I were there, I should
be turned to a virgin, and then being so fair (as thou
sayst I am) I should be offered as thou knowest one
must. But will not you be there.

Phillida Not unless I were sure that a boy might be
sacrificed, and not a maiden.

Gallathea Why then you are in danger.

Phillida But I would escape it by deceit, but seeing
we are resolved to be both absent, let us wander into
these Groves, till the hour be past.

Gallathea I am agreed, for then my fear will be passed.

Phillida Why, what dost thou fear?

Gallathea Nothing but that you love me not.

Phillida I will. Poor Phillida, what shouldst thou
think of thyself, that lovest one that I fear me, is as

Exit.

wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279

img: 22-a
sig: F3v

thyself is; and may it not be, that her Father practiced
the same deceit with her, that my Father hath
with me, and knowing her to be fair, feared she should
be unfortunate, if it be so, Phillida how desperate is thy
case? if it be not, how doubtful? For if she be a Maiden
there is no hope of my love, if a boy, a hazard: I
will after him or her, and lead a melancholy life, that
look for a miserable death.

Exit.

wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313

img: 22-b
sig: F4r

Actus quintus. Scaena prima.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe. NO more Masters now, but a Mistress if
I can light on her. An Astronomer? of all
occupations that's the worst, yet well fare the Alchemist,
for he keeps good fires though he gets no gold,
the other stands warming himself by staring on the
stars, which I think he can as soon number as know
their virtues. He told me a long tale of Octogessimus
octavus, and the meeting of the Conjunctions and Planets,
and in the meantime he fell backward himself
into a pond. I asked him why he foresaw not that by
the stars, he said he knew it, but contemned it. But
soft, is not this my brother Robin?

Enter Robin.

Robin Yes as sure as thou art Rafe.

Rafe What Robin? what news? what fortune?

Robin Faith I have had but bad fortune, but I
prithee tell me thine.

Rafe I have had two Masters, not by art but by
nature, one said, that by multiplying he would make
of a penny ten pound.

Robin Ay but could he do it?

Rafe Could he do it quoth you? why man, I saw
a pretty wench come to his shop, where with puffing,
blowing, and sweating, he so plied her, that he
multiplied her.

Robin How?

Rafe Why he made her of one, two.

Robin What by fire?

Rafe No, by the Philosopher's stone.

Robin Why, have Philosophers such stones?

Rafe Ay, but they lie in a privy cupboard.

wln 1314
wln 1315

Robin Why then thou art rich if thou have learned
this cunning.

wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348

img: 23-a
sig: F4v

wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363

Rafe Tush this was nothing, he would of a little
fasting spittle, make a hose and doublet of cloth of silver.

Robin Would I had been with him, for I have had
almost no meat, but spittle since I came to the woods.

Rafe How then didst thou live?

Robin Why man I served a fortune-teller, who said
I should live to see my Father hanged, and both my brothers
beg. So I conclude the Mill shall be mine, and I
live by imagination still.

Rafe Thy Master was an Ass, and looked on the
lines of thy hands, but my other Master was an Astronomer,
which could pick my nativity out of the stars.
I should have half a dozen stars in my pocket if I
have not lost them, but here they be. Sol, Saturn, Jupiter,
Mars, Venus.

Robin Why these be but names.

Rafe Ay, but by these he gathereth, that I was a Jovalist,
born of a Thursday, and that I should be a brave
Venerean, and get all my good luck on a Friday.

Robin 'Tis strange that a fish day should be a
flesh day.

Rafe O Robin, *Venus orta mari*, Venus was born of
the Sea, the Sea will have fish, fish must have wine,
wine will have flesh, for *Caro carnis genus est muliebre*:
but soft, here cometh that notable villain, that once
preferred me to the Alchemist.

Enter Peter.

Peter So I had a Master, I would not care what
became of me.

Rafe Robin thou shalt see me fit him. So I had a
servant, I care neither for his conditions, his qualities,
nor his person.

Peter What Rafe? well met. No doubt you had a

warm service of my Master the Alchemist?

Rafe 'Twas warm indeed, for the fire had almost
burnt out mine eyes, and yet my teeth still watered with
hunger: so that my service was both too hot and too
cold. I melted all my meat, and made only my slumber
thoughts, and so had a full head and an empty belly.
But where hast thou been since?

Peter With a brother of thine I think, for he hath
such a coat, and two brothers (as he saith) seeking of
fortunes.

Robin 'tis my brother Dick, I prithee let's go
to him.

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

Peter He hath gotten a Master now, that will

wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376

teach him to make you both his younger brothers.

Rafe Ay, thou passest for devising impossibilities, that's as true as thy Master could make silver pots of tags of points.

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

Rafe Nay if he be both our cozens, I will be his great Grandfather, and Robin shall be his Uncle, but I pray thee bring us to him quickly, for I am great bellied with conceit till I see him.

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

Exeunt.

wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381

Actus quintus. Scaena secunda.

Augur. Ericthinis.

Augur Bring forth the virgin, the fatal virgin, the fairest virgin, if you mean to appease Neptune, and preserve your Country.

img: 23-b
sig: G1r

wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385

Ericthinis Here she cometh, accompanied only with men, because it is a sight unseemly (as all virgins say) to see the misfortune of a maiden, and terrible to behold the fierceness of Agar that Monster.

wln 1386

Enter Haebe, with other to the sacrifice.

wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408

Haebe Miserable and accursed Haebe, that being neither fair nor fortunate, thou shouldst be thought most happy and beautiful. Curse thy birth, thy life, thy death, being born to live in danger, and having lived, to die by deceit. Art thou the sacrifice to appease Neptune, and satisfy the custom, the bloody custom, ordained for the safety of thy Country. I Haebe, poor Haebe, men will have it so, whose forces command our weak natures, nay the Gods will have it so, whose powers dally with our purposes. The Egyptians never cut their Dates from the tree, because they are so fresh and green. It is thought wickedness to pull Roses from the stalks in the Garden of Palestine, for that they have so lively a red: and who so cutteth the incense Tree in Arabia before it fall, committeth sacrilege.

Shall it only be lawful amongst us in the prime of youth, and pride of beauty, to destroy both youth and beauty: and what was honored in fruits and flowers as a virtue, to violate in a virgin as a vice? But alas destiny alloweth no dispute, die Haebe, Haebe die, woeful Haebe, and only accursed Haebe. Farewell the

wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413

img: 24-a
sig: G1v

wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
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wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447

img: 24-b
sig: G2r

wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453

sweet delights of life, and welcome now the bitter pangs of death. Farewell you chaste virgins, whose thoughts are divine, whose faces fair, whose fortunes are agreeable to your affections, enjoy and long enjoy the pleasure of your curled locks, the amiableness of

your wished looks, the sweetness of your tuned voices, the content of your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward shows, only Haebe biddeth farewell to all the joys that she conceived, and you hope for, that she possessed, and you shall; farewell the pomp of Prince's Courts, whose roofs are embossed with gold, and whose pavements are decked with fair Ladies, where the days are spent in sweet delights, the nights in pleasant dreams, where chastity honoreth affections, and commandeth, yieldeth to desire and conquereth.

Farewell the Sovereign of all virtue, and Goddess of all virgins, Diana, whose perfections are impossible to be numbered, and therefore infinite, never to be matched, and therefore immortal. Farewell sweet Parents, yet to be mine, unfortunate Parents. How blessed had you been in barrenness? how happy had I been if I had not been. Farewell life, vain life, wretched life, whose sorrows are long, whose end doubtful, whose miseries certain, whose hopes innumerable, whose fears intolerable. Come death, and welcome death whom nature cannot resist, because necessity ruleth, nor defer because destiny hasteth. Come Agar thou unsatiabable Monster of Maidens' blood, and **devourer** of beauty's bowels, glut thyself till thou surfeit, and let my life end thine. Tear these tender joints with thy greedy jaws, these yellow locks with thy black feet, this fair face with thy foul teeth. Why abatest thou thy wonted swiftness? I am fair, I am a virgin, I am ready. Come Agar thou horrible monster, and farewell world thou viler Monster.

Augur The Monster is not come, and therefore I see Neptune is abused, whose rage will I fear me, be both infinite and intolerable: take in this Virgin,

whose want of beauty hath saved her own life, and **all** yours.

Erichthis We could not find any fairer.

Augur Neptune will. Go deliver her to her father.

Haebe Fortunate Haebe, how shalt thou express thy joys? Nay unhappy girl that art not the fairest.

wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464

Had it not been better for thee to have died with fame,
than to live with dishonor, to have preferred the safety
of thy Country and rareness of thy beauty, before
sweetness of life, and vanity of the world? But alas, destiny
would not have it so, destiny could not, for it asketh
the beautifullest, I would Haebe thou hadst been
beautifullest.

Ericthinis Come Haebe, here is no time for us to reason,
it had been best for us thou hadst been most
beautiful.

Exeunt.

wln 1465
wln 1466

Actus quintus. Scaena tertia.

Phillida. Gallathea.

wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479

Phillida We met the virgin that should have
been offered to Neptune, belike either the custom is
pardoned, or she not thought fairest.

Gallathea I cannot conjecture the cause, but I fear the
event.

Phillida Why should you fear, the God requireth no
boy.

Gallathea I would he did, then should I have no fear.

Phillida I am glad he doth not though, because if he did, I
should have also cause to fear. But soft, what man or
God is this? Let us closely withdraw ourselves into
the Thickets,

Exeunt ambo.

img: 25-a
sig: G2v

wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492

Enter Neptune alone.

Neptune And do men begin to be equal with
Gods, seeking by craft to overreach them that by power
oversee them? Do they dote so much on their daughters
that they stick not to dally with our deities, well
shall the inhabitants see, that destiny cannot be prevented
by craft, nor my anger be appeased by submission.
I will make havoc of Diana's Nymphs, my
Temple shall be dyed with Maidens' blood, and there
shall be nothing more vile than to be a Virgin. To be
young and fair, shall be accounted shame and punishment,
in so much as it shall be thought as dishonorable
to be honest, as fortunate to be deformed.

wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497

Enter Diana with her Nymphs.

Diana O Neptune, hast thou forgotten thyself, or
wilt thou clean forsake me? Hath Diana therefore
brought danger to her Nymphs, because they be chaste?
shall virtue suffer both pain and shame which always

wln 1498

deserveth praise and honor?

wln 1499

Enter Venus.

wln 1500

Venus Praise and honor (Neptune) nothing less, except it be commendable to be coy, and honorable to be peevish. Sweet Neptune, if Venus can do any thing, let her try it in this one thing, that Diana may find as small comfort at thy hands, as Love hath found courtesy at hers.

wln 1501

wln 1502

wln 1503

wln 1504

wln 1505

wln 1506

wln 1507

wln 1508

wln 1509

wln 1510

This is she that hateth sweet delights, envieth loving desires, masketh wanton eyes, stoppeth amorous ears, bridleth youthful mouths, and under a name, or a word constancy, entertaineth all kind of cruelty: she hath taken my son Cupid, Cupid my

img: 25-b
sig: G3r

wln 1511

lovely son, using him like a prentice, whipping him like a slave, scorning him like a beast, therefore Neptune I entreat thee by no other God, than the God of love, that thou evil entreat this Goddess of hate.

wln 1512

wln 1513

wln 1514

wln 1515

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, have you Cupid captive?

wln 1516

wln 1517

wln 1518

wln 1519

wln 1520

wln 1521

wln 1522

wln 1523

wln 1524

Diana I say there is nothing more vain, than to dispute with Venus, whose untamed affections have bred more brawls in heaven, than is fit to repeat in earth, or possible to recount in number, I have Cupid, and will keep him, not to dandle in my lap, whom I abhor in my heart, but to laugh him to scorn, that hath made in my virgins' hearts such deep scars.

wln 1525

wln 1526

wln 1527

wln 1528

wln 1529

wln 1530

wln 1531

wln 1532

wln 1533

wln 1534

Venus Scars Diana call you them that I know to be bleeding wounds? alas weak deity, it stretcheth not so far, both to abate the sharpness of his Arrows and to heal the hurts. No, Love's wounds when they seem green, rankle, and having a smooth skin without, fester to the death within. Therefore Neptune, if ever Venus stood thee in stead, furthered thy fancies, or shall at all times be at thy command, let either Diana bring her Virgins to a continual massacre, or release Cupid of his martyrdom.

wln 1535

wln 1536

wln 1537

wln 1538

Diana It is known Venus, that your tongue is as unruly as your thoughts, and your thoughts as unstead as your eyes, Diana cannot chatter, Venus cannot choose.

wln 1539

wln 1540

wln 1541

wln 1542

wln 1543

wln 1544

Venus It is an honor for Diana to have Venus mean ill, when she so speaketh well, but you shall see I come not to trifle, therefore once again Neptune, if that be not buried, which can never die, fancy, or that quenched which must ever burn, affection, show thyself the same Neptune that I knew thee to be when

img: 26-a
sig: G3v

wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572

thou wast a Shepherd, and let not Venus' words
be vain in thine ears, since thine were imprinted in
my heart.

Neptune It were unfit that Goddesses should
strive, and it were unreasonable that I should not yield,
and therefore to please both, both attend; Diana I must
honor, her virtue deserveth no less, but Venus I must
love, I must confess so much.

Diana, restore Cupid to Venus, and I will forever
release the sacrifice of Virgins, if therefore you love
your Nymphs as she doth her Son, or prefer not
a private grudge before a common grief, answer
what you will do.

Diana I account not the choice hard, for had I
twenty Cupids, I would deliver them all to save one
Virgin, knowing love to be a thing of all the vainest,
virginity to be a virtue of all the noblest. I yield, Larissa,
bring out Cupid: and now shall it be said, that
Cupid saved those he thought to spoil.

Venus I agree to this willingly: for I will be wary
how my Son wander again. But Diana cannot forbid
him to wound.

Diana Yes, chastity is not within the level of his
bow.

Venus But beauty is a fair mark to hit.

Neptune Well I am glad you are agreed: and
say that Neptune hath dealt well with Beauty and
Chastity.

wln 1573

Enter Cupid.

wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576

Diana Here take your son.

Venus Sir boy where have you been? always taken,
first by Sappho, now by Diana, how happ'neth it

img: 26-b
sig: G4r

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587

you unhappy Elf?

Cupid Coming through Diana's woods, and seeing
so many fair faces with fond hearts, I thought
for my sport to make them smart, and so was taken by
Diana.

Venus I am glad I have you.

Diana And I am glad I am rid of him.

Venus Alas poor boy, thy Wings clipped? thy
brands quenched? thy Bow burnt? and thy Arrows
broke?

Cupid Ay but it skilleth not, I bear now mine Arrows

wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

in mine eyes, my Wings on my thoughts, my
brands in mine ears, my bow in my mouth, so as I
can wound with looking, fly with thinking, burn
with hearing, shoot with speaking.

Venus Well you shall up to heaven with me, for
on earth thou wilt lose me.

wln 1594
wln 1595

*Enter Tityrus, Melebeus, Gallathea
and Phillida.*

wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608

Neptune But soft, what be these?

Tityrus Those that have offended thee to save
their daughters.

Neptune Why, had you a fair daughter?

Tityrus Ay, and Melebeus a fair daughter.

Neptune Where be they?

Melebeus In yonder Woods, and methinks I see
them coming.

Neptune Well, your deserts have not gotten pardon,
but these Goddesses' jars.

Melebeus This is my Daughter, my sweet
Phillida.

Tityrus And this is my fair Gallathea.

img: 27-a
sig: G4v

wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
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wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633

Gallathea Unfortunate Gallathea if this be Phillida.

Phillida Accursed Phillida if that be Gallathea.

Gallathea And wast thou all this while enamored of
Phillida, that sweet Phillida?

Phillida And couldst thou dote upon the face of a
Maiden, thyself being one, on the face of fair
Gallathea?

Neptune Do you both being Maidens love one
another?

Gallathea I had thought the habit agreeable with the
Sex, and so burned in the fire of mine own fancies.

Phillida I had thought that in the attire of a boy,
there could not have lodged the body of a Virgin, and
so was inflamed with a sweet desire, which now I find
a sour deceit.

Diana Now things falling out as they do, you
must leave these fond **fond** affections, nature will have
it so, necessity must.

Gallathea I will never love any but Phillida, her love
is engraven in my heart, with her eyes.

Phillida Nor I any but Gallathea, whose faith is imprinted
in my thoughts by her words.

Neptune An idle choice, strange, and foolish, for
one Virgin to dote on another, and to imagine a constant
faith, where there can be no cause of affection.

wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642

img: 27-b
sig: H1r

wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
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wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676

img: 28-a
sig: H1v

wln 1677
wln 1678

How like you this Venus?

Venus I like well and allow it, they shall both be possessed of their wishes, for never shall it be said that Nature or Fortune shall overthrow Love, and Faith. Is your loves unspotted, begun with truth, continued with constancy, and not to be altered till death?

Gallathea Die Gallathea if thy love be not so.

Phillida Accursed be thou Phillida if thy love be

not so.

Diana Suppose all this Venus, what then?

Venus Then shall it be seen, that I can turn one of them to be a man, and that I will.

Diana Is it possible?

Venus What is to Love or the Mistress of love impossible? Was it not Venus that did the like to Iphis and Ianthes; how say ye are ye agreed, one to be a boy presently?

Phillida I am content, so I may embrace Gallathea.

Gallathea I wish it, so I may enjoy Phillida.

Melebeus Soft Daughter, you must know whether I will have you a Son.

Tityrus Take me with you Gallathea, I will keep you as I begat you, a Daughter.

Melebeus Tityrus, let yours be a boy and if you will, mine shall not.

Tityrus Nay mine shall not, for by that means my young son shall lose his inheritance.

Melebeus Why then get him to be made a Maiden and then there is nothing lost.

Tityrus If there be such changing, I would Venus could make my wife a Man.

Melebeus Why?

Tityrus Because she loves always to play with men.

Venus Well you are both fond, therefore agree to this changing, or suffer your Daughters to endure hard chance.

Melebeus How say you Tityrus, shall we refer it to Venus.

Tityrus I am content, because she is a Goddess.

Venus Neptune you will not dislike it.

Neptune Not I.

Venus Nor you Diana.

Diana Not I.

wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686

Venus Cupid shall not.
Cupid I will not.
Venus Then let us depart, neither of them shall
know whose lot it shall be till they come to the Church door.
One shall be, doth it suffice?
Phillida And satisfy us both, doth it not
Gallathea?
Gallathea Yes Phillida.

wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
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wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709

Enter Rafe, Robin, and Dick.

Rafe Come Robin, I am glad I have met with
thee, for now we will make our Father laugh at these
tales.
Diana What are these that so malapertly thrust
themselves into our companies?
Robin Forsooth Madam we are fortune tellers.
Venus Fortune tellers; tell me my fortune.
Rafe We do not mean fortune tellers, we mean
fortune tellers: we can tell what fortune we have had
these twelve months in the Woods.
Diana Let them alone, they be but peevish.
Venus Yet they will be as good as Minstrels at the
marriage, to make us all merry.
Dick Ay Ladies we bear a very good Consort,
Venus Can you sing?
Rafe Basely.
Venus And you?
Dick Meanly.
Venus And what can you do?
Robin If they double it, I will treble it.
Venus Then shall ye go with us, and sing Hymen
before the marriage. Are you content?

img: 28-b
sig: H2r

wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714

Rafe Content? never better content, for there we
shall be sure to fill our bellies with Capons rumps, or
some such dainty dishes.
Venus Then follow us.

Exeunt.

wln 1715

The Epilogue.

wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723

Gallathea GO all, 'tis I only that conclude all. You
Ladies may see, that Venus can make
constancy fickleness, courage cowardice, modesty
lightness, working things impossible in your Sex,
and tempering hardest hearts like softest wool. Yield
Ladies, yield to love Ladies, which lurketh under your
eyelids whilst you sleep, and playeth with your heartstrings
whilst you wake: whose sweetness never breedeth

wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729

satiety, labor weariness, nor grief bitterness.
Cupid was begotten in a mist, nursed in Clouds, and
sucking only upon conceits. Confess him a Conqueror,
whom ye ought to regard, sith it is unpossible to
resist, for this is infallible, that Love conquereth all
things but itself, and Ladies all hearts but their own.

wln 1730

FINIS.

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 *Fremmentation*.
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*.