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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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

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

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

*By the Children of  
Paul's.*

In 0007

In 0008

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

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001

The Prologue.

wln 0002

*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 wanted  
grace. We in all humility desire, that by  
the former, receiving our first breath, we may  
in the latter, take our last rest.*

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

*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

*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 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026

img: 3-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0027

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

GALLATHEA.

wln 0028

Actus primus. Scaena prima.

wln 0029

*Tityrus. Gallathea.*

wln 0030

*Tityrus.* THE Sun doth beat

wln 0031

upon the plain fields,

wln 0032

wherefore let us sit down

wln 0033

Gallathea, under this fair

wln 0034

Oak, by whose broad

wln 0035

leaves, being defended

wln 0036

from the warm beams, we may enjoy the fresh air,

wln 0037

which softly breathes from Humber floods.

wln 0038

*Gallathea* Father, you have devised well, and whilst our

wln 0039

flock doth roam up and down this pleasant green,

wln 0040

you shall recount to me, if it please you, for what cause

wln 0041

this Tree was dedicated unto Neptune, and why you

wln 0042

have thus disguised me.

wln 0043

*Tityrus* I do agree thereto, and when thy state and

wln 0044

my care be considered, thou shalt know this question

wln 0045

was not asked in vain.

wln 0046

*Gallathea* I willingly attend.

wln 0047

*Tityrus* In times past, where thou seest a heap

wln 0048

of small pebble, stood a stately Temple of white Marble,

wln 0049

which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in

wln 0050

right being so near the Sea) hither came all such as

img: 4-a

sig: B1v

wln 0051

either ventured by long travel to see Countries, or by

wln 0052

great traffic to use merchandise, offering Sacrifice by

wln 0053

fire, to get safety by water; yielding thanks for perils

wln 0054

past, and making prayers for good success to come;

wln 0055

but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancy, did

wln 0056

change her copy, as the people their custom, for the

wln 0057

Land being oppressed by Danes, who instead of sacrifice,

wln 0058

committed sacrilege, instead of religion, rebellion,

wln 0059

and made a prey of that in which they should have

wln 0060

made their prayers, tearing down the Temple even

wln 0061

with the earth, being almost equal with the skies, enraged

wln 0062

so the God who binds the winds in the hollows

wln 0063

of the earth, that he caused the Seas to break

wln 0064

their bounds, sith men had broke their vows, and to

wln 0065

swell as far above their reach, as men had swerved

wln 0066

beyond their reason: then might you see ships sail

wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
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wln 0085

img: 4-b  
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wln 0086  
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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  
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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.*

wln 0145  
wln 0146  
wln 0147  
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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  
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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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img: 6-b  
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wln 0223  
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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

*Robin* Why be they dead that be drowned, I had

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

wln 0269

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wln 0285

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wln 0288

wln 0289

wln 0290

img: 7-b  
sig: C1r

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.

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wln 0292

wln 0293

wln 0294

wln 0295

wln 0296

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wln 0298

wln 0299



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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  
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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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img: 8-b  
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wln 0360  
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wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
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wln 0379  
wln 0380  
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wln 0389  
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.

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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.*

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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

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wln 0431

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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wln 0435  
wln 0436  
wln 0437

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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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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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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wln 0577  
wln 0578

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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img: 14-a  
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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

wln 0764  
wln 0765  
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wln 0767

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thyself 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*

wln 0769  
wln 0770

Actus tertius. Scaena secunda.

*Phillida and Gallathea.*

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wln 0772  
wln 0773

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

wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776

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

wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779

*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.

wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782

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

wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785

*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.

wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788

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

wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791

*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.

wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794

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

wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797

*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?

wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800

*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

wln 0801  
wln 0802

img: 15-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805

love, desire your favor, would you not yield?

*Phillida* Tush you come in with admit.

*Gallathea* And you with suppose.

wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808

*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

wln 0809  
wln 0810  
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wln 0837

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wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
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wln 0844  
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wln 0846  
wln 0847  
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wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855

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 0857  
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wln 0866  
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  
wln 0881  
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wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
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 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
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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 ethereal contemplation.  
Come let us in.

*Exeunt.*

img: 17-a  
sig: E2v

wln 0938  
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 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
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wln 0961  
wln 0962  
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wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971

img: 17-b  
sig: E3r

wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
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wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994

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

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

wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006

img: 18-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013

wln 1014  
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wln 1038  
wln 1039  
wln 1040

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?

*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

img: 18-b



wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046  
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wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060

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.*

wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063  
wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
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 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
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.*

wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
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wln 1091  
wln 1092  
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wln 1101  
wln 1102  
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wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108

img: 19-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
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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  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142

img: 20-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
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wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177

img: 20-b  
sig: F2r

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 unpossible 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 unpossible 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.

wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212

img: 21-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216

wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
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  
wln 1227  
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.*

wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
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

wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
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wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
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  
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wln 1291  
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wln 1300  
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wln 1302  
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wln 1304  
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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  
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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  
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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  
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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 unsatiable 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.

*Ericthinis* 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  
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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  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
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  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658  
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wln 1665  
wln 1666  
wln 1667  
wln 1668  
wln 1669  
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  
wln 1695  
wln 1696  
wln 1697  
wln 1698  
wln 1699  
wln 1700  
wln 1701  
wln 1702  
wln 1703  
wln 1704  
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.*



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## 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*.