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Gallathea.

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

By the Children of
Paul’s.

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

The Prologue.

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

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

GALLATHEA.

Actus primus. Scaena prima.

Tityrus. Gallathea.

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

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

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

Gallathea I willingly attend.

Tityrus In times past, where thou seest a heap of small pebble, stood a stately Temple of white Marble, which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in right being so near the Sea) hither came all such as either ventured by long travel to see Countries, or by great traffic to use merchandise, offering Sacrifice by fire, to get safety by water; yielding thanks for perils past, and making prayers for good success to come; but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancy, did change her copy, as the people their custom, for the Land being oppressed by Danes, who instead of sacrifice, committed sacrilege, instead of religion, rebellion, and made a prey of that in which they should have made their prayers, tearing down the Temple even with the earth, being almost equal with the skies, enraged so the God who binds the winds in the hollows of the earth, that he caused the Seas to break their bounds, sith men had broke their vows, and to swell as far above their reach, as men had swerved beyond their reason: then might you see ships sail
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 fearfulFather.
**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 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.*

Actus primus. Scaena secunda.

**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 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 godess? who knows it not? Virgins?
who thinks it not? Hunting? who loves it not?

Cupid  I pray thee sweet wenche, 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.

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.

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. Whatevsoever 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.
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.
Robin   Why be they dead that be drowned, I had

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

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

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

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

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

Mariner  Will you learn?

Dick  Ay.

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

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

North and by North, Northeast. Northeast and

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.
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.

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 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.
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?
Philida  I understand not one word you speak.
Diana  What art thou neither Lad nor shepherd?
Philida  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.
**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.

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 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.

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
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 unpossible 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, Decensorsies, 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, Salpettre, Vitriol, Sal tartar, Sal perperat, Argol, Resagar, Sal Armonic, Agrimony, Lumany, Brimstone, Valerian, Tartar Alum, Breemwort, 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
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
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.
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.

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

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.

Philida 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...
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.

Actus tertius. Scaena prima.

Telusa alone.

Enter Eurota.

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

Enter Eurota.

Eurota Telusa, Diana bid me hunt you out, and saith
Enter Ramia.

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
thyselde 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
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 exclameth 

against Diana, honorest 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
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.

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Acts tertius. Scaena secunda.

*Phillida and Gallathea.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

_**Gallathea**_  Admit that I were, as you would have me suppose that you are, and that I should with entreaties, prayers, oaths, bribes, and whatever can be invented in love, desire your favor, would you not yield?

_**Phillida**_  Tush you come in with admit.

_**Gallathea**_  And you with suppose.

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

_**Gallathea**_  What dread riseth in my mind, I fear the
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 wildest 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
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
the body. The Ram governeth the head.

Rafe That is the worst sign for the head.

Astronomer Why?

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 Judicia 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.
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,
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
own arrow shall be shot into thine own bosom, and thou shalt be enamored, not on Psyches, 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.

*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 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.

*Exeunt.*
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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

Exeunt.
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.
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 entrappest 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.

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
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.

Actus quartus Scaena quarta.

Enter Gallathea and Phillida.

\textit{Phillida} I marvel what virgin the people will \textbf{present},
it is happy you are none, for then it would have
fall’n to your lot because you are so fair.

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

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

\textit{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.

\textit{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.

\textit{Gallathea} No I will not, but love thee better, because I
cannot love as a brother.

\textit{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.

\textit{Gallathea} I accept that name, for divers before have
called me Mistress.

\textit{Phillida} For what cause?

\textit{Gallathea} Nay there lie the Mistress.

\textit{Phillida} Will not you be at the sacrifice?

\textit{Gallathea} No.

\textit{Phillida} Why?

\textit{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.

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

\textit{Gallathea} Why then you are in danger.

\textit{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.

\textit{Gallathea} I am agreed, for then my fear will be passed.

\textit{Phillida} Why, what dost thou fear?

\textit{Gallathea} Nothing but that you love me not.

\textit{Phillida} I will. Poor Phillida, what shouldst thou
think of thyself, that loveth one that I fear me, is as

Exit.
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.

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.


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.

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

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
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.

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*Exeunt.*

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**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.

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*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.

*Enter Haebe, with other to the sacrifice.*

*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
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.
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.

    Actus quintus. Scaena tertia.

    Phillida. Gallathea.

    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.

    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.

    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
Enter Venus.

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.

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 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.

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?

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.

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.

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

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, affliction, show thyself the same Neptune that I knew thee to be when
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.

Enter Cupid.

Diana Here take your son.

Venus Sir boy where have you been? always taken, first by Sappho, now by Diana, how happ’then it 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
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.

   Enter Tityrus, Melebeus, Gallathea
   and Phillida.

   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.

   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.
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.

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 Ianthas; 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.
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?

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.

The Epilogue.

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
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 impossible to 
resist, for this is infallible, that Love conquereth all 
things but itself, and Ladies all hearts but their own.

FINIS.
Textual Notes

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