

THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

EXCLUDING SHAKESPEARE

Selected Plays

BY

LYLY, PEELE, GREENE, MARLOWE, KYD, CHAPMAN, JONSON
DEKKER, MARSTON, HEYWOOD, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER
WEBSTER, MIDDLETON, MASSINGER, FORD, SHIRLEY

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL QUARTOS AND FOLIOS
WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY

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PREFACE

THE aim in the selection of the plays in this volume has been twofold : first, to present typical examples of the work of the most important of Shakespeare's contemporaries, so that, read with Shakespeare's own writings, they might afford a view of the development of the English drama through its most brilliant period ; secondly, to present, as far as it was possible in one volume, the most distinguished plays of that period, regarded merely from the point of view of their intrinsic value. It is clear that these two purposes could not always be perfectly combined ; but it is hoped that each has been in good measure achieved without undue sacrifice of the other, and that the interests of the academic student and the general reader have been fairly harmonized.

In the treatment of the text, the same principles have been followed as in the editor's edition of Shakespeare's works in the Cambridge Poets Series. Each play has been printed from the most authentic text accessible, and emendations have been adopted sparingly. Modern stage directions, and divisions into scenes and acts which do not appear in the original editions, have been distinguished by square brackets ; modern notes of place at the beginning of scenes have been relegated to the footnotes ; and indications given by the early copies of the authors' intentions with regard to the reading of the metre have been carefully preserved, especially in the matter of elided vowels. It is probable that, in the case of most of the present plays, the final *-ed* of verbs was intended to be pronounced as a separate syllable whenever it is spelled in full. The spelling and punctuation have been modernized throughout, except when the older spelling implied a different pronunciation.

The footnotes give the most important variant readings, and explanations of obsolete expressions ; and the Additional Notes at the end of the volume supply information with regard to the circumstances of publication, date, and sources of each play. In accordance with the plan of the Chief Poets Series, to which the volume belongs, there have been added concise biographical sketches and a selected bibliography of the dramatic work of each author. In view of the full bibliographies printed recently in Professor Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama* and in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vols. v and vi, it has not seemed advisable to attempt to give exhaustive bibliographies at the expense of reducing the number of dramas. All collected editions of the dramatists concerned are, however, mentioned ; all separate editions of the plays here printed ; a complete list of each author's dramas, with the dates of the original editions ; and a selection of the more important critical and biographical articles and books. Attention may also be called to the complete index of all the *dramatis personae* who have speaking parts, and to the index of songs.

In the selection of the thirty plays to be included I have received valuable advice from many friends and colleagues on the faculties of many colleges and universities ; so many that a complete acknowledgment would be impracticable, a partial one invidious. For all such help I am deeply grateful. I have also received courtesies from the authorities of

the Boston Public Library, the Boston Athenaeum, and the Harvard College Library, which have enabled me to add to the authority of my texts by a first-hand collation of a number of the original quartos.

Printing from so great a variety of sources and from so many different authors, I have found it difficult to preserve perfect uniformity of treatment, and have doubtless at times failed of accuracy. Any corrections which may occur to students of the Elizabethan drama who use the volume will be warmly welcomed.

W. A. N.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, January, 1911.

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ENDYMION

THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY
JOHN LYL

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ENDYMION, in love with Cynthia.
EUMENIDES, his friend, in love with Semele.
CORSIOTES, a Captain, in love with Tellus.
PANELION, } Lords of Cynthia's Court.
ZONTES, }
PYTHAGORAS, the Greek Philosopher.
GYPTES, an Egyptian Soothsayer.
GERON, an old man, husband to Dipsas.
SIR TOPHAS, a Braggart.
DARES, Page to Eumenides.
SAMIAS, Page to Endymion.
EETON, Page to Sir Tophas.

Master Constable.
First Watchman.
Second Watchman.

CYNTHIA, the Queen.
TELLUS, in love with Endymion.
FLOSCULA, her friend.
SEMELE, loved by Eumenides.
SCINTILLA, } Waiting-maids.
FAVILLA, }
DIPSAS, an old Enchantress.
BAGOA, her servant.

Watchmen; Fairies; Three Ladies and an Old Man in the Dumb Show.]

THE PROLOGUE

MOST high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon, which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse: it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chimæra because it was a fiction: we hope in our times none will apply pastimes,¹ because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor anything but that whosoever heareth may say this: Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

ACT I

SCENE I.²

[Enter] ENDYMION and EUMENIDES.

Endymion. I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. [5] My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayest imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

Eum. If you be enamoured of anything [10] above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself senseless to attribute such lofty [15] titles to such [low]³ trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the moon nor above.

¹ Interpret the play as referring to political or other events.

² In the Gardens of Cynthia's Palace.

³ So Bond. Old edd. *love*.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted⁴ upon the Man in the Moon.

End. No; but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

Eum. Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion?

End. Eumenides, the moon.

Eum. There was never any so peevish⁵ to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humour, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrosus.

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O, fair Cynthia, why do others term [40] thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened

⁴ Infatuated with.

⁵ Foolish.

her with the name of wavering, waxing, and [45] waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a settled course; which, since her first creation, altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; [50] and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor are blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall [55] we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fulness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honoured. When malice cannot object [65] anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted), being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that [70] having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honours and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time; whose fair face neither the [75] summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colours? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, [80] if thou shouldst always continue at thy fulness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month [85] we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathe clouts,¹ beguiling our eyes; and then — [90]

Eum. Stay there, Endymion; thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech: the moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not. [95]

End. Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own [100] tunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. [*Exit*]

Eum. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched; otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there [105] could not harbour a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun.

Exit.

SCENE II.²

[*Enter*] TELLUS and FLOSCULA.

Tellus. Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, [5] if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate? As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs [10] without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin, whose simplicity had been worth thy favour and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well for- [15] given in women as perjury winked at in men.

Flosc. Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than [20] contend, being between you and her no comparison; and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

Tellus. No comparison, Floscula? And [25] why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? [30] Dost not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any, could love or live. [35]

Flosc. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nourisheth the [40] other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures. Suffer, then, Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his [45] own imaginations, because they are immortal.

Tellus. Loath I am, Endymion, thou shouldst die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldst live, it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities, [50] what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am resolved. He shall neither live nor die.

Flosc. A strange practice,³ if it be possible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means [55] to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, be- [60] tween my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take

¹ Swaddling-clothes.

² The same.

³ Plot.

root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor ⁶⁵ company of the worthiest, shall alter his humour, nor make him once to think of his honour.

Flosc. A revenge incredible, and, if it may be, unnatural.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a wo- ⁷⁰ man to have neither mean nor end; and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it; I must; I will! All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah, sweet person!) shall he deck with such rich ⁷⁵ robes as he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit (ah, wit too sharp that hath cut off all my joys!) shall he use in flattering of my face and devising sonnets in my favour. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent ⁸⁰ in melancholy passions, careless behaviour, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flosc. When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight? ⁸⁵

Tellus. Ah, *Floscula*, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end. ⁹⁰

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate *Juno*, who would turn *Jupiter's* lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchant- ⁹⁵ ment is like a flower that is wrought in silk, — in colour and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favoured of *Endymion*. ¹⁰⁰

Flosc. Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines¹ unwholesome.

Tellus. *Floscula*, they that be so poor that ¹⁰⁵ they have neither net nor hook will rather poison dough than pine with hunger; and she that is so oppress'd with love that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful means than try in- ¹¹⁰ tolerable pains. I will do it. *Exit.*

Flosc. Then about it. Poor *Endymion*, what traps are laid for thee because thou honour'st one that all the world wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that ¹¹⁵ studiest of all men to be the faithfulest! *Exit.*

SCENE III.²

[*Enter*] *DARES* and *SAMIAS*.

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

Samias. Oh, that we had *Sir Tophas*, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth, — *et* ¹⁵ *ecce autem*, "Will you see the Devil", —

Enter *SIR TOPHAS* [*and* *EPITON*].

Top. *Epi*!

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humour of love; it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love- ¹⁵ mongers in former ages seemed to infer they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, — and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy. ¹⁵

Top. Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet? What's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

Epi. No. ²⁰

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say — a poet. [*Noticing DARES and SAMIAS.*] But soft, yonder be two wrens; shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads. ²⁵

Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larks! Are you blind? They are two little boys.

Top. Birds or boys, they are both but a pitance for my breakfast; therefore have at ³⁰ them, for their brains must as it were embroider my bolts.³

Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Dar. Why, *Sir Tophas*, have you for- ³⁵ gotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares*. Now, my pretty com- ⁴⁰ panions, you shall see how unequal you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half-friends for reaching to my middle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend. ⁴⁵

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

Top. My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*; you must think the rest immortal, be- ⁵⁰ cause you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a man.

Dar. And thou less than a mouse.

Top. But what be you two? ⁵⁵

Sam. I am *Samias*, page to [*Eumenides*].

Dar. And I *Dares*, page to [*Endymion*].

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clown! Why, they are honourable and warriors. ⁶⁰

Top. Then are they my prentices.

Dar. Thine! And why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by *Mars* himself given me for my arms a whole armory; and thus I go, as you ⁶⁵ see, clothed with artillery. It is not silks, milk-sops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of *Seres*,⁴

³ Blunt arrows.

⁴ Wool of *Seres*, Chinese silk. Old edd. read *Ceres*. Bond *Seres*.

¹ Caught with poisoned dough-balls.

² The same.

but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamour, blood, and ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle [70 but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

Sam. What then do you blows?

Top. Not only [wound],¹ but also confound. 75

Sam. How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

Top. You shall live:—you, Samias, because you are little; you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but [80 two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a bird-bolt for the [85 ugly beast the blackbird.

Dar. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed or, as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.²

Sam. O desperate attempt! 90

Edi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dar. Ay, if he catch them.

Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which al- [95 though he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderful war! [*Aside.*] Dares, [100 didst thou ever hear such a do?

Dar. [*Aside.*] All the better; we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service than his company! Look [105 how he struts. [*To Sir TOPHAS.*] But what is this? Call you it your sword?

Top. No, it is my simitar; which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter. [110

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.

Top. Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall make choice [115 of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass; is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call [120 you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *mas*, *maris* is a man. Then as (as you know) is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

Top. The Latin hath saved your lives, the [125 which a world of silver could not have ransom'd. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service. 130

Top. Samias, I thank you: Dares, I thank you: but especially I thank you both.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will [135 be very dainty.

Dar. Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time. *Exeunt* [SAMIAS and DARES.]

Top. Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul [140 enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river, and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no minute free from fight.

Exeunt [Sir TOPHAS and EPITON.] 145

SCENE IV.³

[*Enter at one side*] FLOSCULA and TELLUS, [*at the other*] DIPAS.

Tellus. Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execu- [5 tion.

Flosc. Use your discretion; I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine [10 anything more impossible.

Tellus. Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not practise? Dipas, whom as many honour for [15 age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, [20 stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or any practice,⁴ to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dipass. Fair lady, you may imagine that [25 these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause, I can darken the sun by my skill and remove the moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged and make [30 hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do: and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I [35 would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and extreme love.

Tellus. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are [40 so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art!

Dipass. This I can: breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom [45 you love, and what she that he honoureth?

Tellus. Endymion, sweet Endymion is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia, too, too fair

¹ Old edd. *confound*.

² Drake.

³ The same.

⁴ Plot.

Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and ⁵⁰ dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dipsas. Would you have his love either by absence or sickness aslaked? ¹ Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous ⁶⁵ of him without colour?

Tellus. It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be un-
speakable, may be suspected. ⁶⁰

Dipsas. I will undertake it, and overtake ² him, that all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate: but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but truth. ⁶⁵

Tellus. Let us go.

Dipsas. I follow.

Exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.³

[*Enter*] ENDYMION.

Endymion. O fair Cynthia! O unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly; or why are not thine honours as rare as her beauty, or thy fortunes as great as thy de- ⁵ serts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? Will labours, patient of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel that I will not tame, no action ¹⁰ so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow ¹⁵ eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vow'd only to thy beauty and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained ²⁰ but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wond'ring at but thee? Nay, whom have I not condemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, ²⁵ only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouchsafest I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? ³⁰ With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affections, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection allow- ³⁵ eth no companion nor comparison. In the midst of these distemp'ring thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure; which strange humour mak-

eth my mind as desperate as thy conceits are ⁴⁰ doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish (thy fish,⁴ Cynthia, in the flood Araris) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy waning as black as deepest dark- ⁴⁵ ness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagin- ing ill as enterprising; that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed anything fair but thy ⁵⁰ face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion, who, divorcing himself from the amiable-
ness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, ⁵⁵ the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favour, accounting in the world — but thyself — nothing excellent, nothing immortal: thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of ⁶⁰ my love, in which there is no flattery, nor deceit, error, nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn my other face to her, like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.

Enter TELLUS, [FLOSCULA, and DIPSAS].

Tellus. Yonder I espy Endymion. I will ⁶⁵ seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our ⁷⁰ saluting. [FLOSCULA and DIPSAS withdraw.] How now, Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts, no friend but melancholy fancies?

End. You know, fair Tellus, that the ⁷⁵ sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art with me. ⁸⁰

Tellus. Then you love me, Endymion?

End. Or else I live not, Tellus.

Tellus. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

End. Not, Tellus, unless I could make me ⁸⁵ a woman.

Tellus. Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

End. No, but found in their sex as com- ⁹⁰ mon as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

Tellus. Do they all dissemble?

End. All but one. ⁹⁵

Tellus. Who is that?

End. I dare not tell: for if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to be extreme; if another, then would you think my love to be but indifferent. ¹⁰⁰

Tellus. You will be sure I shall take no van-

⁴ "The fish *Scolopidus* in the flood *Araris*." — *Anat. of Wit*, p. 89, Arber. (Baker.)

¹ Abated.

² Overcome.

³ The same.

tage of your words. But, in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies, is it not Cynthia?

End. You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

Tellus. Why, she is but a woman. 110

End. No more was Venus.

Tellus. She is but a virgin.

End. No more was Vesta.

Tellus. She shall have an end.

End. So shall the world. 115

Tellus. Is not her beauty subject to time?

End. No more than time is to standing still.

Tellus. Wilt thou make her immortal?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tellus. Take heed, Endymion, lest like [120] the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight catch'd an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all cure. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia. 125

End. No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm, can ever get hold of the [130] beams of the sun. Cynthia I honour in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would [135] die with wondering. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.¹

[*Enter*] DARES, SAMIAS, SCINTILLA, and FAVILLA.

Dar. Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

Sam. Let them sigh, and let us sing. How [5] say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

Scint. Their tongues, haply, are dipp'd to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipp'd on [10] the side with constant desires.

Dar. How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher,² that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, [15] their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers!

Favil. Away, peevish boy; a rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth! It will be a forward cock that croweth in the [20] shell.

Dar. Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

Scint. Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire. 25

Favil. And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. [*Aside to Dares.*] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks. 30

Dar. [*Aside to Samias.*] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

Scint. You are not angry, Favilla?

Favil. That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it. 35

Sam. That, that!

Scint. This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies,³ would before to-morrow be accounted matrons.

Favil. I cry your matronship mercy. Be- [40] cause your pantables⁴ be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps. You will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I on the floor.

Sam. Good, good! 45

Dar. [*To Samias.*] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

Scint. Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word. 50

Sam. [*To Dares.*] Step between them lest they scratch. — In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests; be friends. How say you?

Scint. I am not angry, but it spited me to [55] see how short she was.

Favil. I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.

Dar. Then, so let it rest.

Scint. I am agreed. 60

Favil. And I. Yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life. [*Weeps.*]

Scint. 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion. [*Weeps.*]

Dar. Excellent, and right like a woman. 65

Sam. A strange sight to see water come out of fire.

Dar. It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths honey and gall. 70

Enter [*at the opposite side*] Sir TOPHAS [*and* EPITON].

Scint. You will be a good one if you live. But what is yonder formal fellow?

Dar. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him. 75

Favil. We will do our parts.

Dar. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb,⁵ for all consisteth in his gracing.

[*The four retire.*]

Top. Epi!

Epi. At hand, sir. 80

Top. How liketh thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies⁶ fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all [85]

¹ The same.

² A thief.

³ Dolls.

⁴ Loose shoes.

⁵ Show his style.

⁶ The trout which Epiton is carrying.

comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat.

Top. I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my un-⁹⁰ stanch'd stomach.

Epi. [*Aside.*] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren; so warlike a thing he accounteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.⁹⁵

Top. Epi, I find my thoughts to swell and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

Favil. This passeth!

Scint. Why, is he not mad?

Sam. No, but a little vainglorious. } [*Aside.*]¹⁰⁰

Top. Epi!

Epi. Sir.

Top. I will encounter that black and cruel¹⁰⁵ enemy that beareth rough and untew'd¹ locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defence from all harms.¹¹⁰

Epi. What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

Top. Honour inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monster?

Top. The monster *Ovis*. I have said, — let thy wits work.¹¹⁵

Epi. I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see, — a "black enemy" with "rough locks." It may be a sheep, and *Ovis* is a sheep. His sire so¹²⁰ strong: a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs, — so hath a sheep. Without doubt, this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean?¹²⁵

Top. Thou hast hit it: that monster will I kill and sup with.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Come let us take him off. [*SAMIAS, DARES, FAVILLA, and SCINTILLA come forward.*] Sir Tophas, all hail!¹³⁰

Top. Welcome, children; I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

Dar. No harm done. Here be fair ladies¹³⁵ come to wonder at your person, your valour, your wit, the report whereof hath made them careless of their own honours, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

Top. Report cannot but injure me, for that¹⁴⁰ not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

Scint. No, gentle knight, report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit, so much hath she told, yet no¹⁴⁵ more than we now see.

Dar. A good wench.

Favil. If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in your courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy, who, hear-¹⁵⁰

ing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it are now in love with it.

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it,¹⁵⁵ Venus shall not paint on it.

Favil. A cruel saying.

Sam. [*Aside.*] There's a girl.

Dar. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.¹⁶⁰

Top. There cometh no soft syllable within my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous. That pelting² word love, how waterish it is in my mouth; it carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death, are¹⁶⁵ speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies, I disdain it as a¹⁷⁰ thing childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

Scint. A hard heart! Shall we die for your love and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit.¹⁷⁵

Epi. Good master, pity them.

Top. Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pest'rd with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?¹⁸⁰

Epi. Why, it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money!

Dar. Is not this gentleman over-wise?

Favil. I could stay all day with him, if¹⁸⁵ I feared not to be shent.³

Scint. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dar. Yes, at any time.

Favil. Then let us hasten home.

Scint. Sir Tophas, the god of war deal¹⁹⁰ better with you than you do with the god of love.

Favil. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us.¹⁹⁵

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast. Love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOPHAS and EPITON.]

Dar. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous²⁰⁰ beast; but let us in till another time.

Favil. I shall long for that time. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.⁴

[*Enter*] ENDYMION.

End. No rest, Endymion! Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night! Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile⁵ myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by mus-

¹ Uncombed.

² Paltry.

³ Reproached.

⁴ In a Grove.

ing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savours, so my heart, [10 which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary,¹ and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair. But [15 what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honour? She was honourable. Endymion; belie her not. Ay, but how obscure is honour without fortune. Was she not for- [20 tunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty: thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep [25 or die. Nay, die, for to sleep, it is impossible; — and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when [30 did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! Ay, so; — I say, Cynthia! *He falls asleep.*

[Enter DIPSAS and BAGOA.]

Dipsas. Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed [35 thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by [40 art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin on which scarcely appeareth soft down shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep [45 out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knewest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthful in the court when thou laigest thee down to sleep. [50 The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have intreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries. [To BAGOA.] [55 Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with [60 a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever.

Bagoa. Let me alone; I will be careful. [Exit DIPSAS.] What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? O fair En- [65 dymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love!

I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas [70 coming! I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Re-enter DIPSAS.

Dipsas. How now, have you finished?

Bagoa. Yea. [75]

Dipsas. Well then, let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. *Exeunt [DIPSAS and BAGOA].* [80]

A DUMB SHOW² [representing the dream of Endymion].

Music sounds. Three ladies enter: one with a knife and a looking-glass, who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps; but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares [85 not. At last, the first lady looking in the glass, casts down the knife. Exeunt.

Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves; offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. He rendeth³ two, and offers the third, [90 where he stands awhile; and then Endymion offers to take it. Exit [the Old Man].

ACT III

SCENE I.⁴

[Enter] CYNTHIA, TELLUS, [SEMELE, EUMENIDES, CORBITES, PANELION, and ZONTES.]

Cynthia. Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum. Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at. [5]

Tellus. As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

Cynth. What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was Endymion only was.

Eum. It is an old saying, madam, that a [10 waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy. [15]

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynth. What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts! [6 I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, [20 and make your speeches answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon, I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever [25

¹ Moonwort. "I have heard of an herb called Lunary that being bound to the pulses of the sick cause nothing but dreams of weddings and dances." Act III, Sc. 3, *Sapho and Phao*. (Baker.)

² Dumb show. Omitted in first edition. Given by Blount in 1632.

³ Blount reads *rendeth*.

⁴ In the Gardens of the Palace. ⁵ Wranglings.

seemeth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynth. If you be so dear to him, how hap-peneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him? ^[30]

Eum. I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your Highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though ^[35] not in possession, may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favour, if you redeem that honourable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues, and whose unmelldowed conceits promise ripe counsel. ^[40]

Cynth. I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

Tellus. But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock,¹ and young it pricks ^[45] that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

Cynth. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable dis- ^[50] pleasure. Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave.

Cors. Shall she work stories or poetries?

Cynth. Itskilleth² not which. Go to, in both; for she shall find examples infinite in either ^[55] what punishment long tongues have. Eumenides, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore, dispatch ^[60] with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are acquainted in Athens; you, Panelion, to Egypt; saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth. ^[65]

Eum. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs, I fly for remedy.

Zon. We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that Cynthia, ^[70] whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world with marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your Majesty's words have been al- ^[75] ways deeds, and your deeds virtues. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.³

[Enter] CORsites and TELLUS.

Cors. Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honoured ^[5] in courts, should here wither in prison.

Tellus. Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; and therefore do I esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage. ^[10]

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination?

Tellus. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore ^[15] the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court. ^[20]

Cors. A humour contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex; the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

Tellus. I marvel, Corsites, that you being ^[25] a captain, who should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love. ^[30]

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that beauty cannot allure, ^[35] and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tellus. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labour. The little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover. ^[40]

Cors. Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus shall command.

Tellus. The only favour I desire is now and then to walk. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.⁴

[Enter] Sir TOPHAS and EPITON.

Tophas. Epi!

Epi. Here, sir.

Tophas. Unrig me. Heigho!

Epi. What's that?

Tophas. An interjection, whereof some are ^[5] of mourning: as *eho, vah*.⁵

Epi. I understand you not.

Tophas. Thou seest me.

Epi. Ay.

Tophas. Thou hearest me. ^[10]

Epi. Ay.

Tophas. Thou feelest me.

Epi. Ay.

Tophas. And not understand'st me?

Epi. No. ^[15]

Tophas. Then am I but three-quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the troth, I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Tophas. Because I cannot stand without ^[20] another.

Epi. Who is that?

Tophas. Dipsas.

Epi. Are you in love?

Tophas. No; but love hath, as it were, ^[25]

⁴ In the Gardens of the Palace.

⁵ Here, and below, the allusions are to W. Lilly's Latin Grammar.

¹ A crooked tree. ² Matters. ³ Before a castle.

milk'd my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my sconce with iron, lest my head break, and so I bewray¹ my brains. But, I³⁰ pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun and give me a gown: *Cedant arma togæ.*²

Epi. Here.

Tophas. Take my sword and shield and give me beard-brush and scissors: *Bella gerant alii, tu Pari semper ama.*³

Epi. Will you be trimm'd, sir?

Tophas. Not yet; for I feel a contention⁴⁰ within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush. But take my pike and give me pen: *Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.*⁴

Epi. I will furnish you, sir.

Tophas. Now, for my bow and bolts give⁴⁵ me ink and paper, for my smiter a pen-knife; for

*Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, Sint semper studiis arma parata meis.*⁵

Epi. Sir, will you give over wars and play⁵⁰ with that bauble called love?

Tophas. Give over wars? No, *Epi.* *Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*⁶

Epi. Love hate made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

Tophas. *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.*⁷

Epi. Nay, I must seek a new master if you can speak nothing but verses.

Tophas. *Quicquid conabar dicere, versus*⁶⁰ *erat.*⁸ *Epi.* I feel all Ovid *De Arte Amandi* lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. Oh, what a fine, thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great⁶⁵

and goodly lips! How harmless she is, being toothless, — her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dugs and her paps to her waist like bags!⁷⁰ What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

Epi. Stay, master, you forget yourself.

Tophas. O *Epi.*, even as a dish melteth by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpose! But what, begin you to nod?

Tophas. Good *Epi.*, let me take a nap; for⁸⁰ as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would faintest take rest.

He sleeps.

¹ Disclose.

² Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 22. 76.

³ Adapted from Ovid, *Heroides*, xvii. 254.

⁴ Ovid, *Her.* iv. 10.

⁵ These lines seem to be Lyly's own.

⁶ Ovid, *Amores*, i. 9. 1.

⁷ Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, ii. 123.

⁸ Ovid, *Tristia*, iv. 10. 26.

Epi. Who ever saw such a woodcock!⁹ Love Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will⁸⁵ now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

Enter DARES and SAMIAS.

Sam. Thy master hath slept his share.

Dar. I think he doth it because he would⁹⁰ not pay me my board-wages.

Sam. It is a thing most strange: and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, *Epi.*, where's thy master?

Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love.

Dar. Is it possible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower, and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail¹⁰⁰ bonnet to beauty.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Lovely.

Dar. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Epi. Dipsas.

Sam. That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite¹¹⁰ without favour.

Epi. Tush, you be simple; my master hath a good marriage.

Dar. Good! As how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall¹¹⁵ have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

Sam. As how, *Epi.*?

Epi. For flesh these: woodcock, goose,¹²⁰ bittern, and rail.

Dar. Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

Epi. For fish these: crab, carp, lump, and pouting.

Sam. Excellent, for of my word she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping.

Epi. For fruit these: fritters, medlars, hartichokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a¹³⁰ beggar.

Dar. Well, *Epi.*, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep; let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content.

THE FIRST SONG.¹¹

Epi. Here snores Tophas,
That amorous ass,
Who loves Dipsas,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chin meet.

All three. { At sight of her each Fury skips
 { And flings into her lap their whips.

⁹ Simpleton.

¹⁰ Take off.

¹¹ The Song appears first in Blount's edition.

Dar. Holla, holla in his ear.

Sam. The witch, sure, thrust her fingers there. 145

Epi. Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose;

Dar. Or clap some burning flax to his toes.

Sam. What music 's best to wake him?

Epi. Bow-wow, let bandogs shake him! 150

Dar. Let adders hiss in 's ear;

Sam. Else earwigs wriggle there.

Epi. No, let him batten¹; when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

All three. { But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes, 155
He may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a loosing.

Epi. [*Aside.*] Let us hear him awhile.

Top. There appeared in my sleep a goodly 160
owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried
"Twit, twit"; and before mine eyes presented
herself the express image of Dipsas. I mar-
velled what the owl said, till at the last I per-
ceived "Twit, twit," "To it, to it," only 165
by contraction admonished by this vision to
make account of my sweet Venus.

Sam. Sir Tophas, you have overslept your-
self.

Top. No, youth, I have but slept over 170
my love.

Dar. Love? Why, it is impossible that into
so noble and unconquered a courage love
should creep, having first a head as hard to
pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart 175
arm'd with a shirt of mail.

Epi. Ay, but my master yawning one day in
the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he
could close it, and there kept such a tumbling
in his body that he was glad to untruss² 180
the points of his heart and entertain Love as a
stranger.

Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead
for me to Dipsas.

Dar. Plead! Nay, we will press her to it. 185
[*Aside to SAMIAS.*] Let us go with him to Dip-
sas, and there shall we have good sport. — But,
Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my
tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and
all myself like myself. 190

Sam. [*Aside to DARES.*] Come, Dares, let us
not lose him until we find our masters, for as
long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth
nor meat.

Epi. We will traverse.³ Will you go, sir? 195

Top. *I præ, sequar.*⁴ Exeunt.

SCENE IV.⁵

[*Enter*] EUMENIDES and GERON.

Eum. Father, your sad music being tuned on
the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so
melted my mind that I wish to hang at your
mouth's end till my life end.

Ger. These tunes, gentleman, have I been [5
accustomed with these fifty winters, having no
other house to shroud myself but the broad
heavens; and so familiar with me hath use
made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest

solace, and welcomest is that guest to me 10
that can rehearse the saddest tale or the blood-
iest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humour. Might I inquire the
cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell 15
it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is,
as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed
therefore to conceal them, that I might not only
feel the depth of everlasting discontentment,
but despair of remedy. But whence are you? 20
What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy
for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath
been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty
years, waxing old and ready for the grave, 25
being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for reure travel far, for
whoso can clearly see the bottom of this foun-
tain shall have remedy for anything.

Eum. That methinketh is impossible. Why, 30
what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a
faithful lover shall obtain anything he would.
Read these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you known this by experience, 35
or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and
then should there be an end of my misery; and
then would I tell the strangest discourse that
ever yet was heard. 40

Eum. Ah, Eumenides!

Ger. What lack you, gentleman; are you not
well?

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often
cometh over my heart doth now take hold of 45
me. But did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have
I seen them weep, but never could I hear they
saw the bottom.

Eum. Came there women also? 50

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept, that the fountain over-
flowed with tears, but so thick became the
water with their tears that I could scarce 55
discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of
any.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides, how art thou per- 60
plexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet
mistress and the depth of thy never-dying affec-
tions. How oft hast thou honoured her, not only
without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And
how hardly hath she rewarded thee without 65
cause or colour of despite. How secret hast
thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor
once darest not to name her, for disconten-
ting her. How faithful, that hast offered to die for
her, to please her! Unhappy Eumenides! 70

Ger. Why, gentleman, did you once love?

Eum. Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind and you faithful?

Eum. She of all women the most froward,
and I of all creatures the most fond. 75

Ger. You doted then, not loved, for affection

¹ Grow fat.

³ So Baker. Old edd. *Travice*.

² To untie the laces. ⁴ Terence, *Andria*, I. i. 144.

⁵ A desert place, with a fountain.

is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish; or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

Eum. Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should [80] yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and their beauties deformities; for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him [85] that is most faithful but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a [90] mere mockery.

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve, by weeping, into water. [*He gazes into the fountain.*] [95]

Ger. This affection seemeth strange: if he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, [100] and there in white marble engraven these words: *Ask one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides, (for so have I heard thee call thyself,) let me see. I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou drest me. [105]

Eum. Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed.

Eum. Ask? So I will. And what shall I [110] do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks [115] seem most alluring when they are most chaste; and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted? I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light dis- [120] grace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without cure. Let her practise her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fullness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and [125] I shall perish by them before I possess them.

Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask. What now, Eumenides! Whither [130] art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber [135] but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond¹ Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a [140] most disdainful lady be of more force than the

rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite and immortal. Tush! Semele doth possess my love. Ay, [145] but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of [150] experience. Which shall I ask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; [155] friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colours and life, so great odds is there between love and friend- [160] ship.

Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty [165] sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, [170] which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet, [175] and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same or better in nature!

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and [180] will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares on Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found [185] are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one; or the philadelphia in Arays, never above two. I will have Endymion. Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of un- [190] spotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfullest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him. [195]

Ger. Dost thou see any thing?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet never wavering; [200] shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep [205] thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay impossible, thing is this?

¹ Foolish.