

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Lichtenberg Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lenz Hambrecht Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Hanrieder Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma Verne Hägele Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Melville Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Tersteegen Gilm Grillparzer Georgy  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Lafontaine Kralik Iffland Sokrates  
Strachwitz Bellamy Schilling Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
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# **All's Well That Ends Well**

William Shakespeare

# Imprint

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All's Well, that Ends Well

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena,  
Lord  
Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother. In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second  
husband

Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but  
I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward,  
euermore in subiection

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a fa-  
ther. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie  
hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it vp where  
it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment? Laf. He hath  
abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath  
persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the  
processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a  
passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it  
stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death  
should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee  
were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was  
his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke  
of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to  
haue liu'd stil, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes  
of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord

Ros. I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon? Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie, and atcheeues her goodnesse

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this Helena, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue- Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessiue greefe the enemie to the liuing

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest Bertrame, and succeed thy father  
In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue  
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse  
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few,  
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie  
Rather in power then vse: and keepe thy friend  
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence,  
But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,

Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,  
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord  
Aduise him

Laf. He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his loue

Mo. Heauen blesse him: Farwell Bertram

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoghts be seruants  
to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistris, and make much  
of her

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit  
of your father

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,  
And these great teares grace his remembrance more  
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I haue forgott him. My imagination  
Carries no fauour in't but Bertrams.  
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,  
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,  
That I should loue a bright particuler starre,  
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me  
In his bright radience and colaterall light,  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;  
Th' ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:  
The hind that would be mated by the Lion  
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague  
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw  
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles  
In our hearts table: heart too capeable  
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie  
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?  
Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,  
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,  
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,  
Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones  
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see  
Cold wisdomes waighting on superfluous follie

Par. Saue you faire Queene

Hel. And you Monarch

Par. No

Hel. And no

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let  
mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie,  
how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the de-  
fence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some war-like resistance

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will  
vndermine you, and blow you vp

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginitie from vnderminers and blowers  
vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginitie beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne  
vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selu-  
es made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-  
wealth of Nature, to preserue virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is ra-  
tionall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was  
first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virgini-  
tie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept,  
it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a  
Virgin

Par. There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't

Hel. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking? Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted, but vnsuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it? Hel. Not my virginity yet: There shall your Master haue a thousand loues, A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend, A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddess, and a Soueraigne, A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare: His humble ambition, proud humility: His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet: His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he: I know not what he shall, God send him well, The Courts a learning place, and he is one

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pittie

Par. What's pittie?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,  
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer  
Returns vs thanks.  
Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur Parrolles,  
My Lord calls for you

Par. Little Hellen farewell, if I can remember thee, I  
will thinke of thee at Court

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were borne vnder a  
charitable starre

Par. Vnder Mars I

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder Mars

Par. Why vnder Mars?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you  
must needs be borne vnder Mars

Par. When he was predominant

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight

Par. That's for aduantage

Hel. So is running away, When feare proposes the safetie: But the  
composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of  
a good wing, and I like the weare well

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere thee acutely: I  
will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue  
to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councill,  
and vnderstand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou diest  
in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away,  
farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praisers: when thou hast

none, remember thy Friends: Get thee a good husband, and vse him  
as he vses thee: So farewell

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,  
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye  
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull  
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,  
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings  
To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natiue things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose  
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue  
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?  
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,  
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

Exit

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers  
Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' eares,  
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue  
A brauing warre

1.Lo.G. So tis reported sir

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,  
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs  
For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend  
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme  
To haue vs make deniall

1.Lo.G. His loue and wisdome Approu'd so to your Maiesty,  
may pleade For amplest credence

King. He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is deni'de before he comes:  
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see  
The Tuscan seruice, freely haue they leaue  
To stand on either part

2.Lo.E. It well may serue A nurserie to our Gentry, who are  
sicke For breathing, and exploit

King. What's he comes heere.  
Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.Lor.G. It is the Count Rosignoll my good Lord,  
Yong Bertram

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,  
Franke Nature rather curious then in hast  
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts  
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,  
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship  
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre  
Into the seruice of the time, and was  
Discipl'd of the brauest. He lasted long,  
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,  
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me  
To talke of your good father; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well obserue  
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest  
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted  
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:  
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,  
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour  
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speake: and at this time

His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,  
He vs'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,  
Making them proud of his humilitie,  
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man  
Might be a copie to these yonger times;  
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now  
But goers backward

Ber. His good remembrance sir  
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:  
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,  
As in your royall speech

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,  
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausiue words  
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them  
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,  
This his good melancholly oft began  
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime  
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)  
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe  
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses  
All but new things disdain; whose iudgements are  
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.  
I after him, do after him wish too:  
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolued from my hiue  
To giue some Labourers roome

2.L.E. You'r loued Sir,  
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count  
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?  
He was much fam'd

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.  
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out  
With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,  
My sonne's no deerer

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wish  
might be found in the Kalender of my past endeouours, for then we  
wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our dese-  
ruings, when of our selues we publish them

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone sirra: the com-  
plaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeeue, 'tis my slownesse  
that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, &  
haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore  
fellow

Coun. Well sir

Clo. No maddam, 'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie  
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships good will  
to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and I will doe as we may

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In Isbels case and mine owne: seruice is no heritage,  
and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,  
till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blessings

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen  
on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell  
driues

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as  
they are

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you  
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that  
I may repent

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue  
friends for my wiues sake

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to  
doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, spares  
my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold  
hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my  
flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loues my  
flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo,  
he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be  
what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong Charbon  
the Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, how somere their hearts are  
seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns  
together like any Deare i'th Herd

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I  
the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your mar-  
riage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Hellen  
come to you, of her I am to speake

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with  
her, Hellen I meane

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy,  
Fond done, done, fond was this King Priams ioy,  
With that she sighed as she stood,

bis

And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be good,  
among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song  
sirra

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath'  
song: would God would serue the world so all the yeere, weed  
finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten  
quoth a? and wee might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie  
blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well,  
a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one

Cou. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command you? Clo.  
That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done,  
though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare  
the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I  
am going forsooth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither. Enter.

Cou. Well now

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman in-  
tirely

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and she her  
selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much  
loue as shee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more  
shall be paid her then sheele demand

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no goddesse, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it

Cou. You haue discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt: praie you leaue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen so it was with me when I was yong:  
If euer we are natures, these are ours, this thorne  
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong  
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,  
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,  
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,  
By our remembrances of daies forgon,  
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,  
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know Hellen I am a mother to you

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I  
sed a mother  
Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,

That you start at it? I say I am your mother,  
And put you in the Catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seene  
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breeds  
A natiue slip to vs from forraine seedes:  
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,  
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,  
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,  
That this distempered messenger of wet?  
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye? - Why, that you are my  
daughter?

Hell. That I am not

Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count Rosillion cannot be my brother:  
I am from humble, he from honored name:  
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,  
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I  
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:  
He must not be my brother

Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were  
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,  
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,  
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,  
So I were not his sister, cant no other,  
But I your daughter, he must be my brother

Old.Cou. Yes Hellen, you might be my daughter in law,  
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother  
So striue vpon your pulse; what pale agen?  
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see  
The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde  
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:

You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd  
Against the proclimation of thy passion  
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,  
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes  
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th' other, and thine eies  
See it so grosely showne in thy behaiours,  
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne  
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue  
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?  
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:  
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,  
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille  
To tell me truelie

Hell. Good Madam pardon me

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond  
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:  
The state of your affection, for your passions  
Haue to the full appeach'd

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,  
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your  
Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,

Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,

Yet neuer know how that desert should be:

I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.

I still poure in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to loose still; thus Indian like  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,  
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,  
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,  
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,  
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,  
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,  
Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your Dian  
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie  
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;  
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,  
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,  
To goe to Paris?  
Hell. Madam I had

Cou. Wherefore? tell true

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I swear:  
You know my Father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience, had collected

For generall soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me  
In heedfull'st reseruatiō to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,  
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,  
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The King is render'd lost

Cou. This was your motiue for Paris, was it, speake?  
Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,  
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,