



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT
The Two Noble Kinsmen
2014

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ACT 1. Scene 1. -----

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, and Artesius, with others.

THESEUS Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
 Another moon. But, O, methinks how slow
 This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires
 Like to a stepdame or a dowager
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIPPOLYTA Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

THESEUS Go, Artesius,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.
 Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword
 And won thy love doing thee injuries,
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

*Enter three Queens in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The first
Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus; the second falls down at the foot of
Hippolyta; the third before Emilia.*

1ST QUEEN For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me.

2ND QUEEN For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me.

3RD QUEEN Now for the love of him whom Jove hath marked
The honor of your bed, be advocate
For us and our distresses.

THESEUS Sad lady, rise.

HIPPOLYTA Stand up.

EMILIA No knees to me.
What woman I may stead that is distressed
Does bind me to her.

THESEUS What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1ST QUEEN We are three queens whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offense
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phoebus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the Earth, draw thy feared sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones

Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And of thy boundless goodness take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything.

THESEUS

Pray you, kneel not.
I was transported with your speech and suffered
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord. The day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar. You were that time fair—
Your wheaten wreath
Was then nor threshed nor blasted. Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles. O grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1ST QUEEN

O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker.

THESEUS

O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them

And pray for me, your soldier.

Troubled I am. *Turns away.*

2ND QUEEN

Honored Hippolyta,

Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain

The scythe-tusked boar; that with thy arm, as strong

As it is fair, wast near to make the male

To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord,

Born to uphold creation in that honor

First nature styled it in, shrunk thee into

The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing

Thy force and thy affection; soldieress

That equally canst poise sternness with pity,

Whom now I know hast much more power on him

Than ever he had on thee, dear glass of ladies,

Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,

Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;

Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman

As any of us three; weep ere you fail.

Lend us a knee;

But touch the ground for us no longer time

Than a dove's motion when the head's plucked off.

Tell him if he i' th' blood-sized field lay swoll'n,

Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,

What you would do.

HIPPOLYTA Poor lady, say no more.

I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress; let him consider.
I'll speak anon.

3RD QUEEN O, my petition was

Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is pressed with deeper matter.

EMILIA Pray stand up.

Your grief is written in your cheek.

3RD QUEEN O, woe,

You cannot read it there. There through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em.

EMILIA Pray you say nothing, pray you.

Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone. Pray have good comfort.

THESEUS Forward to th' temple. Leave not out a jot

O' th' sacred ceremony.

1ST QUEEN O, this celebration

Will longer last and be more costly than

Your suppliants' war. Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' th' world; what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labored medittance, your premeditating
More than their actions. Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2ND QUEEN What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

THESEUS It is true, and I will give you comfort
To give your dead lords graves;
The which to do must make some work with Creon.

1ST QUEEN And that work presents itself to th' doing.
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone tomorrow.
Now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition clear.

2ND QUEEN Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3RD QUEEN And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

THESEUS Artesius, that best knowest
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business: forth and levy

Our worthiest instruments, whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.

1ST QUEEN

Dowagers, take hands.
Let us be widows to our woes. Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

THE QUEENS

Farewell.

2ND QUEEN

We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?

THESEUS

Why, good ladies,
This is a service whereto I am going
Greater than any was; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1ST QUEEN

The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected when her arms
By warranting moonlight corselet thee. O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubbered queens?
O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in 't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and

Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.

HIPPOLYTA

Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor, yet I think
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy—
Which breeds a deeper longing—cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigor dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart—about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

ALL QUEENS

O, help now! Our cause cries for your knee.

EMILIA

If you grant not
My sister her petition in that force,
With that celerity and nature which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

THESEUS

Pray stand up. I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,

Lead on the bride; get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration.

Artesius exits. To Hippolyta.

Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward,
For I will see you gone.

The wedding procession begins to exit towards the temple.

Farewell, my beauteous sister.—Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on 't.

PIRITHOUS

Sir,
I'll follow you at heels. The feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.

THESEUS

Cousin, I charge you,
Budge not from Athens. We shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement.—Once more, farewell all.

All but Theseus and the Queens exit.

1ST QUEEN

Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th' world.

2ND QUEEN

And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

THESEUS

As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies.
Now turn we towards your comforts.

The forehorse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' th' sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a bandage. That which rips my bosom
Almost to th' heart's—

ARCITE Our Uncle Creon.

PALAMON He.

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfeared and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing; one
That fears not to do harm; good, dares not. Let
The blood of mine that's kin to him be sucked
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption.

ARCITE Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient, not his kinsmen
In blood unless in quality.

PALAMON Nothing truer.
I think the echoes of his shames have deafed
The ears of heav'nly justice. Widows' cries
Descend again into their throats and have not
Due audience of the gods.

Enter Valerius.

Valerius.

VALERIUS The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
Till his great rage be off him.

PALAMON Small winds shake him. But what's the matter?

VALERIUS Theseus, who where he threats appalls, hath sent
Deadly defiance to him and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes, and is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

ARCITE Let him approach.
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us. Yet what man
Thirds his own worth—the case is each of ours—
When that his action's dregged with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?

PALAMON Leave that unreasoned.
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet to be neutral to him were dishonor,
Rebellious to oppose. Therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

ARCITE So we must.

PALAMON Let's to the King, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honor which
His enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,

Rather laid out for purchase. But alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?

ARCITE

Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

They exit.

ACT 1. Scene 3. -----

Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia.

PIRITHOUS No further.

HIPPOLYTA Sir, farewell. Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him.
Store never hurts good governors.

PIRITHOUS Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there.—My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-tempered pieces keep enthroned
In your dear heart!

EMILIA Thanks, sir. Remember me

To our all-royal brother. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

HIPPOLYTA In 's bosom.

We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broached on the lance. Then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here forever.

PIRITHOUS Peace be to you

As I pursue this war, which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.

Pirithous exits.

EMILIA How his longing

Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, passed slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider, but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins. Have you observed him
Since our great lord departed?

HIPPOLYTA With much labor,

And I did love him for 't. They two have cabined
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,

Peril and want contending; and they have
Fought out together where Death's self was lodged.
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love,
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.

EMILIA

Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time when I enjoyed a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enriched,
Who made too proud the bed; took leave o' th' moon,
Which then looked pale at parting, when our count
Was each eleven.

HIPPOLYTA

'Twas Flavina.

EMILIA

Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love.
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasoned,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love. But I,
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,

Loved for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another. What she liked
Was then of me approved, what not, condemned,
No more arraignment. The flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts—O, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom—she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, Phoenix-like,
They died in perfume. Had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure hummed one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn—rather, dwell on—
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal
has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex individual.

HIPPOLYTA

You're out of breath,
And this high-speeded pace is but to say
That you shall never—like the maid Flavina—
Love any that's called man.

EMILIA

I am sure I shall not.

HIPPOLYTA

Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point—

Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself—
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus, for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

EMILIA I am not
 Against your faith, yet I continue mine.

They exit.

ACT 1. Scene 4. -----

Cornets. A battle struck within; then a retreat. Flourish. Then enter, through one door, Theseus, victor, accompanied by Lords and Soldiers. Entering through another door, the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1ST QUEEN To thee no star be dark!
2ND QUEEN Both heaven and Earth
 Friend thee forever.
3RD QUEEN All the good that may
 Be wished upon thy head, I cry "Amen" to 't!
THESEUS Go and find out
 The bones of your dead lords and honor them
 With treble ceremony; rather than a gap
 Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't;

But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you.

3RD QUEEN This funeral path brings to your household's grave.
Joy seize on you again; peace sleep with him.

2ND QUEEN And this to yours.

1ST QUEEN Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

3RD QUEEN This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place where each one meets.

Queens exit. Enter a Herald and Soldiers bearing Palamon and Arcite on biers.

THESEUS What are those?

HERALD Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment. Some of Thebes have told 's
They are sisters' children, nephews to the King.

THESEUS By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, smeared with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast. I fixed my note
Constantly on them, for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What prisoner was 't that told me
When I enquired their names?

HERALD Wi' leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.

THESEUS 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?

HERALD Nor in a state of life. Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recovered. Yet they breathe
And have the name of men.

THESEUS Then like men use 'em.
Their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead.
But forty-thousandfold we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister
What man to man may do—for our sake, more.
Now lead into the city, where, we'll post
To Athens 'fore our army.

Flourish. They exit.

ACT 2. Scene 1. -----

Enter Jailer and Wooer.

JAILER I may depart with little while I live; something I may cast
to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for
great ones, yet they seldom come; before one salmon you
shall take a number of minnows.

WOOER Sir, I demand no more than your own offer, and I will
estate your daughter in what I have promised.

JAILER Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past.
But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be
seen, I tender my consent.

Enter the Jailer's Daughter, carrying rushes.

WOOER I have sir. Here she comes.

JAILER Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon
the old business. But no more of that now; so soon as the
court hurry is over, we will have an end of it. I' th'
meantime, look tenderly to the two prisoners. I can tell
you they are princes.

DAUGHTER These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are
in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think
they have patience to make any adversity ashamed.

JAILER They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

DAUGHTER By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em. They stand a
step above the reach of report.

JAILER I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

DAUGHTER Nay, most likely, for they are noble suff'ers. I marvel
how they would have looked had they been victors, that
with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of
bondage, making misery their mirth and affliction a toy
to jest at.

JAILER Do they so?

DAUGHTER It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens. They eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometimes a divided sigh will break from one of them—when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

WOOER I never saw 'em.

JAILER The Duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, in shackles, above.

 What the reason of it is, I know not. Look, yonder they are; that's Arcite looks out.

DAUGHTER No, sir, no, that's Palamon. Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

JAILER Go to, leave your pointing; they would not make us their object. Out of their sight.

DAUGHTER It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men!

Jailer, Daughter, and Wooer exit.

ACT 2. Scene 2. -----

Palamon and Arcite remain, above.

PALAMON How do you, noble cousin?

ARCITE How do you, sir?

PALAMON Why, strong enough to laugh at misery
 And bear the chance of war; yet we are prisoners
 I fear forever, cousin.

ARCITE I believe it,
 And to that destiny have patiently
 Laid up my hour to come.

PALAMON O, cousin Arcite,
 Where is Thebes now? Where is our noble country?
 Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
 Must we behold those comforts, O, never
 Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,
 Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
 Like proud seas under us? Our good swords now
 Ravished our sides, like age must run to rust;
 These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning
 To blast whole armies more.

ARCITE No, Palamon,
 Those hopes are prisoners with us. Here we are
 And here the graces of our youths must wither
 Like a too-timely spring. Here age must find us
 And—which is heaviest, Palamon—unmarried.
 The sweet embraces of a loving wife
 Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us—
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em

Boldly to gaze against bright arms and say
“Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!”

This is all our world.

We shall know nothing here but one another,
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.

PALAMON 'Tis too true, Arcite. All valiant uses,
The food and nourishment of noble minds,
In us two here shall perish.

ARCITE Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please: to hold here a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

PALAMON Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together.

ARCITE Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

PALAMON How, gentle cousin?

ARCITE Let's think this prison holy sanctuary
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young and yet desire the ways of honor
That liberty and common conversation,

The poison of pure spirits, might like women
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine. This place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We shall live long and loving. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance. I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods. A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

PALAMON

You have made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton
With my captivity. What a misery
It is to live abroad and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks. I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content; and all those pleasures

That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now, and am sufficient
To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow
That old Time as he passes by takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?

ARCITE I would hear you still.

PALAMON You shall.

Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?

ARCITE Sure there cannot.

PALAMON I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

ARCITE Till our deaths it cannot.

Enter Emilia and her Woman, below.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally.

Palamon catches sight of Emilia.

Speak on, sir.

EMILIA This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.
 What flower is this?

WOMAN 'Tis called narcissus, madam.

EMILIA That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
 To love himself. Were there not maids enough?

ARCITE Pray, forward.

PALAMON Yes.

EMILIA Or were they all hard-hearted?

WOMAN They could not be to one so fair.

EMILIA Thou wouldst not.

WOMAN I think I should not, madam.

EMILIA That's a good wench.
 But take heed to your kindness, though.

WOMAN Why, madam?

EMILIA Men are mad things.

ARCITE Will you go forward, cousin?

EMILIA Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?

WOMAN Yes.

EMILIA I'll have a gown full of 'em, and of these.

ARCITE Cousin, cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!

PALAMON Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

ARCITE Why, what's the matter, man?

PALAMON Behold, and wonder!
 By heaven, she is a goddess.

ARCITE, *seeing Emilia* Ha!

PALAMON Do reverence.
She is a goddess, Arcite.

EMILIA Of all flowers
Methinks a rose is best.

WOMAN Why, gentle madam?

EMILIA It is the very emblem of a maid.
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! When the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.

WOMAN Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for 't. A maid,
If she have any honor, would be loath
To take example by her.

EMILIA Thou art wanton.

ARCITE She is wondrous fair.

PALAMON She is all the beauty extant.

EMILIA The sun grows high. Let's walk in. Keep these flowers.
We'll see how near art can come near their colors.
I am wondrous merry-hearted. I could laugh now.

WOMAN I could lie down, I am sure.

EMILIA And take one with you?

WOMAN That's as we bargain, madam.

EMILIA Well, agree then.

Emilia and Woman exit.

PALAMON What think you of this beauty?

ARCITE 'Tis a rare one.

PALAMON Might not a man well lose himself and love her?

ARCITE I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my shackles.

PALAMON You love her, then?

ARCITE Who would not?

PALAMON And desire her?

ARCITE Before my liberty.

PALAMON I saw her first.

ARCITE That's nothing.

PALAMON But it shall be.

ARCITE I saw her, too.

PALAMON Yes, but you must not love her.

ARCITE I will not, as you do, to worship her
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess.
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her.
So both may love.

PALAMON You shall not love at all.

ARCITE Not love at all! Who shall deny me?

PALAMON I, that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties

In her revealed to mankind. If thou lov'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her. Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us I disclaim
If thou once think upon her.

ARCITE

Yes, I love her,
And, if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon.
I am as worthy and as free a lover
And have as just a title to her beauty
As any Palamon or any living
That is a man's son.

PALAMON

Have I called thee friend?

ARCITE

Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved thus?
Let me deal coldly with you: am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? You have told me
That I was Palamon and you were Arcite.

PALAMON

Yes.

ARCITE

Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

PALAMON

You may be.

ARCITE

Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,

To love alone? Speak truly, do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

PALAMON No, but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.

ARCITE Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still
And let mine honor down, and never charge?

PALAMON Yes, if he be but one.

ARCITE But say that one
Had rather combat me?

PALAMON Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom. Else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
A branded villain.

ARCITE You are mad.

PALAMON I must be.
Till thou art worthy, Arcite, it concerns me.
And in this madness if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

ARCITE Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely. I will love her;
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

PALAMON O, that now, that now,
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune

To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another.
Put but thy head out of this window more
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to 't.

ARCITE Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble.

Put my head out? I'll throw my body out
And leap the garden when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms to anger thee.

Enter Jailer.

PALAMON No more; the keeper's coming. I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

ARCITE Do!

JAILER By your leave, gentlemen.

PALAMON Now, honest keeper?

JAILER Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

ARCITE I am ready, keeper.

JAILER Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company.

Arcite and Jailer exit.

PALAMON And me too,

Even when you please, of life.—Why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice

Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessèd garden
And fruit and flowers more blessèd that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on you, would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread and fling my wanton arms
In at her window; I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her.

Enter Jailer.

And then I am sure she would love me.—How now, keeper,
Where's Arcite?

JAILER

Banished. Prince Pirithous
Obtained his liberty, but never more
Upon his oath and life must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

PALAMON

He's a blessèd man.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her
If he be noble Arcite—thousand ways!

Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.

JAILER My lord, for you
I have this charge to—

PALAMON To discharge my life?

JAILER No, but from this place to remove your Lordship;
The windows are too open.

PALAMON Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me! Prithee, kill me.

JAILER And hang for 't afterward!

PALAMON By this good light,
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

JAILER Why, my lord?

PALAMON Thou bringst such pelting, scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.

JAILER Indeed you must, my lord.

PALAMON May I see the garden?

JAILER No.

PALAMON Then I am resolved, I will not go.

JAILER I must constrain you then; and, for you are dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.

PALAMON Do, good keeper.
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
Must I go?
JAILER There is no remedy.
PALAMON Farewell, kind window.
May rude wind never hurt thee. O, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer.—Come; now bury me.

Palamon and Jailer exit.

ACT 2. Scene 3. -----

Enter Arcite.

ARCITE Banished the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for; but banished
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
O, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination—such a vengeance
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty
That nature ne'er exceeded nor ne'er shall.
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one he'll come to speak to her,

And if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his. He has a tongue will tame
Tempests and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come,
The worst is death. I will not leave the kingdom.
I am resolved another shape shall make me
Or end my fortunes. Either way I am happy.
I'll see her and be near her, or no more.

Enter three Country people, and one with a garland before them. Arcite steps aside.

- 1 COUNTRYMAN My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
- 2 COUNTRYMAN And I'll be there.
- 3 COUNTRYMAN Why, then, have with you, boys. 'Tis but a chiding. Let
the plough play today; I'll tickle 't out of the jades' tails
tomorrow.
- 1 COUNTRYMAN I am sure to have my wife as jealous as a turkey, but that's
all one. I'll go through; let her mumble.
- 2 COUNTRYMAN Clap her aboard tomorrow night and stow her, and all's
made up again.
- 3 COUNTRYMAN Ay, do but put a fescue in her fist and you shall see her
take a new lesson out and be a good wench. Do we all
hold against the Maying?
- 2 COUNTRYMAN Hold? What should ail us?
- 3 COUNTRYMAN Arcas will be there.
- 2 COUNTRYMAN And Sennois and Rycas; and three better lads ne'er
danced under green tree. And you know what wenches,

ha! But will the dainty domine, the Schoolmaster, keep touch, do you think? For he does all, you know.

3 COUNTRYMAN He'll eat a hornbook ere he fail. Go to, the matter's too far driven between him and the tanner's daughter to let slip now; and she must see the Duke, and she must dance too.

2 COUNTRYMAN Shall we be lusty?

3 COUNTRYMAN Sweet companions, let's rehearse, by any means, before the ladies see us, and do sweetly, and God knows what may come on 't.

1 COUNTRYMAN Content. The sports once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold.

Arcite comes forward.

ARCITE By your leaves, honest friends: pray you, whither go you?

1 COUNTRYMAN Whither? Why, what a question's that?

ARCITE Yes, 'tis a question

To me that know not.

3 COUNTRYMAN To the games, my friend.

2 COUNTRYMAN Where were you bred, you know it not?

ARCITE Not far, sir.

Are there such games today?

1 COUNTRYMAN Yes, marry, are there,

And such as you never saw. The Duke himself

Will be in person there.

ARCITE What pastimes are they?

2 COUNTRYMAN Wrestling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.

3 COUNTRYMAN Thou wilt not go along?

ARCITE Not yet, sir.

3 COUNTRYMAN Well, sir,
Take your own time.—Come, boys.

1 COUNTRYMAN, *aside to the others* My mind misgives me. This fellow
has a vengeance trick o' th' hip. Mark how his body's
made for 't.

2 COUNTRYMAN, *aside to the others* I'll be hanged, though, if he dare venture.
Hang him, plum porridge! He wrestle? He roast eggs!
Come, let's be gone, lads.

The three exit.

ARCITE This is an offered opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled—
The best men called it excellent—and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy ears, never flew. I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there. Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

Arcite exits.

ACT 2. Scene 4. -----

Enter Jailer's Daughter, alone.

DAUGHTER

Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me. I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince. To marry him is hopeless;
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
If he please to bestow it so, as ever
These eyes yet looked on. Next, I pitied him,
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dreamed, or vowed her maidenhead
To a young handsome man. Then I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too.
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman. Once he kissed me;
I loved my lips the better ten days after.
Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much—
And me as much to see his misery.
What should I do to make him know I love him?

For I would fain enjoy him. Say I ventured
To set him free? What says the law then?
Thus much for law or kindred! I will do it,
And this night, or tomorrow, he shall love me.

She exits.

ACT 2. Scene 5. -----

*This short flourish of cornets and shouts within. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta,
Pirithous, Emilia, Arcite in disguise, with a garland, Attendants, and others.*

THESEUS You have done worthily. I have not seen,
 Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews.
 Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle
 That these times can allow.

ARCITE I am proud to please you.

THESEUS What country bred you?

ARCITE This; but far off, prince.

THESEUS Are you a gentleman?

ARCITE My father said so,
 And to those gentle uses gave me life.

THESEUS What profess you?

ARCITE A little of all noble qualities.
 I could have kept a hawk and well have hallowed
 To a deep cry of dogs. I dare not praise
 My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
 Would say it was my best piece. Last, and greatest,
 I would be thought a soldier.

THESEUS You are perfect.

PIRITHOUS Upon my soul, a proper man.

EMILIA He is so.

PIRITHOUS How do you like him, lady?

HIPPOLYTA I admire him.

 I have not seen so young a man so noble,
 If he say true, of his sort.

EMILIA Believe,
 His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;
 His face, methinks, goes that way.

HIPPOLYTA But his body
 And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

THESEUS What made you seek this place, sir?

ARCITE Noble Theseus,
 To purchase name and do my ablest service
 To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
 For only in thy court, of all the world,
 Dwells fair-eyed Honor.

PIRITHOUS All his words are worthy.

THESEUS Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
 Nor shall you lose your wish.—Pirithous,
 Dispose of this fair gentleman.

PIRITHOUS Thanks, Theseus.—
 Whate'er you are, you're mine, and I shall give you

To a most noble service: to this lady,

This bright young virgin.

He brings Arcite to Emilia.

Pray observe her goodness;

You have honored her fair birthday with your virtues,

And, as your due, you're hers. Kiss her fair hand, sir.

ARCITE

Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,

Thus let me seal my vowed faith.

He kisses her hand.

When your servant,

Your most unworthy creature, but offends you,

Command him die, he shall.

EMILIA

That were too cruel.

If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't.

You're mine, and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.

PIRITHOUS

I'll see you furnished, and because you say

You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you

This afternoon to ride—but 'tis a rough one.

ARCITE

I like him better, prince; I shall not then

Freeze in my saddle.

THESEUS

Sweet, you must be ready,—

And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,

Tomorrow by the sun, to do observance

To flowery May in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,

Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope

He shall not go afoot.

EMILIA

That were a shame, sir,

While I have horses.—Take your choice, and what

You want at any time, let me but know it.

If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you

You'll find a loving mistress.

ARCITE

If I do not,

Let me find that my father ever hated,

Disgrace and blows.

THESEUS

Go lead the way; you have won it.

Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant

That, if I were a woman, would be master;

But you are wise.

EMILIA

I hope too wise for that, sir.

Flourish. They all exit.

ACT 2. Scene 6. -----

Enter Jailer's Daughter alone.

DAUGHTER

Let all the dukes and all the devils roar!

He is at liberty. I have ventured for him,

And out I have brought him; to a little wood

A mile hence I have sent him, where a cedar

Higher than all the rest spreads like a plane

Fast by a brook, and there he shall keep close

Till I provide him files and food, for yet

His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endured cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason
Or wit or safety. I have made him know it;
I care not, I am desperate. If the law
Find me and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes
I purpose, is my way too. Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again. And yet he has not thanked me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kissed me,
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a free man,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me. Within this hour the hubbub
Will be all o'er the prison. I am then

Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him.

She exits.

ACT 3. Scene 1. -----

Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallowing as people a-Maying. Enter Arcite.

ARCITE O Emilia,
O jewel O' th' wood, o' th' world!
Tell me, O Lady Fortune,
Next after Emily my sovereign, how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her; and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings backed, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner, thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free. But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I eared her language, lived in her eye—O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon as out of a bush, with his shackles; he bends his fist at Arcite.

PALAMON Traitor kinsman,
Thou shouldst perceive my passion if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. O thou most perfidious
That ever gently looked, the void'st of honor
That e'er bore gentle token, falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin!

ARCITE Dear cousin Palamon—

PALAMON Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast showed me feat.

ARCITE Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon holds me to
This gentleness of answer: Honor and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

PALAMON That thou durst, Arcite!

ARCITE My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare; you've seen me use my sword.

PALAMON

Sir,

I have seen you move in such a place which well
Might justify your manhood; you were called
A good knight and a bold. But the whole week's not fair
If any day it rain; their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery.

ARCITE

Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this and act it in your glass as to
His ear which now disdains you.

PALAMON

Come up to me;
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me. Come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me—yea, my life,
If then thou carry 't.

ARCITE

Be content.
Again betake you to your hawthorn house.
With counsel of the night I will be here
With wholesome viands. These impediments
Will I file off. You shall have garments and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison. After,
When you shall stretch yourself and say but "Arcite,

I am in plight," there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armor.

PALAMON O you heavens, dares any
So nobly bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite. Therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

ARCITE Sweet Palamon.

PALAMON I do embrace you and your offer; for
Your offer do 't I only. Sir, your person
Without hypocrisy I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on 't.

Wind horns off;

ARCITE You hear the horns.
Enter your muset, lest this match between 's
Be crossed ere met. Give me your hand; farewell.

PALAMON Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow. Most certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language.

ARCITE Plainly spoken,
Yet pardon me hard language. When I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face.

Wind horns.

Hark, sir, they call
The scattered to the banquet; you must guess
I have an office there.

PALAMON But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress,
For note you, mine she is—

ARCITE Nay then,—

PALAMON Nay, pray you,
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength.
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there
You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy 't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

They exit.

ACT 3. Scene 2. -----

Enter Jailer's Daughter, alone.

DAUGHTER He has mistook the brake I meant, is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning.
No matter; would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' th' world. Hark, 'tis a wolf!
In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon.
I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I hallowed for him?
I cannot hallow. I have heard

Strange howls this livelong night; why may 't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarmed and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howled many together,
And then they fed on him; so much for that.
My father's to be hanged for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act, but that I would not.
Food took I none these two days;
Sipped some water. I have not closed mine eyes
Save when my lids scoured off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! Let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself.
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warped! So, which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave;
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech owl
Calls in the dawn. All offices are done
Save what I fail in. But the point is this—
An end, and that is all.

She exits.

ACT 3. Scene 3. -----

Enter Arcite with meat, wine, and files.

ARCITE I should be near the place.—Ho! Cousin Palamon!

PALAMON, *within* Arcite?

ARCITE The same. I have brought you food and files.
Come forth and fear not; here's no Theseus.

Enter Palamon.

PALAMON Nor none so honest, Arcite.

ARCITE That's no matter.
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly. Here, sir, drink.

PALAMON Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

ARCITE I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down and, good now,
No more of these vain parleys. Let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health.

He drinks.

PALAMON Do!

ARCITE Pray sit down, then, and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honor in you,
No mention of this woman; 'twill disturb us.
We shall have time enough.

PALAMON Well, sir, I'll pledge you.

He drinks.

ARCITE Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.

Eat now.

PALAMON Yes.

ARCITE I am glad

You have so good a stomach.

PALAMON I am gladder

I have so good meat to 't.

ARCITE How tastes your victuals?

Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

PALAMON Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.

What is this?

ARCITE Venison.

PALAMON 'Tis a lusty meat.

Give me more wine. Here, Arcite, to the wenches

We have known in our days!

The Lord Steward's daughter!

Do you remember her?

ARCITE After you, coz.

PALAMON She loved a fair-haired man.

ARCITE She did so; well, sir?

PALAMON And I have heard some call him Arcite, and—

ARCITE Out with 't, faith.

PALAMON She met him in an arbor.

What did she there, coz? Play o' th' virginals?

ARCITE Something she did, sir.

PALAMON Made her groan a month for 't—
Or two, or three, or ten.

ARCITE The Marshal's sister
Had her share, too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad. You'll pledge her?

PALAMON Yes.

He lifts his cup and then drinks.

ARCITE A pretty brown wench 'tis.
Heigh ho!

PALAMON For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strained mirth. I say again
That sigh was breathed for Emily. Base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?

ARCITE You are wide.

PALAMON By heaven and Earth,
There's nothing in thee honest.

ARCITE Then I'll leave you.
You are a beast now.

PALAMON As thou mak'st me, traitor.

ARCITE There's all things needful: files and shirts, and perfumes.
I'll come again some two hours hence and bring
That that shall quiet all.

PALAMON A sword and armor.

ARCITE Fear me not. You are now too foul. Farewell.

Get off your trinkets; you shall want naught.

PALAMON Sirrah—

ARCITE I'll hear no more.

PALAMON If he keep touch, he dies for 't.

ACT 3. Scene 4. -----

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

DAUGHTER I am very cold, and all the stars are out too.

The sun has seen my folly.—Palamon!

Alas, no; he's in heaven. Where am I now?

Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship. How 't tumbles!

And there's a rock lies watching under water.

Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,

There's a leak sprung, a sound one! How they cry!

Open her before the wind; you'll lose all else.

Good night, good night; you're gone. I am very hungry.

Would I could find a fine frog; he would tell me

News from all parts o' th' world; then would I make

A carrack of a cockleshell, and sail

By east and northeast to the king of pygmies,

For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,

Twenty to one, is trussed up in a trice

Tomorrow morning. I'll say never a word.

(Sing.)

O, for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against. I shall sleep like a top else.

She exits.

ACT 3. Scene 5. -----

Enter a Schoolmaster and three Countrymen.

SCHOOLMASTER Fie, fie, what tediousness and disinsanity is here among you!
Have my rudiments been labored so long with you,
milked unto you, and, by a figure, even the very plum
broth and marrow of my understanding laid upon you,
and do you still cry “Where?” and “How?” and
“Wherefore?” You most coarse-frieze capacities, you jean
judgments! *Proh deum, medius fidius*, you are all dunces!
Forwhy, here stand I; here the Duke comes; there are
you, close in the thicket; the Duke appears; I meet him
and unto him I utter learned things and many figures; he
hears, and nods, and hums, and then cries “Rare!” and I
go forward. At length I fling my cap up—mark there!
Then do you break comely out before him; like true
lovers, cast yourselves in a body decently, and sweetly, by
a figure, trace and turn, boys.

1 COUNTRYMAN And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerald.

2 COUNTRYMAN Draw up the company.

SCHOOLMASTER But I say, where’s their women?

Enter three Wenches.

2 COUNTRYMAN Here's little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing
Barbary.

1 COUNTRYMAN And freckled Nell, that never failed her master.

SCHOOLMASTER Where be your ribbons, maids? Swim with your bodies,
and carry it sweetly and deliverly, and now and then a
favor and a frisk.

NELL Let us alone, sir.

SCHOOLMASTER Where's the rest o' th' music?

3 COUNTRYMAN Dispersed, as you commanded.

SCHOOLMASTER *Quo usque tandem!* Here is a woman wanting.

3 COUNTRYMAN We may go whistle; all the fat's i' th' fire.

2 COUNTRYMAN This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding that gave
her promise faithfully she would be here—Cicely, the
sempster's daughter.

1 COUNTRYMAN A fire ill take her! Does she flinch now?

3 COUNTRYMAN What shall we determine, sir?

SCHOOLMASTER Nothing. Our business is become a nullity, yea, and a
woeful and a piteous nullity.

2 COUNTRYMAN Now, when the credit of our town lay on it, now to be
frampold, now to piss o' th' nettle! Go thy ways; I'll
remember thee. I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

DAUGHTER (*sings*)

3 COUNTRYMAN There's a dainty madwoman, master, comes i' th' nick, as mad as a March hare. If we can get her dance, we are made again.

1 COUNTRYMAN A madwoman? We are made, boys.

SCHOOLMASTER And are you mad, good woman?

DAUGHTER I would be sorry else. Give me your hand.

SCHOOLMASTER Why?

DAUGHTER I can tell your fortune. *She looks at his hand.* You are a fool. Tell ten.—I have posed him. Buzz!—Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do, your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho? I know you, you're a tinker. Sirrah tinker, stop no more holes but what you should.

SCHOOLMASTER *Dii boni!* A tinker, damsel?

DAUGHTER Or a conjurer. Raise me a devil now, and let him play *Chi passa o' th' bells and bones.*

SCHOOLMASTER Go, take her, and fluently persuade her to a peace. Strike up, and lead her in.

Wind horns.

2 COUNTRYMAN Come, lass, let's trip it.

DAUGHTER I'll lead.

3 COUNTRYMAN Do, do!

SCHOOLMASTER Persuasively, and cunningly. Away, boys! I hear the horns. Give me some meditation, and mark your cue.

All but Schoolmaster exit.

Pallas, inspire me!

Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, and train.

THESEUS This way the stag took.

SCHOOLMASTER Stay, and edify!

THESEUS What have we here?

PIRITHOUS Some country sport, upon my life, sir.

THESEUS Well, sir, go forward. We will “edify.”

Ladies, sit down. We’ll stay it.

Chairs and stools brought out. Theseus, Hippolyta, and Emilia sit.

SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty duke, all hail!—All hail, sweet ladies!

THESEUS This is a cold beginning.

SCHOOLMASTER If you but favor, our country pastime made is.

We are a few of those collected here

That ruder tongues distinguish “villager.”

We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,

Or company, or by a figure, chorus,

That ’fore thy dignity will dance a morris.

And I that am the rectifier of all,

By title *pedagogus*,

Do here present this machine, or this frame.

And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame

From Dis to Daedalus, from post to pillar,

Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,

And with thy twinkling eyes look right and straight

Upon this mighty “Morri,” of mickle weight—

“Is” now comes in, which being glued together

Makes "Morris," and the cause that we came hither.

The body of our sport, of no small study,

I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,

To speak before thy noble grace this tenner,

At whose great feet I offer up my penner.

Cum multis aliis that make a dance;

Say "ay," and all shall presently advance.

THESEUS Ay, ay, by any means, dear Domine.

PIRITHOUS Produce!

SCHOOLMASTER *Intrate, filii.* Come forth and foot it.

Music. Enter the Countrymen, Countrywomen, and Jailer's Daughter; they perform a morris dance.

SCHOOLMASTER Ladies, if we have been merry
And have pleased ye with a derry,
And a derry and a down,
Say the Schoolmaster's no clown.—
Duke, if we have pleased thee too
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

THESEUS Take twenty, *Domine*.—How does my sweetheart?

HIPPOLYTA Never so pleased, sir.

EMILIA 'Twas an excellent dance,
And, for a preface, I never heard a better.

THESEUS Schoolmaster, I thank you.—One see 'em all rewarded.
An Attendant gives money.

THESEUS Now to our sports again.
Wind horns within. Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and Train exit.

SCHOOLMASTER Come, we are all made. *Dii deaeque omnes*, You have
danced rarely, wenches.
They exit.

ACT 3. Scene 6. -----

Enter Palamon from the bush.

PALAMON About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armors. If he fail,
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restored
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crestfall'n with my wants. I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe, and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To outdure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fattening like a swine to fight
And not a soldier. Therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,

If it but hold, I kill him with. 'Tis justice.

So, love and fortune for me!

Enter Arcite with armors and swords.

O, good morrow.

ARCITE Good morrow, noble kinsman.

PALAMON I have put you
To too much pains, sir.

ARCITE That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honor and my duty.

PALAMON Would you were so in all, sir; I could wish you
As kind a kinsman as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.

ARCITE I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.

PALAMON Then I shall quit you.

ARCITE We were not bred to talk, man; when we are armed
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys—will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Will 't please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet

And furnished with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And ev'ry day discourse you into health.

PALAMON Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee.
I am well and lusty. Choose your arms.

ARCITE Choose you, sir.

PALAMON Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?

ARCITE If you think so, cousin,
You are deceived, for as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you.

PALAMON Then, as I am an honest man and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly.

He chooses armor.

This I'll take.

ARCITE That's mine, then.
I'll arm you first.

PALAMON Do.

Arcite begins arming him.

Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armor?

ARCITE 'Tis the Duke's,
And to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?

PALAMON No.

ARCITE Is 't not too heavy?
PALAMON I have worn a lighter,
 But I shall make it serve.
ARCITE Will you fight bare-armed?
PALAMON We shall be the nimble.
ARCITE But use your gauntlets though. Those are o' th' least.
 Prithee take mine, good cousin.
PALAMON Thank you, Arcite.
 How do I look? Am I fall'n much away?
ARCITE Faith, very little; love has used you kindly.
PALAMON Now to you, sir.

He begins to arm Arcite.

 Methinks this armor's very like that, Arcite,
 Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
ARCITE That was a very good one, and that day,
 I well remember, you outdid me, cousin.
 I never saw such valor. When you charged
 Upon the left wing of the enemy,
 I spurred hard to come up, and under me
 I had a right good horse.
PALAMON You had, indeed;
 A bright bay, I remember.
ARCITE Yes, but all
 Was vainly labored in me; you outwent me,

Nor could my wishes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.

PALAMON More by virtue;
You are modest, cousin. Stay a little;
Is not this piece too strait?

ARCITE No, no, 'tis well.

PALAMON I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword.
A bruise would be dishonor.

ARCITE Now I am perfect.

PALAMON Stand off, then.
My cause and honor guard me!

ARCITE And me my love!

They bow several ways, then advance and stand.

Is there aught else to say?

PALAMON This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son.
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual—
In me thine, and in thee mine. My sword
Is in my hand, and if thou kill'st me,
The gods and I forgive thee.
Fight bravely, cousin. Give me thy noble hand.

ARCITE Here, Palamon. This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.

PALAMON I commend thee.

ARCITE Once more farewell, my cousin.

PALAMON Farewell, Arcite.

They fight. Horns within. They stand.

ARCITE Lo, cousin, lo, our folly has undone us!

PALAMON Why?

ARCITE This is the Duke, a-hunting, as I told you.
If we be found, we are wretched. O, retire,
For honor's sake, and safely, presently
Into your bush again.

PALAMON No, no, cousin,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial.
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard—

ARCITE You are not mad?

PALAMON Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia, and in that I'll bury
Thee and all crosses else.

ARCITE Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse or sleep. Only this fears me:
The law will have the honor of our ends. Have at thy life!

PALAMON Look to thine own well, Arcite.

Fight again.

Horns. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous and train.

THESEUS What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that 'gainst the tenor of my laws
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die.

PALAMON Hold thy word, Theseus.
We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness. I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison.
Think well what that deserves. And this is Arcite.
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falsèr nèer seemèd friend; and in this disguise,
Against thine own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
Whose servant—if there be a right in seeing
And first bequeathing of the soul to—justly
I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I called him now to answer. If thou be'st
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say "Fight again," and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy.
Then take my life; I'll woo thee to 't.

PIRITHOUS

O heaven,
What more than man is this!

THESEUS

I have sworn.

ARCITE

We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus. 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more moved. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I have served her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if she say "traitor,"
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

PALAMON

Let's die together at one instant, duke;
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

THESEUS

I grant your wish, for to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offenses
Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em,
For ere the sun set both shall sleep forever.

HIPPOLYTA Alas, the pity! Now or never, sister,
Speak not to be denied. That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins.

EMILIA In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin.
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em.
Yet that I will be woman and have pity,
My knees shall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
Most royal brother—

HIPPOLYTA Sir, by our tie of marriage—

EMILIA By your own spotless honor—

HIPPOLYTA By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me—

EMILIA By that you would have pity in another;
By your own virtues infinite—

HIPPOLYTA By valor;
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you—

THESEUS These are strange conjurings.

PIRITHOUS Nay, then, I'll in too.
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers;
By all you love most: wars and this sweet lady;
To crown all this: by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first—

HIPPOLYTA Next hear my prayers—

EMILIA Last let me entreat, sir—

PIRITHOUS For mercy.

HIPPOLYTA Mercy.

EMILIA Mercy on these princes.

THESEUS You make my faith reel. Say I felt
 Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?

EMILIA Upon their lives, but with their banishments.

THESEUS You are a right woman, sister: you have pity,
 But want the understanding where to use it.
 If you desire their lives, invent a way
 Safer than banishment. Can these two live,
 And have the agony of love about 'em,
 And not kill one another? Every day
 They'd fight about you, hourly bring your honor
 In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,
 And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit
 And my oath equally. I have said they die.
 Better they fall by th' law than one another.
 Bow not my honor.

EMILIA O, my noble brother,
 That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
 Your reason will not hold it.
 Besides, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
 Of more authority, I am sure more love,
 Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

THESEUS What is it, sister?

PIRITHOUS Urge it home, brave lady.

EMILIA That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in 't,
Think how you maim your honor.
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom. O, Duke Theseus,
For heaven's sake, save their lives, and banish 'em.

THESEUS On what conditions?

EMILIA Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.

PALAMON I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
O, all you gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke. I must love, and will,
And for that love must and dare kill this cousin
On any piece the Earth has.

THESEUS Will you, Arcite, Take these conditions?

PALAMON He's a villain, then.

ARCITE No, never, duke. 'Tis worse to me than begging
To take my life so basely; though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honor of affection, and die for her!

THESEUS What may be done? For now I feel compassion.

PIRITHOUS Let it not fail again, sir.

THESEUS Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take th' other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of. Look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference.
I give consent.—Are you content too, princes?

BOTH With all our souls.

THESEUS He that she refuses
Must die then.

BOTH Any death thou canst invent, duke.

THESEUS Make choice, then.

EMILIA I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent.
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

HIPPOLYTA What will become of 'em?

THESEUS Thus I ordain it—
And, by mine honor, once again, it stands,
Or both shall die: you shall both to your country,

And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid; and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content you?

PALAMON Yes.—Here, Cousin Arcite,

I am friends again till that hour.

ARCITE I embrace you.

THESEUS Are you content, sister?

EMILIA Yes, I must, sir,

Else both miscarry.

THESEUS Come, shake hands again, then,

And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel

Sleep till the hour prefixed, and hold your course.

PALAMON We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

THESEUS Come, I'll give you

Now usage like to princes and to friends.

When you return, who wins I'll settle here;

Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier.

They exit.

ACT 4. Scene 1. -----

Enter Jailer and his Friend.

JAILER Heard you no more? Was nothing said of me
 Concerning the escape of Palamon?
 Good sir, remember!

FIRST FRIEND Nothing that I heard,
 For I came home before the business
 Was fully ended.

Enter Second Friend.

SECOND FRIEND Be of good comfort, man; I bring you news,
 Good news.

JAILER They are welcome.

SECOND FRIEND Palamon has cleared you
 And got your pardon, and discovered how
 And by whose means he escaped, which was your daughter's,
 Whose pardon is procured too; and the prisoner,
 Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,
 Has given a sum of money to her marriage—
 A large one, I'll assure you.

JAILER You are a good friend
 And ever bring good news.

FIRST FRIEND How was it ended?

SECOND FRIEND Why, as it should be: they that ne'er begged
 But they prevailed had their suits fairly granted;
 The prisoners have their lives.

FIRST FRIEND I knew 'twould be so.

Enter Wooer.

WOOER Alas, sir, where's your daughter?

JAILER Why do you ask?

WOOER O, sir, when did you see her?

SECOND FRIEND How he looks!

JAILER This morning.

WOOER Was she well? Was she in health?

 Sir, when did she sleep?

FIRST FRIEND These are strange questions.

JAILER I do not think she was very well—for now
 You make me mind her; but this very day
 I asked her questions, and she answered me
 So far from what she was, so childishly,
 So sillily, as if she were a fool,
 An innocent, and I was very angry.
 But what of her, sir?

WOOER Nothing but my pity;
 But you must know it, and as good by me
 As by another that less loves her.

JAILER Well, sir?

WOOER No, sir, not well.

FIRST FRIEND Not right?

SECOND FRIEND Not well?

WOOER 'Tis too true; she is mad.

FIRST FRIEND It cannot be.

WOOER Believe you'll find it so.

JAILER I half suspected
What you told me. The gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.

WOOER 'Tis likely.

JAILER But why all this haste, sir?

WOOER I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and, attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompassed it. I laid me down
And listened to the words she sung, for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.

JAILER Pray go on, sir.

WOOER She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone,
I'll find him out tomorrow."

FIRST FRIEND Pretty soul!

WOOER

Then she talked of you, sir—
That you must lose your head tomorrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome, and between
Ever was “Palamon, fair Palamon,”
And “Palamon was a tall young man.” Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to ’em spoke
The prettiest posies: “Thus our true love’s tied,”
“This you may lose, not me,” and many a one;
And then she wept, and sung again, and sighed,
And with the same breath smiled and kissed her hand.

SECOND FRIEND

Alas, what pity it is!

WOOER

I made in to her.
She saw me, and straight sought the flood. I saved her
And set her safe to land, when presently
She slipped away, and to the city made
With such a cry and swiftness that, believe me,
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross her—one of ’em
I knew to be your brother. I left them with her
And hither came to tell you.

Enter Jailer’s Brother, Jailer’s Daughter, and others.

Here they are.

DAUGHTER

(sings)

Is not this a fine song?

BROTHER O, a very fine one.

DAUGHTER I can sing twenty more.

BROTHER I think you can.

DAUGHTER Are not you a tailor?

BROTHER Yes.

DAUGHTER Where's my wedding gown?

BROTHER I'll bring it tomorrow.

DAUGHTER Do, very rarely, I must be abroad else to call the maids
and pay the minstrels, for I must lose my maidenhead by
cocklight. 'Twill never thrive else.

(Sings.)

BROTHER You must e'en take it patiently.

JAILER 'Tis true.

DAUGHTER Good e'en. Pray, did you ever hear of one young
Palamon?

JAILER Yes, wench, we know him.

DAUGHTER Is 't not a fine young gentleman?

JAILER 'Tis, love.

BROTHER By no mean cross her; she is then distempered far worse
than now she shows.

FIRST FRIEND Yes, he's a fine man.

DAUGHTER All the young maids of our town are in love with him,
but I laugh at 'em and let 'em all alone. Is 't not a wise
course?

FIRST FRIEND Yes.

DAUGHTER There is at least two hundred now with child by him.
They come from all parts of the dukedom to him; I'll
warrant you, he had not so few last night as twenty to
dispatch.

JAILER She's lost past all cure.

BROTHER Heaven forbid, man!

DAUGHTER, *to Jailer* Come hither; you are a wise man.

FIRST FRIEND Does she know him?

SECOND FRIEND No; would she did.

DAUGHTER You are master of a ship?

JAILER Yes.

DAUGHTER Where's your compass?

JAILER Here.

DAUGHTER Set it to th' north. And now direct your course to th'
wood, where Palamon lies longing for me. For the
tackling, let me alone.—Come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly.

ALL, *as if sailing a ship* Owgh, owgh, owgh!—'Tis up! The wind's fair!—Top the
bowline!—Out with the main sail!

BROTHER Let's get her in!

JAILER Up to the top, boy!

DAUGHTER Bear for it, master. Tack about!

(Sings)

They exit.

ACT 4. Scene 2. -----

Enter Emilia alone, with two pictures.

EMILIA

Yet I may bind those wounds up that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else. I'll choose,
And end their strife. Two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty.

Looks at one of the pictures.

Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man. What an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! Here Love himself sits smiling.

Looks at the other picture.

Palamon
Is but his foil, to him a mere dull shadow;
He's swart and meager, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity.
I am a fool; my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees

I ask thy pardon: Palamon, thou art alone.
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite.

She puts aside his picture.

Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gypsy,
And this the noble body. I am sotted,
Utterly lost. My virgin's faith has fled me.
For if my brother but even now had asked me
Whether I loved, I had run mad for Arcite.
Now, if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together. Now, come ask me, brother.
Alas, I know not! Ask me now, sweet sister.
I may go look! What a mere child is Fancy,
That, having two fair gauds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both.

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?

GENTLEMAN From the noble duke, your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come.

EMILIA To end the quarrel?

GENTLEMAN Yes.

EMILIA Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soiled

With blood of princes, and my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers—
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy—must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous and Attendants.

THESEUS, *to Attendant* Bring 'em in

Quickly, by any means; I long to see 'em.
Your two contending lovers are returned,
And with them their fair knights. Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.

EMILIA I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter a Messenger.

THESEUS From whence come you, sir?

MESSENGER From the knights.

THESEUS Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.

MESSENGER I will, sir,
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought, if we judge by the outside,
I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming,
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince—
His very looks so say him; his complexion

stern and yet noble;
The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks.

THESEUS Thou hast well described him.

PIRITHOUS Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

THESEUS Pray speak him, friend.

PIRITHOUS I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honor in 't:
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter. He has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own. Fear he cannot;
He shows no such soft temper.
His nose stands high, a character of honor;
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

EMILIA Must these men die too?

MESSENGER There's another—
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never looked on.

PIRITHOUS O, he that's freckle-faced?

MESSENGER The same, my lord.
Are they not sweet ones?
PIRITHOUS Yes, they are well.
MESSENGER Methinks,
Being so few, and well disposed, they show
Great and fine art in nature.

THESEUS Are they all thus?

PIRITHOUS They are all the sons of honor.

THESEUS Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em.—
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

HIPPOLYTA I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord. They would show
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;
'Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.

THESEUS Come, I'll go visit 'em. I cannot stay—
Their fame has fired me so—till they appear.

All but Emilia exit.

EMILIA Poor wench, go weep, for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins.

She exits.

ACT 4. Scene 3. -----

Enter Jailer, Wooer, Doctor.

DOCTOR Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at
other some, is it not?

JAILER She is continually in a harmless distemper, sleeps little, altogether without appetite; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name *Palamon* lards it, that she farces ev'ry business withal, fits it to every question.

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Look where she comes; you shall perceive her behavior.

They stand aside.

DAUGHTER I have forgot it quite. The burden on 't was "down-a down-a," and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster. He's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon 's legs, for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Aeneas.

DOCTOR What stuff's here? Poor soul.

JAILER E'en thus all day long.

DAUGHTER Now for this charm that I told you of, you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry; then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are, there's a sight now! We maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine. Then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him mark me then.

DOCTOR How prettily she's amiss! Note her a little further.

DAUGHTER If one be mad, or hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us, and there shall we be put in a

cauldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cutpurses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

DOCTOR How her brains coins!

DAUGHTER Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place. They shall stand in fire up to the navel and in ice up to th' heart, and there th' offending part burns and the deceiving part freezes: in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle.

DOCTOR How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

DAUGHTER (Sings.)

Daughter exits.

JAILER What think you of her, sir?

DOCTOR I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

JAILER Alas, what then?

DOCTOR Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

JAILER I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

WOOER I did think so, too, and would give half my state that both she and I, at this present, stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

DOCTOR

That intemp'rate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses. They may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties, but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love. This will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon. Sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison. Desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favor. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment. I have seen it approved, how many times I know not, but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. Let us put it in execution and hasten the success, which doubt not will bring forth comfort.

They exit.

ACT 5. Scene 1. -----

Flourish. Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Attendants. Three altars set up onstage.

THESEUS

Now let 'em enter and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers. Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling incense

To those above us. Let no due be wanting.

They have a noble work in hand will honor

The very powers that love 'em.

PIRITHOUS Sir, they enter.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Palamon and Arcite and their Knights.

THESEUS You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
Lay by your anger for an hour and, dove-like,
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-feared gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
And as the gods regard you, fight with justice.
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt you
I part my wishes.

PIRITHOUS Honor crown the worthiest!

Theseus and his train exit.

PALAMON The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin.
This I shall never do again.

They embrace.

ARCITE One farewell.

PALAMON Why, let it be so. Farewell, coz.

ARCITE Farewell, sir.

Palamon and his Knights exit.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, go with me

Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also. You know my prize
Must be dragged out of blood; force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she sticks,
The queen of flowers. Our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cistern
Brimmed with the blood of men. Give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him.

They go to Mars's altar, fall on their faces before it, and then kneel.

Thou mighty one, whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' th' day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armor, with
a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the
altar.*

O, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood

The Earth when it is sick, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go.

They exit.

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former observance.

PALAMON Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
Today extinct. Our argument is love,
Which, if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too. Then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.

Here they go to Venus's altar, fall on their faces before it, and then kneel.

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum
And turn th' alarm to whispers; What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? Take to thy grace
Me, thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles.
I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law,
Ne'er revealed secret, for I knew none— am

To those that prate and have done, no companion;
To those that boast and have not, a defier;
To those that would and cannot, a rejoicer.
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here music is heard; doves are seen to flutter. They fall again upon their faces,
then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, I give thee thanks
For this fair token, which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business.—Let us rise
And bow before the goddess. Time comes on.

They exit.

*Still music of recorders. Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders,
wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with
flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and
sweet odors, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her maids standing aloof,
she sets fire to it. Then they curtsy and kneel.*

EMILIA O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights

Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe, I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. O, vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin,
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne'er heard scurrile term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton sound—to my petition,
Seasoned with holy fear. This is my last
Of vestal office. I am bride-habited
But maiden-hearted. A husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him. Out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election. Of mine eyes,
Were I to lose one—they are equal precious—
I could doom neither; that which perished should
Go to 't unsentenced. Therefore, most modest queen,
He of the two pretenders that best loves me
And has the truest title in 't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.

*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose tree,
having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances: but one rose.
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone unplucked.

Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends. O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me. I shall be gathered;
I think so, but I know not thine own will.

They curtsy and exit.

ACT 5. Scene 2. -----

Enter Doctor, Jailer, and Wooer in the habit of Palamon.

DOCTOR Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

WOOER O, very much. Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And asked me what I would eat, and when I would kiss her.
I told her "Presently," and kissed her twice.

DOCTOR 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

WOOER She would have me sing.

DOCTOR You did so?

WOOER No.

DOCTOR 'Twas very ill done, then.
You should observe her ev'ry way.

WOOER Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

DOCTOR That's all one, if you make a noise.
If she entreat again, do anything.
Lie with her, if she ask you.

JAILER Ho there, doctor!

DOCTOR Yes, in the way of cure.

JAILER But first, by your leave,
I' th' way of honesty.

DOCTOR That's but a niceness.
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty.
Cure her first this way; then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her. Pray bring her in
And let's see how she is.

JAILER I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her. But, doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still.

Jailer exits.

DOCTOR Go, go. You fathers are fine fools. Her honesty?
And we should give her physic till we find that!

WOOER Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?

DOCTOR How old is she?

WOOER She's eighteen.

DOCTOR She may be.
But that's all one; 'tis nothing to our purpose.

Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?

WOOER Yes, very well, sir.

DOCTOR Please her appetite,

And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,

The melancholy humor that infects her.

Enter Jailer, Daughter, and Maid.

She comes; pray humor her.

Wooer and Doctor stand aside.

JAILER Come, your love Palamon stays for you, child,

And has done this long hour, to visit you.

DAUGHTER I thank him for his gentle patience.

He's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.

Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

JAILER Yes.

DAUGHTER How do you like him?

JAILER He's a very fair one.

DAUGHTER You never saw him dance?

JAILER No.

DAUGHTER I have, often.

He dances very finely, very comely.

You know

The chestnut mare the Duke has?

JAILER Very well.

DAUGHTER She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

JAILER What dowry has she?

DAUGHTER Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike of oats, but he'll ne'er have her.

DOCTOR What stuff she utters!

Wooer and Doctor come forward.

JAILER Make curtsy; here your love comes.

WOOER Pretty soul,
How do you?

DAUGHTER Yours to command i' th' way of honesty.—
How far is 't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?

DOCTOR Why, a day's journey, wench.

DAUGHTER Will you go with me?

WOOER What shall we do there, wench?

DAUGHTER Why, play at stool-ball.
What is there else to do?

WOOER I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.

DAUGHTER 'Tis true, For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us; for here they are nice and foolish.
Besides, my father must be hanged tomorrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business.
Are not you Palamon?

WOOER Do not you know me?

DAUGHTER Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.

WOOER That's all one; I will have you.

DAUGHTER Will you surely?

WOOER Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

DAUGHTER We'll to bed then.

WOOER E'en when you will.

He kisses her.

DAUGHTER O , sir, you would fain be nibbling.

WOOER Why do you rub my kiss off?

DAUGHTER 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite? *She indicates Doctor.*

DOCTOR Yes, sweetheart,
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.

DAUGHTER Do you think he'll have me?

DOCTOR Yes, without doubt.

DAUGHTER Do you think so too?

JAILER Yes.

DAUGHTER We shall have many children. (*To Doctor.*) Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon, I hope, will grow too, finely,
Now he's at liberty. Alas, poor chicken,

He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging,
But I'll kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER What do you here? You'll lose the noblest sight
That e'er was seen.

JAILER Are they i' th' field?

MESSENGER They are.
You bear a charge there too.

JAILER I'll away straight.—
I must e'en leave you here.

DOCTOR Nay, we'll go with you.
I will not lose the sight.

Jailer and Messenger exit.

You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.

WOOER I will.

DOCTOR Let's get her in.

WOOER Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner
And then we'll play at cards.

DAUGHTER And shall we kiss too?

WOOER A hundred times.

DAUGHTER And twenty.

WOOER Ay, and twenty.

DAUGHTER And then we'll sleep together.

DOCTOR Take her offer.

WOOER Yes, marry, will we.
DAUGHTER But you shall not hurt me.
WOOER I will not, sweet.
DAUGHTER If you do, love, I'll cry.

They exit.

ACT 5. Scene 3. -----

Flourish. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and some Attendants.

EMILIA I'll no step further.
PIRITHOUS Will you lose this sight?
EMILIA I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly
 Than this decision; ev'ry blow that falls
 Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
 The place whereon it falls. I will stay here.
 It is enough my hearing shall be punished
 With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
 No deafing but to hear; not taint mine eye
 With dread sights it may shun.
PIRITHOUS Sir, my good lord,
 Your sister will no further.
THESEUS O, she must.
 You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
 To crown the question's title.
EMILIA Sir, pardon me.
 The title of a kingdom may be tried
 Out of itself.

THESEUS Well, well, then; at your pleasure.

HIPPOLYTA Farewell, sister.

I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself
By some small start of time. He whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.

*Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, and others, exit. Emilia remains, comparing again
the pictures of Arcite and Palamon.*

EMILIA Arcite is gently visaged, yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts. Melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth.

Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.

Hark how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me,
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure.

Cornets. A great cry and noise within crying "A Palamon!"

O, better never born
Than minister to such harm!

Enter Servant.

What is the chance?

SERVANT The cry's "A Palamon."

EMILIA Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely.

He looked all grace and success. I prithee run

And tell me how it goes.

Shout and cornets, crying "A Palamon!"

SERVANT Still "Palamon."

EMILIA Run and inquire.

Servant exits. Addressing Arcite's picture.

Poor servant, thou hast lost.

Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,

Palamon's on the left—why so, I know not.

I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so.

On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon

Had the best-boding chance.

Another cry, and shout within, and cornets.

This burst of clamor

Is sure th' end o' th' combat.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT They said that Palamon had Arcite's body

Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry

Was general "A Palamon." But anon,

Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and

ARCITE Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

THESEUS O loved sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed. Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' th' world too godlike.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won.—For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em. Let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing. Go we hence
Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your prize;
I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

EMILIA Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?

HIPPOLYTA Infinite pity
That four such eyes should be so fixed on one
That two must needs be blind for 't.

THESEUS So it is.

Flourish. They exit.

ACT 5. Scene 4. -----

Enter Guard with Palamon and his Knights, pinioned; Jailer, Executioner and Others, carrying a block and an ax.

PALAMON Some comfort
We have by so considering: we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers; we come towards the gods
Young and unwappered, not halting under crimes
Many and stale. That sure shall please the gods
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You have sold 'em too too cheap.

FIRST KNIGHT What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain. A grain of honor
They not o'er-weigh us.

SECOND KNIGHT Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring Fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels.

THIRD KNIGHT Come, who begins?

PALAMON E'en he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all. *To Jailer.* Ah ha, my friend, my friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see 't done now forever. Pray, how does she?

I heard she was not well; her kind of ill

Gave me some sorrow.

JAILER

Sir, she's well restored,

And to be married shortly.

PALAMON

By my short life,

I am most glad on 't. Prithee, tell her so.

Commend me to her, and to piece her portion,

Tender her this. *He gives his purse to Jailer.*

FIRST KNIGHT

Nay, let's be offerers all.

SECOND KNIGHT

Is it a maid?

PALAMON

Verily, I think so.

A right good creature, more to me deserving

Than I can quit or speak of.

KNIGHTS

Commend us to her.

They give their purses.

JAILER

The gods requite you all and make her thankful!

PALAMON

Adieu, and let my life be now as short

As my leave-taking. *Lays his head on the block.*

FIRST KNIGHT

Lead, courageous cousin.

KNIGHTS

We'll follow cheerfully.

A great noise within crying "Run!" "Save!" "Hold!" Enter in haste a Messenger.

MESSENGER

Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Pirithous in haste.

PIRITHOUS

Hold, ho! It is a cursèd haste you made

If you have done so quickly!—Noble Palamon,

Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter.

PALAMON

What
Hath waked us from our dream?

PIRITHOUS

List then: your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him
Trotting the stones of Athens. As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing, as 'twere, to th' music
His own hooves made; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will; bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing; seeks all foul means
Of boist'rous and rough jadery to disseat
His lord that kept it bravely. When naught served,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
On end he stands
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seemed with strange art to hang. His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head, and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for

The surge that next approaches. He much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, and Arcite carried in a chair.

PALAMON O, miserable end of our alliance!

The gods are mighty, Arcite. If thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words. I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

ARCITE Take Emilia

And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell. I have told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin.
One kiss from fair Emilia. 'Tis done.
Take her. I die. *He dies.*

PALAMON Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

EMILIA I'll close thine eyes, prince. Blessed souls be with thee!

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day I give to tears.

PALAMON And I to honor.

THESEUS In this place first you fought; e'en very here

I sundered you. Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.

The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love. Our master, Mars,
Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave

The grace of the contention. So the deities
Have showed due justice.—Bear this hence.

PALAMON

O cousin,
That we should things desire which do cost us
The loss of our desire, that naught could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love.

Arcite's body is carried out.

THESEUS

Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game. The conquered triumphs;
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal.—Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confessed the right o' th' lady
Did lie in you, for you first saw her and
Even then proclaimed your fancy. He restored her
As your stol'n jewel and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven. Lead your lady off,
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite, in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on
And smile with Palamon Let's go off
And bear us like the time.

Flourish. They exit.