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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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In 0001

Gallathea.

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

As it was playde before
the Queenes Maiestie at
Greene-wiche, on Newyeeres
day at Night.

In 0006

In 0007

By the Chyldren of
Paules.

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

AT LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Charl-
woode for the VVid-
dow Broome.
1592.

img: 2-a
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wln 0001

¶The Prologue.

wln 0002

*IOS and Smyrna were two
sweete Cytties, the first named
of the Violet, the latter of the
Myrrh: Homer was borne
in the one, and buried in the
other; Your Maiesties iudgement and fauour,
are our Sunne and shadowe, the one comming
of your deepe wisdom, the other of your won-
ted grace. VVee in all humilitie desire, that by
the former, receiuing our first breath, we may
in the latter, take our last rest.*

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

*Augustus Cæsar had such pearcing eyes,
that who so looked on him, was constrained to
wincke. Your highnesse hath so perfit a iudge-
ment, that what soeuer we offer, we are enfor-
ced to blush; yet as the Athenians were most
curious, that the Lawne wherewith Minerua
was couered, should be without spotte or wrin-*

Aii.

kle,

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

The Prologue.

wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026

*kle, So haue we endeouored with all care, that
what wee present your Highnesse, shoulde ney-
ther offend in Scæne nor sillable, knowing that
as in the ground where Gold groweth, nothing
will prosper but Golde, so in your Maiestes
minde, where nothing doth harbor but vertue,
nothing can enter but vertue.*

GAL.

wln 0027

GALLATHEA.

wln 0028

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

wln 0029

Tyterus. Gallathea.

wln 0030

Tyterus. THE Sunne dooth beate

wln 0031

vppon the playne fieldes,

wln 0032

wherefore let vs sit downe

wln 0033

Gallathea, vnder this faire

wln 0034

Oake, by whose broade

wln 0035

leaues, beeing defended

wln 0036

from the warme beames, we may enioy the fresh ayre,

wln 0037

which softly breathes from Humber floodes.

wln 0038

Galla. Father, you haue deuised well, and whilst our

wln 0039

flocke doth roame vp and downe thys pleasant greene,

wln 0040

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

wln 0041

thys Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and why you

wln 0042

haue thus disguised me.

wln 0043

Tyterus I doe agree thereto, and when thy state and

wln 0044

my care be considered, thou shalt knowe thys question

wln 0045

was not asked in vaine.

wln 0046

Gallathea I willingly attend.

wln 0047

Tyterus In tymes past, where thou seest a heape

wln 0048

of small pyble, stode a stately Temple of white Mar-

wln 0049

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

wln 0050

right beeing so neere the Sea) hether came all such as

B.1.

eyther

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eyther ventured by long trauell to see Countries, or by great traffique to vse merchandise, offering Sacrifice by fire, to gette safety by water; yeelding thanks for perils past, & making prayers for good successe to come; but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancie, did change her copie, as the people their custome, for the Land being oppressed by Danes, who in steed of sacrifice, committed sacrilidge, in steede of religion, rebellion, and made a pray of that in which they should haue made theyr prayers, tearing downe the Temple euen with the earth, being almost equall with the skyes, enraged so the God who bindes the windes in the hollowes of the earth, that he caused the Seas to breake their bounds, sith men had broke their vowes, and to swell as farre aboue theyr reach, as men had swarued beyond theyr reason: then might you see shippes sayle where sheepe fedde, ankers cast where ploughes goe, fishermen throw theyr nets, where husbandmen sowe theyr Corne, and fishes throw their scales where fowles doe breede theyr quilts: then might you gather froth where nowe is dewe, rotten weedes for sweete roses, & take viewe of monstrous Maremaides, instead of passing faire Maydes.

Galla. To heare these sweete maruailes, I would mine eyes were turned also into eares.

Tyte. But at the last, our Country-men repenting, and not too late, because at last, Neptune either wearie of his wroth, or warie to doe them wrong, vpon condition consented to ease theyr miseries.

Galla. What condition will not miserable men accept?

Tyte. The condition was this, that at euery fiewe yeeres day, the fairest and chastest virgine in all the Countrey, should be brought vnto this Tree, & heere beeing bound, (whom neither parentage shall excuse

for

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wln 0120

for honour, nor vertue for entegrity) is left for a peace offering vnto Neptune.

Galla. Deere is the peace that is bought with guiltlesse blood.

Tyte. I am not able to say that, but hee sendeth a Monster called the *Agar*, against whose comming the waters rore, the fowles flie away, and the Cattell in the field for terror, shunne the bankes.

Galla. And she bound to endure that horror?

Tyte. And she bound to endure that horror.

Galla. Doth thys Monster deuoure her?

Tyte. Whether she be deuoured of him, or conueied to Neptune, or drowned between both, it is not permitted to knowe, and encurreth danger to coniecture; Now Gallathea heere endeth my tale, & beginneth thy tragedie.

Galla. Alas father, and why so?

Tyte. I would thou hadst beene lesse faire, or more fortunate, then shouldest thou not repine that I haue disguised thee in this attyre, for thy beautie will make thee to be thought worthy of this God; to auoide therfore desteny (for wisdome ruleth the stars) I thinke it better to vse an vnlawfull meanes (your honour preserved) then intollerable greefe, both life and honor hazarded, and to preuent (if it be possible) thy constellation by my craft. Now hast thou heard the custome of this Countrey, the cause why thys Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and the vexing care of thy fearefull Father.

Galla. Father, I haue beene attentiu to heare, and by your patience am ready to aunswer. Destenie may be deferred, not preuented: and therefore it were better to offer my selfe in tryumph, then to be drawne to it with dishonour. Hath nature (as you say) made mee so faire aboue all, and shall not vertue make mee as fa-

Gallathea.

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mous as others? Doe you not knowe, (or dooth ouer-carefulnes make you forget) that an honorable death is to be preferred before an infamous life. I am but a child, and haue not liued long, and yet not so childish, as I desire to liue euer: vertues I meane to carry to my graue, not gray haire. I woulde I were as sure that destiny would light on me, as I am resolued it could not feare me. Nature hath givē me beauty, Vertue courage, Nature must yeeld mee death, Vertue honor. Suffer mee therefore to die, for which I was borne, or let me curse that I was borne, sith I may not die for it.

Tyte. Alas Gallathea, to consider the causes of change, thou art too young, and that I should find them out for thee, too too fortunate.

Galla. The destenie to me cannot be so hard as the disguising hatefull.

Tyte. To gaine loue, the Gods haue taken shapes of beastes, and to saue life art thou coy to take the attire of men?

Galla. They were beastly gods, that lust could make them seeme as beastes.

Tyte. In health it is easie to counsell the sicke, but it's hard for the sicke to followe wholesome counsaile. Well let vs depart, the day is farre spent.

Exeunt.

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Actus primus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid, Nymph of Diana.

Cupid. Faire Nimphe, are you strayed from your companie by chaunce, or loue you to wander solitarly on purpose?

Nymph. Faire boy, or god, or what euer you bee, I would you knew these woods are to me so wel known, that I cannot stray though I would, and my minde so free, that to be melancholy I haue no cause. There is none of Dianaes trayne that any can traine, either out

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of their waie, or out of their wits.

Cupid. What is that Diana a goddesse? what her Nymphes virgins? what her pastimes hunting?

Nymph A goddesse? who knowes it not? Virgins? who thinks it not? Hunting? who loues it not?

Cupid I pray thee sweete wench, amongst all your sweete troope, is there not one that followeth the sweetest thing. Sweete loue?

Nymph Loue good sir, what meane you by it? or what doe you call it?

Cupid A heate full of coldnesse, a sweet full of bitterness, a paine ful of pleasantnesse, which maketh thoughts haue eyes, and harts eares, bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by ielousie, kild by dissembling, buried by ingratitude, and this is loue, fayre Lady wil you any?

Nymph If it be nothing els, it is but a foolish thing.

Cupid Try, and you shall find it a prettie thing.

Nymph I haue neither will nor leysure, but I will followe Diana in the Chace, whose virgins are all chast, delighting in the bowe that wounds the swift Hart in the Forrest, not fearing the bowe that strikes the softe hart in the Chamber. This difference is betweene my Mistress Diana, and your Mother (as I gesse) Venus, that all her Nymphes are amiable and wise in theyr kinde, the other amorous and too kinde for their sexe; and so farewell little god.

Cupid Diana, and thou, and all thine, shall knowe that Cupid is a great god, I will practise a while in these woodes, and play such pranckes with these Nymphes, that while they ayme to hit others with their Arrowes, they shall be wounded themselues with their owne eyes.

Exit.

Exit.

B.3.

Actus

Gallathea.

Actus primus. Scæna tertia.

Melebeus. Phillida.

Meleb. Come Phillida, faire Phillida, and I feare me too faire being my Phillida, thou knowest the cutome of this Countrey, & I the greatnes of thy beautie, we both the fiercenesse of the monster *Agar*. Euerie one thinketh his owne childe faire, but I know that which I most desire, and would least haue, that thou art fairest. Thou shalt therefore disguise thy selfe in attire, least I should disguise my selfe in affection, in suffering thee to perrish by a fond desire, whom I may preserue by a sure decept.

Phil. Deere father, Nature could not make mee so faire as she hath made you kinde, nor you more kinde then me dutifull. What soeuer you commaunde I will not refuse, because you commaund nothing but my safetie, and your happinesse. But howe shall I be disguised?

Mele. In mans apparell.

Phil. It wil neither become my bodie, nor my minde.

Mele. Why Phillida?

Philli. For then I must keepe companie with boyes, and commit follies vnseemelie for my sexe, or keepe company with girles, and be thought more wanton then becommeth me. Besides, I shall be ashamed of my long hose and short coate, and so vnwarelie blabbe out something by blushing at euery thing.

Mele. Feare not Phillida, vse will make it easie, feare must make it necessarie.

Philli. I agree, since my father will haue it so, and fortune must.

Mele. Come let vs in, and when thou art disguised, roame about these woods till the time be past, and Neptune pleased.

Exeunt.

Actus

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wln 0221

Actus primus. Scæna quarta.

Mariner, Raffe, Robin, and Dicke.

Rob. Now Mariner, what callest thou this sport on the Sea?

Mar. It is called a wracke.

Raffe. I take no pleasure in it. Of all deathes I wold not be drownd, ones clothes will be so wet when hee is taken vp.

Dicke What calst thou the thing wee were bounde to?

Mar. A raughter.

Raffe. I wyll rather hang my selfe on a raughter in the house, then be so haled in the Sea, there one may haue a leape for his lyfe; but I maruaile howe our Master speedes.

Dicke Ile warrant by this time he is wetshod. Dyd you euer see water buble as the Sea did? But what shall we doe?

Mar. You are now in Lyncolnshire, where you can want no foule, if you can deuise meanes to catch them, there be woods hard by, and at euery myles ende houses: so that if you seeke on the Lande, you shall speede better then on the Sea.

Rob. Sea, nay I will neuer saile more, I brooke not their diet: their bread is so hard, that one must carrie a whetstone in his mouth to grinde his teeth: the meate so salt, that one woulde thinke after dinner his tongue had beene powdred ten daies.

Raffe O thou hast a sweet life Mariner to be pinde in a few boordes, and to be within an inche of a thing bottomlesse. I pray thee howe often hast thou beene drowned?

Mar. Foole thou seest I am yet aliue.

Rob. Why be they deade that be drownd, I had

B.4.

thought

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thought they had beene with the fish, and so by chance
beene caught vp with them in a Nette againe. It were
a shame a little cold water should kill a man of reason,
when you shall see a poore Mynow lie in it, that hath
no vnderstanding.

Mar. Thou art wise from the crowne of thy heade
vpwards; seeke you new fortunes nowe, I will followe
mine olde. I can shift the Moone and the Sunne, and
know by one Carde, what all you cannot do by a whole
payre. The Lode-stone that alwaies holdeth his nose
to the North, the two and thirty poynts for the winde,
the wonders I see woulde make all you blinde: you be
but boyes, I feare the Sea no more then a dish of water.
Why fooles it is but a liquid element, farewell.

Rob. It were good wee learned his cunning at the
Cardes, for we must liue by cosenage, we haue neyther
Lands nor wit, nor Maisters, nor honestie.

Rafe Nay I would faine haue his thirty two, that is,
his three dozen lacking foure points, for you see be-
twixt vs three there is not two good points.

Dicke Let vs call him a little backe that wee may
learne those points. Sirra a word, I pray thee shewe vs
thy points.

Mar. Will you learne?

Dicke. I.

Mar. Then as you like this I will instruct you in
all our secretes: for there is not a clowte nor carde, nor
boord, nor post, that hath not a speciall name, or singu-
ler nature.

Dicke Well begin with your points, for I lacke on-
lie points in this world.

Mar. North. North & by East. North North East.
North-east and by North, North-east. North-east and
by East. East North-east, East and by North. East.

Dicke Ile say it. North, north-east, North-east, Nore

nore

Gallathea.

wln 0291

nore and by Nore-east. I shall neuer doe it.

wln 0292

Mar. Thys is but one quarter.

wln 0293

Rob. I shall neuer learne a quarter of it. I will try.

wln 0294

North, North-east, is by the West side, North and by North.

wln 0295

Dicke Passing ill.

wln 0296

Mar. Hast thou no memorie. Try thou.

wln 0297

Rafe North North and by North. I can goe no further.

wln 0298

Mar. O dullerde, is thy head lighter then the wind, and thy tongue so heauie it will not wagge. I will once againe say it.

wln 0299

Rafe I will neuer learne this language, it wil get but small liuing, when it will scarce be learned till one bee olde.

wln 0300

Mar. Nay then farewell, and if your fortunes exceede not your wits, you shall starue before ye sleepe.

wln 0301

Rafe Was there euer such cosening? Come let vs to the woods, and see what fortune we may haue before they be made shippes: as for our Maister hee is drownd.

wln 0302

Dicke I will this way.

wln 0303

Robin I this.

wln 0304

Rafe I this, & this day twelue-month let vs all meete heere againe: it may be we shall eyther beg together, or hang together.

wln 0305

Dicke It skills not so we be together. But let vs sing now, though we cry heereafter.

wln 0306

Exeunt.

wln 0307

Actus secundus Scæna prima.

wln 0308

Gallathea alone.

wln 0309

Galla. BLush Gallathea that must frame thy affection fitte for thy habite, and therefore be thought immodest, because thou art vnfortunate. Thy

wln 0310

C.1.

tender

wln 0311

wln 0312

wln 0313

wln 0314

wln 0315

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wln 0317

wln 0318

wln 0319

wln 0320

wln 0321

wln 0322

wln 0323

Gallathea.

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tender yeeres cannot dissemble this deceit, nor thy
sexe beare it. O woulde the gods had made mee as I
seeme to be, or that I might safelie be what I seeme not.
Thy Father doteth Gallathea, whose blind loue cor-
rupteth his fonde iudgement, and iealous of thy death,
seemeth to dote on thy beauty, whose fonde care carri-
eth his parciall eye as farre from trueth, as his hart is frō
falshood. But why doost thou blame him, or blab what
thou art, when thou shouldest onelie counterfet what
thou art not. But whist, heere commeth a ladde: I will
learne of him how to behaue my selfe.

Enter Phillida in mans attire.

Philli. I neither like my gate, nor my garments, the
one vntoward, the other vnfit, both vnseemely. O Phil-
lida, but yonder staieth one, and therefore say nothing.
But ô Phillida.

Galla. I perceiue that boyes are in as great disliking
of themselues as maides, therefore though I weare the
apparell, I am glad I am not the person.

Philli. It is a pretty boy and a faire, hee might well
haue beene a woman, but because he is not, I am glad I
am, for nowe vnder the color of my coate, I shall deci-
pher the follies of their kind.

Galla. I would salute him, but I feare I should make
a curtsie in steed of a legge.

Philli. If I durst trust my face as well as I doe my
habite, I would spend some time to make pastime, for
saie what they will of a mans wit, it is no seconde thing
to be a woman.

Galla. All the blood in my bodie would be in my
face, if he should aske me (as the question among men
is common) are you a maide?

Phil. Why stande I still, boyes shoulde be bolde,
but heere commeth a braue traine that will spill all our
talke.

Enter

Gallathea.

Enter Diana, Telusa, and Eurota.

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wln 0364
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wln 0366
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Diana God speede faire boy.

Galla. You are deceiued Ladie.

Diana Why, are you no boy?

Galla. No faire boy.

Diana But I see an vnhappie boy.

Telusa. Saw you not the Deare come this waie, hee
flewe downe the winde, & I beleeeue you haue blancht
him.

Galla. Whose Deare was it Ladie?

Telusa. Dianaes Deare.

Galla. I saw none but mine owne Deare.

Telusa This wagge is wanton or a foole, aske the
other, Diana.

Galla. I knowe not howe it commeth to passe, but
yonder boy is in mine eye too beautifull, I pray gods the
Ladies thinke him not their Deare.

Diana Prettie lad, doe your sheepe feede in the For-
rest, or are you straied from **you** flocke, or on purpose
come ye to marre Dianaes pastime?

Phillida I vnderstand not one word you speake.

Diana VVhat art thou neither Ladde nor sheepe-
hearde?

Phill. My mother said I could be no ladde til I was
twentie yeere olde, nor keepe sheepe till I coulde tell
them; and therefore Ladie neither lad nor sheephearde
is heere.

Telusa These boyes are both agreed, either they are
verie pleasant or too peruerse: you were best Ladie
make them tuske these VVoodes, whilst wee stande
with our bowes, and so vse them as Beagles since they
haue so good mouthes.

Diana I wil. Follow me without delaie, or excuse, &
if you can doe nothing, yet shall you hallow the Deare.

C.2.

Phillida

Gallathea.

wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398

Phill. I am willing to goe, not for these Ladies companie, because my selfe am a virgine, but for that fayre boyes fauor, who I thinke be a God.

Diana. You sir boy shall also goe.

Galla. I must if you commaunde, and would if you had not.

Exeunt.

wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
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wln 0417
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wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426

Actus secundus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid alone in Nimphes apparell, and Neptune lystening.

Cupid Nowe Cupid, vnder the shape of a sillie girle shewe the power of a mightie God. Let Diana and all her coy Nimphes know, that there is no hart so chaste but thy bowe can wounde, nor eyes so modest, but thy brandes can kindle, nor thoughts so staid, but thy shafts can make wauering, weake and wanton: Cupid though he be a child, is no babie. I will make their paines my pastimes, & so confound their loues in their owne sexe, that they shall dote in their desires, delight in their affections, and practise onely impossibilities. Whilst I trewant from my mother, I will vse some tyranny in these woodes, and so shall their exercise in foolish loue, be my excuse for running away. I wil see whether faire faces be alwaies chast, or Dianaes virgins onelie modest, els will I spende both my shafts and shyfts, and then Ladies if you see these daintie Dames intrapt in loue, saie softlie to your selues, wee may all loue.

Exit.

Neptune. Doe sillie Sheepeheardes goe about to deceiue great Neptune, in putting on mans attire vpon women: and Cupid to make sport deceiue them all, by vsing a vvomans apparell vpon a God, then Neptune that hast taken sundrie shapes to obtaine loue, stick not to practise some deceit to shew thy deitie, and hauing oftē thrust thy self into the shape of beastes to deceiue

men,

Gallathea.

wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431

men be not coy to vse the shape of a Sheepehearde, to shew thy selfe a God. Neptune cannot be ouer-reached by Swaines, himselfe is subtile, and if Diana be ouer-taken by craft, Cupid is wise. I will into these woodes and marke all, and in the end will marre all.

Exit.

wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
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wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460

Actus secundus. Scæna tertia.

Enter Raffe alone.

Rafe Call you this seeking of fortunes when one can finde nothing but byrds nestes? would I were out of these VVoodes, for I shall haue but wodden lucke, heers nothing but the skreeking of Owles, croking of Frogs, hissing of Adders, barking of Foxes, walking of Haggas. But what be these?

Enter Fayries dauncing and playing
and so, Exeunt.

I will follow them, to hell I shall not goe, for so faire faces neuer can haue such hard fortunes. What blacke boy is this.

Enter the Alcumists boy Peter.

Peter What a life doe I leade with my Maister nothing but blowing of bellows, beating of spirits, & scraping of Croslets? it is a very secrete Science, for none almost can vnderstand the language of it. Sublimation, Almigation, Calcination, Rubification, Encorporation, Circination, Sementation, Albification, and **Fre-**mentation. With as many termes vnpossible to be vttered, as the Arte to be compassed.

Raffe Let me crosse my selfe, I neuer heard so many great deuils in a little Monkeys mouth.

Peter Then our instruments, Croslets, Subliuatories, Cucurbits, Limbecks, Decensores, Violes, manuell and murall, for enbibing and conbibing, Bellowes, molificatiue and enduratiue.

Rafe What language is this? doe they speake so?

C.3.

Peter

Gallathea.

wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
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wln 0485
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wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495

Peter Then our Mettles, Saltpeeter, Vitrioll, Sal tartar, Sal perperat, Argoll, Resagar, Sal Armonick, Egrimony, Lumany, Brimstone, Valerian, Tartar Alam, Breeme-worte, Glasse, Vnsleked lyme, Chalke, Ashes, hayre, and what not, to make I know not what.

Rafe My haire beginneth to stande vpright, would the boy would make an end.

Peter And yet such a beggerly Science it is, and so strong on multiplication, that the ende is to haue neyther gold, wit, nor honestie.

Rafe Then am I iust of thy occupation. What fellow, well met.

Peter Fellow, vpon what acquaintance?

Rafe Why thou saist, the end of thy occupation is to haue neither wit, money, nor honestie: & me thinks at a blush, thou shouldest be one of my occupation.

Peter Thou art deceiued, my Master is an Alchemist.

Rafe Whats that, a man?

Peter A little more then a man, and a hayres bredth lesse then a God. He can make of thy cap gold, and by multiplication of one grote, three old Angels. I haue knowne him of the tagge of a poynt, to make a siluer boole of a pint.

Rafe That makes thee haue neuer a point, they be al turned to pots: but if he can doe thys, he shall be a god altogether.

Peter Yf thou haue any gold to worke on, thou art then made for euer: for with one pound of golde, hee will goe neere to paue tenne Akers of ground.

Rafe Howe might a man serue him and learne hys cunning?

Peter Easilie. First seeme to vnderstand the termes, and speciallie marke these points. In our Arte there are foure Spirits.

Rafe

Gallathea.

wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
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wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530

Rafe Nay I haue doone if you worke with deuils.
Peter Thou art grosse; we call those Spirits that are the grounds of our Arte, & as it were the mettles more incorporatiue for domination. The first Spirit is Quick-siluer.

Rafe That is my Spirit, for my siluer is so quicke; that I haue much a doe to catch it, and when I haue it, it is so nimble that I cannot holde it; I thought there was a deuill in it.

Peter The second, Orpyment.

Rafe Thats no Spirit, but a worde to coniure a Spirit.

Peter The third, Sal Armoniack.

Rafe A propper word.

Peter The fourth, Brimstone.

Rafe Thats a stincking Spirit, I thought there was some spirit in it because it burnt so blew. For my Mother would often tell mee that when the candle burnt blew, there was some ill Spirit in the house, and now I perceiue it was the spirit Brimstone.

Peter Thou **cast** remember these foure spirits.

Rafe Let me alone to coniure them.

Peter Now are there also seauen bodies, but heere commeth my Maister.

Enter Alcumist.

Rafe This is a begger.

Peter No, such cunning men must disguise themselves, as though there were nothing in them for otherwise they shall be compelled to worke for Princes, and so be constrained to bewray their secrets.

Rafe I like not his attire, but am enamored of hys Arte.

Alcumist An ounce of Siluer limde, as much of crude Mercury, of Spirits foure, beeing tempered with the bodies seauen, by multiplying of it ten times, comes

C.4.

for

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wln 0532
wln 0533
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wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
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wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565

for one pound, eyght thousand pounds, so that I may
haue onely Beechen coales.

Rafe Is it possible?

Peter It is more certaine then certainty.

Rafe Ile tell thee one secrete, I stole a siluer thim-
ble; dost thou thinke that he will make it a pottle pot?

Peter A pottle pot, nay I dare warrant it a whole
Cupbord of plate: why of the quintessence of a leaden
plummet, he hath framed xx. dozen of siluer Spooones.
Looke howe hee studies, I durst venture my life hee is
nowe casting about, howe of his breath hee may make
golden braselets, for often-times of smoke hee hath
made siluer drops.

Rafe What doe I heare?

Peter Dydst thou neuer heare howe Iupiter came
in a golden shower to Danae?

Rafe I remember that tale.

Pet. That shower did my Master make of a spoone-
full of Tartar-alom, but with the fire of blood, & the
corasiue of the ayre, he is able to make nothing infinit,
but whist he espieth vs.

Alcum. What Peter doe you loyter, knowing that
euerie minute increaseth our Mine?

Peter I was glad to take ayre, for the mettle came so
fast, that I feared my face would haue beene turned to
siluer.

Alcum. But what stripling is this?

Peter One that is desirous to learne your craft.

Alcum. Craft sir boy, you must call it misterie.

Rafe All is one, a craftie misterie, and a mysticall
craft.

Alcum. Canst thou take paynes?

Rafe Infinite.

Alcum. But thou must be sworne to be secret, and
then I wyll entertaine thee.

Rafe

Gallathea.

wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
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wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

wln 0597

Rafe I can sweare though I be a poore fellow as wel
as the best man in the Shyre. But Sir I much maruaile
that you beeing so cunning, should be so ragged.

Alcu. O my childe, Gryphes make theyr nestes of
gold though their coates are fethers, and we fether our
nestes with Diamonds, though our garments be but
frize. Yf thou knewest the secret of this Science, the
cunning woulde make thee so proude that thou woul-
dest disdain the outward pompe.

Peter My Maister is so raiisht with his Arte, that
we manie times goe supperlesse to bed, for he wil make
gold of his breade, and such is the drouth of his desire,
that we all wish our very guts were gold.

Rafe I haue good fortune to light vpon such a Mai-
ster.

Alcum. When in the depth of my skill I determine
to try the vttermost of mine Arte, I am disswaded by
the gods, otherwise, I durst vndertake to make the fire
as it flames, gold, the winde as it blowes, siluer, the wa-
ter as it runnes, lead, the earth as it standes, yron, the
skye, brasse, and mens thoughts, firme mettles.

Rafe I must blesse my selfe, and maruell at you.

Alcum. Come in, and thou shalt see all.

Exit.

Rafe I followe, I runne, I flye; they say my Father
hath a golden thumb, you shall see me haue a golden
bodie.

Exit.

Peter I am glad of this, for now I shall haue leysure
to runne away; such a bald Arte as neuer was, let him
keepe his newe man, for he shall neuer see his olde a-
gaine; God shelde me from blowing gold to nothing,
with a strong imagination to make nothing any thing.

Exit.

Gallathea.

Actus secundus. Scæna quarta.

Gallathea alone.

Galla. How now Gallathea? miserable Gallathea, that hauing put on the apparell of a boy, thou canst also put on the minde. O faire Melebeus, I too faire, and therefore I feare, too proude. Had it not beene better for thee to haue beene a sacrifice to Neptune, then a slaue to Cupid? to die for thy Countrey, then to liue in thy fancie? to be a sacrifice, then a Louer? O woulde when I hunted his eye with my harte, hee might haue seene my hart with his eyes. Why did Nature to him a boy giue a face so faire, or to me a virgine a fortune so hard? I will now vse for the distaffe the bowe, and play at quaites abroad, that was wont to sowe in my Sampler at home. It may be Gallathea, foolish Gallathea, what may be? nothing. Let mee followe him into the Woods, and thou sweete Venus be my guide.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scæna quinta.

Enter Phillida alone.

Philli. Poore Phillida, curse the time of thy birth and rarenes of thy beautie, the vnaptnes of thy apparel, and the vntamednes of thy affections. Art thou no sooner in the habite of a boy, but thou must be enamored of a boy, what shalt thou doe when what best lyketh thee, most discontenteth thee? Goe into the Woods, watch the good times, his best moodes, and transgresse in loue a little of thy modestie, I will, I dare not, thou must, I cannot. Then pine in thine owne peeuishnes. I will not, I wil. Ah Phillida doe something, nay anie thing rather then liue thus. Well, what I will doe, my selfe knowes not, but what I ought I knowe too well, and so I goe resolute, eyther to bewray my loue, or suffer shame.

Exit.

Actus

wln 0598
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wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Telusa alone.

Telusa HOWE nowe? what newe conceits, vwhat strange contraries breede in thy minde? is thy Diana become a Venus, thy chast thoughts turnd to wanton lookes, thy conquering modestie to a captiue imagination? Beginnest thou with Piralis to die in the ayre and liue in the fire, to leaue the sweete delight of hunting, and to followe the hote desire of loue? O *Telusa*, these words are vnfit for thy sexe beeing a virgine, but apt for thy affections being a Louer. And can there in yeeres so young, in education so precise, in vowes so holy, and in a hart so chaste, enter eyther a strong desire, or a wish, or a wauering thought of loue? Can Cupids brands quench Vestas flames, and his feeble shafts headed with feathers, pearce deeper thē Dianaes arrowes headed with steele? Breake thy bowe *Telusa* that seekest to breake thy vowe, and let those hands that aymed to hit the wilde Hart, scratche out those eyes that haue wounded thy tame hart. O vaine and onely naked name of Chastitie, that is made eternall, and perish by time: holy, and is infected by fancy: diuine, and is made mortall by folly. Virgins harts I perceiue are not vnlike Cotton trees, whose fruite is so hard in the budde, that it soundeth like steele, and being rype, poureth forth nothing but wool, and theyr thoughts like the leaues of Lunary, which the further they growe from the Sunne, the sooner they are scorched with his beames. O *Melebeus*, because thou art fayre, must I be fickle, and false my vowe because I see thy vertue? Fonde gyrl that I am to thinke of loue, nay vaine profession that I follow to disdaine loue, but heere commeth Eurota, I must nowe put on a redde

D.2.

maske

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wln 0632

wln 0633

wln 0634

wln 0635

wln 0636

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wln 0654

wln 0655

wln 0656

wln 0657

wln 0658

wln 0659

wln 0660

wln 0661

wln 0662

wln 0663

Gallathea.

wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
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wln 0698

maske and blushe, least she perceiue my pale face and laugh.

Enter Eurota.

Eurota Telusa, Diana bid me hunt you out, & saith that you care not to hunt with her, but if you followe any other Game then she hath rowsd, your punishment shall be to bend all our bowes, and weaue al our strings. Why looke ye so pale, so sad, so wildly.

Telusa Eurota, the Game I follow is the thing I flye: my strange disease my chiefe desire.

Eurota I am no Oedipus to expound riddles, and I muse how thou canst be Sphinx to vtter them. But I pray thee Telusa tell mee what thou aylest, if thou be sicke, this ground hath leaues to heale: if melancholie, heere are pastimes to vse: if peeuish, wit must weane it, or time, or counsell. Yf thou be in loue (for I haue heard of such a beast called loue) it shall be cured, why blushest thou Telusa?

Telusa To heare thee in reckoning my paines to recite thine owne. I saw Eurota howe amorouslie you glaunced your eye on the faire boy in the white coate, and howe cunninglie (now that you would haue some talke of loue) you hit me in the teeth with loue.

Eurota I confesse that I am in loue, and yet swear that I know not what it is. I feele my thoughts vnknit, mine eyes vnstaid, my hart I know not how affected, or infected, my sleepes broken and full of dreames, my wakenesse sad and full of sighes, my selfe in all thinges vnlike my selfe. If this be loue, I woulde it had neuer beene deuised.

Telusa Thou hast told what I am in vttering what thy selfe is: these are my passions Eurota my vnbridled passions, my intollerable passions, which I were as good acknowledge and craue counsell, as to denie and endure perill.

Eurota

Gallathea.

wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
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wln 0705
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wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733

Eurota How did it take you first Telusa?

Telusa By the eyes, my wanton eyes which concei-
ued the picture of his face, and hangd it on the verie
strings of my hart. O faire Melebeus, ô fonde Telusa,
but how did it take you Eurota?

Eurota By the eares, whose sweete words suncke so
deepe into my head, that the remembrance of his wit,
hath bereaued mee of my wisdom; ô eloquent Tyte-
rus, ô credulous Eurota. But soft heere commeth Ra-
mia, but let her not heare vs talke, wee will withdrawe
our selues, and heare her talke.

Enter Ramia.

Ramia I am sent to seeke others that haue lost my
selfe.

Eurota You shall see Ramia hath also bitten on a
loue leafe.

Ramia Can there be no hart so chast, but loue can
wound? nor vowes so holie but affection can violate.
Vaine art thou vertue, & thou chastity but a by word,
when you both are subiect to loue, of all thinges the
most abiect. If Loue be a God, why should not louers
be vertuous? Loue is a God, and Louers are vertuous.

Eurota Indeede Ramia, if Louers were not vertu-
ous, then wert thou vicious.

Ramia What are you come so neere me?

Telusa I thinke we came neere you when wee saide
you loued.

Eurota Tush Ramia, tis too late to recall it, to re-
pent it a shame: therfore I pray thee tell what is loue?

Ramia If my selfe felt onelie this infection, I would
then take vpon me the definition, but beeing incident
to so manie, I dare not my selfe describe it, but we will
all talke of that in the Woodes. Diana stormeth that
sending one to seeke another, shee looseth all. Seruia
of all the Nimphes the coyest, loueth deadly, and ex-

D.3.

claimeth

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wln 0735
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wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768

claimeth against Diana, honoureth Venus, detesteth Vesta, and maketh a common scorne of vertue. Clymene, whose statelie lookes seemed to amaze the greatest Lordes, stoopeth, yeeldeth, and fauneth on the strange boy in the Woods. My selfe (with blushing I speak it) am thrall to that boy, that faire boy, that beautifull boy.

Telusa What haue wee heere, all in loue? no other foode then fancie; no no, she shall not haue the fayre boy.

Eurota Nor you *Telusa*.

Ramia Nor you *Eurota*.

Telusa I loue *Melebeus*, and my deserts shalbe answerable to my desires. I will forsake *Diana* for him. I will die for him.

Ramia So saith *Clymene*, and shee will haue Him. I care not, my sweete *Tyterus* though he seeme proude, I impute it to childishnes: who beeing yet scarce out of his swath-clowtes, cannot vnderstande these deepe conceits; I loue him.

Eurota So doe I, and I will haue him.

Telusa Immodest all that wee are, vnfortunate all that we are like to be; shall virgins beginne to wrangle for loue, and become wanton in their thoughts, in their words, in their actions. O deuine Loue, which art therefore called deuine, because thou ouer-reachest the wisest, conquerest the chastest, and doost all things both vnlikely and impossible, because thou art Loue. Thou makest the bashfull impudent, the wise fond, the chast wanton, and workest contraries to our reach, because thy selfe is beyond reason.

Eurota Talke no more *Telusa*, your words wound. Ah would I were no woman.

Ramia Would *Tyterus* were no boy.

Telusa Would *Telusa* were no body.

ActuExeunt

Actus tertius. Scæna secunda.

Phillida and Gallathea.

Phil. It is pittie that Nature framed you not a woman, hauing a face so faire, so louely a countenance, so modest a behaiour.

Galla. There is a Tree in Tylos, whose nuttes haue shels like fire, and beeing cracked, the karnell is but water.

Phil. What a toy is it to tell mee of that tree, beeing nothing to the purpose: I say it is pittie you are not a woman.

Galla. I would not wish to be a woman, vnlesse it were because thou art a man.

Phil. Nay I doe not wish to be woman, for then I should not loue thee, for I haue sworne neuer to loue a woman.

Galla. A strange humor in so prettie a youth, and according to myne, for my selfe will neuer loue a woman.

Philli. It were a shame if a mayden should be a suter, (a thing hated in that sexe) that thou shouldest denie to be her seruant.

Galla. If it be a shame in me, it can be no commendation in you, for your selfe is of that minde.

Philli. Suppose I were a virgine (I blush in supposing my selfe one) and that vnder the habite of a boy were the person of a mayde, if I should vtter my affection with sighes, manifest my sweete loue by my salte teares, and proue my loyaltie vnspotted, and my griefes intollerable, would not then that faire face, pittie thys true hart?

Galla. Admit that I were, as you woulde haue mee suppose that you are, and that I should with intreaties, prayers, othes, bribes, and what euer can be inuented in

love,

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wln 0770
wln 0771
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wln 0837

loue, desire your fauour, would you not yeeld?

Philli. Tush you come in with admit.

Galla. And you with suppose.

Philli. What doubtfull speeches be these? I feare me he is as I am, a mayden.

Galla. What dread riseth in my minde, I feare the boy to be as I am a mayden.

Philli. Tush it cannot be, his voice shewes the contrarie.

Galla. Yet I doe not thinke it; for he woulde then haue blushed.

Phill. Haue you euer a Sister?

Galla. If I had but one, my brother must needs haue two, but I pray haue you euer a one?

Philli. My Father had but one daughter, and therefore I could haue no sister.

Galla. Aye me, he is as I am, for his speeches be as mine are.

Philli. What shall I doe, eyther hee is subtill or my sexe simple.

Galla. I haue knowne diuers of Dianaes Nimphes enamored of him, yet hath he reiected all, eyther as too proude to disdain, or too childish not to vnderstande, or for that he knoweth himselfe to he a Virgin.

Phill. I am in a quandarie, Dianaes Nimphes haue followed him, and he despised them, eyther knowing too well the beautie of his owne face, or that himselfe is of the same moule. I will once againe try him. You promised me in the woods, that you would loue me before all Dianaes Nimphes.

Galla. I, so you would loue mee before all Dianaes Nimphes.

Philli. Can you preferre a fonde boy as I am, before so faire Ladies as they are.

Galla. Why should not I as well as you?

Phillida

Gallathea.

wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840

Phillida Come let vs into the Groue, and make
much one of another, that cannot tel what to think one
of another.

Exeunt.

wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
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wln 0852
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wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Alcumist. Rafe.

Alcum. Rafe, my boy is run away, I trust thou wilt
not runne after.

Rafe I would I had a paire of wings that I might flie
after.

Alcum. My boy was the veriest theefe, the aran-
test lyar, and the vildest swearer in the worlde, other-
wise the best boy in the world, he hath stolen my appa-
rell, all my money, and forgot nothing but to bid mee
farewell.

Rafe That will not I forget, farewell Maister.

Alcum. Why thou hast not yet seene the ende of
my Arte.

Rafe I would I had not known the beginning. Did
not you promise mee, of my siluer thimble to make a
whole cupboard of plate, and that of a Spanish needle
you would build a siluer steeple?

Alcum. I Rafe, the fortune of this Arte consisteth
in the measure of the fire, for if there be a cole too
much, or a sparke too little, if it be a little too hote, or
a thought too softe, all our labour is in vaine; besides,
they that blowe, must beate tyme with theyr breathes,
as Musicions doe with their breasts, so as there must be
of the mettals, the fire and workers a verie harmonie.

Rafe Nay if you must weigh your fire by ounces, &
take measure of a mans blast, you may then make of a
dramme of winde a wedge of gold, and of the shadowe
of one shilling make another, so as you haue an Orga-
nist to tune your temperatures.

Alcum. So is it, and often doth it happen, that the

E.1.

iust

Gallathea.

wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874

iust proportion of the fire and all things concurre.

Rafe Concurre, condogge. I will away.

Alcum. Then away.

Exit Alcumist.

wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
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wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905

Enter Astronomer.

Rafe An arte quoth you, that one multiplieth so much all day, that he wanteth money to buy meate at night? But what haue we yonder? what deuoute man? he will neuer speake till he be vrged. I wil salute him. Sir, there lieth a purse vnder your feete, if I thought it were not yours, I would take it vp.

Astron. Doost thou not knowe that I was calculating the natiuity of Alexanders great horse?

Rafe Why what are you?

Astron. An Astronomer.

Rafe What one of those that makes Almanacks.

Astro. *Ipsissimus.* I can tell the minute of thy byrth, the moment of thy death, and the manner. I can tel thee what wether shall be betweene this and *Octogessimus octauus mirabilis annus.* When I list I can sette a trap for the Sunne, catch the Moone with lyme-twigges, and goe a batfowling for starres. I can tell thee things past, and things to come, & with my cunning, measure how many yards of Clowdes are beneath the Skye. Nothing can happen which I fore-see not, nothing shall.

Rafe I hope sir you are no more then a God.

Astron. I can bring the twelue signes out of theyr Zodiacks, and hang them vp at Tauerns.

Rafe I pray you sir tell me what you cannot doe, for I perceiue there is nothing so easie for you to compass as impossibilities. But what be those signes?

Astro. As a man should say, signes which gouerne the body. The Ramme gouerneth the head.

Rafe That is the worst signe for the head.

Astro. Why?

Rafe

Gallathea.

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wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937

Rafe Because it is a signe of an ill Ewe.

Astron. Tush, that signe must be there. Then the Bull for the throte, Capricornus for the knees.

Rafe I will heare no more signes, if they be all such desperate signes: but seeing you are, (I know not who to terme you) shall I serue you? I would faine serue.

Astron. I accept thee.

Rafe. Happie am I, for now shall I reach thoughts, and tell how many drops of water goes to the greatest showre of rayne. You shall see me catch the Moone in the clips like a Conny in a pursnet.

Astro. I will teach thee the Golden number, the Epact, and the Prime.

Rafe I wil meddle no more with numbring of gold, for multiplication is a miserable action; I pray sir what wether shall we haue this howre three-score yeere?

Astro. That I must cast by our Iudicials Astronomicall, therefore come in with me, and thou shall see euerie wrinkle of my Astrologicall wisdom, and I will make the Heauens as plaine to thee as the high waie, thy cunning shall sitte cheeke by iole with the Sunnes Chariot; then shalt thou see what a base thing it is, to haue others thoughts creepe on the ground, when as thine shall be stitched to the starres.

Rafe Then I shall be translated from this mortality.

Astro. Thy thoughts shall be metamorphosed, and made haile fellowes with the Gods.

Rafe O fortune. I feele my very braines moralized, and as it were a certaine contempt of earthly actions is crept into my minde, by an etheriall contemplation. Come let vs in.

Exeunt.

E.2.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

Diana, Telusa, Eurota, Ramia, Larissa.

Diana What newes haue we heere Ladies, are all in loue? are Dianaes Nimphes become Venus wantons? is it a shame to be chast, because you be amiable? or must you needes be amorous, because you are faire? O Venus, if thys be thy spight, I will requite it wyth more then hate, well shalt thou know what it is to drib thine arrowes vp and downe Dianaes leies. There is an vnknowne Nymph that straggleth vp and downe these woods, which I suspect hath beene the weauer of these woes, I saw her slumbring by the brooke side, go search her & bring her, if you find vpon her shoulder a burne, it is Cupid: if any print on her backe like a leafe, it is Medea: if any picture on her left breast like a birde, it is Calipso; who euer it be, bring her hether, and speedilie bring her hether.

Telusa I will goe with speede.

Diana Goe you Larissa and helpe her.

Lurissa I obey.

Diana Nowe Ladies, dooth not that make your cheekes blushe, that makes mine eares glowe? or can you remember that without sobs, which Diana can not thinke on without sighes? What greater dishonour could happen to Diana, or to her Nimphes shame, then that there can be any time so idle, that shold make their heads so addle? Your chast harts my Nimphes, should resemble the Onix, which is hottest when it is whitest, and your thoughts, the more they are assaulted with desires, the lesse they should be affected. You should thinke loue like Homers Moly, a white leafe & a blacke roote, a faire shewe, and a bitter taste. Of all Trees the Cedar is greatest, and hath the smallest seedes: of all affections, loue hath the greatest name, &

the

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the least vertue. Shall it be said, and shall Venus say it? nay shall it be seene, and shall wantons see it? that Diana the goddess of chastity, whose thoughts are alwaies answerable to her vowes, whose eyes neuer glanced on desire, and whose hart abateth the poynt of Cupids arrowes, shall haue her virgins to become vnchast in desires, immoderate in affection, vntemperate in loue, in foolish loue, in base loue. Eagles cast their euill feathers in the Sunne, but you cast your best desires vpon a shadowe. The birdes Ibes lose their sweetnesse when they lose theyr sights, and virgins all theyr vertues with theyr vnchast thoughts, vnchast, Diana calleth that, that hath eyther any showe or suspicion of lightnesse. O my deere Nymphes, if you knewe howe louing thoughts staine louely faces, you woulde bee as careful to haue the one as vnspotted as the other beautiful.

Cast before your eyes the loues of Venus truls, their fortunes, theyr fancies, their ends. What are they els but Silenus pictures, without, Lambes & Doues, with in, Apes, and Owles, who like Ixion imbrace clowdes for Iuno, the shadowes of vertue in steede of the substance. The Eagles fethers consume the fethers of all others, and loues desire corrupteth all other vertues. I blush Ladies that you hauing beene heretofore patient of labours, should nowe become prentises to idlenesse, and vse the penne for Sonets, not the needle for Samplers. And howe is your loue placed, vppon pelting boyes, perhaps base of birth, without doubt weake of discretion. I but they are fayre. O Ladies doe your eyes begin to loue collours, whose harts was wont to loath them? is Dianaes Chase become Venus Courte? and are your holy vowes turnd to hollow thoughts?

Ramia Madame, if loue were not a thing beyonde reason, we might then giue a reason of our doings, but

Gallathea.

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wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040

so deuine is his force, that it worketh effects as contrarie to that wee wishe, as vnreasonable against that wee ought.

Larissa Lady, so vnacquainted are the passions of loue, that we can neither describe them nor beare them.

Diana Foolish gyrles, how willing you are to follow that which you should flie, but heere commeth Telusa.

Enter Telusa and other with Cupid.

Telusa We haue brought the disguised Nimphe, & haue found on his shoulder Psiches burne, and he confesseth himselfe to be Cupid.

Diana Howe now sir, are you caught, are you Cupid?

Cupid Thou shalt see Diana that I dare confesse my selfe to be Cupid.

Diana And thou shalt see Cupid that I will shewe my selfe to be Diana, that is, Conquerer of thy loose & vntamed appetites. Did thy mother Venus vnder the colour of a Nimphe, sende thee hether to wounde my Nimphe? Doth she adde craft to her malice, and mistrusting her deitie, practise deceite: is there no place but my Groues, no persons but my Nimphe? Cruell and vnkind Venus, that spighteth onely chastitie, thou shalt see that Dianaes power shal reuenge thy pollicie, and tame thys pride. As for thee Cupid, I will breake thy bowe, and burne thine arrowes, binde thy handes, clyp thy wings, and fetter thy feete. Thou that fattest others with hopes, shalt be fedde thy selfe with wishes, & thou that bindest others with golden thoughts, shalt be bound thy selfe with golden fetters, Venus rods are made of Roses, Dianaes of Bryers. Let Venus that great Goddess, raunsome Cupid that little God. These Ladies heere whom thou hast infected with foolish loue, shall both tread on thee and triumph ouer thee. Thine

Gallathea.

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owne arrow shall be shot into thine owne bosome, and
thou shalt be inamored, not on Psiches, but on Circes.
I will teach thee what it is to displeas Diana, distresse
her Nimphes, or disturbe her Game.

Cupid Diana, what I haue doone, cannot be vndone,
but what you meane to doe, shall. Venus hath some
Gods to her friends, Cupid shall haue all.

Diana Are you prating? I will bridle thy tongue &
thy power, and in spight of mine owne thoughts, I
will sette thee a taske euery day, which if thou finish
not, thou shalt feele the smart. Thou shalt be vsed as
Dianaes slaue, not Venus sonne. All the worlde shall
see that I will vse thee like a captiue, and shew my selfe
a Conquerer. Come haue him in, that wee may deuise
apt punishments for his proude presumptions.

Eurota We will plague yee for a little God.

Telusa We wyll neuer pittie thee though thou be
a God.

Ramia Nor I.

Larissa Nor I.

Exeunt.

wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073

Actus quartus Scæna prima.

Augur, Mellebeus, Tyterus, Populus.

Augur THIS is the day wherein you must satis-fie
Neptune and saue your selues, call toge-
ther your fayre Daughters, and for a Sacrifice take the
fayrest, for better it is to offer a Virgine then suffer ru-
ine. If you think it against nature to sacrifice your chil-
dren, thinke it also against sence to destroy your Coun-
trety. If you imagine Neptune pittillesse to desire such a
pray, confesse your selues peruerse to deserue such a
punishment. You see this tree, this fatall Tree, whose
leaues though they glister like golde, yet it threatneth
to fayre virgins grieffe. To this Tree must the beauti-

fullest

Gallathea.

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wln 1075
wln 1076
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wln 1108

fullest be bound vntil the Monster *Agar* carry her a-waie, and if the Monster come not, then assure your selues that the fairest is concealed, and then your countrey shall be destroyed, therefore consult with your selues, not as fathers of children, but as fauourers of your Countrey. Let Neptune haue his right if you will haue your quiet; thus haue I warned you to be carefull, and would wish you to be wise, knowing that who so hath the fairest daughter, hath the greatest fortune, in loosing one to saue all, and so I depart to provide ceremonies for the Sacrifice, and commaund you to bring the Sacrifice.

Mel. They say Tyterus that you haue a faire daughter, if it be so, dissemble not, for you shall be a fortunate father. It is a thing holy to preserue ones Country, and honorable to be the cause.

Tyterus In deede Melebeus I haue heard you boast that you had a faire daughter, then the which none was more beautiful. I hope you are not so careful of a child, that you will be carelesse of your Countrey, or adde so much to nature, that you will detract from wisdom.

Melle. I must confesse that I had a daughter, and I knowe you haue, but alas my Childes cradle was her graue, and her swath-clowte her winding sheete. I would she had liued til now, she should willingly haue died now; for what could haue happened to pore Melebeus more comfortable, then to bee the father of a fayre child, and sweet Countrey.

Tyterus O Mellebeus, dissemble you may with mē, deceiue the Gods you cannot, dyd not I see, (and very lately see) your daughter in your armes, when as you gaue her infinite kisses, with affection I feare mee more then fatherly. You haue conueyed her away, that you might cast vs all away, bereauing her the honour of her beauty, and vs the benefite, preferring a common in-

Exit Augur.

conuenience,

Gallathea.

wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
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wln 1118
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wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

conuenience, before a priuate mischiefe.

Melle. It is a bad cloth Tyterus that will take no colour, and a simple Father that can vse no cunning, you make the people beleeeue that you wish well, when you practise nothing but ill, wishing to be thought religious towards the Gods, when I knowe you deceitful towards men. You cannot ouer-reach me Tyterus, ouer-shoote your selfe you may. It is a wilie Mouse that will breede in the Cats eare, and hee must halt cunninglie, that will deceiue a Cripple. Did you euer see me kisse my Daughter? you are deceiued, it was my wife. And if you thought so young a peece vnfit for so old a person, and therefore imagined it to be my childe, not my spouse, you must knowe that siluer haire delight in golden lockes, and the olde fancies craue young Nurses, and frostie yeeres must bee thawed by youthfull fyers. But this matter set aside, you haue a faire daughter Tyterus, and it is pittie you are so fond a Father.

Popu. You are bothe eyther too fonde or too forward: for whilst you dispute to saue your Daughters, we neglect to preuent our destruction.

Alter Come let vs away and seeke out a sacrifice. Wee must sift out their cunning, and let them shift for themselues.

Exeunt.

wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142

Actus quartus. Scæna secunda.

*Cupid. Telusa, Eurota, Larissa, enter
singing.*

Telusa Come Cupid to your taske. First you must vndoe all these Louers knots, because you tyed them.

Cupid If they be true loue knots, tis vnpossible to vn-knit them, if false, I neuer tied them.

Eurota Make no excuse but to it.

Cupid Loue knots are tyde with eyes, and cannot

F.1.

be

Gallathea.

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wln 1154
wln 1155
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wln 1158
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wln 1171
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wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177

be vndoone with hands, made fast with thoughts, and cannot be vnlosed with fingers, had Diana no taske to set Cupid to but things impossible, I wil to it.

Ramia Why how now? you tie the knots faster.

Cupid I cannot chuse, it goeth against my mind to make them loose.

Eurota Let me see, nowe tis vnpossible to be vndoone.

Cupid It is the true loue knotte of a womans hart, therefore cannot be vndoone.

Ramia That fals in sunder of it selfe.

Cupid It was made of a mans thought which will neuer hang together.

Larissa You haue vndoone that well.

Cupid I, because it was neuer tide well.

Telusa To the rest, for shee will giue you no rest.

These two knots are finely vntide.

Cupid It was because I neuer tide them, the one was knit by Pluto, not Cupid, by money, not loue, the other by force, not faith, by appointment, not affection.

Ramia Why doe you lay that knot aside.

Cupid For death.

Telusa Why?

Cupid Because the knot was knit by faith, and must onely be vnknit of death.

Eurota Why laugh you?

Cupid Because it is the fairest and the falsest, doone with greatest arte and least trueth, with best collours, and worst conceits.

Telusa VVho tide it?

Cupid A mans tongue.

Larissa Why doe you put that in my bosome?

Cupid Because it is onely for a Womans bosome.

Larissa Why what is it?

Cupid A womans hart.

Telusa

Gallathea.

wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
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wln 1185
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wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
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wln 1203
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wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212

Telusa Come let vs goe in, and tell that Cupid hath doone his taske, stay you behind Larissa, and see hee sleepe not, for Loue will be idle, and take heede you surfette not, for loue will be wanton.

Exit Telusa.

Laris. Let me alone I wil find him some-what to do.

Cupid Lady, can you for pittie see Cupid thus punished.

Larissa Why did Cupid punish vs without pittie?

Cupid Is loue a punishment?

Larissa It is no pastime.

Cupid O Venus, if thou sawest Cupid as a captiue, bound to obey that was wont to commaunde, fearing Ladies threates, that once pearced their harts, I cannot tell whether thou wouldest reuenge it for despight, or laugh at it for disport. The time may come Diana, and the time shall come, that thou that settest Cupid to vn-doe knots, shall intreate Cupid to tye knots, and you Ladies that with solace haue behelde my paines, shall with sighes intreate my pittie.

Hee offereth to sleepe.

Larissa How now Cupid begin you to nod?

Ramia Come Cupid, Diana hath deuised newe labours for you that are God of loues, you shall weaue Samplers all night, and lackie after Diana all day. You shall shortlie shoote at beastes for men, because you haue made beastes of men, & waight on Ladies traines, because thou intrapest Ladies by traines. All the stories that are in Dianaes Arras, which are of loue, you must picke out with your needle, & in that place sowe Vesta with her Nuns, and Diana with her Nymphes. How like you this Cupid.

Cupid I say I will pricke as well with my needle, as euer I did with mine arrowes.

Telusa Diana cannot yeelde, she conquers affection.

Cup. Diana shall yeeld, she cannot conquer desteny.

F.2.

Larissa

Gallathea.

Larissa Come Cupid, you must to your busines.

Cupid You shall find me so busie in your heads, that
you shall wish I had beene idle with your harts.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.

Neptune alone.

Neptune Thys day is the solemne Sacrifice at thys
Tree, wherein the fairest virgine (were not the inhabi-
tants faithlesse) should be offered vnto me, but so ouer
carefull are Fathers to their children, that they forgette
the safetie of their Countrey, & fearing to become vn-
naturall, become vnreasonable; their slights may bleere
men, deceiue me they cannot, I wil be here at the houre,
and shew as great crueltie as they haue doone craft, &
well shall they know that Neptune should haue beene
intreated, not cosened.

Exit.

Actus quartus Scæna quarta.

Enter Gallathea and Phillida.

Phill. I maruell what virgine the people will **pre-**
present, it is happy you are none, for thē it would haue
falne to your lot because you are so faire.

Galla. If you had beene a Maiden too I neede not
to haue feared, because you are fairer.

Phill. I pray thee sweete boy flatter not me, speake
trueth of thy selfe, for in mine eye of all the world thou
art fayrest.

Galla. These be faire words, but farre from thy true
thoughts, I know mine owne face in a true Glasse, and
desire not to see it in a flattering mouth.

Phill. O would I did flatter thee, and that fortune
would not flatter me. I loue thee as a brother, but loue
not me so.

Galla. Noe I will not, but loue thee better, because I

cannot

wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216

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wln 1275
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wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280

cannot loue as a brother.

Phill. Seeing we are both boyes, and both louers, that our affection may haue some showe, and seeme as it were loue, let me call thee Mistris.

Galla. I accept that name, for diuers before haue cald me Mistris.

Phill. For what cause?

Galla. Nay there lie the Mistrisse.

Philli. Wyll not you be at the sacrifice?

Galla. Noe.

Philli. Why?

Galla. Because I dreamt that if I were there, I shold be turned to a virgine, and then being so faire (as thou saist I am) I shoulde be offered as thou knowest one must. But will not you be there.

Phill. Not vnlesse I were sure that a boy might be sacrificed, and not a mayden.

Galla. Why then you are in danger.

Phill. But I would escape it by deceite, but seeing we are resolued to be both absent, let vs wander into these Groues, till the howre be past.

Galla. I am agreed, for then my feare wil be past.

Phill. Why, what doost thou feare?

Galla. Nothing but that you loue me not.

Philli. I will. Poore Phillida, what shouldest thou thinke of thy selfe, that louest one that I feare mee, is as thy selfe is; and may it not be, that her Father practized the same deceite with her, that my Father hath with me, and knowing her to be fayre, feared she shold be vnfortunate, if it be so, Phillida how desperate is thy case? if it be not, howe doubtfull? For if she be a Mayden there is no hope of my loue, if a boy, a hazarde: I will after him or her, and leade a melancholie life, that looke for a miserable death.

Exit.

F.3.

Exit.

Actus

Gallathea.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe. NO more Maisters now, but a Mistrisse if I can light on her. An Astronomer? of all occupations thats the worst, yet well fare the Alcu- mist, for he keepes good fires though he gets no golde, the other standes warming himselfe by staring on the starres, which I think he can as soone number as know their vertues. He told me a long tale of Octogessimus octauus, and the meeting of the Coniunctions & Pla- nets, and in the meane-time he fell backwarde himselfe into a ponde. I askt him why he fore-sawe not that by the starres, he said hee knewe it, but contemnd it. But soft, is not this my brother Robin?

Enter Robin.

Robin Yes as sure as thou art Rafe.

Rafe What Robin? what newes? what fortune?

Robin Faith I haue had but badde fortune, but I prie-thee tell me thine.

Rafe I haue had two Maisters, not by arte but by nature, one sayd, that by multiplying he woulde make of a penny tenne pound.

Robin I but coulde he doe it?

Rafe Could he doe it quoth you? why man, I sawe a prettie wench come to his shoppe, where with puf- fing, blowing, and sweating, he so plyed her, that hee multiplyed her.

Robin Howe?

Rafe Why he made her of one, two.

Robin What by fire?

Rafe No, by the Philosophers stone.

Robin Why, haue Philosophers such stones?

Rafe I, but they lie in a priuie cupboard.

Robin.

wln 1281

wln 1282

wln 1283

wln 1284

wln 1285

wln 1286

wln 1287

wln 1288

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wln 1297

wln 1298

wln 1299

wln 1300

wln 1301

wln 1302

wln 1303

wln 1304

wln 1305

wln 1306

wln 1307

wln 1308

wln 1309

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

Gallathea.

wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
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wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348

Robin Why then thou art rich if thou haue learned this cunning.

Rafe Tush this was nothing, hee would of a little fasting spittle, make a hose & dublet of cloth of siluer.

Robin Would I had beene with him, for I haue had almost no meate, but spittle since I came to the woods.

Rafe How then didst thou liue?

Robin Why man I serued a fortune-teller, who saide I should liue to see my Father hangd, and both my brothers beg. So I conclude the Mill shall be mine, and I liue by imagination still.

Rafe Thy Maister was an Asse, and lookt on the lines of thy hands, but my other Maister was an Astro-
nomer, which could picke my natiuitie out of the stars. I shoulde haue halfe a dozen starres in my pocket if I haue not lost them, but heere they be. Sol, Saturne, Iu-
piter, Mars, Venus.

Robin Why these be but names.

Rafe I, but by these he gathereth, that I was a Io-
ualist, borne of a Thursday, & that I should be a braue
Venerian, and gette all my good lucke on a Fryday.

Robin Tis strange that a fishe day should be a flesh-
day.

Rafe O Robin, *Venus orta mari*, Venus was borne of
the Sea, the Sea will haue fishe, fishe must haue wine,
wine will haue flesh, for *Caro carnis genus est muliebre*:
but soft, heere commeth that notable villaine, that once
preferd me to the Alcumist.

Enter Peter.

Peter So I had a Maister, I would not care what
became of me.

Rafe Robin thou shalt see me fitte him. So I had a
seruaunt, I care neither for his conditions, his quali-
ties, nor his person.

Peter What Rafe? well mette. No doubt you had a

warme

Gallathea.

wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
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wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
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wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376

warme seruice of my Maister the Alcumist?

Rafe Twas warme indeede, for the fire had almost burnt out mine eyes, and yet my teeth still watred with hungar: so that my seruice was both too whote & too cold. I melted all my meate, and made onely my slumber thoughts, and so had a full head and an empty belie. But where hast thou beene since?

Peter With a brother of thine I thinke, for hee hath such a coate, and two brothers (as hee saith) seeking of fortunes.

Robin Tys my brother Dicke, I prie-thee lets goe to him.

Rafe Syrra, what was he dooing that hee came not with thee?

Peter Hee hath gotten a Maister nowe, that will teach him to make you both his younger brothers.

Rafe I, thou passest for deuising impossibilities, thats as true as thy Maister could make siluer pottes of tagges of poynts.

Peter Nay he will teach him to cozen you both, & so gette the Mill to himselfe.

Rafe Nay if he be both our cozens, I will bee hys great Grand-father, and Robin shall be his Vncle, but I pray thee bring vs to him quickly, for I am great bellied with conceite till I see him.

Peter Come then and goe with me, and I will bring ye to him straight.

Exeunt.

wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381

Actus quintus. Scæna secunda.

Augur. Ericthinis.

Augur Bring forth the virgine, the fatall virgin, the fairest virgine, if you meane to appease Neptune, and preserue your Country.

Eric.

Gallathea.

wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385

Erict. Heere shee commeth, accompanied onelie with men, because it is a sight vnseemely (as all virgins say) to see the mis-fortune of a mayden, and terrible to behold the fiercenes of Agar that Monster.

wln 1386

Enter Hæbe, with other to the sacrifice.

wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
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wln 1396
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wln 1400
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wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413

Hæbe Myserable and accursed Hæbe, that beeing neither faire nor fortunate, thou shouldest be thought most happy and beautifull. Curse thy birth, thy lyfe, thy death, beeing borne to liue in danger, and hauing liude, to die by deceit. Art thou the sacrifice to appease Neptune, and satis-fie the custome, the bloodie custom, ordained for the safetie of thy Country. I Hæbe, poore Hæbe, men will haue it so, whose forces commaund our weake natures, nay the Gods wil haue it so, whose powers dally with our purposes. The Egiptians neuer cut their Dates from the tree, because they are so fresh and greene. It is thought wickednes to pul Roses from the stalkes in the Garden of Palestine, for that they haue so liuelie a redde: and who so cutteth the incense Tree in Arabia before it fal, committeth sacriledge. Shall it onely be lawfull amongst vs in the prime of youth, and pride of beautie, to destroy both youth and beautie: and what was honoured in fruites and flowres as a vertue, to violate in a virgine as a vice? But alas destenie alloweth no dispute, die Hæbe, Hæbe die, wofull Hæbe, and onely accursed Hæbe. Farewell the sweete delights of life, and welcome nowe the bitter pangs of death. Fare-well you chast virgins, whose thoughts are diuine, whose faces faire, whose fortunes are agreeable to your affections, enioy and long enioy the pleasure of your curled locks, the amiableness of

G.1.

your

Gallathea.

wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
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wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447

your wished lookes, the sweetnes of your tuned voices, the content of your inwarde thoughts, the pompe of your outward showes, onely Hæbe biddeth farewell to all the ioyes that she conceiued, and you hope for, that shee possessed, and you shall; fare-well the pompe of Princes Courts, whose roofes are imbosst with golde, and whose pauements are decked with faire Ladies, where the daies are spent in sweet delights, the nights in pleasant dreames, where chastitie honoreth affecti- ons, and commaundeth, yeeldeth to desire and conque- reth.

Fare-well the Soueraigne of all vertue, and God- desse of all virgins, Diana, whose perfections are impos- sible to be numbred, and therefore infinite, neuer to be matched, and therefore immortall. Fare-well sweet Pa- rents, yet to be mine, vnfortunate Parents. Howe bles- sed had you beene in barrennes? how happy had I been if I had not beene. Fare-well life, vaine life, wretched life, whose sorrowes are long, whose ende doubtfull, whose miseries certaine, whose hopes innumerable, whose feares intollerable. Come death, and welcome death whom nature cannot resist, because necessity ru- leth, nor deferre because destenie hasteth. Come Agar thou vnsatiabie Monster of Maidens blood, & **douou-** rer of beauties bowels, glut thy selfe till thou surfet, & let my life end thine. Teare these tender ioynts wyth thy greedie iawes, these yellow lockes with thy black feete, this faire face with thy foule teeth. Why abateth thou thy wonted swiftnesse? I am faire, I am a virgine, I am readie. Come Agar thou horrible monster, & fare- well world thou viler Monster.

Augur The Monster is not come, and therefore I see Neptune is abused, whose rage will I feare mee, be both infinite and intollerable: take in this Virgine,

whose

Gallathea.

wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464

whose want of beauty hath saued her owne life, and **all** yours.

Eriect. We could not finde any fairer.

Augur Neptune will. Goe deliuer her to her father.

Hæbe Fortunate Hæbe, howe shalt thou expresse thy ioyes? Nay vnhappy girle that art not the fairest. Had it not been better for thee to haue died with fame, then to liue with dishonour, to haue preferred the safetie of thy Countrey and rarenesse of thy beautie, before sweetnes of life, & vanity of the world? But alas, desteny would not haue it so, desteny coulde not, for it asketh the beautifullest, I would Hæbe thou hadst been beautifullest.

Eriect. Come Hæbe, heere is no time for vs to reason, it had beene best for vs thou hadst beene most beautifull.

Exeunt.

wln 1465
wln 1466

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Phillida. Gallathea.

wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479

Phillida We mette the virgine that shoulde haue been offered to Neptune, belike eyther the custome is pardoned, or she not thought fairest.

Galla. I cannot coniecture the cause, but I feare the euent.

Phil. Why should you feare, the God requireth no boy.

Galla. I would he did, then should I haue no feare.

Phil. I am glad he doth not tho, because if he did, I should haue also cause to feare. But soft, what man or God is this? Let vs closely withdrawe our selues into the Thickets,

Exeunt ambo.

G.2.

Enter

Gallathea.

wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492

Enter Neptune alone.

Neptune And doe men beginne to bee equall with Gods, seeking by craft to ouer-reach thē that by power ouer-see them? Doe they dote so much on their daughters that they stick not to dallie with our deities, well shall the inhabitants see, that destinie cannot be pre-vented by craft, nor my anger be appeased by submission. I will make hauocke of Dianaes Nimphes, my Temple shall bee died with Maydens blood, and there shall be nothing more vile then to be a Virgine. To be young and fayre, shall be accounted shame & punishment, in so much as it shall be thought as dishonorable to be honest, as fortunate to be deformed.

wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498

Enter Diana with her Nimphes.

Diana O Neptune, hast thou forgotten thy selfe, or wilt thou cleane for-sake mee? Hath Diana therefore brought danger to her Nimphes, because they be chast? shall vertue suffer both paine and shame which alwaies deserueth praise and honor?

wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510

Enter Venus.

Venus Prayse and honour (Neptune) nothing lesse, except it be commendable to be coy, and honorable to be peeuish. Sweet Neptune, if Venus can do any thing, let her try it in this one thing, that Diana may finde as small comfort at thy hands, as Loue hath found curtesie at hers.
This is shee that hateth sweete delights, enuieth louing desires, masketh wanton eyes, stoppeth amorous eares, bridleth youthfull mouthes, and vnder a name, or a worde constancie, entertaineth all kinde of crueltie: shee hath taken my sonne Cupid, Cupid my

louely

wln 1511
wln 1512
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wln 1544

louely sonne, vsing him like a prentise, whypping him like a slaue, scorning him like a beast, therefore Neptune I intreate thee by no other God, then the God of loue, that thou euill intreate this Goddess of hate.

Neptune I muse not a little to see you two in this place, at this time, and about this matter, but what say you Diana, haue you Cupid captiue?

Diana I say there is nothing more vaine, then to dispute with Venus, whose vntamed affections haue bred more brawles in heauen, then is fitte to repeate in earth, or possible to recount in number, I haue Cupid, and will keepe him, not to dandle in my lappe, whom I abhor in my hart, but to laugh him to scorne, that hath made in my virgins harts such deepe scarres.

Venus Scarres Diana call you them that I know to be bleeding woundes? alas weake deitie, it stretcheth not so farre, both to abate the sharpnesse of his Arrowes and to heale the hurts. No, Loues woundes when they seeme greene, rankle, and hauing a smooth skinne without, fester to the death within. Therefore Neptune, if euer Venus stode thee in steed, furthered thy fancies, or shall at all times be at thy cōmaund, let eyther Diana bring her Virgins to a continuall massacre, or release Cupid of his martyrdome.

Diana It is knowne Venus, that your tongue is as vnrule as your thoughts, and your thoughts as vnstaied as your eyes, Diana cannot chatter, Venus cannot chuse.

Venus It is an honour for Diana to haue Venus meane ill, when she so speaketh well, but you shal see I come not to trifle, therefore once againe Neptune, if that be not buried, which can neuer die, fancie, or that quenched which must euer burne, affection, shew thy selfe the same Neptune that I knew thee to bee when

Gallathea.

wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
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wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572

thou wast a Sheepe-hearde, and let not Venus wordes
be vaine in thyne eares, since thyne were imprinted in
my hart.

Neptune It were vnfitte that Goddesses shoulde
striue, and it were vnreasonable that I shold not yeeld,
and therefore to please both, both attend; Diana I must
honor, her vertue deserueth no lesse, but Venus I must
loue, I must confesse so much.

Diana, restore Cupid to Venus, and I will for euer
release the sacrifice of Virgins, if therefore you loue
your Nimphes as shee doth her Sonne, or preferre not
a priuate grudge before a common grieffe, aunswere
what you will doe.

Diana I account not the choyse harde, for had I
twentie Cupids, I woulde deliuer them all to saue one
Virgine, knowing loue to be a thing of all the vainest,
virginitie to be a vertue of all the noblest. I yeeld, La-
rissa, bring out Cupid: and now shall it be saide, that
Cupid saued those he thought to spoyle.

Venus I agree to this willinglie: for I will be warie
howe my Sonne wander againe. But Diana cannot for-
bid him to wounde.

Diana Yes, chastitie is not within the leuell of his
bowe.

Venus But beautie is a fayre marke to hit.

Neptune Well I am gladde you are agreed: and
saie that Neptune hath delt well wyth Beautie and
Chastitie.

Enter Cupid.

Diana Heere take your sonne.

Venus Syr boy where haue you beene? alwaies ta-
ken, first by Sapho, nowe by Diana, howe hapneth it

wln 1573

wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576

you

Gallathea.

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
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wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

you vnhappy Elphe?

Cupid Comming through Dianaes woodes, and seeing so manie fayre faces with fonde hearts, I thought for my sport to make them smart, and so was taken by Diana.

Venus I am glad I haue you.

Diana And I am gladde I am ridde of him.

Venus Alas poore boy, thy VVinges clypt? thy brandes quencht? thy Bowe burnt? and thy Arrowes broke?

Cupid I but it skilleth not, I beare nowe myne Arrowes in mine eyes, my Winges on my thoughts, my brandes in myne eares, my bowe in my mouth, so as I can wounde with looking, flye with thinking, burne with hearing, shoote with speaking.

Venus VVell you shall vp to heauen with mee, for on earth thou wilt lose me.

wln 1594
wln 1595

*Enter Tyterus, Melebeus, Gallathea
and Phyllida.*

wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608

Neptune But soft, what be these?

Tyterus Those that haue offended thee to saue their daughters.

Neptune VVhy, had you a faire daughter?

Tyterus I, and Melebeus a faire daughter.

Neptune Where be they?

Meleb. In yonder Woods, and mee thinkes I see them comming.

Neptune Well, your deserts haue not gotten pardon, but these Goddesses iarres.

Meleb. Thys is my Daughter, my sweete Phyllida.

Tyterus And this is my faire Gallathea.

Galla.

Gallathea.

wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
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wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642

Galla. Vnfortunate Gallathea if this be Phillida.

Phill. Accursed Phillida if that be Gallathea.

Galla. And wast thou all thys while enamoured of Phillida, that sweete Phillida?

Phill. And couldest thou doate vpon the face of a Maiden, thy selfe beeing one, on the face of fayre Gallathea?

Neptune Doe you both beeing Maidens loue one another?

Galla. I had thought the habite agreeable with the Sexe, and so burned in the fire of mine owne fancies.

Phillida I had thought that in the attyre of a boy, there could not haue lodged the body of a Virgine, & so was inflamed with a sweete desire, which now I find a sower deceit.

Diana Nowe things falling out as they doe, you must leaue these fond **fond** affections, nature will haue it so, necessitie must.

Gallathea I will neuer loue any but Phillida, her loue is engrauen in my hart, with her eyes.

Phillida Nor I any but Gallathea, whose faith is imprinted in my thoughts by her words.

Neptune An idle choyce, strange, and foolish, for one Virgine to doate on another, and to imagine a constant faith, where there can be no cause of affection. Howe like you this Venus?

Venus I like well and allowe it, they shall both be possessed of their wishes, for neuer shall it be said that Nature or Fortune shall ouer-throwe Loue, and Fayth. Is your loues vnspotted, begunne with trueth, continued wyth constancie, and not to bee altered tyll death?

Gallathea Die Gallathea if thy loue be not so.

Phillida Accursed bee thou Phillida if thy loue be

not

wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
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wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676

not so.

Diana Suppose all this Venus, what then?

Venus Then shall it be seene, that I can turne one of them to be a man, and that I will.

Diana Is it possible?

Venus What is to Loue or the Mistrisse of loue vn-possible? Was it not Venus that did the like to Iphis and Ianthes; howe say yee are ye agreed, one to bee a boy presently?

Phillida I am content, so I may imbrace Gallathea.

Gallathea I wish it, so I may enioy Phillida.

Melleb. Soft Daughter, you must know whether I will haue you a Sonne.

Tyterus Take mee with you Gallathea, I will keepe you as I begatte you, a Daughter.

Melleb. Tyterus, let yours be a boy and if you will, mine shall not.

Tyterus Nay mine shall not, for by that meanes my young sonne shall lose his inheritance.

Melleb. Why then gette him to be made a Maiden and then there is nothing lost.

Tyte. If there bee such changing, I woulde Venus could make my wife a Man.

Melleb. Why?

Tyterus Because shee loues alwaies to play with men.

Venus Well you are both fonde, therefore agree to thys changing, or suffer your Daughters to endure harde chauce.

Melleb. Howe say you Tyterus, shall wee referre it to Venus.

Tyte. I am content, because she is a Goddesses.

Venus Neptune you will not dislike it.

Neptune Not I.

Gallathea.

wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686

Venus Nor you Diana.
Diana Not I.
Venus Cupid shall not.
Cupid I will not.
Venus Then let vs depart, neither of them shall
know whose lot it shal be til they come to the Church-
dore. One shall be, doth it suffise?
Phillida And satis-fie vs both, dooth it not Galla-
thea?
Galla. Yes Phillida.

wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709

Enter Rafe, Robin, and Dicke.
Rafe Come Robin, I am gladde I haue mette with
thee, for nowe wee will make our Father laugh at these
tales.
Diana What are these that so malepartlie thrust
themselues into our companies?
Robin Forsooth Madame we are fortune tellers.
Venus Fortune tellers; tell me my fortune.
Rafe We doe not meane fortune tellers, we meane
fortune tellers: we can tell what fortune wee haue had
these twelue monthes in the Woods.
Diana Let them alone, they be but peeuish.
Venus Yet they will be as good as Minstrils at the
marriage, to make vs all merrie.
Dicke I Ladies we beare a very good Consort,
Venus Can you sing?
Rafe Baselie.
Venus And you?
Dicke Meanely.
Venus And what can you doe?
Robin If they duple it, I will treble it.
Venus Then shall yee goe with vs, and sing Hymen
before the marriage. Are you content?

Rafe

Gallathea.

Rafe Content? neuer better content, for there we shall be sure to fill our bellies with Capons rumpes, or some such daintie dishes.

Venus Then follow vs.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Galla. GOE all, tis I onely that conclude al. You Ladies may see, that Venus can make constancie ficklenes, courage cowardice, modestie lightnesse, working things impossible in your Sexe, and tempering hardest harts like softest wooll. Yeelde Ladies, yeeld to loue Ladies, which lurketh vnder your eye-lids whilst you sleepe, and plaieth with your hart strings whilst you wake: whose sweetnes neuer breedeth satietie, labour wearinesse, nor greefe bitternesse. Cupid was begotten in a miste, nursed in Clowdes, and sucking onelie vpon conceits. Confesse him a Conquerer, whom yee ought to regarde, sith it is vnpossible to resist, for this is infallible, that Loue conquereth all things but it selfe, and Ladies all harts but their owne.

FINIS.

H.2.

wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714

wln 1715

wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
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wln 1722
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wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729

wln 1730

Textual Notes

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