

The Plays of George Chapman Monsieur D'Olive

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Alternate word choices indicated in [brackets].
Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

A

*Comedie, as it was sundrie times acted by her
Majesties children at the Blacke
Friers.*

By George Chapman.



LONDON

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MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

Published 1606

CHARACTERS

Monsieur D'Olive.

Philip, *the Duke*.

St. Anne, *Count*.

Vaumont, *Count*.

Vandome.

Roderigue.

Mugeron.

Two pages

Pacque.

Dicque.

Cornelius, *a Surgeon*.

Fripper, *a petty Broker*.

[Jacqueline] *the Duchess*.

Hieronime, *lady in waiting, cousin of Vandome*.

Marcellina, *Countess*.

Eurione, *her sister*.

Licette, *maid to Marcellina*.

Servants, pages, sailors.

Act 1

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

Scene I.1 [Before the House of Vaumont.]

[*Vandome, with servants and sailors laden.*

Vaumont, another way walking.]

VANDOME: Convey your carriage to my brother-in-law's,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne, to whom and to my sister
Commend my humble service; tell them both
Of my arrival, and intent t'attend them.
When in the way I have performed fit duties
To Count Vaumont, and his most honored Countess.

SERVANT: We will, sir. This way, follow, honest sailors.

[*Exeunt Servants, with sailors.*]

VANDOME: Our first observance after any absence
Must be presented ever to our mistress,
As at our parting she should still be last. ... [I.1.10]
Hinc Amor ut circulus, from hence 'tis said
That love is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worse object than my matchless mistress
Were worthy to employ us to that likeness.
And be the only ring our powers should beat.
Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behavior to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine ... [I.1.20]
Is the the soul that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to dispose these parts
Sits on her brow and holds a silver sceptre.
With which she keeps time to the several musics
Placed in the sacred consort of her beauties:
Love's complete armory is managed in her
To stir affection, and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting ... [I.1.30]
Any attaint might disproportion her,
Or make her graces less than circular.
Yet her even carriage is as far from coyness
As from immodesty, in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness;
In use of places, hours, and companies,
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the center to observe them;
Ruthful and bounteous, never fierce nor dull, ... [I.1.40]
In all her courses ever at the full.
These three years I have traveled, and so long
Have been in travail with her dearest sight,
Which now shall beautify the enamored light.
This is her house. What! The gates shut and clear
Of all attendants? Why, the house was wont
To hold the usual concourse of a Court,
And see, methinks, through the encurtained windows
(In this high time of day) I see light tapers.
This is exceeding strange! Behold the Earl, ... [I.1.50]
Walking in as strange sort before the door.
I'll know this wonder, sure. My honored lord!

VAUMONT: Keep off, sir, and beware whom you embrace!

VANDOME: Why flies your lordship back?

VAUMONT: ~~~ You should be sure
To know a man your friend before you embraced him.

VANDOME: I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
Than of your lordship's friendship.

VAUMONT: ~~~ No man's knowledge
Can make him sure of anything without him,
Or not within his power to keep or order.

VANDOME: I comprehend not this; and wonder much ... [I.1.60]
To see my most loved lord so much estranged.

VAUMONT: The truth is, I have done your known deserts
More wrong than with your right should let you greet me,
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honor, which still makes it worse.

VANDOME: If this be all, my lord, the discontent
You seem to entertain is merely causeless;
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soever
Your misconduct could make you lay on me. ... [I.1.70]
And therefore, good my lord, discover it,
That we may take the spleen and corsie from it.

VAUMONT: Then hear a strange report and reason why
I did you this repented injury.
You know my wife is by the rights of courtship
Your chosen mistress, and she not disposed
(As other ladies are) to entertain
Peculiar terms with common acts of kindness;
But (knowing in her more than women's judgment
That she should nothing wrong her husband's right, ... [I.1.80]
To use a friend, only for virtue chosen,
With all the rights of friendship) took such care
After the solemn parting to your travel,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That I grew jealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindness, utterly forgetting
I should have weighed so rare a woman's words
As duties of a free and friendly justice,

Not as the headstrong and incontinent vapors
Of other ladies' bloods, enflamed with lust; ... [I.1.90]
Wherein I injured both your innocencies,
Which I approve, not out of flexible dotage
By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartial equity, made apparent
Both by mine own well-weighed comparison
Of all her other manifest perfections
With this one only doubtful levity,
And likewise by her violent apprehension
Of her deep wrong and yours, for she hath vowed
Never to let the common pandress light ... [I.1.100]
(Or any doom as vulgar) censure her
In any action she leaves subject to them,
Never to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her presence, nourish in it
(Unless with sleep) nor stir out of her chamber;
And so hath muffled and mewed up her beauties
In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day, transformed by her to night,
With all sun banished from her smothered graces;
And thus my dear and most unmatched wife ... [I.1.110]
That was a comfort and a grace to me,
In every judgment, every company,
I, by false jealousy, have no less than lost,
Murdered her living, and entombed her quick.

VANDOME: Conceit it not so deeply, good my lord;
Your wrong to me or her was no fit ground
To bear so weighty and resolved a vow
From her incensed and abused virtues.

VAUMONT: There could not be a more important cause
To fill her with a ceaseless hate of light, ... [I.1.120]
To see it grace gross lightness with full beams,
And frown on continence with her oblique glances:
As nothing equals right to virtue done,
So is her wrong past all comparison.

VANDOME: Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted ever when men grant they err.
But doth my princely mistress so contemn
The glory of her beauties and the applause
Give to the worth of her society,
To let a voluntary vow obscure them? ... [I.1.130]

VAUMONT: See all her windows and her doors made fast,
And in her chamber lights for night enflamed;
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

VANDOME: This news is strange; heaven grant I be encountered
With better tidings of my other friends!
Let me be bold, my lord, t'inquire the state
Of my dear sister, in whose self and me
Together the whole hope of our family,
Survives with her dear and princely husband,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne.

VAUMONT: ~~~ Unhappy that I am, ... [I.1.140]
I would to heaven your most welcome steps
Had brought you first upon some other friend,
To be the sad relator of the changes
Chanced [in] your three years' most lamented absence.
Your worthy sister, worthier far of heaven
Than this unworthy hell of passionate earth,
Is taken up amongst her fellow stars.

VANDOME: Unhappy man that ever I returned,
And perished not ere these news pierced mine ears!

VAUMONT: Nay, be not you, that teach men comfort, grieved; ... [I.1.150]
I know hour judgment will set willing shoulders
To the known burthens of necessity,
And teach your willful brother patience,
Who strives with Death, and from his caves of rest
Retains his wife's dead corpse amongst the living;
For with the rich sweets of restoring balms
He keeps her looks as fresh as if she lived,
And in his chamber (as in life attired)
She in a chair sits leaning on her arm,
As if she only slept; and at her feet ... [I.1.160]
He, like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as having lost
All his life's comfort; and that, she being dead
(Who was his greatest part) he must consume
As in an apoplexy struck with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Duchess comfort him,
Nor messengers with consolatory letters
From the kind King of France, who is allied
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
Up to another world where she expects him, ... [I.1.170]
He feeds his ears with soul-exciting music,

Solemn and tragical, and so resolves
In those sad accents to exhale his soul.

VANDOME: Oh, what a second ruthless sea of woes
Wracks me within my haven and on the shore!
What shall I do? Mourn, mourn, with them that mourn.
And make my greater woes their less expel;
This day I'll consecrate to sighs and tears,
And in this next even, which is my mistress' morning,
I'll greet her, wond'ring at her willful humors, ... [I.1.180]
And with rebukes, breaking out of my love
And duty to her honor, make her see
How much her too much curious virtue wrongs her.

VAUMONT: Said like the man the world hath ever held you!
Welcome as new lives to us; our good now
Shall wholly be ascribed and trust to you.
[Exeunt. Enter Roderique and Mugeron.]

MUGERON: See, see, the virtuous Countess hath bidden our day
good night; her stars are now visible. When was any lady
seen to be so constant in her vow, and able to forbear the
society of men so sincerely? ... [I.1.190]

RODERIGUE: Never in this world, at least exceeding seldom.
What shame it is for men to see women so far surpass them;
for when was any man known (out of judgment) to perform
so staid an abstinence from the society of women?

MUGERON: Never in this world!

RODERIGUE: What an excellent creature an honest woman is!
I warrant you the Countess and her virgin sister spend all
their times in contemplation, watching to see the sacred
spectacles of the night, when other ladies lie drowned in sleep
or sensuality. Is't not so, thinkst? ... [I.1.200]

MUGERON: No question!

RODERIGUE: Come, come, let's forget we are courtiers, and talk
like honest men, tell truth, and shame all travelers and
tradesmen. Thou believ'st all's natural beauty that shows
fair, though the painter enforce it, and suffer'st in soul, I know,
for the honorable lady.

MUGERON: Can any heart of adamant not yield in compassion to see spotless innocency suffer such bitter penance?

RODERIGUE: A very fit stock to graff on! Tush, man, think what she is, think where she lives, think on the villainous ... [I.1.210] cunning of these times! Indeed, did we live now in old Saturn's time, when women had no other art than what Nature taught 'em (and yet there needs little art, I wis, to teach a woman to dissemble); when luxury was unborn, at least untaught the art to steal from a forbidden tree; when coaches, when periwigs and painting, when masks and masking, in a word, when court and courting was unknown, an easy mist might then, perhaps, have wrought upon my sense, as it does not on the poor Countess and thine.

MUGERON: O World! ... [I.1.220]

RODERIGUE: O Flesh!

MUGERON: O Devil!

RODERIGUE: I tell thee, Mugeron, the Flesh is grown so great with the Devil, as there's but a little honesty left i'th' World. That that is, is in lawyers, they engross all. 'Sfoot, what gave the first fire to the Count's jealousy?

MUGERON: What but his misconstruction of her honorable affection to Vandome?

RODERIGUE: Honorable affection: First she's an ill huswife of her honor, that puts it upon construction. But the ... [I.1.230] presumption was violent against her: no speech but of Vandome, no thought but of his memory, no mirth but in his company, besides the free intercourse of letters, favors, and other entertainments, too too manifest signs that her heart went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

MUGERON: Why, was she not his mistress?

RODERIGUE: Ay, ay, a Court term for I wot what! 'Slight, Vandome, the stallion of the Court, her devoted servant and, forsooth, loves her honorably! Tush, he's a fool that believes it! For my part I love to offend in the better part still, and ... [I.1.240] that is, to judge charitably. But now, forsooth, to redeem her honor she must by a laborious and violent kind of purgation rub off the skin to wash out the spot; turn her chamber

to a cell, the sun into a taper, and (as if she lived in another world among the Antipodes) make our night her day, and our day her night, that under this curtain she may lay his jealousy asleep, while she turns poor Argus to Actaeon, and makes his sheets common to her servant Vandome.

MUGERON: Vandome? Why, he was met i'th' street but even now, newly arrived after three years' travel. ... [I.1.250]

RODERIGUE: Newly arrived? He has been arrived this twelve-month, and has ever since lien close in his mistress' cunning darkness at her service.

MUGERON: Fie o' the Devil! Who will not Envy slander? Oh, the miserable condition of her sex, born to live under all constructions. If she be courteous, she's thought to be wanton; if she be kind, she's too willing; if coy, too willful; if she be modest, she's a clown; if she be honest, she's a fool; [*Enter D'Olive.*] and so he is. [*pointing to D'Olive.*]

RODERIGUE: What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit ... [I.1.260] and good words!

D'OLIVE: Morrow, wits, morrow, good wits! My little parcel of wit, I have rods in piss for you. How dost, Jack? May I call you Sir Jack yet?

MUGERON: You may, sir; Sir's as commendable an addition as Jack, for ought I know.

D'OLIVE: I know it, Jack, and as common too.

RODERIGUE: Go to, you may cover; we have taken notice of your embroidered beaver.

D'OLIVE: Look you, by heaven, th'art one of the maddest bitter ... [I.1.270] slaves in Europe; I do but wonder how I made shift to love thee all this while.

RODERIGUE: Go to, what might such a parcel-gilt cover be worth?

MUGERON: Perhaps more than the whole piece besides.

D'OLIVE: Good, i'faith, but bitter! Oh, you mad slaves, I think you had Satyrs to your sires, yet I must love you. I

must take pleasure in you; and, i'faith, tell me, how is't?
Live, I see, you do, but how, but how, wits?

RODERIGUE: 'Faith, as you see, like poor younger brothers.

D'OLIVE: By your wits? ... [I.1.280]

MUGERON: Nay, not turned poets neither.

D'OLIVE: Good, sooth! But, indeed, to say truth, time was when the sons of the Muses had the privilege to live only by their wits; but times are altered, monopolies are now called in, and wit's become a free trade for all sorts to live by: lawyers live by wit, and they live worshipfully; soldiers live by wit, and they live honorably; panders live by wit, and they live honestly. In a word, there are few trades but live by wit; only bawds and midwives live by women's labors, as fools and fiddlers do by making mirth, ... [I.1.290] pages and parasites by making legs, painters and players by making mouths and faces. Ha, does't well, wits?

RODERIGUE: Faith, thou followest a figure in thy jests as country gentlemen follow fashions, when they be worn threadbare.

D'OLIVE: Well, well, let's leave these wit skirmishes, and say, when shall we meet?

MUGERON: How think you, are we not met now?

D'OLIVE: Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may take free use of ourselves, that is, drink sack, and talk ... [I.1.300] satire, and let our wits run the wild-goose chase over Court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse: critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i'th' day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honor, duellism, criticism, and poetry shall be disputed. And how, wits, do ye follow the Court still?

RODERIGUE: Close at heels, sir; and, I can tell you, you have ... [I.1.310] much to answer for your stars that you do not so too.

D'OLIVE: As why, wits, as why?

RODERIGUE: Why, sir, the Court's as 'twere the stage; and they that have a good suit of parts and qualities, ought to press thither to grace them, and receive their due merit.

D'OLIVE: Tush! Let the Court follow me; he that soars too near the sun, melts his wings many times. As I am, I possess myself, I enjoy my liberty, my learning, my wit; as for wealth and honor let 'em go, I'll not lose my learning to be a lord, nor my wit to be an alderman. ... [I.1.320]

MUGERON: Admirable D'Olive!

D'OLIVE: And what! You stand gazing at this comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

RODERIGUE: And do not you?

D'OLIVE: Not I! I admire nothing but wit.

RODERIGUE: But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell; does she not take tobacco, think you?

D'OLIVE: She does, she does; others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turn, first one, then the other, and Vandome ministers to them ... [I.1.330] both.

MUGERON: How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece, the Countess' sister? There were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'OLIVE: Not for me!

RODERIGUE: No? What exceptions lies against the choice?

D'OLIVE: Tush! Tell me not of choice; if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do Valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing: for take this of me, there's ... [I.1.340] ten times more deceit in women than in horseflesh; and I say still that a pretty well-paced chambermaid is the only fashion; if she grow full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh; there's no more but so.

MUGERON: Indeed, that's the saving'st way.

D'OLIVE: Oh me! What a hell 'tis for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, ... [I.1.350] waiting-maids, etc! I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if she be wise, imperious as an empress, all she does must be law, all she says gospel. Oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her! I glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, and yet perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be like my horsekeeper! Fie on't! The very thought of marriage were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

RODERIGUE: Well, I durst venture twice the price of your gilt cony's-wool we shall have you change your copy ere a ... [I.1.360] twelve-month's day.

MUGERON: We must have you dubbed o'the' order, there's no remedy! You that have unmarried done such honorable service in the commonwealth, must needs receive the honor due to't in marriage.

RODERIGUE: That he may do, and never marry.

D'OLIVE: As how, wits, i'faith, as how?

RODERIGUE: For if he can prove his father was free o'th' order, and that he was his father's son, then by the laudable custom of the city, he may be a cuckold by his father's copy, ... [I.1.370] and never serve for't.

D'OLIVE: Ever good, i'faith!

MUGERON: Nay, how can he plead that, when tis as well known his father died a bachelor?

D'OLIVE: Bitter, in verity, bitter! But good still in its kind.

RODERIGUE: Go to, we must have you follow the lanthorn of your forefathers.

MUGERON: His forefathers? 'Sbody, had he more fathers than one?

D'OLIVE: Why, this is right; here's wit canvassed out on's ... [I.1.380] coat into's jacket; the string sounds ever well that rubs not

too much o'th' frets; I must love your wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell, good wits; you know my lodging; make an errant thither now and then, and save your ordinary; do, wits, do!

MUGERON: We shall be troublesome t'ye.

D'OLIVE: O God, sir, you wrong me to think I can be troubled with wit; I love a good wit as I love myself; if you need a brace or two of crowns at any time, address but your sonnet, it shall be as sufficient as your bond at all times. I ... [I.1.390] carry half a score birds in a cage, shall ever remain at your call. Farewell, wits; farewell, good wits! [*Exit.*]

RODERIGUE: Farewell, the true map of a gull! By heaven, he shall to th' Court! 'Tis the perfect model of an impudent upstart, the compound of a poet and a lawyer; he shall sure to th' Court.

MUGERON: Nay, for God's sake. let's have no fools at Court.

RODERIGUE: He shall to't, that's certain; the Duke had a purpose to despatch some one or other to the French King, to entreat him to send for the body of his niece, which the ... [I.1.400] melancholy Earl of Saint Anne, her husband, hath kept so long unburied, as meaning one grave should entomb himself and her together.

MUGERON: A very worthy subject for an ambassage, as D'Olive is for an ambassador agent, and 'tis as suitable to his brain as his parcel-gift beaver to his fools' head.

RODERIGUE: Well, it shall go hard, but he shall be employed. Oh, 'tis a most accomplished ass, the mongrel of a gull and a villain, the very essence of his soul is pure villainy; the substance of his brain, foolery; one that believes nothing ... [I.1.410] from the stars upward. A pagan in belief, an epicure beyond belief; prodigious in lust, prodigal in wasteful expense, in necessary most penurious; his wit is to admire and imitate, his grace is to censure and detract. He shall to th' Court, i'faith, he shall thither! I will shape such employment for him as that he himself shall have no less contentment in making mirth to the whole Court than the Duke and the whole Court shall have pleasure in enjoying his presence. A knave, if he be rich, is fit to make an officer; as a fool, if he be a knave, is fit to make an intelligencer. [*Exeunt.*] ... [I.1.420]

Act 2

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

Scene II.1 [A Room in the House of Vaumont.]

[Enter Dicque, Licette, with tapers.]

DICQUE: What an order is this! Eleven o'clock at night is our lady's morning and her hour to rise at, as in the morning it is other ladies' hour. These tapers are our suns, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee, Licette, what makes the virgin lady, my lady's sister, break wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously? I believe she's in love.

LICETTE: With whom, can you tell?

DICQUE: Not very well, but certes, that's her disease; a man may cast her water in her face. The truth is, 'tis no ... [II.1.10] matter what she is, for there is little goodness in her; I could never yet finger one cardecu of her bounty. And, indeed, all bounty nowadays is dead amongst ladies. This same Bonitas is quite put down amongst 'em. But see, now we shall discover the heaviness of this virgin lady; I'll eavesdrop, and, if it be possible, hear who is her lover,; for when this same amorous spirit possesses these young people, they have no other subject to talk of.
[*They retire. Enter Marcellina and Eurione*]

EURIONE: Oh, sister, would that matchless Earl ever have wronged his wife with jealousy? ... [II.1.20]

MARCELLINA: Never!

EURIONE: Good Lord, what difference is in men! But such a man as this was never seen, to love his wife even after death so dearly, to live with her in death! To leave the world and all his pleasures, all his friends and honors, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone! Is't not strange?

MARCELLINA: Exceeding strange!

EURIONE: But sister, should not the noble man be chronicled if he had right; I pray you, sister, should he not?

MARCELLINA: Yes, yes, he should! ... [II.1.30]

EURIONE: But did you ever hear of such a noble gentleman?
Did you, sister?

MARCELLINA: I tell you no.

EURIONE: And do not you delight to hear him spoken of,
and praised, and honored? Do you not, madam?

MARCELLINA: What should I say? I do.

EURIONE: Why, very well; and should not every woman
that loves the sovereign honor of her sex, delight to hear
him praised as well as we? Good madam, answer heartily.

MARCELLINA: Yet again? Who ever heard one talk so? ... [II.1.40]

EURIONE: Talk so? Why should not every lady talk so?
You think, belike, I love the noble man,
Heaven is my judge if I -- indeed, his love
And honor to his wife so after death
Would make a fairy love him, yet not love,
But think the better of him, and sometimes
Talk of his love or so; but you know, madam,
I called her sister, and if I love him,
It is but as my brother, I protest.

VANDOME: [*Within.*] Let me come in. ... [II.1.50]
: [*Within.*] ~~~ Sir, you must not enter.

MARCELLINA: What rude disordered noise is that within?

LICETTE: I know not, madam.
: ~~~ How now? [*Enter a Servant.*]

[SERVANT]: ~~~~~ Where's my lady?

MARCELLINA: What haste with you?

[SERVANT]: ~~~ Madam, there's one at door
That asks to speak with you, admits no answer,
But will enforce his passage to your honor.

MARCELLINA: What insolent guest is that?
: ~~~ Who should he be

That is so ignorant of our worth and custom?
[Enter another Servant.]

[2 SERVANT]: Madam, here's one hath drawn his rapier on us,
And will come in, he says.
: ~~~ This is strange rudeness.
What is his name? Do you not know the man?

[2 SERVANT]: ~~~ No, madam, 'tis too dark.
: ~~~~~ Then take a light. ... [II.1.60]
See if you know him; if not, raise the streets.
[Exit Licette, walks with a candle.]

EURIONE: And keep the door safe. What night-walker'[s] this,
That hath not light enough to see his rudeness?
[Enter Licette, in haste.]

LICETTE: Oh, madam, 'tis the noble gentleman,
Monsieur Vandome, your servant.
: ~~~ Is it he?
Is he returned?
: ~~~ Haste, commend me to him;
Tell him I may not nor will not see him,
For I have vowed the contrary to all.

LICETTE: Madam, we told him so a hundred times,
Yet he will enter. ... [II.1.70]

[Voices within]: Hold, hold! Keep him back, there!

MARCELLINA: What rudeness, what strange insolence is this?
[Enter Vandome]

VANDOME: What hour is this? What fashion? What sad life?
What superstition of unholy vow?
What place is this? Oh, shall it e'er be said
Such perfect judgment should be drowned in humor?
Such beauty consecrate to bats and owls?
Here lies the weapon that enforced my passage.
[Throwing down the sword.]
Sought in my love, sought in regard of you,
For whom I will endure a thousand deaths ... [II.1.80]
Rather than suffer you to perish thus
And be the fable of the scornful world;
If I offend you, lady, kill me now.

MARCELLINA: What shall I say? Alas, my worthy servant!
I would to God I had not lived to be
A fable to the world, a shame to thee.

VANDOME: Dear mistress, hear me, and forbear these humors.

MARCELLINA: Forbear your vain dissuasion.
: ~~~ Shall your judgment --

MARCELLINA: I will not hear a word.
: ~~~ Strange will in women!
[Exit Marcellina, with Licette, Dicque, and Servants.]
What says my honorable virgin sister? ... [II.1.90]
How is it you can brook this bat-like life,
And sit as one without life?
: ~~~ Would I were!
If any man would kill me, I'd forgive him.

VANDOME: Oh true fit of a maiden melancholy!
Whence comes it, lovely sister?
: ~~~ In my mind
Yourself hath small occasion to be merry,
That are arrived on such a hapless shore,
As bears the dead weight of so dear a sister;
For whose decease, being my dear sister vowed,
I shall forever lead this desolate life. ... [II.1.100]

VANDOME: Now heaven forbid; women in love with women!
Love's fire shines with too mutual a refraction,
And both ways weakens his cold beams too much
To pierce so deeply; 'tis not for her, I know,
That you are thus impassioned.

EURIONE: For her, I would be sworn, and for her husband.

VANDOME: Ay, marry, sir, a quick man may do much
In these kind of impressions.
: ~~~ See how idly
You understand me! These same travelers,
That can live anywhere, make jests of anything, ... [II.1.110]
And cast so far from home for nothing else
But to learn how they may cast off their friends!
She had a husband does not cast her off so;
Oh, tis a rare, a noble gentleman!

[VANDOME]: Well, well, there is some other humor stirring
In your young blood than a dead woman's love.

EURIONE: No, I'll be sworn!
: ~~~ Why, is it possible
That you, whose frolic breast was ever filled
With all the spirits of a mirthful lady,
Should be with such a sorrow so transformed? ... [II.1.120]
Your most sweet hand in touch of instruments
Turned to pick straws, and fumble upon rushes?
Your heavenly voice turned into heavy sighs,
And your rare wit, too, in a manner tainted?
This cannot be; I know some other cause
Fashions this strange effect, and that myself
Am born to find it out and be your cure
In any wound it forceth whatsoever;
But if you will not tell me, at your peril! [*He offers to go.*]

EURIONE: Brother! ... [II.1.130]
: ~~~ Did you call?

EURIONE: No, 'tis no matter
: ~~~ So then! [*Going.*]
: ~~~~~ Do you hear?
Assured you are my kind and honored brother,
I'll tell you all.
: ~~~ Oh, will you do so then?

EURIONE: You will be secret?
: ~~~ Secret? Is't a secret?

EURIONE: No, 'tis a trifle that torments one thus!
Did ever man ask such a question
When he had brought a woman to this pass?

VANDOME: What, 'tis no treason, is it?
: ~~~ Treason, quoth he?

VANDOME: Well, if it be, I will engage my quarters
With a fair lady's ever: tell the secret. ... [II.1.140]

EURIONE: Attending oftentimes the Duke and Duchess,
To visit the most passionate Earl your brother,
That noble gentleman --
: ~~~ Well said, put in that!

EURIONE: Put it in? Why? I'faith, y'are such a man,
I'll tell no further; you are changed indeed.

A traveler, quoth you?

: ~~~ Why, what means this?

Come, lady, forth! I would not lose the thanks,
The credit, and the honor I shall have

For that most happy good I know in fate

I am to furnish thy desires withal, ... [II.1.150]

For all this house in gold.

: ~~~ Thank you, good brother!

Attending (as I say) the Duke and Duchess

To the sad Earl --

: ~~~ That noble gentleman?

EURIONE: Why, ay! Is he not?

: ~~~ Beshrew my heart, else!

'The Earl,' quoth you, 'he cast not off his wife!'

EURIONE: Nay, look you now!

: ~~~ Why, does he, pray?

: ~~~~~ Why, no!

VANDOME: Forth, then, I pray; you lovers are so captious.

EURIONE: When I observed his constancy in love,

His honor of his dear wife's memory,

His woe for her, his life with her in death, ... [II.1.160]

I grew in love, even with his very mind.

VANDOME: Oh, with his mind?

: ~~~ Ay, by my soul, no more!

VANDOME: A good mind certainly is a good thing;

And a good thing you know --

: ~~~ That is the chief;

The body without that, alas, is nothing;

And this his mind cast such a fire into me,

That it hath half consumed me, since it loved

His wife so dearly, that was dear to me.

And ever I am saying to myself,

'How more than happy should that woman be, ... [II.1.170]

That had her honored place in his true love!'

But as for me, I know I have no reason

To hope for such an honor at his hands.

VANDOME: What, at the Earl's hands? I think so, indeed.
Heaven, I beseech thee, was your love so simple
T'inflame itself with him? Why, he's a husband
For any princess, any queen or empress;
The ladies of this land would tear him piecemeal
(As did the drunken froes the Thracian harper)
To marry but a limb, a look of him. ... [II.1.180]
Heaven's my sweet comfort, set your thoughts on him?

EURIONE: Oh cruel man, dissembling traveler!
Even now you took upon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfy my longings,
And whatsoever 'twere, you would procure it.
Oh, you were born to do me good, you know;
You would not lose the credit and the honor
You should have by my satisfaction
For all this house in gold; the very Fates
And you were all one in your power to help me. ... [II.1.190]
And now to come and wonder at my folly,
Mock me, and make my love impossible!
Wretch that I was, I did not keep it in!

VANDOME: Alas, poor sister! When a grief is grown
Full home and to the deepest, then it breaks,
And joy, sun-like, out of a black cloud shineth.
But couldst thou think, i'faith, I was in earnest
To esteem any man without the reach
Of thy far-shooting beauties? Any name
Too good to subscribe to Eurione? ... [II.1.200]
Here is my hand; if ever I were thought
A gentleman, or would be still esteemed so,
I will so virtuously solicit for thee,
And with such cunning wind into his heart,
That I sustain no doubt I shall dissolve
His settled melancholy, be it ne'er so grounded
On rational love and grave philosophy;
I know my sight will cheer him at the heart,
In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister
Will fire his heavy spirits. And all this ... [II.1.210]
May work that change in him that nothing else
Hath hope to joy in; and so farewell, sister,
Some few days hence I'll tell thee how I speed.

EURIONE: Thanks, honored brother; but you shall not go
Before you dine with your best-loved mistress.
Come in, sweet brother.

: ~~~ In to dinner now?
Midnight would blush at that; farewell, farewell!

EURIONE: Dear brother, do but drink or taste a banquet;
I'faith, I have most excellent conserves;
You shall come in, in earnest; stay a little; ... [II.1.220]
Or will you drink some cordial stilled waters
After your travel? Pray thee, worthy brother,
Upon my love you shall stay! Sweet, now enter.

VANDOME: Not for the world! Commend my humble service,
And use all means to bring abroad my mistress.

EURIONE: I will, in sadness; farewell, happy brother! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.2 [A Room at the Court.]
[*Enter [Duke] Philip, Jacqueline, Hieronime, and Mugeron.*
Jacqueline and Hieronime sit down to work.]

DUKE: Come, Mugeron, where is this worthy statesman,
That you and Roderigue would persuade
To be our worthy agent into France.
The color we shall lay on it t'inter
the body of the long-deceased Countess,
The French King's niece, whom her kind husband keeps
With such great cost and care from burial,
Will show as probable as can be thought.
Think you he can be gotten to perform it?

MUGERON: Fear not, my lord; the wizard is as forward ... [II.2.10]
To usurp greatness, as all greatness is
To abuse virtue, or as riches honor.
You cannot load the ass with too much honor.
He shall be yours, my lord; Roderigue and I
Will give him to your Highness for your foot-cloth.

DUKE: How happens it he lived concealed so long?

MUGERON: It is is humor, sir; for he says still,
His jocund mind loves pleasure above honor,
His swing of liberty, above his life.
It is not safe (says he) to build his nest ... [II.2.20]
So near the eagle; his mind is his kingdom,
His chamber is a court of all good wits;
And many such rare sparks of resolution
He blesseth his most loved self withal,

As presently your Excellence shall hear.
But this is one thing I had half forgotten,
With which your Highness needs must be prepared:
I have discoursed with him about the office
Of an ambassador, and he stands on this,
That when he once hath kissed your Highness' hand ... [II.2.30]
And taken his dispatch, he then presents
Your Highness' person, hath your place and power,
Must put his hat on, use you as you him;
That you may see before he goes how well
He can assume your presence and your greatness.

DUKE: And will he practice his new state before us?

MUGERON: Ay, and upon you too, and kiss your Duchess,
As you use at your parting.
: ~~~ Out upon him!
She will not let him kiss her.
: ~~~ He will kiss her
To do your person right.
: ~~~ It will be excellent; ... [II.2.40]
She shall not know this till her offer it.

MUGERON: See, see, he comes!
[*Enter Roderigue, Monsieur D'Olive, and Pacque.*]
: ~~~ Here is the gentleman
Your Highness doth desire to do you honor
In the presenting of your princely person,
And going Lord Ambassador to th' French King.

DUKE: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
You recommend to our election?

AMBO: This is the man, my lord.
: ~~~ We understand, sir,
We have been wronged by being kept so long
From notice of your honorable parts, ... [II.2.50]
Wherein your country claims a deeper int'rest
Than your mere private self; what makes wise Nature
Fashion in men these excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom incredible --

D'OLIVE: It pleaseth your good Excellence to say so.

DUKE: But that she aims therein at public good;
And you in duty thereto, of yourself,

Ought to have made us tender of your parts,
And not entomb them, tyrant-like, alive.

RODERIGUE: We for our parts, my lord, are not in fault, ... [II.2.60]
For we have sp[ur]ned him forward evermore,
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play upon in stately music.

MUGERON: And if he had been ought else but an ass,
Your Grace ere this time long had made him great:
Did not we tell you this?

D'OLIVE: ~~~ Oftentimes:
But, sure, my honored lord, the times before
Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune
That we enjoy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gracious self; for then 'twas policy ... [II.2.70]
To keep all wits of hope still under hatches,
Far from the Court, lest their exceeding parts
Should overshadow those that were then in place;
And 'twas our happiness that we might live so;
For in that freely-choosed obscurity
We found our safety, which men most of note
Many times lost; and I, alas, for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poor shell;
For your learned Excellence, I know, knows well
Qui bene latuit, bene vicit, still. ... [II.2.80]

DUKE: 'Twas much you could contain yourself, that had
So great means to have lived in greater place.

D'OLIVE: Faith, sir, I had a poor roof or a pent-house
To shade me from the sun, and three or four tiles
To shroud me from the rain, and thought myself
As private as I had King G[yges'] ring
And could have gone invisible, yet saw all
That passed our State's rough sea, both near and far;
There saw I our great galliasses tossed
Upon the wallowing waves, up with one billow, ... [II.2.90]
And then down with another; our great men
Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
And then a mouse, or like those changeable creatures
That live in the bordello, now in satin,
Tomorrow next in stammel;
When I sat all this while in my poor cell,

Secure of lightning or the sudden thunder,
Conversed with the poor Muses, gave a scholar
Forty o[r] fifty crowns a year to teach me, ... [II.2.100]
And prate to me about the predicables,
When, indeed, my thoughts flew a higher pitch
Than genus and species; as by this taste
I hope your Highness happily perceives,
And shall hereafter more at large approve
If any worthy opportunity
Make but her foretop subject to my hold;
And so I leave your Grace to the tuition
Of Him that made you. [*Going.*]
: ~~~ Soft, good sir, I pray!
What says your Excellence to this gentleman? ... [II.2.110]
Have I not made my word good to your Highness?

DUKE: Well, sir, however envious policy
Hath robbed my predecessors of your service,
You must not scape my hands, that have designed
Present employment for you; and 'tis this:
'Tis not unknown unto you with what grief
We take the sorrow of the Earl Saint Anne
For his deceased wife, with whose dead sight
He feeds his passion, keeping her from right
Of Christian burial, to make his eyes ... [II.2.120]
Do penance by their everlasting tears
For losing the dear sight of her quick beauties.

D'OLIVE: Well spoke, i'faith! Your Grace must give me leave
To praise your wit, for, faith, 'tis rarely spoken!

DUKE: The better for your good commendation.
But, sir, your embassy to the French King
Shall be to this effect; thus you shall say --

D'OLIVE: Not so! Your Excellence shall pardon me;
I will not have my tale put in my mouth.
If you'll deliver me your mind in gross, ... [II.2.130]
Why, so; I shall express it as I can.
I warrant you, 'twill be sufficient.

DUKE: 'Tis very good; then sir, my will in gross
Is that in pity of the sad Countess' case,
The King would ask the body of his niece
To give it funeral fitting her high blood,
Which (as yourself requires and reason wills)

I leave to be enforced and amplified
With all the ornaments of art and nature,
Which flows, I see, in your sharp intellect.

D'OLIVE: Alas, you cannot see't in this short time, ... [II.2.140]
But there be some not far hence, that have seen
And heard me too, ere now: I could have wished
Your Highness' presence in a private conventicle
At what time the high point of state was handled.

DUKE: What was the point?

D'OLIVE: It was my hap to make a number there
Myself (as every other gentleman)
Being interested in that grave affair,
Where I delivered my opinion: how well -- ... [II.2.150]

[DUKE]: What was the matter, pray?

D'OLIVE: ~~~ The matter, sir,
Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
Called into question; and 'twas this in brief:
We sat, as I remember, all in rout.
All sorts of men together:
A squire and a carpenter, a lawyer and a sawyer,
A merchant and a broker, a justice and a peasant,
And so forth, without all difference.

DUKE: But what was the matter?

D'OLIVE: 'Faith, a stale argument, though newly handled; ... [II.2.160]
And I am fearful I shall shame myself,
The subject is so threadbare.
: ~~~ 'Tis no matter,
Be as it will; go to the point, I pray.

D'OLIVE: Then thus it is: the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in brief
Whether in an aristocracy,
Or in an democratical estate,
Tobacco might be brought to lawful use.
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part --

RODERIGUE: ~~~ Pray thee to the point! ... [II.2.170]

D'OLIVE: First to the point then,
Upstart a weaver, blown up b' inspiration,
That had borne office in the congregation,
A little fellow, and yet great in spirit;
I never shall forget him, for he was
A most hot-livered enemy to tobacco,
His face was like the ten of diamonds,
Pointed each where with pushes; and his nose
Was like the ace of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him and tobacco first ... [II.2.180]
At such hot enmity); for that nose of his
(According to the Puritanic cut,
Having a narrow bridge, and this tobacco,
Being in drink, durst not pass by, and finding stopped
His narrow passage, fled back as it came
And went away in pet.
: ~~~ Just cause of quarrel!

DUKE: But, pray thee, briefly say what said the weaver?

D'OLIVE: The weaver, sir, much like a virginal jack
Start nimble up; the color of his beard
I scarce remember; but purblind he was ... [II.2.190]
With the Geneva print, and wore one ear
Shorter than t'other for a difference.

DUKE: A man of very open note, it seems.

D'OLIVE: He was so, sir, and hotly he inveighed
Against tobacco (with a most strong breath,
For he had eaten garlic the same morning,
As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
Partly to make his speeches savory),
Said 'twas a pagan plant, a profane weed,
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant ... [II.2.200]
Out of the Word; invented, sure, by Satan
In these our latter days to cast a mist
Before men's eyes that they might not behold
The grossness of old superstition,
Which is, as 'twere, derived into the Church
From the foul sink of Romish popery,
And that it was a judgment on our land
That the substantial commodities
And mighty blessings of this realm of France,
Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like, ... [II.2.210]
Which had brought so much wealth into the land,

Should now be changed into the smoke of vanity,
The smoke of superstition: for his own part
He held a garlic clove, being sanctified,
Did edify more the body of a man
Than a whole ton of this profane tobacco,
Being ta'en without thanksgiving; in a word
He said it was a rag of popery,
And none that were truly regenerate would
Profane his nostrils with the smoke thereof; ... [II.2.220]
And speaking of your Grace behind your back,
He charged and conjured you to see the use
Of vain tobacco banished from the land,
For fear lest, for the great abuse thereof,
Our candle were put out; and therewithal
Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tuned his noise
To the old strain, as if he were preparing
For a new exercise; but I myself
(Angry to hear this generous tobacco, ... [II.2.230]
The gentleman's saint and the soldier's idol,
So ignorantly polluted) stood me up,
Took some tobacco for a compliment,
Broke phlegm some twice or thrice, then shook mine ears,
And licked my lips, as if I begged attention,
And so, directing me to your sweet Grace,
Thus I replied: --

MUGERON: ~~~ Room for a speech there! Silence!

D'OLIVE: I am amused; or I am in a quandary, gentlemen,
(for in good faith I remember not well whether of them
was my words) -- ... [II.2.240]

DUKE: 'Tis no matter; either of them will serve the
turn.

D'OLIVE: Whether I should (as the poet says) eloquar an
siliam; whether by answering a fool I should myself seem
no less; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but
wind) might betray the cause; to the maintenance whereof
all true Trojans (from whose race we claim our descent) owe
all their patrimonies, and if need be, their dearest blood and
their sweetest breath. -- I would not be tedious to your
Highness. ... [II.2.250]

DUKE: You are not, sir; proceed!

D'OLIVE: Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use whereof (as of fift element) the world cannot want, is that little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workmanship is abridged, where you may see earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe out an exhalation, which, ent'ring in at the mouth, walks through the regions of a man's brain, drives out all ill vapors but itself, draws down all bad humors by the mouth, which in time might breed a scab over the whole body, if already they have not; a plant of singular use; for, on the one side, ... [II.2.260] Nature being an enemy to vacuity and emptiness, and on the other, there being so many empty brains in the world as there are, how shall Nature's course be continued? How shall these empty brains be filled but with air, Nature's immediate instrument to that purpose? If with air, what so proper as your fume? What fume so healthful as your perfume? What perfume so sovereign as tobacco? Besides the excellent edge it gives a man's wit (as they can best judge that have been present at a feast of tobacco, where commonly all good wits are consorted) what variety ... [II.2.270] of discourse it begets, what sparks of wit it yields, it is a world to hear! As likewise to the courage of a man; for if it be true that Johannes [Savonarola] writes, that he that drinks verjuice pisseth vinegar, then it must needs follow to be as true, that he that eats smoke farts fire. For garlic I will not say, because it is a plant of our own country, but it may cure the diseases of the country; but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the element of garlic to medicine. To conclude, as there is no enemy to tobacco but garlic, so there is no friend to garlic but a sheep's head; ... [II.2.280] and so I conclude.

DUKE: Well, sir, if this be but your natural vein,
I must confess I knew you not indeed,
When I made offer to instruct your brain
For the ambassage, and will trust you now,
If 'twere to send you forth to the Great Turk
With an ambassage.

D'OLIVE: ~~~ But, sir, in conclusion,
'Twas ordered for my speech, that since tobacco
Had so long been in use, it should thenceforth
Be brought to lawful use; but limited thus: ... [II.2.290]
That none should dare to take it but a gentleman,
Or that he that had some gentlemanly humor,
The murr, the headache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,
Or other branches of the sharp salt rheum

Fitting a gentleman.
: ~~~ Your Grace has made choice
Of a most simple Lord Ambassador!

DUKE: Well, sir, you need not look for a commission,
My hand shall well dispatch you for this business;
Take now the place and state of an ambassador,
Present our person and perform our charge; ... [II.2.300]
And so farewell, good Lord Ambassador!

D'OLIVE: Farewell, good Duke, and Jacqueline to thee! [*Kisses her.*]

DUCHESS: How now, you fool? Out, you presumptuous gull!

D'OLIVE: How now, you baggage? 'Sfoot, are you so coy
To the Duke's person, to his second self?
Are you too good, dame, to enlarge yourself
Unto your proper object? 'Slight, 'twere a good deed --

DUCHESS: What means your Grace to suffer me abused thus?

DUKE: Sweet love, be pleased; you do not know this lord.
Give me thy hand, my lord.

D'OLIVE: ~~~ And give me thine. ... [II.2.310]

DUKE: Farewell again!

D'OLIVE: ~~~ Farewell again to thee!

DUKE: Now go thy ways for an ambassador.
[*Exit Philip, Jacqueline, Hieronime.*]

D'OLIVE: Now go thy ways for a duke.

RODERIGUE: ~~~ Most excellent lord!

RODERIGUE: Why, this was well performed and like a duke,
Whose person you most naturally present.

D'OLIVE: I told you I would do't; now I'll begin
To make the world take notice I am noble;
The first thing I will do, I'll swear to pay
No debts, upon my honor.

MUGERON: A good cheap proof of your nobility. ... [II.2.320]

D'OLIVE: But if I knew where I might pawn mine honor
For some odd thousand crowns, it shall be laid;
I'll pay't again when I have done withal.
Then 'twill be expected I shall be of some religion,
I must think of some for fashion, or for faction sake,
As it becomes great personages to do;
I'll think upon't betwixt this and the day.

RODERIGUE: Well said, my lord! This lordship of yours will
work a mighty alteration in you; do you not feel it begins
to work already? ... [II.2.330]

D'OLIVE: 'Faith, only in this: it makes me think how they
that were my companions before, shall now be my favorites;
they that were my friends before, shall now be my followers;
they that were my servants before, shall now be my knaves;
but they that were my creditors before, shall remain my
creditors still.

MUGERON: Excellent lord! Come, will you show your lordship
in the presence now?

D'OLIVE: Faith, I do not care if I to and make a face or
two there, or a few graceful legs, speak a little Italian, and ... [II.2.340]
away; there's all a presence doth require. [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

Act 3

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

Scene III.1 [A Room in the House of St. Anne.]
[*Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.*]

ST. ANNE: You have inclined me more to leave this life
Than I supposed it possible for an angel;
Nor is your judgment to suppress your passion
For so dear loved a sister (being as well
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement
Of your dissuasive arguments. And besides,
Your true resemblance of her much supplies
Her want in my affections; with all which
I feel in these deep griefs, to which I yield
(A kind of false, sluggish, and rotting sweetness ... [III.1.10])

Mixed with an humor where all things in life
Lie drowned in sour, wretched, and horrid thoughts)
The way to cowardly desperation opened;
And whatsoever urgeth souls accursed
To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,
So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole days and nights bound at his tyrannous feet;
So that my days are not like life or light,
But bitterest death, and a continual night.

VANDOME: The ground of all is unsufficed love, ... [III.1.20]
Which would be best eased with some other object;
The general rule of Naso being autentic,
Quod successore novo vincitur omnis amor:
For the affections of the mind, drawn forth
In many currents, are not so impulsive
In any one; and so the Persian king
Made the great river Ganges run distinctly
In an innumerable sort of channels;
By which means, of a fierce and dangerous flood,
He turned it into many pleasing rivers, ... [III.1.30]
So likewise is an army disarrayed
Made penetrable for the assaulting foe;
So huge fires, being diffused, grow assuaged,
Lastly, as all force, being unite, increaseth,
So being dispersed, it grows less sharp and ceaseth.

ST. ANNE: Alas, I know I cannot love another;
My heart accustomed to love only her,
My eyes accustomed to view only her,
Will tell me whatsoever is not her,
Is foul and hateful.
: ~~~ Yet forbear to keep her ... [III.1.40]
Still in your sight; force not her breathless body
Thus against nature to survive, being dead;
Let it consume, that it may reassume
A form incorruptible; and refrain
The places where you used to joy in her;
Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge litus amatum!
For how can you be ever sound or safe
Wherein so many red steps of your wounds
Gasp in your eyes? With change of place be sure,
Like sick men mending, you shall find recure. [*They retire.*] ... [III.1.50]
[*Enter the Duke, D'Olive, Jacqueline, Hieronime, Mugeron, Roderigue, see the dead Countess
that is kept in her attire unburied.*]

D'OLIVE: Faith, madam, my company may well be spared at so mournful a visitation. For, by my soul, to see Pygmalion dote upon a marble picture, a senseless statue, I should laugh and spoil the tragedy.

[DUCHESS]: Oh, 'tis an object full of pity, my lord.

D'OLIVE: 'Tis pity, indeed, that any man should love a woman so constantly.

DUKE: Bitterly turned, my lord! We must still admire you.

D'OLIVE: Tush, my lord, true manhood can neither mourn ... [III.1.60] nor admire. It's fit for women -- they can weep at pleasure, even to admiration.

DUCHESS: But men use to admire rare things, my lord.

D'OLIVE: But this is nothing rare; 'tis a virtue common for men to love their wives after death. The value of a good wife (as all good things else) are better known by their want than by their fruition; for no man loves his wife so well while she lives, but he loves her ten times better when she's dead.

RODERIGUE: This is sound philosophy, my lord. ... [III.1.70]

D'OLIVE: Faith, my lord, I speak my thoughts; and for mine own part, I should so ill endure the loss of a wife (always provided I loved her), that if I lost her this week, I'd have another by the beginning o' th' next. And thus resolved, I leave your Highness to deal with Atropos for cutting my lady's thread: I am for France; all my care is for followers to imp out my train. I fear I must come to your Grace for a press; for I will be followed as becomes an honorable lord; and that is like an honest squire; for, with our great lords, followers abroad and hospitality at ... [III.1.80] home are out of date. The world's now grown thrifty; he that fills a whole page in folio with his style, thinks it veriest noble to be manned with one bare page and a pandar; and yet Pandar, in ancient time, was the name of an honest courtier. what 'tis now, *Viderit utilitas*. Come, wits, let's to my chamber. [*Exeunt. Manent Vandome, St. Anne.*]

VANDOME: Well now, my lord, remember all the reasons
And arguments I used at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtful passions;
And therewithal admit one further cause, ... [III.1.90]
Drawn from my love, and all the powers I have;
Eurione, vowed sister to my sister,
Whose virtues, beauties, and perfections
Adorn our country, and do nearest match
With her rich graces that your love adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your lordship's graceful word.

ST. ANNE: But is it true? Loves my dear bother now?
It much delights me, for your choice is noble.
Yet need you not urge me to come abroad, ... [III.1.100]
Your own worth will suffice for your wished speed.

VANDOME: I know, my lord, no man alive can win
Her resolved judgment from virginity,
Unless you speak for him, whose word of all dames
Is held most sweet, and worthy to persuade them.

ST. ANNE: The world will think me too fantastical,
To ope so suddenly my vowed obscureness.

VANDOME: My lord, my love is sudden, and requires
A sudden remedy; if I be delayed,
Consider love's delay breeds desperation, ... [III.1.110]
By weighing how strongly love works in yourself.

ST. ANNE: Dear brother, nothing underneath the stars
Makes me so willing to partake the air
And undergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy self and your wished good;
And glad I am that by this means I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new-born image of my wife.
Dear life, take knowledge that thy brother's love
Makes me despair with my true zeal to thee; ... [III.1.120]
And if for his sake I admit the earth
To hide this treasure of thy precious beauties,
And that thy part surviving be not pleased,
Let it appear to me, ye just assisters
Of all intentions bent to sovereign justice,
And I will follow it into the grave;

Or dying with it, or preserve it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt us. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.2 [D'Olive's Chamber.]
[*Enter Monsieur D'Olive, Roderique.*]

D'OLIVE: But didst note what a presence I came off withal?

RODERIGUE: 'Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence upon you! There was one lady, a man might see her heart ready to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'OLIVE: But Monsieur Mustapha there kept state, when I accosted him; 's slight, the brazen head looked to be worshipped, I think! No, I'll commit no idolatry for the proudest image of 'em all, I!

RODERIGUE: Your lordship has the right garb of an excellent courtier: Respect's a clown, supple-jointed Courtesy's a ... [III.2.10] very pea-goose; 'tis stiff-hammed Audacity that carries it; get once within their distance, and you are in their bosoms instantly.

D'OLIVE: 'Sheart, do they look I should stand aloof, like a scholar, and make legs at their greatness? No, I'll none of that; come up close to him, give him a clap o' th' shoulder shall make him cry 'oh!' again -- it's a tender place to deal withal -- and say, 'Well encountered, noble Brutus!'

RODERIGUE: That's the only way, indeed, to be familiar.

D'OLIVE: 'Sfoot, I'll make legs to none, unless it be to a ... [III.2.20] Justice of Peace when he speaks in's chair, or to a constable when he leans on's staff, that's flat! Softness and modesty savors of the cart; 'tis boldness, boldness, does the deed in the Court; and as your chameleon varies all colors o' th' rainbow, both white and red, so must your true courtier be able to vary his countenance through all humors -- state, strangeness, scorn, mirth, melancholy, flattery, and so forth; some colors likewise his face may change upon occasion, black or blue it may, tawny it may, but red and white at no hand -- avoid that like a sergeant; keep your ... [III.2.30] color stiff, unguilty of passion or disgrace, not changing white at sight of your mercer, nor red at sight of your surgeon; above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of

blushing! It does ill in a young waiting-woman; but monstrous, monstrous in an old courtier.

RODERIGUE: Well, all this while your lordship forgets your ambassage; you have given out you will be gone within this month, and yet nothing is ready.

D'OLIVE: It's no matter, let the moon keep her course; and yet, to say truth, 'twere more than time I were gone, ... [III.2.40] for, by heaven, I am so haunted with followers, every day new offers of followers; but heaven shield me from any more followers! How now, what's the news?
[Enter Mugeron and two others.]

MUGERON: My lord, here's two of my special friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action.

D'OLIVE: 'Sfoot, my ears are double-locked against followers; you know my number's full, all places under me are bestowed. I'll out of town this night, that's infallible; I'll no more followers, o' mine honor. ... [III.2.50]

MUGERON: 'Slight, lord, you must entertain them! They have paid me their income, and I have undertaken your lordship shall grace them.

D'OLIVE: Well, my masters, you might have come at a time when your entertainment would have proved better than now it is like; but such as it is, upon the commendation of my steward here --

MUGERON: A pox o' your lordship! Steward?

D'OLIVE: Y'are welcome, in a word; discern and spy out.

AMBO: We humbly thank your lordship. ... [III.2.60]

D'OLIVE: Mugeron, let 'em be entered.

MUGERON: In what rank, my lord; gentlemen or yeomen?

D'OLIVE: Gentlemen: their bearing bewrays no less; it goes not always by apparel. I do allow you to suit yourselves anew in my colors at your own charges.

AMBO: Thank your good lordship.

D'OLIVE: Thy name first, I pray thee?

CORNELIUS: Cornelius, my lord.

D'OLIVE: What profession?

CORNELIUS: A surgeon, an't please your lordship. ... [III.2.70]

D'OLIVE: I had rather th' hadst been a barber, for I think there will be little bloodshed amongst my followers, unless it be of thy letting; I'll see their nails pared before they go. And yet now I bethink myself, our ambassage is into France, there may be employment for thee; hast thou a tub?

CORNELIUS: I would be loath, my lord, to be dislocated or unfurnished of any of my properties.

D'OLIVE: Thou speak'st like thyself, Cornelius; book him down gentleman.

MUGERON: Very well, sir. ... [III.2.80]

D'OLIVE: Now your profession, I pray?

FRIPPER: Frippery, my lord, or, as some term it, petty brokery.

D'OLIVE: An honest man, I'll warrant thee; I never knew other of thy trade.

FRIPPER: Truly a richer your lordship might have, an honest, I hope not.

D'OLIVE: I believe thee, petty broker; canst burn gold lace?

FRIPPER: I can do anything, my lord, belonging to my ... [III.2.90] trade.

D'OLIVE: Book him down gentleman; he'll do good upon the voyage, I warrant him! Provide thee a nag, petty broker, thou'lt find employment for him, doubt not; keep thyself an honest man, and by our return I do not doubt but to see thee a rich knave; farewell, petty broker!

Prepare yourself against the day; this gentleman shall acquaint you with my colors. Farewell, fripper; farewell, petty broker: 'Discern and spy out,' is my motto.

AMBO: God continue your lordship! [*Exeunt.*] ... [III.2.100]

RODERIGUE: [*Aside.*] A very reasonable prayer, for, unknown to him, it lies now upon his death bed.

D'OLIVE: And how like you my chamber, good wits?

RODERIGUE: Excellent well, sir!

D'OLIVE: Nay, believe it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth suitable to my project. Here shall stand my court cupboard, with its furniture of plate; here shall run a wind instrument; here shall hang my bass-viol; here my theorbo; and here will I hang myself.

AMBO: 'Twill do admirable well. ... [III.2.110]

D'OLIVE: But how will I hang myself, good wits? Not in person, but in picture; I will be drawn --

RODERIGUE: What, hanged and drawn too?

D'OLIVE: Good again! I say I will be drawn all in complete satin of some courtly color, like a knight of Cupid's band; on this side shall be ranked chairs and stools and other such complements of a chamber; this corner will be a convenient room for my close-stool; I acquaint you with all my privities, you see.

MUGERON: Ay, sir, we smell, your meaning. ... [III.2.120]

D'OLIVE: Here shall be a perch for my parrot, while I remain unmarried -- I shall have the less miss of my wife; here a hoop for my monkey when I am married -- my wife will have the less miss of me; here will I have the statue of some excellent poet, and I will have his nose go with a vice (as I have seen the experience), and that, as if't had taken cold i'th' head, --

RODERIGUE: For want of a gilt nightcap.

D'OLIVE: Bitter, still! -- shall like a spout run pure wit all day long; and it shall be fed with a pipe brought at my ... [III.2.130] charge from Helicon over the Alps and under the sea by the brain of some great engineer, and I think 'twill do excellent.

MUGERON: No question of that, my lord.

D'OLIVE: Well, now, wits, about your several charges touching my ambassage: Roderigue, is my speech put out to making?

RODERIGUE: It's almost done.

D'OLIVE: 'Tis well, tell him he shall have forty crowns; promise, promise; want for no promising! And well ... [III.2.140] remembered, have I e'er a gentleman usher yet? A strange thing, amongst all my followers not one has wit enough to be a gentleman usher; I must have one, there's no remedy; farewell, have a care of my followers, all but my petty broker, he'll shift for himself.

RODERIGUE: Well, let us alone for your followers.

D'OLIVE: Well said, discern and spy out!

AMBO: We thank your lordship. [*Exeunt. Manet D'Olive.*]

D'OLIVE: Heaven, I beseech thee, what an abominable sort of followers have I put upon me! These courtiers ... [III.2.150] feed on 'em with my countenance; I cannot look into the city, but one or other makes tender of his good parts to me, either his language, his travel, his intelligence, or something. Gentlemen send me their younger sons, furnished in complete, to learn fashions, forsooth; as if the riding of five hundred miles and spending a thousand crowns would make 'em wiser than God meant to make 'em. Others with child with the traveling humor; as if an ass for going to Paris could come home a courser of Naples. Others are possessed with the humor of gallantry, fancy it to be the ... [III.2.160] only happiness in this world to be enabled by such a color to carry a feather in his crest, wear gold lace, gilt spurs, and so sets his fortunes on't, turns two or three tenements into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail, not a house to hide his head in. Three hundred of these goldfinches I have entertained for my followers; I can go

in no corner, but I meet with some of my whifflers in their accoutrements; you may hear 'em half a mile ere they come at you, and smell 'em half an hour after they are past you; six or seven make a perfect morris-dance; they need no ... [III.2.170] bells, their spurs serve their turn. I am ashamed to train 'em abroad; they'll say I carry a whole forest of feathers with me, and I should plod afore 'em in plain stuff, like a writing schoolmaster before his boys when they go a feasting. I am afraid of nothing but I shall be ballated, I and all my whifflers; but it's no matter, I'll fashion 'em, I'll show 'em fashions; by heaven I'll give three parts of 'em the slip, let 'em look for't! And yet, to say truth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my journey another month, I am sure I shall mute half my feathers; I feel 'em begin ... [III.2.180] to wear thin already; there's not ten crowns in twenty o' their purses; and, by this light, I was told at Court that my greasy host of the Porcupine last holiday was got up to the ears in one of my follower's satin suits; and Vandome went so far that he swore he saw two of them hanged. Myself, indeed, passing yesterday by the frippery, spied two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrel thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a sheep that were new-flayed. 'Tis not for nothing that this petty broker follows me; the vulture smells a prey; not the carcasses, but the cases of ... [III.2.190] some of my deceased followers; 'sight, I think it were my wisest course to put ten pounds in stock with him, and turn petty broker; certainly there's good to be done upon't. If we be but a day or two out of town, he'll be able to load every day a fresh horse with satin suits, and send them back hither; indeed 'tis like to be hot travel, and therefore 'twill be an ease to my followers to have their clothes at home afore 'em. They'll on, get off how they can; little know they what pikes their feathers must pass; before they go, the sergeants; when they come home, the surgeons; but ... [III.2.200] choose them, I'll wash my hands on 'em. [*Exit.*]

FINIS ACTUS TERTI

Act 4

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

Scene IV.1 [A Room in the House of Vaumont.]
[*Vandome solus.*]

VANDOME: My sister's exequies are now performed
With such pomp as expressed the excellence
Of her lord's love to her; and fired the envy
Of our great Duke, who would have no man equal
The honor he does t' his adored wife;
And now the Earl (as he hath promised me)
Is in this sad cell of my honored mistress,
Urging my love to fair Eurione;
Which I framed only to bring him abroad,
And (if it might succeed) make his affects, ... [IV.1.10]
With change of objects, change his helpless sorrow
To helpful love. I stood where I observed
Their words and looks, and all that passed betwixt them;
And she hath with such cunning borne herself
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires, her only love
To virtue and her lovers; and, in brief,
Hath figured with such life my dear dead sister,
Enchasing all this with her heightened beauty,
That I believe she hath entangled him, ... [IV.1.20]
And won success to our industrious plot.
If he be touched, I know it grieves his soul,
That, having underta'en to speak for me,
(Imagining my love was as I feigned)
His own love to her should enforce his tongue
To court her for himself, and deceive me.
By this time we have tried his passionate blood;
If he be caught (as heaven vouchsafe he be)
I'll play a little with his fantasy. [*Retires.*]
[*Enter St. Anne.*]

ST. ANNE: Am I alone? Is there no eye nor ear ... [IV.1.30]
That doth observe me? Heaven, how have I grasped
My spirits in my heart, that would have burst
To give wished issue to [my] violent love!
Dead wife, excuse me, since I love thee still,
That liv'st in her whom I must love for thee;
For he that is not moved with strongest passion
In viewing her, that man did ne'er know thee;
She's thy surviving image; but woe's me,
Why am I thus transported past myself?

VANDOME: [*Aside.*] Oh, are your dull uxorious spirits raised? ... [IV.1.40]
One madness doth beget another still.

ST. ANNE: But stay, advise me, soul; why didst thou light me
Over this threshold? Was't to wrong my brother?
To wrong my wife, in wronging of my brother?
I'll die a miserable man, no villain:
Yet in this case of love, who is my brother?
Who is my father? Who is any kin?
I care not; I am nearest to myself;
I will pursue my passion, I will have her.

VANDOME: [*Advancing.*] Traitor, I here arrest thee in the names ... [IV.1.50]
Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;
Love's traitor, brother's, traitor to thy wife!

ST. ANNE: O brother, stood you so near my dishonor?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been changed;
You know the variable thoughts of love,
You know the use of honor, that will ever
Retire into itself; and my just blood
Shall rather flow with honor than with love;
Be you a happy lover, I a friend,
For I will die for love of her and thee. ... [IV.1.60]

VANDOME: My lord and brother, I'll not challenge more
In love and kindness than my love [de]serves;
That you have found one whom your heart can like,
And that one whom we all sought to prefer,
To make you happy in a life renewed,
It is a heaven to me, by how much more
My heart embraced you for my sister's love.
'Tis true I did dissemble love t'Eurione,
To make you happy in her dear affection,
Who more dotes on you than you can on her; ... [IV.1.70]
Enjoy Eurione, she is your own,
The same that ever my dear sister was;
And Heaven bless both your loves as I release
All my feigned love and interest to you.

ST. ANNE: How nobly hath your love deluded me.
How justly have you been unjust to me!
Let me embrace the oracle of my good,
The author and the patron of my life.

VANDOME: Tush, betwixt us, my lord, what need these terms,
As if we knew not one another yet? ... [IV.1.80]
Make speed, my lord, and make your nuptials short,
As they are sudden blest in your desires.

ST. ANNE: Oh, I wish nothing more than lightning haste.

VANDOME: Stay, one word first, my lord; you are a sweet brother
To put in trust, and woo love for another.

ST. ANNE: Pray thee no more of that.

: ~~~ Well then, be gone.

My lord, her brother comes. [*Exit St. Anne. Enter Vaumont.*]

: ~~~ Most happy friend,

How hath our plot succeeded?

: ~~~ He's our own.

His blood was framed for every shade of virtue

To ravish into true inamorate fire; ... [IV.1.90]

The funeral of my sister must be held

With all solemnity, and then his nuptials

With no less speed and pomp be celebrate.

VAUMONT: What wonders hath your fortunate spirit and virtues

Wrought to our comforts! Could you crown th' enchantments

Of your divine wit with another spell,

Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,

You should be our quick Hermes, our Alcides.

VANDOME: That's my next labor; come, my lord, yourself

Shall stand unseen, and see by next morn's light ... [IV.1.100]

(Which is her bedtime) how my brain's bold valor

Will rouse her from her vow's severity;

No will, nor power, can withstand policy. [*Exit, with Vaumont.*]

Scene IV.2 [D'Olive's Chamber.]

[*Enter D'Olive, Pacque, Dicque.*]

D'OLIVE: Welcome, little wits! Are you he my page Pacque
here makes choice of to be his fellow coach-horse?

DICQUE: I am, my lord.

D'OLIVE: What countryman?

DICQUE: Born i'th' City.

PACQUE: But begot i'th' Court; I can tell your lordship,
he hath had as good court breeding as any imp in a country.

If your lordship please to examine him in any part of the
Court accidence, from a noun to an interjection, I'll undertake
you shall find him sufficient. ... [IV.2.10]

D'OLIVE: Say'st thou so, little wit? Why, then, sir, how many pronouns be there?

DICQUE: Faith, my lord, there are more, but I have learned but three sorts; the gourd, the fulham, and the stop-cater-trey; which are all demonstratives, for here they be.
[*Showing a set of dice.*] There are relatives too, but they are nothing without their antecedents.

D'OLIVE: Well said, little wit, i'faith! How many antecedents are there?

DICQUE: Faith, y lord, their number is uncertain; but ... [IV.2.20] they that are, are either squires or gentlemen ushers.

D'OLIVE: Very well said! When all is done, the Court is the only school of good education, especially for pages and waiting-women; Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England called Winchester (famous, I mean, for the goose) where scholars wear petticoats so long, till their pen and inkhorns knock against their knees; all these, I say, are but belfries to the body or school of the Court. He that would have his son proceed doctor in three days, let him send him thither; there's the forge to fashion all the parts of them; ... [IV.2.30] there they shall learn the true use of their good parts indeed.

PACQUE: Well, my lord, you have said well for the Court, what says your lordship now to us courtiers? Shall we go the voyage?

D'OLIVE: My little hermaphrodites, I entertain you here into my chamber, and if need be, nearer; your service you know. I will not promise mountains, nor assure you annuities of forty or fifty crowns; in a word, I will promise nothing, but I will be your good lord, do you not doubt.

DICQUE: We do not, my lord; but are sure you will show ... [IV.2.40] yourself noble; and as you promise us nothing, so you will honorably keep promise with us, and give us nothing.

D'OLIVE: Pretty little wit, i'faith! Can he verse?

PACQUE: Ay, and set, too, my lord; he's both a setter and a verser.

D'OLIVE: Pretty, i'faith! But, I mean, has he a vein natural?

PACQUE: Oh, my lord, it comes from him as easily --

DICQUE: As suits from a courtier without money, or money from a citizen without security, my lord.

D'OLIVE: Well, I perceive Nature has suited your wits, and ... [IV.2.50]
I'll suit you in guarded coats, answerable to your wits; for wit's as suitable to guarded coats as wisdom is to welted gowns. My other followers horse themselves, myself will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosom) what's the opinion of the many-headed beast touching my new addition of honor?

DICQUE: Some think, my lord, it hath given you addition of pride and outrecuidance.

D'OLIVE: They are deceived that think so; I must confess it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am *semper* ... [IV.2.60]
idem.

PACQUE: We believe your lordship.

D'OLIVE: I find no alteration in myself in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser than I was, when I was no lord, nor no more bountiful, nor no more honest; only in respect of my state, I assume a kind of state; to receive suitors now with the nod of nobility, not (as before) with the cap of courtesy, the knee of knighthood -- and why knee of knighthood, little wit? There's another question for your Court accidence. ... [IV.2.70]

DICQUE: Because gentlemen, or yeomen, or peasants, or so, receive knighthood on their knees.

PACQUE: The signification of the knee of knighthood in heraldry, an't please your lordship, is, that knights are tied in honor to fight up to the knees in blood for the defense of fair ladies.

D'OLIVE: Very good; but if it be so, what honor do they deserve that purchase their knighthood?

DICQUE: Purchase their knighthood, my lord? Marry, I think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't. ... [IV.2.80]

D'OLIVE: You cut me off by the knees, little wit; but I say (if you will hear me), that if they deserve to be knighted that purchase their knighthood with fighting up to the knee, what do they deserve that purchase their knighthood with fighting above the knee?

PACQUE: Marry, my lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conveyance will hold water.

D'OLIVE: Why, this is excellent; by heaven, twenty pounds annuity shall not purchase you from my heels! But forth, now; what is the opinion of the world touching this new ... [IV.2.90] honor of mine? Do not fools envy it?

DICQUE: No, my lord, but wise men wonder at it; you having so buried your wisdom heretofore in taverns and vaulting-houses, that the world could never discover you to be capable of honor.

D'OLIVE: As though Achilles could hide himself under a woman's clothes; was he not discovered at first? This honor is like a woman, or a crocodile (choose you whether) it flies them that follow it and follows them that fly it; for myself, however my worth for the time kept his bed, yet ... [IV.2.100] did I ever prophesy to myself that it would rise before the sunset of my days; I did ever dream that this head was born to bear a breadth, this shoulder to support a state, this face to look big, this body to bear a presence; these feet were born to be revelers, and these calves were born to be courtiers; in a word, I was born noble, and I will die nobly; neither shall my nobility perish with death; after ages shall resound the memory thereof, while the sun sets in the east, or the moon in the west.

PACQUE: Or the Seven Stars in the north. ... [IV.2.110]

D'OLIVE: The siege of Boulogne shall be no more a landmark for times; Agincourt battle, St. James his field, the loss of Calais and the winning of Cales, shall grow out of use; men shall reckon their years, women their marriages, from the day of our ambassage; as 'I was born, or married, two, three, or four years before the great ambassage.' Farmers shall count their leases from this day, gentlemen their mortgages from this day; St. Denis shall be 'rased out of the calendar, and the day of our installment entered in red letters; and as St. Valentine's day is fortunate to choose ... [IV.2.120]

lovers, St. Luke's to choose husbands, so shall this day be to the choosing of lords. It shall be a critical day, a day of note; in that day it shall be good to quarrel, but not to fight; they that marry on that day shall not repent -- marry, the morrow after perhaps they may -- it shall be wholesome to beat a sergeant on that day; he that eats garlic on that morning shall be a rank knave till night.

DICQUE: What a day will this be, if it hold!

D'OLIVE: Hold? 'Sfoot, it shall hold, and shall be held sacred to immortality; let all the chroniclers, ballet-makers, ... [IV.2.130] and almanac-mongers, do what they dare. [*Enter Roderigue.*]

RODERIGUE: 'Sfoot, my lord, all's dashed! Your voyage is overthrown.

D'OLIVE: What ails the frantic, trow?

RODERIGUE: The lady is entombed that was the subject of your ambassage; and your ambassage is berayed.

PACQUE: 'Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead.'

DICQUE: 'Oh, heavy hearse!'

PACQUE: Your lordship's honor must wait upon her.

DICQUE: Oh, scurvy verse! ... [IV.2.140]
Your lordship's welcome home! Pray, let's walk your horse, my lord.

D'OLIVE: A pretty gallery! Why, my little wits, do you believe this to be true?

PACQUE: For my part, my lord, I am of opinion you are gulled.

DICQUE: And I am of opinion that I am partly guilty of the same. [*Enter Mugeron, with a Page.*]

MUGERON: Where's this lord fool here? 'Slight, you have made a pretty piece of service on't, raised up all the country in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay ... [IV.2.150] there's no employment for them.

D'OLIVE: Good, still!

MUGERON: 'Slight, I ever took thee to be a hammer of the right feather; but I durst have laid my life, no man could ever have crammed such a gudgeon as this down the throat of thee. To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court! I am ashamed of myself that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

D'OLIVE: Good wit, i'faith! I know all this is but a gullery now; but since you have presumed to go thus far with me, ... [IV.2.160] come what can come to the State, sink or swim, I'll be no more a father to it nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one half-step further in the action.

PACQUE: But now your lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

D'OLIVE: Followers? Let them follow the Court, as I have done: there let them raise their fortunes; if not, they know the way to the petty broker's, there let them shift and hang. [*Exit cum suis.*]

RODERIGUE: Here we may strike the *Plaudite* to our play; my ... [IV.2.170] lord Fool's gone; all our audience will forsake us.

MUGERON: Page, after, and call him again.

RODERIGUE: Let him go; I'll take up some other fool for the Duke to employ: every ordinary affords fools enow; and didst nor see a pair of gallants sit not far hence like a couple of bough-pots to make the room smell?

MUGERON: Yes, they are gone; but what of them?

RODERIGUE: I'll press them to the Court; or if need be, our muse is not so barren, but she is able to devise one trick or other to retire D'Olive to Court again. ... [IV.2.180]

MUGERON: Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the favor of a great lady i'th' presence, whose heart (he said) stood a tiptoe in her eye to look at him.

RODERIGUE: 'Tis well remembered.

MUGERON: Oh, a love-letter from that lady would retrieve him as sure as death.

RODERIGUE: It would, of mine honor; we'll feign one from her instantly. Page, fetch pen and ink here. [*Exit Page.*]

MUGERON: Now do you and your muse engender; my barren sconce shall prompt something. ... [IV.2.190]

RODERIGUE: Soft, then! The Lady Hieronime, who, I said, viewed him so in the presence, is the Venus that must enamor him; we'll go no further for that. But in what likeness must he come to the Court to her now? As a lord he may not; in any other shape he will not.

MUGERON: Then let him come in his own shape, like a gull. [*Re-enter Page with pen and ink.*]

RODERIGUE: Well, disguised he shall be. That shall be his mistress' direction; this shall be my Helicon, and from this quiver will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

MUGERON: Come on; how wilt thou begin? ... [IV.2.200]

RODERIGUE: Faith thus: *Dearly beloved.*

MUGERON: Ware ho, that's profane!

RODERIGUE: Go to, then! *Divine D'Olive* -- I am sure that's not profane.

MUGERON: Well, forward!

RODERIGUE: *I see in the power of thy beauties ---*

MUGERON: Break off your period and say, *Twas* with a *sigh*.

RODERIGUE: Content; here's a full prick stands for a tear too.

MUGERON: So, now take my brain. ... [IV.2.210]

RODERIGUE: Pour it on.

MUGERON: *I talk like a fool, but, alas, thou art wise and silent! --*

RODERIGUE: Excellent! *And the more wise, the more silent.*

MUGERON: That's something common.

RODERIGUE: So should his mistress be.

MUGERON: That's true indeed! Who breaks way next?

RODERIGUE: That will I, sir. *But alas! why art thou not noble, that thou mightst match me in blood?*

MUGERON: I'll answer that for her. ... [IV.2.220]

RODERIGUE: Come on!

MUGERON: *But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.*

RODERIGUE: That's not amiss; forth now: *Thy wit proves thee to be a lord, thy presence shows it -- O that word presence has cost me dear --*

MUGERON: Well said, because she saw him i'th' presence.

RODERIGUE: *O do but say thou lov'st me --*

MUGERON: Soft, there's too many O's.

RODERIGUE: Not a whit; O's but the next door to P, and ... [IV.2.230] his mistress may use her O with -- with modesty; or if thou wilt, I'll stop it with another brackish tear.

MUGERON: No, no, let it run on.

RODERIGUE: *O do but say thou lov'st me, and yet do not neither, and yet do!*

MUGERON: Well said, let that last stand; let him do in any case: now say thus, *Do not appear at Court --*

RODERIGUE: So!

MUGERON: *At least in my company --*

RODERIGUE: Well! ... [IV.2.240]

MUGERON: *At least before folks --*

RODERIGUE: Why so?

MUGERON: *For the flame will break forth --*

RODERIGUE: Go on, thou dost well.

MUGERON: *Where there is fire i'th' hearth --*

RODERIGUE: What then?

MUGERON: *There will be smoke i' th' chimney.*

RODERIGUE: Forth!

MUGERON: *Warm, but burn me not; there's reason in all things. ... [IV.2.250]*

RODERIGUE: Well said; now do I vie it: *Come to my chamber chamber betwixt two and three --*

MUGERON: A very good number.

RODERIGUE: *But walk not under my window. If thou dost, come disguised: in any case wear not thy tuft taffeta cloak: if thou dost, thou killest me.*

MUGERON: Well said, now to the L'envoy.

RODERIGUE: *Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skills not whose I am, if I be thine, Hieronime. Now for a fit pandar to transport it, and have at him! [Exeunt.] ... [IV.2.260]*

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

Glossary and Appendices

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APPENDIX I - Glossary

accidence (n): (1) the part of Grammar which treats of the Accidents or inflections of words: a book of the rudiments of grammar. FS (1-MWW); Nashe Almond for a Parrot, Will Sommers. (2) hap, mishap, chance, fortuitous circumstance. NFS. Cf. Dekker King's Enter. Chapman D'Olive, both meanings may apply.

Acheron: a lake of fire in the underworld. Featured in Kyd Sp Tr, other Elizabethan drama, including Titus Andronicus, (anon.) Dr. Dodypoll and Willobie His Avisia, with overtones recalling passages in Matthew and Revelations favored by Shakespeare.

adamant (n): alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. Golding uses both meanings, according to need. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; others. Common.

affright (v): terrify. FS (17); Watson Hekatompathia; Lyly Love's Met; Kyd Cornelia; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Menaphon (1st OED citation); (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Leicester's Gh; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive.

Alcides: Hercules. FS (Shrew, John, Titus); Watson Hek; Chapman D'Olive.

ambassage/embassage (n): message, messenger, mission. FS (7-Rich3, LLL, Rich2, Ado, Edw3, Sonnet 26); Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe T1; Greene Orl Fur; Chapman D'Olive; (anon.) Fam Vic, Dr. Dodypoll, Leic Gh.

Antipodes (n): land or peoples on opposite side of the earth; sometimes Irish. FS (5-3H6, Rich2, MND, MV, Ado); Chapman D'Olive.

Atropos: One of the three fates; Atropos cut the thread of life. FS (2H4); Greene Maiden's Dr; Chapman D'Olive..

baggage (n): worthless or vile fellow or woman, wanton. FS (4-Errors, MWW, Pericles); Chapman D'Olive; (disp.) Maiden's; Middleton Maid, Quarrel, Roaring Girl.

ballated (v): made the subject of songs, ditties?

beray (v): stain, befoul, covered with abuse. FS (Titus). Cf. Golding Ovid; 1576 Gascoigne Steele Gl; Chapman D'Olive.

besrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Chapman D'Olive; many others.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Chapman D'Olive; many others.

blouse (n): presumably "blowze".

bone-ache (n): venereal disease; see Connections.

bough-pot (n): vessel to hold boughs; also flower pot. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive

brazen head (n): in several Elizabethan works, a "brazen head" is used as a man-made oracle or source of wisdom. NFS. Cf. Churchyard poem (Cardanus); Greene Alphonsus, Fr Bacon; Chapman D'Olive. Not found in the OED.

canvas (v): punish by tossing in a canvas sheet. FS (1H6, 2H4); Chapman D'Olive.

cardecu (n): old French silver coin, worth 14 of the gold cu, or 15 sous tournois. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

cater trey: the four and the three; hence, apparently, a cant term for dice (or ? falsified dice). NFS. Cf. Lyly Pappes; Chapman D'Olive.

chap/chappe (n): jaw. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive. Heminge's Post. OED contemp citations: 1555 Eden Decades W. Ind; 1575 Turberv. Bk. Venerie

concept (v): apprehend, form a conception or notion of. FS (JC); Greene Orl Fur, Menapohon, Vision; Marston Ant.&Mel; Chapman D'Olive.

consort [of music] (n): combination of voices or instruments. FS (1-TGV); Marlowe T1 (1st OED citation); (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman D'Olive.

conventicles (n): assembly, meeting. FS (2-2H6, Edw3); Udall Erasmus; Greene Never Too Late; Nashe Absurdity, Penniless; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Chapman D'Olive.

corsie (n): cause of grief, grievance. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Chapman D'Olive.

discover (v): reveal. FS (many); (anon.) Ironside; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

foretop (n): (1) crown of the head. NFS. (2) lock of hair that grows on the front of the crown, or is placed similarly on a wig. NFS. Cf. Marston Scourge Villainie; Chapman D'Olive.

frame (v): prepare, create, arrange. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho; (anon.) Leir; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

frollic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Greene Fr Bacon, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.

frows/froes/frowes (n): women, maenaeds, often Dutch or German, may refer to Bacchantes. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Penelope; Chapman D'Olive.

fulloms, low and high: loaded dice. FS (MWW); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody; Chapman D'Olive.

galliass (n): heavy, low-built vessel, larger than a galley, impelled both by sail and oars, chiefly employed in war. FS (Shrew); Chapman D'Olive.

gambrel (n): hooked stick, possibly for hanging clothes. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (2d OED citation).

Geneva print: ie, he was a Puritan.

gourd: kind of false dice. FS (MWW); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody; Chapman D'Olive.

graft: graft.

gull (n): (1) fool, dupe. FS (Rich3, 12th); Nashe Terrors; Dekker Satiromax; Marston Pasquil. (2) trick. (3) trickster. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

Helicon, Mount: mountain in Boetia sacred to the muses. Often referred to in Elizabethan literature. FS (2H4); Golding Ovid; many others.

hempstring (n): one who deserves the halter (hanging). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Supposes (1st OED citation); Chapman D'Olive.

imp (n): child of. FS (2-2H4, H5); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Leir; Chapman D'Olive.

imp out (v): (1) fill in, enlarge. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (2d OED citation). (2) in falconry, engraft a wing with feathers, strengthen or improve the flight of. FS (Rich2); Lyly Euphues (1st OED citation).

horse [hobby horse] (n): prostitute, loose woman. FS (6-LLL, Ado, WT, Ham, Oth); Greene Cony; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Summers; Jonson Revels; Chapman D'Olive.

intelligencer (n): spy, agent. FS (2-Rich3, 2H4); (anon.) Woodstock; Nashe Penniless, Almond, Saffron; Harvey 3d Letter, Pierce's Super.

iwis/ywus (adv): surely. FS (4-Rich3, Shrew, MV, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie Nobody/Somebody, Penelope; Nashe Almond; (disp.) Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Cromwell; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

jack (n): on a harpsichord/virginal, bits of wood which rose as the keys were pressed down. FS (Sonnet 128); Chapman D'Olive.

kibe (n): chapped or ulcerated chilblain or sore, esp. one on the heel. FS (4-MWW, Ham, Lear, Temp); Chapman D'Olive.

lanthorn (n): lantern. FS (2H4); Chapman D'Olive.

light (v): deliver, set down. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

meinie/meynie (n): (1) family, household. NFS. Golding Abraham; Chapman D'Olive.

mew (n): shut up, confine, conceal. FS (R&J); Spenser FQ; Chapman D'Olive.

outrecuidance (n): Excessive self-esteem; arrogance; conceit, presumption. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

pitch (n): highest point in a falcon's flight. FS (2-1H6, Titus); Marlowe T2; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Saffron; Munday More; Chapman D'Ol.

predicable (n, a): That which may be predicted. NFS. Cf. Florio Predicable (a); Chapman D'Olive (OED missed this first use as a noun).

quacksalver (n): an ignorant person who professes a knowledge of medicine or of wonderful remedies. NFS. Cf. Gosson Sch Abuse; Daniel, Queen's Arcadia; Jonson Volpone.

ring: possible ref. to female genitalia/double meaning; in Shakespeare often with "precious". FS (Errors, Titus, Lear); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Jew/Malta; Nashe Summers; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh; Chapman D'Olive.

rout (n): company, crowd. FS (10); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Marlowe T2, Edw2; Lyly Whip; Greene Maiden's Dream; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope, Leic Gh; Chapman D'Olive.

sconce (n): (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; G. Harvey New Let; Chapman D'Olive.

setter (n): See "verser", below.

skill (v): (1) matter, care. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leir; Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman D'Olive.

sooths (n): truths, sometimes flattery. FS (Rich2, Pericles); Chapman D'Olive; ,many others.

sort (v): (1) agree. FS (3H6); (anon.) Leir. (2) fit. FS (3H6). (3) result, come about. NFS. Cf. Marlowe Edw2; Chapman D'Olive.

stammel (n): red woolen cloth. NFS. Cf. Greene Fr Bac; Chapman D'Olive; Chapman, Marston, Jonson Eastward Ho.

swing (n): period of time. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (OED missed 2d citation).

theorbo (n): large kind of lute with a double neck and two sets of tuning-pegs, the lower holding the melody strings and the upper the bass strings; much in vogue in the 17th century. NFS. Cf. Chapman All Fools (1st OED citation), D'Olive,

Thracian harper: Orpheus, a musician whose singing could charm beasts, trees and rocks. Sailed with the Argonauts to Colchis. Journeyed to hell to rescue Eurydice. Torn apart by Maenads; his head, which had been thrown into the river Hebrus, floated still singing to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. FS (3-MV, H8, Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine; Chapman D'Olive.

train (n, v): (1) trap. FS (5-1H5, Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope; Chapman D'Olive. (2) train (n): plan. FS (many); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

tressels/trestles (n): legs. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive; Jonson Alchemist.

vaulting-house (n): brothel. NFS. Cf. Lodge Wits Miserie (1st OED citation); Chapman D'Olive.

verjuice (n): acid juice of green or unripe grapes, crab-apples, or other sour fruit, expressed and formed into a liquor; formerly much used in cooking, as a condiment, or for medicinal purposes. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

verser (n): One of a gang of cozeners or swindlers. NFS. Cf. Greene Disc. Cosenage; Chapman D'Olive; Nashe Strange News. 1550 Dice-Play (Percy Soc.) 38 He lightly hath in his company a man of more worship than himself, that hath the countenance of a possessioner of land, and he is called the verser. 1591 Greene Discov. Cosenage 1 There bee requisite effectually to act the Art of Conny-catching, three seuerall parties: The Setter, the Verser, and the Barnackle. Ibid. 3 Imagine the Connie is in the Tauerne, then sits down the Verser, and saith to the Setter, what sirha, wilt thou giue mee a quart of wine, or shall I giue thee one? [etc.]. 1606 Chapman Mons. D'Ol. (IV.2.43-45)D'Ol: Can he verse? Pac: I, and sett too, my Lord; Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

vise/vice (n): cock, tap; device for shutting off or regulating the flow of liquid. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive.

whiffler (n): (1) attendants armed with a javelin, battle-axe, sword, or staff, and wearing a chain, employed to keep the way clear for a procession or public spectacle. WS (H5). (2) tobacco smoker. NFS. Cf. Middleton & Rowley Fair Quarrel. (3) trifler, insignificant fellow. Meanings (1) and (3) seem to apply equally to this play.

Length: 17,293 words

Background and Dating

Parrott considers several factors in placing the composition of the *Monsieur D'Olive* during the early years of the reign of James I. First is a comment on the creation of knights by James I (I.1.263-67), which had become virtually purchasable.

(IV.2.79080) DICQUE: Purchase their knighthood, my lord? Marry, I think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't.

Second, the speech on tobacco, discussed in Appendix IV, reflects public discussions about smoking that took place during the years 1602-04.

Third, the theatres were closed from May 1603 to April 1604, because the plague. Parrott further relates (pp. 773-74): "In the autumn and winter of that year three great lords accepted posts as ambassadors, Lenox to France, Hertford to the Archduke in the Low Countries, and Northampton to Spain. The town was all agog over the extraordinary preparations that were being made for these embassies." The Lord Admiral (Northampton) was believed to have taken on a retinue of five hundred, and his extravagant preparations became the subject of common jest. Parrott quotes Winwood's memorials. "Stone the jester ... was well whipped at Bridewell for a blasphemous speech that there went sixty fools into Spain besides my Lord Admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and gives his Lordship the praise of a very pitiful Lord." It was not until March, 1605, that the Lord Admiral finally set off for Spain.

Parrott therefore fixes the composition of the play to the autumn and winter of 1605, theorizing that Chapman filled out his story of the lovesick St. Anne with a subplot involving the hilarious misadventures of the insouciant *Monsieur D'Olive*, a man who accepts life's gifts and buffets with an equal mixture of buffoonery and grace. Inspired by the actions of a far different man, *Monsieur D'Olive* stands as a unique, joyously comic creation.

Suggested Reading

Parrott, Thomas Marc, ed. *The Plays and Poems of George Chapman: The Comedies*. London: George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1914.

Robertson, J. M. *Shakespeare and Chapman*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1917.

APPENDIX II: Connections

(MARKED means marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)

(No Match means not marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)

Right my wrongs

Gascoigne et al *Jocasta* (II.1.588) POLY: Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.

Anon. Woodstock (I.3.276) WOODSTOCK: Come, brother York, we soon shall right all wrong,
Iron (I.1.99) COUNTRYMEN: Where is the king, that he may right our wrong?

Penelope (XXVI.2): Who would a widow stay so long, / And nature of her right thus wrong?

Shakes Titus (II.3) TAMORA: Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

(III.1) TITUS: And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

(V.2.4) TAMORA: To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.

Note: Titus first use (per Sams).

Disp. Cromwell (II.3.37) MRS BANISTER: If God did ever right a woman's wrong,

Note also several plays on words:

Disp. Greene's Groatworth (160-161): ... the threadbare brother here

who, willing to do no wrong, hath lost his child's right:

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.62-63) VAUMONT: The truth is, I have done your known deserts

More wrong than with your right should let you greet me,

And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,

(I.1.80) VAUMONT: That she should nothing wrong her husband's right,

(I.1.125-26) VANDOME: Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her

Is righted ever when men grant they err.

Everlasting night

Peele Wives (555) SACRA: And for this villain, let him wander up and down,

In naught but darkness and eternal night.

Kyd Sol&Per (I.Ind.27) DEATH: I will not down to everlasting night

(V.1.110) SOLIMAN: To send them down to everlasting night,

Arden (III.2.9) SHAKEBAG: And Arden sent to everlasting night.

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.107-09) VAUMONT: In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping

But in the day, transformed by her to night, / With all sun banished from her smothered graces;

Bible Many references, esp. Jude 1 being close. Also verses in Rev.

Conceit ... Deep

Lyly Gallathea (III.1) RAMIA: who ... cannot understand these deep conceits:

Woman/Moon (I.1.95) NATURE: Thou art endowed with Saturn's deep conceit,

Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.81): ALPHONSO: Well sir, this drew me into deep conceit,

Willobie (I.10): With deep conceits, and passing wit,

Shakes Pass Pilgrim (8): ...Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such ...

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.115) VANDOME: Conceit it not so deeply, good my lord;

Honest women

Gascoigne Supposes (IV.2) CRAPINE: Honest woman, you gossip,

thou rotten whore, hearest thou not old witch?

Lyly Sapho, Midas, MB, Woman/Moon

Shakes 2H4 (III.3) HAL: ... Charge an honest / woman with picking thy pocket! ...

Merchant (III.1) SAL: ... as they say, if my gossip / Report be an honest woman of her word.

(III.5) LAUNCE: It is much that the Moor should be more than reason:

but if she be less than an honest woman, she is / indeed more than I took her for.

MWW (III.3) CAIUS: By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

(IV.2) FORD: ... Mistress Ford the honest / woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that

hath the jealous fool to her husband! ...-

MM (II.1) ELBOW: Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,--

Pericles (IV.2) MARINA: An honest woman, or not a woman.

(IV.6) MARINA: But amongst honest women.

A&C (V.2) Clown: Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, / but something given to lie; ...

Greene Fr. Bac. (I.1.120-22) PRINCE: Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;

For why our country Margaret is so coy, / And stands so much upon her honest points

Anon. Locrine (IV.1.39) ESTRILD: But Ladies must regard their honest name.

Willobie (to all the Constant Ladies) assail the Chastity of honest women

(To the gentle ... reader) ... accompted very honest women in some cities now that love ...

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.106) RODERIGUE: What an excellent creature an honest woman is!

(I.1.257-58) MUGERON: if she / be modest, she's a clown; if she be honest, she's a fool;

(I.1.351-52) D'OLIVE: I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable

Bible Eccles 40. 18-19 (No Match, NEAR/between 40.12-14 and 40.24). (18) To labor and be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life: but he that findeth a treasure, is above them both.

(19) Children, and the building of the city make a perpetual name: but an honest woman is counted above them both.

Painted bait, words, faces, hooks

Oxford Sonnet: (Love thy Choice): Who first did paint with colours pale thy face ?

Lyly Sapho (II.1.22) SYBILLA: Be not proud of beauty's painting, whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.

(III.4) VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.

PHAO: I think a painted truth.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 64): "Nay therefore," (quoth Dorastus) maids must love, because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colors."

Anon. Locrine (IV.2.91): Oh that sweet face painted with nature's dye,

Willobie (XLII.10): Esteem not this a painted bait,

(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,

(LVIII.4): Catch fools as fish, with painted hooks.

Shakes Shrew (I.1) KATH: And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hamlet (III.1.51-53) CLAUDIUS: [Aside] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it ...

Hamlet (III.1.150): I have heard of your paintings, too.

Also see Hamlet (II.1.142.46)

Timon (IV.3) TIMON: No matter: -- wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face, / A pox of wrinkles!

Nashe Penniless: since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home.

Absurdity: for fear of pricking their fingers when they are painting their faces;

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.203-5) RODERIGUE: Thou believst all's natural beauty that shows fair, though the painter enforce it, and sufferst in soul, I know, / for the honorable lady.

Bible Shaheen ascribes cosmetic references to Isa. 3.16 (No Match).

Heart ... Tongue

Golding Ovid Met. (XI.654): In hart was shee: in toong was shee: ...

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.105) POLY: His tongue should never with his heart agree.

Lodge Wounds (I.1.230) SCILLA: Graybeard, if so thy heart and tongue agree,

Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.4-5) CAMPASPE: Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break.

(IV.2.25-26) CAMPASPE: If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is,

(IV.2.31) CAMPASPE: Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Love's Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: ... the face of a virgin but the heart of a fiend,

whose sweet tongue sheddeth more drops of blood than it uttereth syllables.

MB (II.1.105) POLY: and like with her heart / before she consent with her tongue.

(V.4) CELIA: as though our hearts were tied to their tongues

Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.175): HIER: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.

(IV.1.473) HIER: First take my tongue and afterwards my heart. [He bites out his tongue.]

Shakes 24 examples, including:

2H6 (III.1): But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

LLL (V.2): A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:

Edw3 (III.2) K. EDWARD: Thus from the heart's abundant speaks the tongue:

MM (I.4): tongue far from heart--play with all virgins so:

Coriolanus (III.2): Must I with base tongue give my noble heart

JC (II.4): Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

Anon. Weakest (V.18-19) UGO: Of whence are you? Speak quickly, least my sword

Prevent your tongues by searching of your hearts.

Willobie (XXXIV.1): My heart is strong, though tongue be weak, ...

(XLII.6) My pen doth write, my heart hath swore, My tongue such speech shall use no more.

(LXIII.1) My tongue, my hand, my ready heart, / That spake, that felt, that freely thought,

Chapman D'Olive [I.1.234-35] RODERIGUE: ... too too manifest signs that her heart

went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

Difference ... man

Chapman D'Olive (II.1.22) EURIONE: Good Lord, what difference is in men!

Shakes TNK (II.1.55) J's DAUGHT: It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men!

Quick ... Dead

Golding Ovid Met (IX.486-87): ... And alyve a Prophet shall go seeke

His owne quicke ghoste among the dead, the earth him swallowing in.

(X.557): That neither with my life the quick, nor with my death the dead

Shakes Rich3 (I.2) ANNE: Either heaven with lightning strike the / murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick, ...

LLL (V.2) COSTARD: Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is

quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by / him.

EDW3 (III.1) MARINER: And darkness did as well enclose the quick,

As those that were but newly reft of life; ...

AWEW (V.3) DIANA: So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick:

Hamlet (V.1) HAM: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

LAERTES: Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Anon. Dodypoll (V.2.2): Nor quick nor dead can I behold my son.

Nashe Absurdity: What shall I say of him that, being asked from what woman a man should keep himself, answered, From the quick & from the dead,

Chapman M. D'Olive (II.1.209-10): VANDOME: In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister Will fire his heavy spirits. ...

Bible John 5.21; Romans 8.11 (Chapter headings MARKED).
See also 2Tim. 4.1; 1Peter 4.5; Acts 10.42, Eph. 2.1 and 5.

Mind ... Kingdom

Oxford poem: My mind to me a kingdom is. (attribution: May)

Chapman D'Olive (II.2.20-22) MUGERON: It is not safe (says he) to build his nest So near the eagle; his mind is his kingdom, / His chamber is a court of all good wits;

Apparel (clothes ... man)

Lyly Plot of Gallathea ie GALLATHEA: I perceive that boys are in as great disliking of themselves as maids; therefore though I wear the apparel, I am glad I am not the person.
Mother Bombie

Greene Fr Bac (II.4.66-67) MILES: To cease of this quarrel, look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis, he is the great Prince of Walis,

Anon. Nobody (131-33) WENCH: And shall I go in fine clothes like a Lady
ARCHIGALLO: Thou shalt.

WENCH: I'll be a lady then, that's flat. ...

Dodypoll (V.2.5): Aye, Sir, apparel makes the man.

Nashe Absurdity: Whenas the outward garment, not the inward virtue, must be fain to commend a man, it is all one as if a man should love the snake for his grey-colored skin, or poison because it is in a silver piece, or pilgrim-salve because it is in a painted box.

Shakes Hamlet (I.3) POL: For the apparel oft proclaims the man,

Chapman D'Olive (II.2.63-65) D'OLIVE: Gentlemen: their bearing bewrays no less; it goes not always by apparel. I do allow you to suit yourselves anew in my colors at your own charges.

Gyges Ring

Oxford poem (Vain Desire verse 3: Allusion to King Candalus)

Rare is reward where none can justly crave,
For chance is choice where Reason makes no claim;
Yet luck sometimes despairing souls doth save,
A happy star made Giges joy attain.

A slavish smith, of rude and rascal race,
Found means in time to gain a Goddess' grace.

Greene Card of Fancy: Allusion to King Candalus.

Selimus (22.30-31): We thought you had old Gyges' wondrous ring, ... [22.30]
That so you were invisible to us.

Anon. Leic Gh (538-40): Gyges (538-40): Know then, that Gyges went invisible
By turning of the sigil of his ring / Towards his palm, and thereby slew the king,
See Nina Green: Notes on Leicester's Ghost.

Chapman D'Olive (II.2.85-87) D'Olive: and thought myself
As private as I had King G[yges'] ring / And could have gone invisible,

(V.2.7-8) MUGERON: let him enjoy the benefit of the enchanted ring, and stand awhile invisible;

Note: The editor of Selimus refers to Gyges as a humble shepherd living in Lydia, who discovered the magical ring and used it to assassinate King Candalus, marry the queen, and became king.

Oxford poem and Greene Card of Fancy derived from Herodotus:

Candaules was a king of ancient Lydia who thought his wife the most beautiful woman in Lydia, and in proof of this insisted that one of his favorite bodyguards, Gyges, secretly view the queen naked while she was undressing for bed. The queen noticed Gyges lurking behind the bedroom door, but said nothing. The next morning she called him to her and told him that since the king had dishonored her, Gyges' only options were either to be killed on the spot by her servants or to kill the king, become king himself, and marry her, which Gyges did. (De Selincourt, Herodotus, Penguin, c1972, pp.44-46)

But an allusion in Leicester's Ghost to Gyges 'turning the sigil of his ring towards his palm' so as to make himself invisible is not found in Herodotus. The author of Leic. Gh. therefore knew another version of the Gyges story. In a footnote to the Penguin edition of Herodotus, John Marincola cites other sources of the story.

Gyges (Guggu) is attested as king of the Lydians in Assyrian records, according to which he was inspired by a dream to seek the Assyrian king's help against an invasion of the Cimmerians in the 660s or 650s. The wealth of Gyges was well known to the Greeks and is mentioned by the poet Archilochos. His accession to the throne appears elsewhere in Greek literature, although it is uncertain whether any of the other versions are earlier than Herodotus.

A papyrus fragment of a tragedy had the murder of Candaules and the accession of Gyges as its theme: for the text and discussion see D.L. Page, A New Chapter in the History of Greek Tragedy (Cambridge 1951); see also J. Evans, 'Herodotus and the Gyges Drama', Athenaeum 43 (1955) 333-6. For other versions see Pedley 35-6. On the thematic importance of this opening story see Flory 29-38).

Legal terms: Call in question; Neck-verse

Lyly Campaspe (I.1.15) CLYTUS: You mistake me Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander you imagine I call Philip into question;

Marlowe Jew of Malta (IV.1) PILIA-BORZA. Upon mine own free-hold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse,

Edw 2 (I.4.152) QUEEN: But thou must call mine honor thus in question?

(II.4.55) QUEEN: Mine honor will be call'd in question;

Anon. Leir (12.50-52) MESS: Madam, I hope your Grace will stand Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be Calld in question, for opening the Kings letters.

(15.34) RAGAN: He had bin call'd in question for his fact.

Martin's Protestation: wherein either life, goods or good name is called in question,

Tracts: let not our places be called in question,

Shakes 12th (I.4) VIOLA: that / you call in question the continuance of his love:

T&C (III.2) PANDARUS: ... if she call your activity in question. ...
wherein either life, goods, or good name is called in question,
(IV.4) TROILUS: I do not call your faith in question / So mainly as my merit: ...
JC (IV.3) BRUTUS: And call in question our necessities.
Chapman D'Olive (II.2.151-52) : D'OLIVE: and yet newly / Called into question; ...
Bible: Neck verse: he opening of the 51st Psalm (No Match).

Venereal disease: Bone ache, Frenchman's badge

Disp. Greene's Groat (773-74): and the loathsome scourge of lust tyrannized in his bones;
Nashe Penniless: tis not their new bonnets will keep them from the old
bone-ache. Ware when a man's sins are written on his eyebrows, and
that there is not a hair-breadth betwixt them and the falling of sickness.
the hair-shirt will chase whoredom out of their bones,
Shakes R&J (II.6.110-14): The sweetest honey / Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite. / Therefore love moderately.
Oth (I.3.347-49): The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as acerb as the coloquintida.
T&C (II.3) whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that,
(III.3) High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
(V.1.17-21) : limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the ...
MM (I.2.54-55) LUCIO: ... thy bones are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee.
Dry bones, the Frenchman's badge, the pox
Anon. Willobie (Title Page) ... but she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in his bones.
(V.2): When Moab maidens allured their fall;
Willobie abounds in references to Frenchman's badge, bone-ache, etc.
Chapman D'Ol (II.2.293-95) D'OLIVE: The murr, the headache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,
or other branches of the sharp salt rheum / Fitting a gentleman.
Bible Prov. 5.3-4 For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb,
and her mouth is more soft than oil. But the end of her is as bitter as wormwood,
& as sharp as a two-edged sword (No Match).

Filth/Foul ... Sink

Golding Ovid Met (XV.349): Whoo hath not heard of Salmacis, that fowle and filthye sink?
Marlowe Edw3 (V.5.4-5) EDWARD: This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) CAPT: ... Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Anon. Willobie (I.18): Can filthy sink yield wholesome air, ...
Sidney Antony (I.1.121): Sunk in foul sink: mean while respecting nought
Chapman D'Ol (II.2.206) D'OLIVE: From the foul sink of Romish popery,

Shield, God's Shield

Golding Ovid Met (VII.51): God shield I so should doo.
Abraham (302-04) SONG: O happy is the wight / That grounds him selfe aright / On God, and
maketh him his shield:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.628) CHORUS: God shield.

Lyly Campaspe (III.2.47-48) PSYLLUS: The gods shield me from such a fine fellow,
 whose words melt wits like wax.
 (III.4.91) **APELLES**: God shield you should have cause to be as cunning as Apelles.
Gallathea (II.3) **PETER**: god shield me from blowing gold to nothing,
Midas (III.3) **SOPHRONIA**: The gods shield him from all harms.
Shakes R&J (IV.1) **PARIS**: God shield I should disturb devotion!
MND (III.1) **BOTTOM**: God shield us! -- a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing...
AWEW (I.3) **COUNTESS**: ... God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
Greene James IV (I.3.15) **EUSTACE**: A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were ill,
Anon. Woodstock (III.2) **WOODSTOCK**: we are beset (heaven shield) with many storms.
Leir (30.31-32) **CORDELLA**: We that are feeble, and want use of Armes,
 Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.
Willobie (III.3 I): have by grace a native shield,
 (IX.1): God shield me from your cursed crew
Penelope (XVIII.1-2): Ulysses dear, the Gods thee shield, / And send thee home well to return,
 (XXXIV.4): (Whom for to shield the Gods I pray)
Chapman D'Olive (III.2.30) **D'OL**: above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing!
 (III.2.42-43) **D'OL**: heaven shield me from any / more followers!
Bible Ps. 84.9, 11; Prov. 30.5 Every word of God is pure; he is a shield to those that trust in him
 (No Match).

House ... Head

Chapman D'Olive (III.2.163-75) **D'Olive**: so sets his fortunes on't, turns two or three tenements /
 into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail, / not a house to hide his head in.
Shakes AsYou (IV.1) **ROSALINE**: ... for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his
 head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.
Timon (III.4) **2D SERV**: Who can speak broader than he that has no / house to put his head in?
Lear (III.2) **FOOL**: He that has a house to put's head in has a good / head-piece. / The cod-piece
 that will house / Before the head has any, / The head and he shall louse;

Pass ... Pikes

Chapman(III.2.199) **D'OLIVE**: little know they what pikes their feathers must pass
 Note **Oxford** letter 10-7-1601: "passed the pikes of so many adversaries" (Fowler p. 599)
Shakes Venus & Adonis (620) ... he hath a battle set of bristly pikes, that ...

Classical References: Acheron, the fiery lake of Greek mythology (see also God/Punishment/Lake/burning, fiery)

Golding Ovid Met (V.669-70): Save onely one Ascalaphus whome Orphne, erst a Dame
 Among the other Elves of Hell not of the basest fame,
 Bare to hir husbände Acheron within hir duskie den.
Kyd Sp Tr (I. Ind.19-20): When I was slain, my soul descended straight
 To pass the flowing stream of Acheron: ...
 (III.12.800): ... And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand
 That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
 (III.16.1405-07) **GHOST**: To combat Acheron and Erebus.
 For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell, / O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes

(IV.4.227-28) VICEROY: Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Anon. Locrine (III.6.51-54) HUMBER: Through burning sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat / That rageth in mine everlasting soul.
(IV.2.62-64) HUMBER: The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,
Chased from the nine-fold Puriflegiton, / Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.
(IV.4.17) HUMBER: You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,
Shakes MND (III.2) OBERON: The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
TA (IV.3) TITUS: He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below, / And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. ...
Macbeth (III.5) MAC: But make amends now: get you gone, / And at the pit of Acheron
Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.51-52) VANDOME: Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;

Enchanter

Anon. Romeus and Juliet (2795) Wherby they did suppose, inchaunters to be comme,
Lyly Mother Bombie -- decisive somewhat benign character.
Loves Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: Believe not this enchantress, sweet youth,
Greene Orl Fur: decisive benign character.
Peele Old Wives: major character
{84-05} SACRAPANT: He in whose life his acts have been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul. [Dies.]
Anon. Dodypoll: major character
Sidney Antony (I.1.80) Breaks from th'enchanter that him strongly held.
Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.95-98) VAUMONT: ... Could you crown th' enchantments
Of your divine wit with another spell, / Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,
You should be our quick Hermes, our Alcides.
Bible Rev. 22.15 For without shall be dogs & enchanters, & whoremongers, & murderers, &
idolators, & whosoever loveth or maketh lies (MARKED). Jer.27.9 Therefore hear not your
Prophets nor your soothsayers, nor your dreamers, nor your enchanters, nor your sorcerers, ...
(No Match).

Grammar lesson

Chapman D'Olive (IV.2) The grammar lesson is reminiscent of Endymion (III.2), another
grammar lesson involving pert and snippy pages. Similar grammatical exchanges are found
elsewhere in the works of Lyly, whose father was the author of the standard teacher's book of
grammar. In Monsieur D'Olive the pages are somewhat less witty than those of Lyly, while their
employer D'Olive, moreover, is in on the joke and is considerably more clever than the hapless
employers in Lyly's plays. Such scenes display a direct line of descent from Lyly's inventive
master/page subplots.

Queen Elizabeth Identified

Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same).
Gascoigne Passion (9): Alwaies in one and evermore shal be,
Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never)
Anon. Willobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)

Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,
Sonnet (116): Love is not love / Which alters when it alteration finds,
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.59-61) D'OLIVE: They are deceived that think so; I must confess
it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am *semper idem*.
(63) D'OLIVE: I find no alteration in myself in the world,
Note: Chapman's variations on the Elizabethan motto are reflected in several Shakespeare
sonnets.

Gross head

Golding Ovid Met (XIII.168): Is such a dolt and grosshead, as he shows himself to be
Brooke Romeus (2626): Than either I do mind to say, or thy gross head can deem.
Gascoigne Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: Out upon me, what a gross-headed fool am I?
Marprelate (#4): Again, none would be so gross-headed as to gather,
Nashe Summers (1668) SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.158) MUG: that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

Raging fire

Golding Ovid Met (II.322): Amid Cayster of this fire the raging heat was felt
(III.719): The more they did provoke his wrath, and set his rage on fire.
(IV.81-82): The closelier they suppress / The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their breast.
(IX.645): I then were stricken to the heart, although the raging flame
Anon. Willobie (XXXI.6): Whose veins even now were fill'd with raging fire?(IV.1.9-10)
ALBERDURE: What sudden cold is this that makes me shake,veins even now were fill'd with
raging fire?
Chapman M. D'Olive (V.1..12) VANDOME: That rage may fire out grief, and so restore her

Cloudy look

Marlowe T2 (I.3.4) TAMB: Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air
Anon. Ironside (III.5.60): EDRICUS: with th' least encounter of a cloudy look,
Shakes PassPil (19): Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.25) VANDOME: Sister, cloud not your forehead;

Scatology: Dunghill

Harvey (1593): Pierce's Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford) ... there is a cap of
maintenance, called Im-pu-dency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that same
odd capricious humour, find-eth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these
golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave
them on the dung-hill for carrion?
Anon Ironside (I.1.222-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill bratarreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,

Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
 Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance
Greene Alph (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
 (V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
 2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
 (IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
 LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
 O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
 KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
 MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
 2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
 H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
 LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
 (IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.100) D'OLIVE: raked like old rags out of dunghills / by candlelight,

Play the fool

Oxford Poem (If women could be fair): And then we say when we their fancy try,
 To play with fools, O what a fool was I
Watson Hek (LXVIII): I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,
 (XCV): Or once again will play the loving fool,
Shakes MV (I.1) GRATIANO: Let me play the fool: ...
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait, / For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. ...
 (III.5) LORENZO: How every fool can play upon the word!
 12th (III.1) VIOLA: This fellow is wise enough to play the fool
 Hamlet (III.1) HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the
 fool no where but in's own house.
 AWEW (II.2) COUNTESS: I play the noble housewife with the time
 To entertain't so merrily with a fool.
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.105-07) D'OLIVE: And a man will play the fool / and be a lord, or be a
 fool and play the lord, he shall be / sure to want no followers,\

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Distinctive Words, Phrases:

at the full; the Court's as 'twere the stage; to be dislocated or unfurnished of ... my properties; to
 imp out my train; look you (Welsh?); way of all flesh; wit's become a free trade for all sorts to
 live by.

Compound Words (*surely unusual): 54 words (26 nouns, 27 adj, 2 adv).

almanac-monger (n), ballet-maker (n), bass-viol (n), bat-like* (a), best-loved (a), blabber-lipped*
 (a), bone-ache (n), bough-pots (n), bowling-alley (n), brother-in-law (n), close-stool (n), coach-

horse (n), coney's-wool (n), dicing-house (n), double-locked (a), far-shooting (a), foot-cloth (n), freckle-face (a), freely-choosed (a), half-step (n), hand-in-hand (adv), hobby-horse (n), hot-livered (a), long-deceased (a), long-kept (a), love-letter (n), many-headed (a), morris-dance (n), mourning-habit (n), never-ceasing (a), new-born (a), new-flayed (a), night-walker (n), parcel-gilt (a), pea-goose (n), pent-house (n), piece-meal (adv), shoeing-horn (n), soul-exciting (a), stiff-hammed (a), stop-cater-trey (n), sun-like (a), supple-jointed (a), thought-on (a), thread-bare (a), tongue-tied (a), twelve-month (n, a), tyrant-like* (a), vaulting-house (n), waiting-maid (n), waiting-woman (n), well-paced (a), well-weighed (a), wild-goose (a)

Note three unusual compounds with the suffix "-like". For instance, Ironside has one such word, the common "warlike".

(rumor/gossip) the many-headed beast

No verbs except as participles.

Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual): 40 words (14 verbs, 19 nouns, 8 adj, 2 adv).

concealed (a), conceit (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), conceit (n), concourse (n), condemned (a), condition (n), conduct (v), confess (v), confession (n), congregation (n), conjuration (n), conjure (v), consecrate (v, a), conserves (n), consider (v), consolatory* (a), consort (n, v), constable (n), constancy (n), constant (a), constantly (adv), construction (n), consume (v), contain (v), contemn (v), contemplation (n), content (a, n), contentment (n), continue (v), continual (a), continually (adv), continence (n), contrary (n), convenient (a), conventicle* (n), converse (v), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 33 words (19 verbs, 10 nouns, 6 adj, 1 adv).

disarrayed (v), disaster (n), discern (v), discontent (n), discourse (v, n), discover (v), discipline (n), discourse (n), discover (v), disease (n), disgrace (v), disguised (v, a), dishonor (n), dislocated* (v), disloyal (a), disordered (a), despair (v), dispatch (n, v), disperse (v), displease (v), dispose (v), dispraise (v), disproportion* (v), dispute (v), dissemble (v), dissembling (a), dissolve (v), dissuasion (n), dissuasive* (a), distance (n), distinctly (adv), distressed (a), disturb (v)

Words beginning with "mis": 6 words (1 verb, 4 nouns, 1 adj).

misconceit (n), misconduct (n), misconstruction (n), miserable (a), mistook (v), mistress (n)

Words beginning with "over": 3 words (2 verbs, 1 adj).

overhear (v), overshine (v), overthrown (a)

Words beginning with "pre" *surely unusual): 16 words (7 verbs, 7 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).

precious (a), predecessors (n), predicables* (n), prefer (v), prepare (v), preparing (v), presence (n), present (v, a, n), presenting (n), presently (adv), preserve (v), presume (v), presumption (n), presumptuous (a), pretending (n), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re" (*surely unusual): 51 words (27 verbs, 20 nouns, 6 adj).

reassume (v), rebuke (n), receive (v), reckon (v), recluse (n), recommend (v), reconciliation (n), recure (n), redeem (v), refraction (n), refrain (v), regard (n, v), regenerate (a), region (n), reject (v), relate (v), relator* (n), relative (n), release (v), religion (n), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remembered (a), renewed (a), repair (n), repent (v), repented (a), reply (v), report (n), require (v), requite (v), requiting (n), resemblance (n), resembling (v), reserve (v), resolution

(n), resolve (v), resolved (a), resort (v), resound (v), respect (n), restore (v), restoring (a), retain (v), retire (v), retrieve (v), return (v, n), reveler (n), revenue (n), revive (v)

Words beginning with "un", "in"

Words beginning with "in" (surely unusual): 41 words

(11 verbs, 15 nouns, 13 adj, 1 adv, 1 prep, 1 conj).

inamorate (a), incensed (a), incline (v), income (n), incontinent (a), incorruptible (a), increase (v), incredible (a), indeed (conj), industrious (a), infallible (a), infinite (a), inflame (v), injure (v), injury (n), innocency (n), innumerable (a), inquire (v), insolence (n), insolent (a), inspiration (n), installment (n), instantly (adv), instruct (v), instrument (n), intellect (n), intelligence (n), intelligencer* (n), intended (a), intent (n), intention (n), inter (v), intercourse (n), interest (n, v), interjection (n), into (prep), intolerable (a), intreat (v), inveigh (v), invented (v), invisible (a)

Words beginning with "in" (*surely unusual): 25 words (6 verbs, 17 adj, 2 prep, 1 conj).

unborn (a), unburied (a), unbuttoned (a), uncertain (a), undone (v), unfurnished (v), unguilty (a), unhappy (a), unholy (a), unjust (a), unknown (a), unless (conj), unmarried (a), unmatched (a), unready (a), unseen (a), unsufficed* (a), untaught* (v, a), unto (prep), unworthy (a)
under (prep), undergo (v), underneath (a), understand (v), undertake (v)

Words ending with "able" (*surely unusual): 19 words (2 nouns, 17 adj).

abominable (a), admirable (a), answerable (a), capable (a), changeable (a), commendable (a), constable (n), honorable (a), innumerable (a), intolerable (a), laudable (a), miserable (a), penetrable (a), predicables* (n), probable (a), reasonable (a), sociable (a), suitable (a), variable (a)

Words ending with "less": 11 words (10 adj, 1 conj).

breathless (a), careless (a), causeless (a), ceaseless (a), hapless (a), helpless (a), matchless (a), ruthless (a), senseless (a), spotless (a), unless (conj)

Words ending with "ness" (*surely unusual): 22 words (all nouns).

boldness (n), business (n), coyness (n), darkness (n), emptiness (n), forwardness (n), goodness (n), greatness (n), grossness (n), happiness (n), heaviness (n), highness (n), kindness (n), lightness (n), likeness (n), madness (n), obscureness* (n), rudeness (n), sadness (n), softness (n), strangeness (n), sweetness (n)

Reflexives: bethink myself), borne herself), contain yourself), enlarge yourself), entomb himself), hang myself), hide himself), horse themselves), inflame itself), love myself), possess myself), prepare yourself), reserve yourself), resolve yourself), retire yourself), shame myself), show yourself), suit yourselves), thought myself), waste herself), won itself), wrong not yourself

APPENDIX IV: The Debate on the Smoking of Tobacco

Thomas Marc Parrott (p. 786-87) discusses the hilarious diatribe against tobacco (II.2) as follows:

An ancient subject and yet newly call'd into question. The subject of tobacco smoking had been called into question, i.e. made a matter of debate, with great vehemence shortly before the composition of this play. The controversy began apparently with the publication of a tract entitled *Work for Chimney Sweepers*, 1602, the anonymous author of which alleges eight reasons against tobacco, the author and finder of which he declares to have been 'the Divell'. This provoked *A Defence of Tobacco*, 1602. Shortly after his accession to the English throne King James published, 1604, anonymously his well-known *A Counterblast to Tobacco*, in which he took occasion to sneer at Raleigh, whose example, apparently, had done much to make smoking fashionable. In the same year James under cover of attacking an idle luxury raised the import duty on tobacco from 2*d.* to six shillings and tenpence per pound. On the third day of King James's visit to Oxford in August, 1605, there was a public debate on the question: *Utrum frequens suffitus nicotianae exoticae sit sanis et salutaris*. Dr. Cheynell, of Corpus Christi, defended tobacco in a humorous speech, but the King naturally pronounced a verdict for the negative. In *The Queen's Arcadia*, a pastoral by Samuel Daniel, played before the Queen at Christ Church during the royal visit there is an amusing onslaught on tobacco, quite in the spirit of James. Alcon, a quacksalver, tells how he met a seaman who had brought from the island of Nicosia a certain weed:

And this in powder made and fix'd, he sucks
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay the smoke thereof:
Which either he conveys out of his nose,
Or down into his stomach with a whiff.
And this, he said, a wondrous virtue had
To purge the head and cure the great catarrh,
And to dry up all other manner rheums.
The quacksalver secured 'all this commodity' and taught people how to use it, and he says,
Now do they nothing else but sit and such,
And sit and slaver all the time they sit.
Then breaking into a moral vein he concludes:
But sure the time's to come when they look back
On this, will wonder with themselves to think
That men of sense could ever be so mad
To suck so gross a vapour that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries up memory,
Corrupts the blood, and is a vanity.
The Queen's Arcadia, II.1119, ssq.

The humour of this debate lies especially in the fact that he sets a Puritan, a sect most obnoxious to the King, arguing against smoking.