

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

SAPHO and PHAO

By John Lyly

Written c. 1582-84

Earliest Extant Edition: 1584

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SAPHO and PHAO

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Phao, a young ferryman.

Sapho, queen of Syracuse.

Ladies of Sapho's Court:

Mileta.

Lamia.

Ismena.

Canope.

Eugenua.

Favilla.

Trachinus, a courtier.

Criticus, page to Trachinus.

Pandion, a scholar.

Molus, servant to Pandion.

Sybilla, an aged soothsayer.

Gods and Goddesses:

Venus, goddess of love and beauty.

Cupid, her son, god of love.

Vulcan, her husband, the blacksmith god.

Calypho, one of the Cyclops.

Scene: Syracuse

NOTES.

A. Conflicting Quartos.

Sapho and Phao was published in two editions in 1584, but the question as to which is the original and which is the reprint is an open question. Earlier editors assumed the copy held by the British Library was the first, and that the other edition, several copies of which are extant, represents the reprint. Bevington, however, argues persuasively that the British Library version is the reprint.

We do not propose to address the issue here. Our text will be based on the British Library edition, whose text can be found on the web at any of the various *Early English Books Online* websites.

B. The Songs of Sapho and Phao.

The first editions of John Lyly's plays did not include lyrics to the included songs, simply indicating "Song" in a stage direction. However, a compilation of six of Lyly's plays was published in 1632 by Edward Blount. The Blount edition includes lyrics for all of the songs in these plays. While the author of the lyrics has always been an open question, it is generally assumed that Lyly was not the source – he had died in 1606; this edition of *Sapho and Phao*, however, follows the long-standing tradition of incorporating the lyrics of 1632 within the text of the play inserted at the appropriate locations.

C. Lyly's Long Monologues.

John Lyly regularly included in his plays prose speeches of 300-500 words in length. These protracted monologues have traditionally been printed as single paragraphs, just as they appeared in the early quartos. Unfortunately, trying to read and follow the trains of thought in such lengthy paragraphs makes for a mind-numbing experience.

As a result, we have broken up most of these speeches into multiple smaller paragraphs, separated by theme, to facilitate reading.

D. Acts, Scenes, and Stage Directions.

Sapho and Phao was originally published in 1584 in two separate quarto editions. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of this earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense are surrounded by hard brackets []; these additions are often adopted from the suggestions of later editors. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

Unusually for the era, *Sapho and Phao* was, in its original printing, divided into both numbered Acts and Scenes. Suggested scene settings, however, are adopted from Bond.

Finally, as is our normal practice, some of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others have been added to the text, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Bond.

E. Optional Textual Changes.

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

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THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACKFRIARS.

1 Where the bee can suck no honey, she leaveth her
2 sting behind; and where the bear cannot find origanum
3 to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his
4 breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us, that seeing
5 you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you
6 leave behind you a sour mislike, and with open
7 reproach blame our good meanings, because you
8 cannot reap your wonted mirths.

9 Our intent was at this time to move inward delight,
10 not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be)
11 soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it to the
12 wise to be as great pleasure to hear counsel mixed
13 with wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with
14 rudeness.

15 They were banished the theater at Athens and from
16 Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with
17 apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or
18 courtesans with immodest words. We have endeavored
19 to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your
20 ears glow, as we hope you will be from unkind
21 reports to make our cheeks blush.

22 The griffin never spreadeth her wings in the sun
23 when she hath any sick feathers; yet have we ventured
24 to present our exercises before your judgments when
25 we know them full of weak matter, yielding rather
26 ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found,
than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.

THE PROLOGUE AT
THE COURT.

1 The Arabians, being stuffed with perfumes, burn
2 hemlock, a rank poison; and in Hybla, being cloyed
 with honey, they account it dainty to feed on wax.
4 Your Highness' eyes, whom variety hath filled with
 fair shows and whose ears pleasure hath possessed
6 with rare sounds, will, we trust, at this time resemble
 the princely eagle, who fearing to surfeit on spices,
8 stoopeth to bite on worm-wood.

10 We present no conceits nor wars, but deceits and
 loves, wherein the truth may excuse the plainness, the
 necessity the length, the poetry the bitterness.

12 There is no needle's point so small which hath not
 his compass, nor hair so slender which hath not his
14 shadow, nor sport so simple which hath not his show.
 Whatsoever we present, whether it be tedious (which
16 we fear) or toyish (which we doubt), sweet or sour,
 absolute or imperfect, or whatsoever, in all humbleness
18 we all, and I on knee for all, entreat that your Highness
 imagine yourself to be in a deep dream, that staying
20 the conclusion, in your rising your Majesty vouchsafe
 but to say, "And so you awaked."

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

Syracuse: at the Ferry.

Enter Phao.

1 **Phao.** Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a free man,
2 possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet.
Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy
4 desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth
standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's
6 thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle
labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night.
8 As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oar in a calm
stream as it doth Sapho to sway the sceptre in her
10 brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition
pointeth always upward, and revenge barketh only at
12 stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy
anything. Thine angle is ready when thine oar is idle,
14 and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river
as the fowl which other buy in the market. Thou
16 needst not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy
guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is
18 withstood with policy. Oh sweet life, seldom found
under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage.
20 – But here cometh one. I will withdraw myself aside;
it may be a passenger.

22

[Phao retires.]

24

Enter Venus and Cupid.

26

28 **Venus.** It is no less unseemly than unwholesome for
Venus, who is most honoured in princes' courts, to

30 | sojourn with Vulcan in a smith's forge, where bellows
 31 | blow instead of sighs, dark smokes rise for sweet
 32 | perfumes, and for the panting of loving hearts, is only
 33 | heard the beating of steeled hammers. Unhappy
 34 | Venus, that carrying fire in thine own breast, thou
 35 | shouldst dwell with fire in his forge. What doth
 36 | Vulcan all day but endeavor to be as crabbed in
 37 | manners as he is crooked in body, driving nails when
 38 | he should give kisses, and hammering hard armours
 39 | when he should sing sweet amours? It came by lot, not
 40 | love, that I was linked with him. He gives thee bolts,
 41 | Cupid, instead of arrows, fearing belike (jealous fool
 42 | that he is) that if he should give thee an arrowhead, he
 43 | should make himself a broad head. But come, we will
 44 | to Syracuse, where thy deity shall be shown, and my
 45 | disdain. I will yoke the neck that yet never bowed, at
 46 | which, if Jove repine, Jove shall repent. Sapho shall
 47 | know, be she never so fair, that there is a Venus which
 48 | can conquer, were she never so fortunate.

49 | **Cupid.** If Jove espy Sapho, he will devise some new
 50 | shape to entertain her.

51 | **Venus.** Strike thou Sapho. Let Jove devise what shape
 52 | he can.

53 | **Cupid.** Mother, they say she hath her thoughts in a
 54 | string, that she conquers affections, and sendeth love
 55 | up and down upon arrands; I am afraid she will yerk
 56 | me if I hit her.

57 | **Venus.** Peevish boy, can mortal creatures resist that,
 58 | which the immortal gods cannot redress?

59 | **Cupid.** The gods are amorous, and therefore willing to
 60 | be pierced.

61 | **Venus.** And she amiable, and therefore must be
 62 | pierced.

63 | **Cupid.** I dare not.

64 | **Venus.** Draw thine arrow to the head, else I will make
 65 | thee repent it at the heart. Come away, and behold the
 66 | ferry-boy ready to conduct us.

67 | [Phao advances.]

68 |

78 Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry that bendeth to
Syracusa?

80 **Phao.** The ferry, fair lady, that bendeth to Syracuse.

82 **Venus.** I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou
wilt want cunning to guide.

84 **Phao.** These waters are commonly as the passengers
86 be; and therefore carrying one so fair in shew, there is
no cause to fear a rough sea.

88 **Venus.** To pass the time in thy boat, canst thou devise
90 any pastime?

92 **Phao.** If the wind be with me, I can angle or tell tales;
if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take
94 pains.

96 **Venus.** I like not fishing, yet was I born of the sea.

98 **Phao.** But he may bless fishing, that caught such an
one in the sea.

100 **Venus.** It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a
102 net.

104 **Phao.** So was it said that Vulcan caught Mars with
Venus.

106 **Venus.** Didst thou hear so? It was some tale.

108 **Phao.** Yea, madam, and that in the boat I did mean to
110 make my tale.

112 **Venus.** It is not for a ferryman to talk of the gods'
loves, but to tell how thy father could dig and thy
114 mother spin. – But come, let us away.

116 **Phao.** I am ready to wait.

118

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.

The same: the Ferry .

*Enter Trachinus (a courtier), Criticus (his page),
Pandion (a scholar), and Molus (his servant).*

1 **Trach.** Pandion, since your coming from the
2 university to the court, from Athens to Syracuse, how
do you feel yourself altered, either in humour or
4 opinion?

6 **Pand.** Altered, Trachinus: I say no more, and shame
that any should know so much.

8
9 **Trach.** Here you see as great virtue, far greater
10 bravery, the action of that which you contemplate:
Sapho, fair by nature, by birth royal, learned by
12 education, by government politic, rich by peace:
insomuch as it is hard to judge whether she be more
14 beautiful or wise, virtuous or fortunate. Besides, do
you not look on fair ladies instead of good letters,
16 and behold fair faces instead of fine phrases? In
universities, virtues and vices are but shadowed in
18 colours, white and black; in courts shewed to life,
good and bad. There, times past are read of in old
20 books, times present set down by new devices, times
to come conjectured at by aim, by prophecy, or
22 chance; here, are times in perfection, not by device, as
fables, but in execution, as truths. Believe me, Pandion,
24 in Athens you have but tombs, we in court the bodies;
you the pictures of Venus and the wise goddesses, we
26 the persons and the virtues. What hath a scholar found
out by study, that a courtier hath not found out by
28 practice? Simple are you that think to see more at the
candle-snuff than the sunbeams, to sail further in a
30 little brook than in the main ocean, to make a greater
harvest by gleaning than reaping. How say you,
32 Pandion, is not all this true?

34 **Pand.** Trachinus, what would you more? All true.

36 **Trach.** Cease then to lead thy life in a study, pinned
with a few boards, and endeavor to be a courtier to live
38 in embossed roofs.

40 **Pand.** A labour intolerable for Pandion.

42 **Trach.** Why?

44 **Pand.** Because it is harder to shape a life to
dissemble, than to go forward with the liberty of truth.

46 **Trach.** Why, do you think in court any use to
48 dissemble?

50 **Pand.** Do you know in court any that mean to live?

52 **Trach.** You have no reason for it, but an old report.

54 **Pand.** Report hath not always a blister on her tongue.

56 **Trach.** Aye, but this is the court of Sapho, nature's
58 miracle, which resembleth the tree salurus, whose root
is fastened upon knotted steel, and in whose top bud
60 leaves of pure gold.

Pand. Yet hath salurus blasts and water boughs,
62 worms and caterpillars.

64 **Trach.** The virtue of the tree is not the cause, but the
easterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring
66 cankers and rottenness.

68 **Pand.** Nor the excellency of Sapho the occasion, but
the iniquity of flatterers, who always whisper in
70 princes' ears suspicion and sourness.

72 **Trach.** Why, then you conclude with me, that Sapho
for virtue hath no copartner.

74 **Pand.** Yea, and with the judgment of the world, that
76 she is without comparison.

78 **Trach.** We will thither straight.

80 **Pand.** I would I might return straight.

82 **Trach.** Why, there you may live still.

84 **Pand.** But not still.

86 **Trach.** How like you the ladies, are they not passing
fair?

88 **Pand.** Mine eye drinketh neither the colour of wine
90 nor women.

92 **Trach.** Yet I am sure that in judgment you are not so

94 severe, but that you can be content to allow of beauty
by day or by night.

96 **Pand.** When I behold beauty before the sun, his
beams dim beauty; when by candle, beauty obscures
98 torchlight: so as no time I can judge, because at any
time I cannot discern, being in the sun a brightness to
100 shadow beauty, and in beauty a glistering to extinguish
light.

102 **Trach.** Scholarlike said: you flatter that which you
104 seem to dislike, and to disgrace that which you most
wonder at. But let us away.

106 **Pand.** I follow. – [*To Molus.*] And you, sir boy, go
108 to Syracuse about by land, where you shall meet my
stuff, pay for the carriage, and convey it to my
110 lodging.

112 **Trach.** I think all your stuff are bundles of paper; but
now must you learn to turn your library to a wardrobe,
114 and see whether your rapier hang better by your side,
than the pen did in your ear.

116
118 *[Exeunt Trachinus and Pandion;
Criticus and Molus remain.]*

ACT I, SCENE III.

The same: the Ferry.

Still on stage: Criticus and Molus.

1 **Crit.** Molus, what odds between thy commons in
2 Athens, and thy diet in court? a page's life, and a
scholar's?

4
6 **Molus.** This difference: there, of a little I had
somewhat; here, of a great deal, nothing. There did I
wear pantofles on my legs; here do I bear them in my
8 hands.

10 **Crit.** Thou mayst be skilled in thy logic, but not in thy
liripoop; belike no meat can down with you, unless
12 you have a knife to cut it. But come among us, and
you shall see us once in a morning have a mouse at a
14 bay.

16 **Molus.** A mouse? Unproperly spoken.

18 **Crit.** Aptly understood, a mouse of beef.

20 **Molus.** I think indeed a piece of beef as big as a
mouse serves a great company of such cats. But what
22 else?

24 **Crit.** For other sports: a square die in a page's pocket
is as decent as a square cap on a graduate's head.

26
28 **Molus.** You courtiers be mad fellows! We silly souls
are only plodders at *ergo*, whose wits are clasped up
with our books; and so full of learning are we at home,
30 that we scarce know good manners when we come
abroad; cunning in nothing but in making small things
32 great by figures, pulling on with the sweat of our
studies a great shoe upon a little foot, burning out
34 one candle in seeking for another; raw wordlings in
matters of substance, passing wranglers about
36 shadows.

38 **Crit.** Then is it time lost to be a scholar. We pages are
politians: for look what we hear our masters talk of,
40 we determine of; where we suspect, we undermine;
and where we mislike for some particular grudge,
42 there we pick quarrels for a general grief. Nothing

44 | among us but instead of “Good morrow”, “What
45 | news?” We fall from cogging at dice to cog with
46 | states; and so forward are mean men in those matters,
47 | that they would be cocks to tread down others, before
48 | they be chickens to rise themselves. Youths are very
49 | forward to stroke their chins, though they have no
50 | beards, and to lie as loud as he that hath lived longest.

51 | *Molus.* These be the golden days!

52 | *Crit.* Then be they very dark days, for I can see no
53 | gold.

54 | *Molus.* You are gross-witted, master courtier.

55 | *Crit.* And you, master scholar, slender-witted.

56 | *Molus.* I meant times which were prophesied golden
57 | for plenty of all things: sharpness of wit, excellency in
58 | knowledge, policy in government, for –

59 | *Crit.* Soft, *scholaris*. I deny your argument.

60 | *Molus.* Why, it is no argument.

61 | *Crit.* Then I deny it because it is no argument. – But
62 | let us go and follow our masters.

63 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE IV.

The same: the Ferry.

*Enter Mileta, Lamia, Favilla, Ismena,
Canope, and Eugenia.*

1 **Mileta.** Is it not strange that Phao on the sudden
2 should be so fair?

4 **Lamia.** It cannot be strange, sith Venus was disposed
to make him fair. That cunning had been better
6 bestowed on women, which would have deserved
thanks of nature.

8
10 **Ism.** Haply she did it in spite of women, or scorn of
nature.

12 **Can.** Proud elf! How squeamish he is become already,
using both disdainful looks and imperious words,
14 insomuch that he galleth with ingratitude. And then,
ladies, you know how it cutteth a woman to become a
16 wooer.

18 **Eug.** Tush! Children and fools, the fairer they are, the
sooner they yield; an apple will catch the one, a baby
20 the other.

22 **Ism.** Your lover, I think, be a fair fool, for you love
nothing but fruit and puppets.

24
26 **Mileta.** I laugh at that you all call "love", and judge
it only a word called "love". Methinks liking, a curtsy,
a smile, a beck, and such-like are the very quintessence
28 of love.

30 **Fav.** Aye Mileta, but were you as wise as you would
be thought fair, or as fair as you think yourself wise,
32 you would be as ready to please men, as you are coy
to prank yourself; and as careful to be accounted
34 amorous, as you are willing to be thought discreet.

36 **Mileta.** No, no; men are good souls (poor souls) who
never inquire but with their eyes, loving to father the
38 cradle, though they but mother the child. Give me their
gifts, not their virtues: a grain of their gold weigheth
40 down a pound of their wit; a dram of "give me" is
heavier than an ounce of "hear me". Believe me,

42 | ladies, “give” is a pretty thing.

44 | **Ism.** I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear
46 | men call us weak vessels, when they prove themselves
48 | broken-hearted; us frail, when their thoughts cannot
50 | hang together; studying with words to flatter, and
with bribes to allure; when we commonly wish their
tongues in their purses, they speak so simply; and their
offers in their bellies, they do it so peevishly.

52 | **Mileta.** It is good sport to see them want manner: for
54 | then fall they to good manners, having nothing in their
56 | mouths but “sweet mistress”, wearing our hands out
58 | with courtly kissings, when their wits fail in courtly
discourses. Now ruffling their hairs, now setting their
ruffs, then gazing with their eyes, then sighing with a
privy wring by the hand, thinking us like to be wowed
by signs and ceremonies.

60 | **Eug.** Yet we, when we swear with our mouths we are
62 | not in love, then we sigh from the heart and pine in
love.

64 | **Can.** We are mad wenches if men mark our words:
66 | for when I say “I would none cared for love more than
68 | I”, what mean I, but “I would none loved but I?” Where
we cry “away!”, do we not presently say “go to”; and
when men strive for kisses, we exclaim “let us alone”,
as though we would fall to that ourselves.

72 | **Fav.** Nay then, Canope, it is time to go – and behold
Phao.

74 | **Ism.** Where?

76 | **Fav.** In your head, Ismena, nowhere else. But let us
78 | keep on our way.

80 | **Ism.** Wisely.

82 | [Exeunt.]

ACT II.SCENE I.

Before Sybilla's Cave; night-time.

*Enter Phao with a small glass;
Sybilla sitting in her cave.*

1 **Phao.** Phao, thy mean fortune causeth thee to use an
2 oar, and thy sudden beauty a glass: by the one is seen
3 thy need, in the other thy pride. Oh Venus! In thinking
4 thou hast blessed me, thou hast cursed me, adding to
5 a poor estate a proud heart; and to a disdain'd man a
6 disdain'd mind. Thou dost not flatter thyself, Phao,
7 thou art fair. – Fair? I fear me, "fair" be a word too
8 foul for a face so passing fair. – But what availeth
9 beauty? Hadst thou all things thou wouldest wish,
10 thou mightst die tomorrow; and didst thou want all
11 things thou desirest, thou shalt live till thou diest. –
12 Tush, Phao! there is grown more pride in thy mind
13 than favour in thy face. Blush, foolish boy, to think
14 on thine own thoughts: cease complaints, and crave
15 counsel. – And lo! behold Sybilla in the mouth of her
16 cave: I will salute her. – Lady, I fear me I am out of
17 my way, and so benighted withal that I am compelled
18 to ask your direction.

20 **Syb.** Fair youth, if you will be advised by me, you
21 shall for this time seek none other inn than my cave,
22 for that it is no less perilous to travel by night, than
23 uncomfortable.

24 **Phao.** Your courtesy offered hath prevented what my
25 necessity was to entreat.

28 **Syb.** Come near, take a stool, and sit down. Now, for
29 that these winter nights are long, and that children
30 delight in nothing more than to hear old wives' tales,
31 we will beguile the time with some story. And though
32 you behold wrinkles and furrows in my tawny face,
33 yet may you happily find wisdom and counsel in my
34 white hairs.

36 **Phao.** Lady, nothing can content me better than a tale;
37 neither is there anything more necessary for me than
38 counsel.

- 40 **Syb.** Were you born so fair by nature?
- 42 **Phao.** No, made so fair by Venus.
- 44 **Syb.** For what cause?
- 46 **Phao.** I fear me for some curse.
- 48 **Syb.** Why, do you love and cannot obtain?
- 50 **Phao.** No, I may obtain but cannot love.
- 52 **Syb.** Take heed of that, my child!
- 54 **Phao.** I cannot choose, good Madame.
- 56 **Syb.** Then hearken to my tale, which I hope shall be
58 as a straight thread to lead you out of those crooked
conceits, and place you in the plain path of love.
- 60 **Phao.** I attend.
- 62 **Syb.** When I was young, as you now are – I speak it
64 without boasting, – I was as beautiful: for Phoebus in
his godhead sought to get my maidenhead; but I, fond
66 wench, receiving a benefit from above, began to wax
squeamish beneath: not unlike to asolis, which being
68 made green by heavenly drops, shrinketh into the
ground when there fall showers; or the Syrian mud,
70 which being made white chalk by the sun, never
ceaseth rolling till it lie in the shadow. He, to sweet
72 prayers, added great promises. I, either desirous to
make trial of his power, or willing to prolong mine
own life, caught up my handful of sand, consenting to
74 his suit if I might live as many years as there were
grains. Phoebus (for what cannot gods do, and what
76 for love will they not do?) granted my petition. And
then, I sigh and blush to tell the rest, I recalled my
78 promise.
- 80 **Phao.** Was not the god angry to see you unkind?
- 82 **Syb.** Angry, my boy, which was the cause that I was
unfortunate.
- 84 **Phao.** What revenge for such rigour used the gods?
- 86 **Syb.** None, but suffering us to live, and know we are
88 no gods.

90 **Phao.** I pray tell on.

92 **Syb.** I will. Having received long life by Phoebus and
94 rare beauty by nature, I thought all the year would
96 have been May, that fresh colours would always
98 continue, that time and fortune could not wear out
100 what gods and nature had wrought up; not once
102 imagining that white and red should return to black
104 and yellow: the juniper, the longer it grew, the
106 crookeder it waxed; or that in a face without blemish,
108 there should come wrinkles without number. I did as
110 you do, go with my glass, ravished with the pride of
112 mine own beauty; and you shall do as I do, loathe to
114 see a glass, disdainful deformity. There was none that
116 heard of my fault, but shunned my favour, insomuch as
I stooped for age before I tasted of youth, sure to be
long-lived, uncertain to be beloved. Gentlemen that
used to sigh from their hearts for my sweet love, began
to point with their fingers at my withered face, and
laughed to see the eyes, out of which fire seemed to
sparkle, to be succoured, being old, with spectacles.
This causeth me to withdraw myself to a solitary
cave, where I must lead six hundred years in no less
pensiveness of crabbed age, than grief of remembered
youth. Only this comfort, that being ceased to be fair, I
study to be wise, wishing to be thought a grave matron,
since I cannot return to be a young maid.

118 **Phao.** Is it not possible to die before you become so
120 old?

122 **Syb.** No more possible than to return as you are, to be
124 so young.

126 **Phao.** Could not you settle your fancy upon any, or
128 would not destiny suffer it?

130 **Syb.** Women willingly ascribe that to fortune, which
132 wittingly was committed by frowardness.

134 **Phao.** What will you have me do?

136 **Syb.** Take heed you do not as I did. Make not too
much of fading beauty, which is fair in the cradle and
foul in the grave; resembling polyon, whose leaves are
white in the morning and blue before night; or anyta,
which being a sweet flower at the rising of the sun,

138 becometh a weed if it be not plucked before the
 setting. Fair faces have no fruits if they have no
 140 witnesses. When you shall behold over this tender
 flesh a tough skin, your eyes, which were wont to
 glance on others' faces, to be sunk so hollow that you
 142 can scarce look out of your own head; and when all
 your teeth shall wag as fast as your tongue, then will
 144 you repent the time which you cannot recall, and be
 enforced to bear what most you blame. Lose not the
 146 pleasant time of your youth, than the which there is
 nothing swifter, nothing sweeter. Beauty is a slippery
 148 good, which decreaseth whilest it is increasing,
 resembling the medlar, which in the moment of his full
 150 ripeness, is known to be in a rottenness. Whiles you
 look in the glass, it waxeth old with time; if on the sun,
 152 parched with heat; if on the wind, blasted with cold. A
 great care to keep it, a short space to enjoy it, a sudden
 154 time to lose it. Be not coy when you are courted.
 Fortune's wings are made of time's feathers, which
 156 stay not whilest one may measure them.

Be affable and courteous in youth, that you may be
 158 honoured in age. Roses that lose their colours, keep
 their savours, and plucked from the stalk, are put to
 160 the still. Cotonea, because it boweth when the sun
 riseth, is sweetest when it is oldest; and children,
 162 which in their tender years sow courtesy, shall in
 their declining states reap pity. Be not proud of
 164 beauty's painting, whose colours consume themselves,
 because they are beauty's painting.

166 **Phao.** I am driven by your counsel into díverse
 168 conceits, neither knowing how to stand, or where to
 fall; but to yield to love is the only thing I hate.

170 **Syb.** I commit you to Fortune, who is like to play such
 172 pranks with you as your tender years can scarce bear,
 nor your green wits understand. But repair unto me
 174 often, and if I cannot remove the effects, yet I will
 manifest the causes.

176 **Phao.** I go, ready to return for advice before I am
 178 resolved to adventure.

180 **Syb.** Yet hearken two words: thou shalt get friendship
 by dissembling, love by hatred; unless thou perish,
 182 thou shalt perish: in digging for a stone, thou shalt
 reach a star; thou shalt be hated most, because thou art

ACT II, SCENE II.*The Ferry.**Still onstage: Phao.**Enter Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion,
Criticus, and Molus.*

1 **Phao.** Unhappy Phao! – But soft, what gallant troupe
2 is this? What gentlewoman is this?

4 **Crit.** Sapho, a lady here in Sicily.

6 **Sapho.** What fair boy is that?

8 **Trach.** Phao, the ferryman of Syracuse.

10 **Phao.** I never saw one more brave: be all ladies of
such majesty?

12 **Crit.** No, this is she that all wonder at and worship.

14 **Sapho.** I have seldom seen a sweeter face. Be all
16 ferrymen of that fairness?

18 **Trach.** No, Madam, this is he that Venus determined
among men to make the fairest.

20 **Sapho.** Seeing I am only come forth to take the air, I
22 will cross the ferry, and so the fields, then going in
through the park. I think the walk will be pleasant.

24 **Trach.** You will much delight in the flattering green,
26 which now beginneth to be in his glory.

28 **Sapho.** Sir boy, will ye undertake to carry us over the
water? – Are you dumb, can you not speak?

30 **Phao.** Madam, I crave pardon. I am spurblind, I could
32 scarce see.

34 **Sapho.** It is pity in so good a face there should be an
evil eye.

36 **Phao.** I would in my face there were never an eye.

38 **Sapho.** Thou canst never be rich in a trade of life of
40 all the basest.

42 | **Phao.** Yet content, Madam, which is a kind of life of
all the best.

44 | **Sapho.** Wilt thou forsake the ferry, and follow the
46 | court as a page?

48 | **Phao.** As it pleaseth Fortune, Madam, to whom I am
a prentice.

50 | **Sapho.** Come, let us go.

52 | **Trach.** Will you go, Pandion?

54 | **Pand.** Yea.

56

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE III.*A Street.**Enter Molus and Criticus, meeting.*

1 **Molus.** Criticus comes in good time; I shall not be
2 alone. – What news, Criticus?

4 **Crit.** I taught you that lesson, to ask what news, and
this is the news: tomorrow there shall be a desperate
6 fray between two, made at all weapons, from the
brown bill to the bodkin.

8
10 **Molus.** Now thou talkest of frays, I pray thee, what is
that whereof they talk so commonly in court – valour,
the stab, the pistol – for the which every man that
12 dareth is so much honoured?

14 **Crit.** Oh Molus, beware of valour! He that can look
big, and wear his dagger pommel lower than the point;
16 that lieth at a good ward, and can hit a button with a
thrust; and will into the field man to man for a bout or
18 two: he, Molus, is a shrewd fellow and shall be well-
followed.

20 **Molus.** What is the end?

22 **Crit.** Danger or death.

24
26 **Molus.** If it be but death that bringeth all this
commendation, I account him as valiant that is killed
with a surfeit, as with a sword.

28 **Crit.** How so?

30
32 **Molus.** If I venture upon a full stomach to eat a rasher
on the coals, a carbonado, drink a carouse, swallow all
things that may procure sickness or death, am not I as
34 valiant to die so in a house, as the other in a field?
Methinks that epicures are as desperate as soldiers,
36 and cooks provide as good weapons as cutlers.

38 **Crit.** Oh valiant knight!

40 **Molus.** I will die for it: what greater valour?

42 **Crit.** Scholars fight, who rather seek to choke their

stomachs, than see their blood.

44

Molus. I will stand upon this point: if it be valour to dare die, he is valiant howsoever he dieth.

46

Crit. Well, of this hereafter: but here cometh Calypho, we will have some sport.

48

50

Enter Calypho.

52

Caly. My mistress, I think, hath got a gadfly: never at home, and yet none can tell where abroad. My master was a wise man when he matched with such a woman. When she comes in, we must put out the fire, because of the smoke; hang up our hammers, because of the noise; and do no work, but watch what she wanteth. She is fair, but by my troth I doubt of her honesty. I must seek her, that I fear Mars hath found.

54

56

58

60

62

Crit. Whom dost thou seek?

64

Caly. I have found those I seek not.

66

Molus. I hope you have found those which are honest.

68

Caly. It may be, but I seek no such.

70

Molus. Criticus, you shall see me by learning to prove Calypho to be the devil.

72

Crit. Let us see; but I pray thee, prove it better than thou didst thyself to be valiant.

74

76

Molus. Calypho, I will prove thee to be the devil.

78

Caly. Then will I swear thee to be a god.

80

Molus. The devil is black.

82

Caly. What care I?

84

Molus. Thou art black.

86

Caly. What care you?

88

Molus. Therefore thou art the devil.

90

Caly. I deny that.

92

Molus. It is the conclusion, thou must not deny it.

94 **Caly.** In spite of all conclusions, I will deny it.

96 **Crit.** Molus, the smith holds you hard.

98 **Molus.** Thou seest he hath no reason.

100 **Crit.** Try him again.

102 **Molus.** I will reason with thee now from a place.

104 **Caly.** I mean to answer you in no other place.

106 **Molus.** Like master, like man.

108 **Caly.** It may be.

110 **Molus.** But thy master hath horns.

112 **Caly.** And so mayst thou.

114 **Molus.** Therefore, thou hast horns, and *ergo* a devil.

116 **Caly.** Be they all devils have horns?

118 **Molus.** All men that have horns are.

120 **Caly.** Then are there mo devils on earth than in hell.

122 **Molus.** But what dost thou answer?

124 **Caly.** I deny that.

126 **Molus.** What?

128 **Caly.** Whatsoever it is, that shall prove me a devil.
But hearest thou, scholar, I am a plain fellow, and can
130 fashion nothing but with the hammer. What wilt thou
say, if I prove thee a smith?

132 **Molus.** Then will I say thou art a scholar.

134 **Crit.** Prove it, Calypho, and I will give thee a good
136 *colaphum*.

138 **Caly.** I will prove it or else –

140 **Crit.** Or else what?

142 **Caly.** Or else I will not prove it. Thou art a smith:
therefore, thou art a smith. The conclusion, you say,
144 must not be denied: and therefore it is true, thou art a
smith.

146 **Molus.** Aye, but I deny your antecedent.
148
149 **Caly.** Aye, but you shall not. – Have I not touched
150 him, Criticus?
152 **Crit.** You have both done learnedly: for as sure as he
is a smith, thou art a devil.
154
155 **Caly.** And then he a devil, because a smith: for that it
156 was his reason to make me a devil, being a smith.
158 **Molus.** There is no reasoning with these mechanical
dolts, whose wits are in their hands, not in their heads.
160
161 **Crit.** Be not choleric: you are wise. But let us take up
162 this matter with a song.
164 **Caly.** I am content, my voice is as good as my reason.
166 **Molus.** Then shall we have sweet music. But come, I
will not break off.
168
169 [Song.]
170
171 **Crit.** *Merry knaves are we three-a,*
172
173 **Molus.** *When our songs do agree-a.*
174
175 **Caly.** *Oh now I well see-a*
176 *What anon we shall be-a.*
178 **Crit.** *If we ply thus our singing,*
180 **Molus.** *Pots then must be flinging;*
182 **Caly.** *If the drink be but stinging,*
184 **Molus.** *I shall forget the rules of grammar,*
186 **Caly.** *And I the pit-a-pat of my hammer.*
188 **All.** *To the tap-house then let's gang and roar.*
Call hard, 'tis rare to vamp a score.
190 *Draw dry the tub, be it old or new,*
And part not till the ground look blue.
192

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.*Before Sybilla's Cave.**Enter Phao.*

1 **Phao.** What unacquainted thoughts are these, Phao,
 2 far unfit for thy thoughts: unmeet for thy birth, thy
 fortune, thy years, for Phao! Unhappy, canst thou not
 4 be content to behold the sun, but thou must covet to
 build thy nest in the sun? Doth Sapho bewitch thee,
 6 whom all the ladies in Sicily could not woo? Yea, poor
 Phao, the greatness of thy mind is far above the beauty
 8 of thy face, and the hardness of thy fortune beyond the
 bitterness of thy words. Die, Phao, Phao, die: for there
 10 is no hope if thou be wise; nor safety, if thou be
 fortunate.

12 Ah, Phao, the more thou seekest to suppress those
 mounting affections, they soar the loftier, and the
 14 more thou wastlest with them, the stronger they
 wax; not unlike unto a ball, which, the harder it is
 16 thrown against the earth, the higher it boundeth into
 the air; or our Sicilian stone, which groweth hardest by
 18 hammering.

Oh divine love! and therefore divine, because
 20 love, whose deity no conceit can compass, and
 therefore no authority can constrain; as miraculous
 22 in working as mighty, and no more to be suppressed
 than comprehended. – How now, Phao, whither art
 24 thou carried, committing idolatry with that god,
 whom thou hast cause to blaspheme?

Oh Sapho! fair Sapho! – peace, miserable wretch,
 26 enjoy thy care in covert, wear willow in thy hat,
 28 and bays in thy heart. Lead a lamb in thy hand,
 and a fox in thy head; a dove on the back of thy hand,
 30 and a sparrow in the palm. Gold boileth best when
 it bubbleth least; water runneth smoothest, where
 32 it is deepest. Let thy love hang at thy heart's bottom,
 not at the tongue's brim. Things untold are undone;
 34 there can be no greater comfort than to know much,
 nor any less labour, than to say nothing. –

But ah, thy beauty, Sapho, thy beauty! – Beginnest
 36 thou to blab? – Aye, blab it, Phao, as long as thou
 38 blabbest her beauty. Bees that die with honey are
 buried with harmony; swans that end their lives with
 40 songs are covered when they are dead with flowers;

42 and they that till their latter gasp commend beauty,
shall be ever honoured with benefits.

44 In these extremities, I will go to none other oracle
than Sybilla, whose old years have not been idle in
46 these young attempts, and whose sound advice may
mitigate (though the heavens cannot remove) my
miseries. Oh Sapho! sweet Sapho! Sapho! – Sybilla?

48

[*Sybilla appears in the mouth of the cave.*]

50

Syb. Who is there?

52

Phao. One not worthy to be one.

54

Syb. Fair Phao?

56

Phao. Unfortunate Phao!

58

Syb. Come in.

60

Phao. So I will; and quite thy tale of Phoebus with
62 one whose brightness darkeneth Phoebus. I love
Sapho, Sybilla; Sapho, ah Sapho, Sybilla!

64

Syb. A short tale, Phao, and a sorrowful; it asketh pity
66 rather than counsel.

68

Phao. So it is, Sybilla: yet in those firm years,
methinketh there should harbour such experience as
70 may defer, though not take away, my destiny.

72

Syb. It is hard to cure that by words which cannot be
eased by herbs; and yet, if thou wilt take advice, be
74 attentive.

76

Phao. I have brought mine ears of purpose, and will
hang at your mouth till you have finished your
78 discourse.

80

Syb. Love, fair child, is to be governed by art, as thy
boat by an oar; for fancy, though it cometh by hazard,
82 is ruled by wisdom. If my precepts may persuade (and
I pray thee, let them persuade), I would wish thee first
84 to be diligent, for that women desire nothing more
than to have their servants officious. Be always in
86 sight, but never slothful. Flatter, – I mean lie: little
things catch light minds, and fancy is a worm that
88 feedeth first upon fennel. Imagine with thyself all are

90 to be won: otherwise mine advice were as unnecessary
as thy labour. It is impossible for the brittle metal of
92 women to withstand the flattering attempts of men;
only this, let them be asked: their sex requireth no less,
their modesties are to be allowed so much.

94 Be prodigal in praises and promises: beauty must
have a trumpet, and pride a gift. Peacocks never spread
96 their feathers but when they are flattered, and gods
are seldom pleased if they be not bribed. There is none
98 so foul that thinketh not herself fair. In commending,
thou canst lose no labour, for, of everyone, thou shalt
100 be believed. – Oh, simple women! that are brought
rather to believe what their ears hear of flattering men,
102 than what their eyes see in true glasses!

104 *Phao.* You digress, only to make me believe that
women do so lightly believe.

106
108 *Syb.* Then to the purpose. Choose such times to break
thy suit, as thy lady is pleasant. The wooden horse
entered Troy when the soldiers were quaffing; and
110 Penelope, forsooth, whom fables make so coy, among
the pots wrong her wooers by the fists when she
112 loured on their faces.

Grapes are mind-glasses. Venus worketh in Bacchus'
114 press, and bloweth fire upon his liquor. When thou
talkest with her, let thy speech be pleasant, but not
116 incredible. Choose such words as may (as many may)
melt her mind. Honey rankleth when it is eaten for
118 pleasure, and fair words wound when they are heard
for love. Write, and persist in writing: they read more
120 than is written to them, and write less than they think.
In conceit study to be pleasant; in attire brave, but
122 not too curious. When she smileth, laugh outright; if
rise, stand up; if sit, lie down. Lose all thy time to
124 keep time with her.

Can you sing? shew your cunning. Can you dance?
126 use your legs. Can you play upon any instrument?
practice your fingers to please her fancy; seek out
128 qualities.

If she seem at the first cruel, be not discouraged. I
130 tell thee a strange thing: women strive because they
would be overcome. “Force” they call it, but such a
132 welcome force they account it, that continually they
study to be enforced.

134 To fair words join sweet kisses, which if they gently
receive – I say no more, they will gently receive.

136 | But be not pinned always on her sleeves: strangers
 138 | have green rushes, when daily guests are not
 140 | worth a rush. Look pale, and learn to be lean, that
 142 | whoso seeth thee may say, "the gentleman is in love."
 144 | Use no sorcery to hasten thy success: wit is a witch.
 Ulysses was not fair, but wise; not cunning in charms
 but sweet in speech; whose filed tongue made those
 enamoured that sought to have him enchanted. Be not
 coy: bear, sooth, swear, die to please thy lady.

These are rules for poor lovers; to others I am no
 mistress. He hath wit enough, that can give enough.
 Dumb men are eloquent, if they be liberal. Believe me,
 great gifts are little gods.

When thy mistress doth bend her brow, do not thou
 bend thy fist. Cammocks must be bowed with sleight,
 not strength; water to be trained with pipes, not stopped
 with sluices; fire to be quenched with dust, not with
 swords.

If thou have a rival, be patient: art must wind him
 out, not malice; time, not might; her change, and
 thy constancy. Whatsoever she weareth, swear it
 becomes her. In thy love be secret. Venus' coffers,
 though they be hollow, never sound, and when they
 seem emptiest, they are fullest.

Old fool that I am! to do thee good, I begin to dote,
 and counsel that which I would have concealed. Thus,
 Phao, have I given thee certain regards, no rules, only
 to set thee in the way, not to bring thee home.

164 | **Phao.** Ah, Sybilla, I pray go on, that I may glut
 166 | myself in this science.

168 | **Syb.** Thou shalt not surfeit, Phao, whilst I diet thee.
 Flies that die on the honeysuckle become poison to
 170 | bees. A little in love is a great deal.

172 | **Phao.** But all that can be said not enough.

174 | **Syb.** White silver draweth black lines, and sweet
 words will breed sharp torments.

176 | **Phao.** What shall become of me?

178 | **Syb.** Go dare.

180 | [Sybilla exits into cave.]

182 | **Phao.** I go! – Phao, thou canst but die; and then as

184 | good die with great desires, as pine in base fortunes.

186 |

[Exit.]

ACT III.SCENE I.

Ante-room of Sapho's Chamber.

*Enter Trachinus, Pandion, Mileta, Ismena,
Criticus and Molus.*

1 **Trach.** Sapho is fallen suddenly sick. I cannot guess
2 the cause.

4 **Mileta.** Some cold belike, or else a woman's qualm.

6 **Pand.** A strange nature of cold, to drive one into such
an heat.

8 **Mileta.** Your physic, sir, I think be of the second sort;
10 else would you not judge it rare, that hot fevers are
engendered by cold causes.

12 **Pand.** Indeed, lady, I have no more physic than will
14 purge choler; and that if it please you, I will practice
upon you. It is good for women that be waspish.

16 **Ism.** Faith, sir, no; you are best purge your own
18 melancholy: belike you are a male-content.

20 **Pand.** It is true, and are not you a female-content?

22 **Trach.** Soft! I am not content, that a male and female
content should go together.

24 **Mileta.** Ismena is disposed to be merry.

26 **Ism.** No, it is Pandion would fain seem wise.

28 **Trach.** You shall not fall out; for pigeons, after biting,
30 fall to billing, and open jars make the closest jests.

32 *Enter Eugenua.*

34 **Eug.** Mileta! Ismena! Mileta! come away! my lady is
in a sowne!

36 **Mileta.** Aye me!

38 **Ism.** Come, let us make haste.

40

[*Exeunt Eugenua, Mileta, and Ismena.*]

42

Trach. I am sorry for Sapho, because she will take no physic; like you, Pandion, who, being sick of the sullens, will seek no friend.

46

Pand. Of men we learn to speak, of Gods to hold our peace. Silence shall disgest what folly hath swallowed, and wisdom wean what fancy hath nursed.

48

50

Trach. Is it not love?

52

Pand. If it were, what then?

54

Trach. Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

56

Pand. Why, in courts there is nothing more common. And as to be bald among the Micanians, it was accounted no shame, because they were all bald; so to be in love among courtiers it is no discredit, for that they are all in love.

58

60

62

Trach. Why, what do you think of our ladies?

64

Pand. As of the Seres wool, which being [the] whitest and softest, fretteth soonest and deepest.

66

68

Trach. I will not tempt you in your deep melancholy, lest you seem sour to those which are so sweet. But come, let us walk a little into the fields. It may be the open air will disclose your close conceits.

70

72

Pand. I will go with you; but send our pages away.

74

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Criticus and Molus.

1 **Crit.** What brown study art thou in, Molus? no mirth?
2 no life?

4 **Molus.** I am in the depth of my learning driven to a
muse, how this Lent I shall scramble in the court, that
6 was wont to fast so oft in the university.

8 **Crit.** Thy belly is thy god.

10 **Molus.** Then is he a deaf god.

12 **Crit.** Why?

14 **Molus.** For *venter non habet aures*. But thy back is
thy god.

16

Crit. Then is it a blind god.

18

Molus. How prove you that?

20

Crit. Easy. *Nemo videt manticæ quod in tergo est*.

22

Molus. Then would the satchel that hangs at your god,
24 *id est*, your back, were full of meat to stuff my god,
hoc est, my belly.

26

Crit. Excellent. But how canst thou study, when thy
28 mind is only in the kitchen?

30 **Molus.** Doth not the horse travel best, that sleepeth
with his head in the manger?

32

Crit. Yes, what then?

34

Molus. Good wits will apply. But what cheer is there
36 here this Lent?

38

Crit. Fish.

40

Molus. I can eat none, it is wind.

42

Crit. Eggs.

44 **Molus.** I must eat none, they are fire.

46 **Crit.** Cheese.

48 **Molus.** It is against the old verse, *caseus est nequam*.

50 **Crit.** Yea, but it disgesteth all things except itself.

52 **Molus.** Yea, but if a man hath nothing else to eat,
what shall it disgest?

54 **Crit.** You are disposed to jest. But if your silken throat
56 can swallow no packthread, you must pick your teeth,
and play with your trencher.

58 **Molus.** So shall I not incur the fulsome and
60 unmannerly sin of surfeiting. – But here cometh
Calypho.

62 *Enter Calypho.*

64 **Crit.** What news?

66 **Caly.** Since my being here, I have sweat like a dog to
68 prove my master a devil; he brought such reasons to
refel me as, I promise you, I shall like the better of his
70 wit, as long as I am with him.

72 **Molus.** How?

74 **Caly.** Thus, I always arguing that he had horns, and
therefore a devil, he said, "Fool, they are things like
76 horns, but no horns. For once in the senate of gods
being hold a solemn session, in the midst of their talk,
78 I put in my sentence, which was so indifferent, that
they all concluded it might as well have been left out
80 as put in, and so placed on each side of my head things
like horns, and called me a *parenthesis*." Now, my
82 masters, this may be true, for I have seen it myself
about diverse sentences.

84 **Molus.** It is true, and the same did Mars make a full
86 point, that Vulcan's head was made a *parenthesis*.

88 **Crit.** This shall go with me: I trust in Syracuse to give
one or other a *parenthesis*.

90 **Molus.** Is Venus yet come home?
92

94 **Caly.** No, but were I Vulcan, I would by the gods –

96 **Crit.** What wouldest thou?

98 **Caly.** Nothing, but as Vulcan, halt by the gods.

100 **Crit.** I thought you would have hardly entreated
Venus.

102 **Caly.** Nay, Venus is easily entreated; but let that go by.

104 **Crit.** What?

106 **Caly.** That which maketh so many *parenthesis*.

108 **Molus.** I must go by too, or else my master will not go
by me, but meet me full with his fist. Therefore, if we
110 shall sing, give me my part quickly: for if I tarry long,
I shall cry my part woefully.

112 [Song.]

114 **Omnes.** *Arm, arm, the foe comes on apace.*

116 **Caly.** *What's that red nose and sulfury face?*

118 **Molus.** *'Tis the hot leader.*

120 **Crit.** *What's his name?*

122 **Molus.** *Bacchus, a captain of plump fame:
124 A goat the beast on which he rides,
Fat grunting swine run by his sides,
126 His standard-bearer fears no knocks,
For he's a drunken butter-box,
128 Who when i' th' red field thus he revels,
Cries, out "ten tousan ton of tevils!"*

130 **Caly.** *What's he so swaggers in the van?*

132 **Molus.** *Oh! that's a roaring Englishman,
134 Who in deep healths does so excel,
From Dutch and French he bears the bell.*

136 **Crit.** *What vict'lers follow Bacchus' camps?*

138 **Molus.** *Fools, fiddlers, panders, pimps, and ramps.*

140 **Caly.** *See, see, the battle now grows hot;*

142 | *Here legs fly, here goes heads to the pot,*
| *Here whores and knaves toss broken glasses,*
144 | *Here all the soldiers look like asses.*

146 | **Crit.** *What man e'er heard such hideous noise?*

148 | **Molus.** *Oh! that's the vintner's bawling boys.*
| *Anon, anon, the trumpets are,*
150 | *Which call them to the fearful bar.*

152 | **Caly.** *Rush in, and let's our forces try.*

154 | **Molus.** *Oh no, for see they fly, they fly!*

156 | **Crit.** *And so will I.*

158 | **Caly.** *And I.*

160 | **Molus.** *And I.*

162 | **All.** *'Tis a hot day in drink to die.*

164 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.*Sapho's Chamber.**Sapho in her bed.**Enter Mileta, Ismena, Canope, Eugenua,
Favilla, and Lamia.*

1 **Sapho.** Hey ho: I know not which way to turn me. Ah,
2 ah, I faint, I die.

4 **Mileta.** Madam, I think it good you have more clothes
and sweat it out.

6 **Sapho.** No, no, the best ease I find is to sigh it out.
8

10 **Ism.** A strange disease, that should breed such a
desire.

12 **Sapho.** A strange desire that hath brought such a
disease.

14 **Can.** Where, Lady, do you feel your most pain?
16

Sapho. Where nobody else can feel it, Canope.

18 **Can.** At the heart?
20

Sapho. In the heart.

22 **Can.** Will you have any mithridate?
24

Sapho. Yea, if for this disease there were any
26 mithridate.

28 **Mileta.** Why? what disease is it, Madam, that physic
cannot cure?
30

Sapho. Only the disease, Mileta, that I have.
32

Mileta. Is it a burning ague?
34

Sapho. I think so, or a burning agony.
36

Eug. Will you have any of this syrup, to moisture
38 your mouth?

40 **Sapho.** Would I had some local things to dry my

42 brain.
43 **Fav.** Madam, will you see if you can sleep?
44
45 **Sapho.** Sleep, Favilla? I shall then dream.
46
47 **Lamia.** As good dream sleeping, as sigh waking.
48
49 **Eug.** Phao is cunning in all kind of simples, and it is
50 hard, if there be none, to procure sleep.
51
52 **Sapho.** Who?
53
54 **Eug.** Phao.
55
56 **Sapho.** Yea, Phao! Phao! – Ah Phao, let him come
57 presently!
58
59 **Mileta.** Shall we draw the curtains whilest you give
60 yourself to slumber?
61
62 **Sapho.** Do, but depart not: I have such starts in my
63 sleep, disquieted I know not how. – [*In a slumber.*]
64 Phao! Phao!
65
66 **Ism.** What say you, Madam?
67
68 **Sapho.** Nothing, but if I sleep not now, you send for
69 Phao. – Ah Gods!
70
71
72 *[She falls asleep,
and her attendants draw the curtains.]*
73
74 **Mileta.** There is a fish called garus, that healeth all
75 sickness, so as whilest it is applied one name not
76 garus.
77
78 **Eug.** An evil medicine for us women: for if we should
79 be forbidden to name garus, we should chat nothing
80 but garus.
81
82 **Can.** Well said, Eugenua, you know yourself.
83
84 **Eug.** Yea, Canope, and that I am one of your sex.
85
86 **Ism.** I have heard of an herb called lunary, that being
87 bound to the pulses of the sick, causeth nothing but
88 dreams of weddings and dances.
89
90 **Fav.** I think, Ismena, that herb be at thy pulses now:

for thou art ever talking of matches and merriments.

92

Can. It is an unlucky sign in the chamber of the sick to talk of marriages, for my mother said it foresheweth death.

96

Mileta. It is very evil too, Canope, to sit at the bed's feet, and foretellet danger: therefore, remove your stool, and sit by me.

100

Lamia. Sure it is some cold she hath taken.

102

Ism. If one were burnt, I think we women would say, he died of a cold.

104

Fav. It may be some conceit.

106

Mileta. Then is there no fear, for yet did I never hear of a woman that died of a conceit.

108

110

Eug. I mistrust her not, for that the owl hath not shrieked at the window, or the night raven croaked, both being fatal.

112

114

Fav. You are all superstitious, for these be but fancies of doting age, who by chance observing it in some, have set it down as a religion for all.

116

118

Mileta. Favilla, thou art but a girl: I would not have a weasel cry, nor desire to see a glass, nor an old wife come into my chamber; for then, though I lingered in my disease, I should never escape it.

120

122

Sapho. Ah, who is there?

124

126

[*The curtains again drawn back.*]

What sudden affrights be these? Methought Phao came with simples to make me sleep. Did nobody name Phao before I began to slumber?

128

130

Mileta. Yes, we told you of him.

132

Sapho. Let him be here tomorrow.

134

Mileta. He shall; will you have a little broth to comfort you?

136

138

Sapho. I can relish nothing.

140 | **Mileta.** Yet a little you must take to sustain nature.

142 | **Sapho.** I cannot, Mileta, I will not. – Oh, which way
144 | shall I lie? what shall I do? Heigh ho. Oh, Mileta, help
146 | to rear me up my bed, my head lies too low. You
148 | pester me with too many clothes. Fie, you keep the
148 | chamber too hot – avoid it. It may be I shall steal a nap
148 | when all are gone.

150 | **Mileta.** We will.

152 | *[Exeunt all the Ladies.]*

154 | **Sapho.** Ah, impatient disease of love, and goddess of
156 | love thrice unpitiful. The eagle is never stricken with
158 | thunder, nor the olive with lightning; and may great
160 | ladies be plagued with love? Oh, Venus, have I not
162 | strawed thine altars with sweet roses? kept thy swans
164 | in clear rivers? fed thy sparrows with ripe corn? and
166 | harboured thy doves in fair houses? Thy tortoise have
168 | I nourished under my fig tree, my chamber have I
170 | ceiled with thy cockleshells, and dipped thy sponge
172 | into the freshest waters. Didst thou nurse me in my
174 | swaddling clouts with wholesome herbs, that I might
174 | perish in my flowering years by fancy?

166 | I perceive, but too late I perceive, and yet not too
168 | late, because at last, that strains are caught as well by
170 | stooping too low, as reaching too high; that eyes are
172 | bleared as soon with vapours that come from the
174 | earth, as with beams that proceed from the sun. Love
176 | lodgeth sometimes in caves; and thou, Phoebus, that
178 | in the pride of thy heat shinest all day in our horizon,
180 | at night dippest thy head in the ocean. Resist it, Sapho,
182 | whilst it is yet tender.

176 | Of acorns comes oaks, of drops floods, of sparks
178 | flames, of atomies elements. But alas, it fareth with me
180 | as with wasps, who, feeding on serpents, make their
182 | stings more venomous: for glutting myself on the face
184 | of Phao, I have made my desire more desperate. Into
186 | the nest of an alcyon, no bird can enter but the alcyon;
186 | and into the heart of so great a lady, can any creep
186 | but a great lord? There is an herb (not unlike unto
186 | my love), which, the further it groweth from the
186 | sea, the salter it is; and my desires, the more they
186 | swarve from reason, the more seem they reasonable.

186 | When Phao cometh, what then? wilt thou open thy

188 | love? Yea. – No, Sapho: but staring in his face till
 190 | thine eyes dazzle, and thy spirits faint, die before his
 192 | face: then this shall be written on thy tomb, that though
 194 | thy love were greater than wisdom could endure, yet
 196 | thine honour was such as love could not violate. –
 198 | Mileta!

194 | *[Re-enter Mileta and Ismena.]*

196 | **Mileta.** I come.

198 | **Sapho.** It will not be: I can take no rest, which way
 200 | soever I turn.

202 | **Mileta.** A strange malady!

204 | **Sapho.** Mileta, if thou wilt, a martyrdom. But give
 206 | me my lute, and I will see if in song I can beguile mine
 208 | own eyes.

210 | **Mileta.** Here, Madam.

212 | **Sapho.** Have you sent for Phao?

214 | **Mileta.** Yea.

216 | **Sapho.** And to bring simples that will procure sleep?

218 | **Mileta.** No.

220 | **Sapho.** Foolish wench, what should the boy do here,
 222 | if he bring not remedies with him? you think belike I
 224 | could sleep if I did but see him. Let him not come at
 226 | all – yes, let him come – no, it is no matter: yet will I
 228 | try, let him come: do you hear?

230 | **Mileta.** Yea, Madam, it shall be done.

232 | *[Mileta comes forward from the recess.]*

234 | Peace, no noise: she beginneth to fall asleep. I will go
 236 | to Phao.

238 | **Ism.** Go speedily: for if she wake, and find you not
 240 | here, she will be angry. Sick folks are testy, who
 242 | though they eat nothing, yet they feed on gall.

244 | *[Exit Mileta, while Ismena retires.]*

236 | [Song.]

238 | **Sapho.** *Oh cruël Love! on thee I lay*
240 | *My curse, which shall strike blind the day:*
242 | *Never may sleep with velvet hand*
244 | *Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;*
246 | *Thy jailers shall be hopes and fears;*
248 | *Thy prison-mates, groans, sighs, and tears;*
250 | *Thy play, to wear out weary times,*
252 | *Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes;*
254 | *Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,*
Such as when you Phao call.
The bed thou liest on be despair;
Thy sleep, fond dreams; thy dreams, long care;
Hope (like thy fool) at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, till madness strike thee dead,
As Phaö, thou dost me with thy proud eyes;
In thee poor Sapho lives; for thee she dies.

[The curtains close.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

Ante-room to Sapho's Chamber.

Enter Mileta and Phao.

1 **Mileta.** I would either your cunning, Phao, or your
2 fortune might by simples provoke my lady to some
slumber.

4

Phao. My simples are in operation as my simplicity
6 is, which if they do little good, assuredly they can do
no harm.

8

10 **Mileta.** Were I sick, the very sight of thy fair face
would drive me into a sound sleep.

12 **Phao.** Indeed, gentlewomen are so drowsy in their
desires, that they can scarce hold up their eyes for
14 love.

16 **Mileta.** I mean the delight of beauty would so blind
my senses, as I should be quickly rocked into a deep
18 rest.

20 **Phao.** You women have an excuse for an advantage,
which must be allowed, because only to you women it
22 was allotted.

24 **Mileta.** Phao, thou art passing fair, and able to draw
a chaste eye, not only to glance, but to gaze on thee.
26 Thy young years, thy quick wit, thy stayed desires are
of force to control those which should command.

28

Phao. Lady, I forgot to commend you first, and lest I
30 should have overslipped to praise you at all, you have
brought in my beauty, which is simple, that in courtesy
32 I might remember yours, which is singular.

34 **Mileta.** You mistake of purpose, or misconster of
malice.

36

Phao. I am as far from malice as you from love, and
38 to mistake of purpose were to mislike of peevishness.

40 **Mileta.** As far as I from love? Why, think you me so
dull I cannot love, or so spiteful I will not?

42

44 **Phao.** Neither, lady: but how should men imagine
women can love, when in their mouths there is nothing
46 rifer, than “In faith, I do not love.”

48 **Mileta.** Why, will you have women's love in their
tongues?

50 **Phao.** Yea, else do I think there is none in their hearts.

52 **Mileta.** Why?

54 **Phao.** Because there was never anything in the
bottom of a woman's heart that cometh not to her
56 tongue's end.

58 **Mileta.** You are too young to cheapen love.

60 **Phao.** Yet old enough to talk with market folks.

62 **Mileta.** Well, let us in.

64 *[The curtains are drawn back.]*

66 **Ism.** Phao is come.

68 **Sapho.** Who? Phao? Phao, let him come near: but
who sent for him?

70 **Mileta.** You, madam.

72 **Sapho.** I am loath to take any medicines: yet must I,
74 rather than pine in these maladies. – Phao, you may
make me sleep, if you will.

76 **Phao.** If I can, I must, if you will.

78 **Sapho.** What herbs have you brought, Phao?

80 **Phao.** Such as will make you sleep, madam, though
82 they cannot make me slumber.

84 **Sapho.** Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot
remedy yourself?

86 **Phao.** Yes, madam, the causes are contrary: for it is
88 only a dryness in your brains that keepeth you from
rest; but –

90 **Sapho.** But what?
92

94 **Phao.** Nothing, but mine is not so.

96 **Sapho.** Nay, then I despair of help if our disease be
not all one.

98 **Phao.** I would our diseases were all one.

100 **Sapho.** It goes hard with the patient, when the
physician is desperate.

102 **Phao.** Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to
104 snort, when she, poor soul, could not wink.

106 **Sapho.** Medea was in love, and nothing could cause
her rest but Jason.

108 **Phao.** Indeed, I know no herb to make lovers sleep,
110 but heartsease, which, because it groweth so high, I
cannot reach: for –

112 **Sapho.** For whom?

114 **Phao.** For such as love.

116 **Sapho.** It groweth very low, and I can never stoop to
118 it, that –

120 **Phao.** That what?

122 **Sapho.** That I may gather it: but why do you sigh so,
Phao?

124 **Phao.** It is mine use, madam.

126 **Sapho.** It will do you harm, and me too: for I never
128 hear one sigh, but I must sigh't also.

130 **Phao.** It were best, then, that your ladyship give me
leave to be gone, for I can but sigh.

132 **Sapho.** Nay, stay: for now I begin to sigh, I shall not
134 leave, though you be gone. But what do you think best
for your sighing to take it away?

136 **Phao.** Yew, Madam.

138 **Sapho.** Me?

140 **Phao.** No, madam, yew of the tree.

142 **Sapho.** Then will I love yew the better. And, indeed, I
144 think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other
146 simples set aside, I will simply use only yew.

148 **Phao.** Do, madam, for I think nothing in the world so
150 good as yew.

150 **Sapho.** Farewell for this time.

152 *[He comes from the recess,
154 the curtains closing behind him.]*

154 *Enter Venus and Cupid.*

156 **Venus.** Is not your name Phao?

158 **Phao.** Phao, fair Venus, whom you made so fair.

160 **Venus.** So passing fair! Oh, fair Phao, oh, sweet Phao:
162 what wilt thou do for Venus?

164 **Phao.** Anything that cometh in the compass of my
166 poor fortune.

168 **Venus.** Cupid shall teach thee to shoot, and I will
170 instruct thee to dissemble.

170 **Phao.** I will learn anything but dissembling.

172 **Venus.** Why, my boy?

174 **Phao.** Because then I must learn to be a woman.

176 **Venus.** Thou heardest that of a man.

178 **Phao.** Men speak truth.

180 **Venus.** But truth is a she, and so always painted.

182 **Phao.** I think a painted truth.

184 **Venus.** Well, farewell for this time: for I must visit
186 Sapho.

[Phao exit.]

ACT IV.SCENE I.

Sapho's Chamber: the curtains are drawn back.

Still on Stage: Venus and Cupid.

1 **Venus.** Sapho, I have heard thy complaints, and pitied
2 thine agonies.

4 **Sapho.** Oh, Venus, my cares are only known to thee,
and by thee only came the cause. – Cupid, why didst
6 thou wound me so deep?

8 **Cupid.** My mother bad me draw mine arrow to the
head.

10 **Sapho.** Venus, why didst thou prove so hateful?
12

Venus. Cupid took a wrong shaft.
14

Sapho. Oh, Cupid, too unkind, to make me so kind,
16 that almost I transgress the modesty of my kind.

18 **Cupid.** I was blind, and could not see mine arrow.

20 **Sapho.** How came it to pass, thou didst hit my heart?

22 **Cupid.** That came by the nature of the head, which
being once let out of the bow, can find none other
24 lighting place but the heart.

26 **Venus.** Be not dismayed, Phao shall yield.

28 **Sapho.** If he yield, then shall I shame to embrace one
so mean; if not, die, because I cannot embrace one so
30 mean. Thus do I find no mean.

32 **Venus.** Well, I will work for thee. Farewell.

34 **Sapho.** Farewell, sweet Venus, and thou, Cupid,
which art sweetest in thy sharpness.
36

[Exit Sapho.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

The same: Sapho's Chamber.

Still on Stage: Venus, Cupid.

1 **Venus.** Cupid, what hast thou done? put thine arrows
2 in Phao's eyes, and wounded thy mother's heart?

4 **Cupid.** You gave him a face to allure, then why
should not I give him eyes to pierce?

6
8 **Venus.** Oh Venus! unhappy Venus! who in bestowing
a benefit upon a man, hast brought a bane unto a
goddess. What perplexities dost thou feel? Oh, fair
10 Phao! And therefore made fair to breed in me a frenzy!
Oh, would that when I gave thee golden locks to curl
12 thy head, I had shackled thee with iron locks on thy
feet! And when I nursed thee, Sapho, with lettuce,
14 would it had turned to hemlock! Have I brought a
smooth skin over thy face, to make a rough scar in my
16 heart? And given thee a fresh colour like the damask
rose, to make mine pale like the stained turquie? Oh
18 Cupid, thy flames with Psyche's were but sparks, and
my desires with Adonis but dreams, in respect of these
20 unacquainted torments.

22 Laugh, Juno! Venus is in love; but Juno shall not
see with whom, lest she be in love. – Venus belike is
24 become stale. Sapho, forsooth, because she hath many
virtues, therefore she must have all the favours. Venus
waxeth old; and then she was a pretty wench, when
26 Juno was a young wife; now crow's foot is on her
eye, and the black ox hath trod on her foot. – But were
28 Sapho never so virtuous, doth she think to contend
with Venus to be as amorous? Yield, Phao; but yield
30 to me, Phao: I entreat where I may command; command
thou, where thou shouldest entreat.

32 In this case, Cupid, what is thy counsel? Venus must
both play the lover and the dissembler, and therefore
34 the dissembler, because the lover.

36 **Cupid.** You will ever be playing with arrows, like
children with knives: and then, when you bleed, you
38 cry: go to Vulcan, entreat by prayers, threaten with
blows, woo with kisses, ban with curses, try all means
40 to rid these extremities.

42 | **Venus.** To what end?

44 | **Cupid.** That he might make me new arrows, for
46 | nothing can root out the desires of Phao, but a new
48 | shaft of inconstancy; nor anything turn Sapho's heart,
48 | but a new arrow of disdain. And then, they disliking
48 | one the other, who shall enjoy Phao but Venus?

50 | **Venus.** I will follow thy counsel. For Venus, though
52 | she be in her latter age for years, yet is she in her
52 | nonage for affections. When Venus ceaseth to love,
54 | let Jove cease to rule. But come, let us to Vulcan.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

Sapho's Chamber: the curtains again drawn back.

*Sapho, Mileta, Ismena, Eugenua, Lamya,
Favilla, and Canope.*

1 **Sapho.** What dreams are these, Mileta? And can there
2 be no truth in dreams? Yea, dreams have their truth.
Methought I saw a stockdove or woodquist, I know
4 not how to term it, that brought short straws to build
his nest in a tall cedar, where, whiles with his bill he
6 was framing his building, he lost as many feathers
from his wings as he laid straws in his nest; yet
8 scrambling to catch hold to harbour in the house he had
made, he suddenly fell from the bough where he stood.
10 And then, pitifully casting up his eyes, he cried in such
terms (as I imagined) as might either condemn the
12 nature of such a tree, or the daring of such a mind.
Whilest he lay quaking upon the ground, and I gazing
14 on the cedar, I might perceive ants to breed in the rind,
coveting only to hoard, and caterpillars to cleave to the
16 leaves, labouring only to suck, which caused mo
leaves to fall from the tree, than there did feathers
18 before from the dove. Methought, Mileta, I sighed in
my sleep, pitying both the fortune of the bird, and the
20 misfortune of the tree; but in this time, quills began to
bud again in the bird, which made him look as though
22 he would fly up, and then wished I that the body of the
tree would bow, that he might but creep up the tree;
24 then – and so – hey ho.

26 **Mileta.** And so what?

28 **Sapho.** Nothing Mileta: but, and so I waked. But did
nobody dream but I?

30 **Mileta.** I dreamed last night – but I hope dreams are
32 contrary – that holding my head over a sweet smoke,
all my hair blazed on a bright flame. Methought Ismena
34 cast water to quench it: yet the sparks fell on my
bosom, and, wiping them away with my hand, I was
36 all in gore blood, till one with a few fresh flowers
staunched it. And so stretching myself as stiff, I
38 started: it was but a dream.

40 **Ism.** It is a sign you shall fall in love with hearing fair

42 words. Water signifieth counsel, flowers death. And
nothing can purge your loving humour but death.

44 *Mileta.* You are no interpreter, but an inter-prater,
46 harping always upon love, till you be as blind as a
harper.

48 *Ism.* I remember last night but one: I dreamed mine
50 eyetooth was loose, and that I thrust it out with my
tongue.

52 *Mileta.* It foretelleth the loss of a friend: and I ever
54 thought thee so full of prattle, that thou wouldest thrust
out the best friend with thy tattling.

56 *Ism.* Yea, Mileta, but it was loose before; and if my
58 friend be loose, as good thrust out with plain words,
as kept in with dissembling.

60 *Eug.* Dreams are but dotings, which come either by
62 things we see in the day, or meats that we eat, and so
the common sense preferring it to be the imaginative.

64 *Ism.* Soft, philosophatrix, well seen in the secrets of
art, and not seduced with the superstitions of nature!

66

68 *Sapho.* Ismena's tongue never lieth still: I think all her
teeth will be loose, they are so often jogged against her
tongue. But say on, Eugenua.

70

72 *Eug.* There is all.

74 *Sapho.* What did you dream, Canope?

76 *Can.* I seldom dream, Madam: but sithence your
sickness, I cannot tell whether with overwatching,
78 but I have had many fantastical visions; for even
now, slumbering by your bed's side, methought I was
80 shadowed with a cloud, where labouring to unwrap
myself, I was more entangled. But in the midst of my
82 striving, it seemed to mizzle gold, with fair drops; I
filled my lap, and running to shew it my fellows, it
84 turned to dust. I blushed, they laughed; and then I
waked, being glad it was but a dream.

86 *Ism.* Take heed, Canope, that gold tempt not your lap,
and then you blush for shame.

88 *Can.* It is good luck to dream of gold.

90

Ism. Yea, if it had continued gold.

92

Lamia. I dream every night, and the last night this: me
 94 thought that, walking in the sun, I was stung with the
 fly tarantula, whose venom nothing can expel but the
 96 sweet consent of music. I tried all kind of instruments,
 but found no ease, till, at the last, two lutes tuned in
 98 one key so glutted my thirsting ears, that my grief
 presently ceased, for joy whereof as I was clapping my
 100 hands, your ladyship called.

102

Mileta. It is a sign that nothing shall assuage your
 love but marriage: for such is the tying of two in
 104 wedlock, as is the tuning of two lutes in one key: for
 striking the strings of the one, straws will stir upon the
 106 strings of the other; and in two minds linked in love,
 one cannot be delighted but the other rejoiceth.

108

Fav. Methought, going by the seaside among pebbles,
 110 I saw one playing with a round stone, ever throwing it
 into the water when the sun shined: I asked the name;
 112 he said it was called "asbeston", which, being once
 hot, would never be cold. He gave it me, and vanished.
 114 I, forgetting myself, delighted with the fair show,
 would always shew it by candlelight, pull it out in
 116 the sun, and see how bright it would look in the fire,
 where, catching heat, nothing could cool it. For anger,
 118 I threw it against the wall, and, with the heaving up of
 mine arm, I waked.

120

Mileta. Beware of love, Favilla; for women's hearts
 122 are such stones, which, warmed by affection, cannot
 be cooled by wisdom.

124

Fav. I warrant you, for I never credit men's words.

126

Ism. Yet be wary, for women are scorched sometimes
 128 with men's eyes, though they had rather consume than
 confess.

130

Sapho. Cease your talking; for I would fain sleep, to
 132 see if I can dream whether the bird hath feathers or the
 ants wings. Draw the curtain.

134

[*The curtains close.*]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.*Vulcan's Forge.**Enter Venus and Cupid,
and, separately, Vulcan and Calypho.*

1 **Venus.** Come, Cupid, Vulcan's flames must quench
2 Venus' fires. – Vulcan?

4 [Vulcan looks out of the Forge.]

6 **Vulcan.** Who?

8 **Venus.** Venus.

10 **Vulcan.** Ho ho! Venus.

12 **Venus.** Come, sweet Vulcan. Thou knowest how
14 sweet thou hast found Venus, who, being of all the
16 goddesses the most fair, hath chosen thee, of all the
18 gods the most foul. Thou must needs then confess I
was most loving. Inquire not the cause of my suit by
questions, but prevent the effects by courtesy. Make
me six arrowheads. It is given thee of the gods by
permission to frame them to any purpose. I shall
request them by prayer. – Why lourest thou, Vulcan?
Wilt thou have a kiss? Hold up thy head: Venus hath
young thoughts and fresh affections. Roots have
strings, when boughs have no leaves. But hearken in
thine ear, Vulcan: how sayest thou?

26 **Vulcan.** Vulcan is a god with you when you are
disposed to flatter. A right woman, whose tongue is
28 like a bee's sting, which pricketh deepest when it is
fullest of honey. Because you have made mine eyes
30 dronk with fair looks, you will set mine ears on edge
with sweet words. You were wont to say that the
32 beating of hammers made your head ache, and the
smoke of the forge your eyes water, and every coal
34 was a block in your way. You weep rose water when
you ask, and spit vinegar when you have obtained.
36 What would you now with new arrows? Belike Mars
hath a tougher skin on his heart, or Cupid a weaker
38 arm, or Venus a better courage. Well, Venus, there is
never a smile in your face but hath made a wrinkle in
40 my forehead. Ganymedes must fill your cup, and you
will pledge none but Jupiter. But I will not chide

42 Venus. – Come, Cyclops, my wife must have her will:
44 let us do that in earth which the gods cannot undo in
44 heaven.

46 **Venus.** Gramercy, sweet Vulcan: to your work.

48 [*The Song, in making of the arrows.*]

50 **Vulcan.** *My shag-hair Cyclops, come let's ply
Our Lemnian hammers lustily.*

52 *By my wife's sparrows,
I swear these arrows*

54 *Shall singing fly
Through many a wanton's eye.*

56 *These headed are with golden blisses,
These silver ones feathered with kisses,*

58 *But this of lead
Strikes a clown dead,*

60 *When in a dance
He falls in a trance.*

62 *To see his black-brow lass not buss him,
And then whines out for Death t' untruss him.*

64 *So, so, our work being done, let's play,
Holiday, boys, cry holiday!*

66
68 **Vulcan.** Here, Venus, I have finished these arrows by
art, bestow them you by wit; for as great advice must
he use that hath them, as he cunning that made them.

70
72 **Venus.** Vulcan, now you have done with your forge,
let us alone with the fancy. You are as the fletcher, not
the archer; to meddle with the arrow, not the aim.

74
76 **Vulcan.** I thought so: when I have done working, you
have done wooing. Where is now “sweet Vulcan”?
Well, I can say no more but this, which is enough and
78 as much as any can say: Venus is a woman.

80 **Venus.** Be not angry, Vulcan: I will love thee again,
when I have either business or nothing else to do.

82
84 **Vulcan.** My mother will make much of you, when
there are no more men than Vulcan.

86 [*Vulcan retires into the Forge.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.

The same: Vulcan's Forge.

Still on Stage: Venus, Cupid.

1 **Venus.** Come, Cupid, receive with thy father's
2 instruments thy mother's instructions: for thou
4 must be wise in conceit, if thou wilt be fortunate
in execution.

6 This arrow is feathered with the wings of aegitus,
which never sleepeth for fear of his hen; the head
8 touched with the stone perillus, which causeth mistrust
and jealousy. Shoot this, Cupid, at men that have fair
10 wives, which will make them rub the brows when they
swell in the brains.

12 This shaft is headed with Lydian steel, which
striketh a deep disdain of that which we most desire;
14 the feathers are of turtle, but dipped in the blood of a
a tigress. Draw this up close to the head at Sapho, that
she may despise where now she dotes. Good my boy,
16 gall her on the side, that for Phao's love she may
never sigh.

18 This arrow is feathered with the phoenix' wing, and
headed with the eagle's bill: it maketh men passionate
20 in desires, in love constant, and wise in conveyance,
melting, as it were, their fancies into faith. This arrow,
22 sweet child, and with as great aim as thou canst, must
Phao be stricken withal, and cry softly to thyself in
24 the very loose, "Venus"! Sweet Cupid, mistake me
not; I will make a quiver for that by itself.

26 The fourth hath feathers of the peacock, but glued
with the gum of the myrtle tree, headed with fine
28 gold, and fastened with brittle chrysocoll. This shoot
at dainty and coy ladies, at amiable and young nymphs:
30 choose no other white but women, for this will work
liking in their minds, but not love; affability in speech,
32 but no faith; courtly favours to be mistresses over
many, but constant to none; sighs to be fetched from
34 the lungs, not the heart; and tears to be wrung out
with their fingers, not their eyes; secret laughing at
36 men's pale looks and neat attire; open rejoicing at their
own comeliness and men's courting. Shoot this arrow
38 among the thickest of them, whose bosoms lie open

40 because they would be stricken with it. And seeing
men term women "Jupiter's fools", women shall make
men "Venus' fools".

42 This shaft is lead in the head, and whose feathers
are of the night raven: a deadly and poisoned shaft,
44 which breedeth hate only against those which sue
for love. Take heed, Cupid, thou hit not Phao with
46 this shaft, for then shall Venus perish.

This last is an old arrow, but newly mended, the
48 arrow which hit both Sapho and Phao, working only
in mean minds an aspiring to superiors, and in high
50 estates a stooping to inferiors. With this, Cupid, I
am galled myself, till thou have galled Phao with the
52 other.

54 *Cupid.* I warrant you, I will cause Phao to languish in
your love, and Sapho to disdain his.

56 *Venus.* Go, loiter not, nor mistake your shaft.

58 [Exit Cupid.]

60 Now, Venus, hast thou played a cunning part, though
62 not current. – But why should Venus dispute of
unlawfulness in love, or faith in affection, being both
64 the goddess of love and affection, knowing there is as
little truth to be used in love, as there is reason? No,
66 sweet Phao, Venus will obtain because she is Venus.
Not thou, Jove, with thunder in thy hand, shalt take
68 him out of my hands. I have new arrows now for my
boy, and fresh flames at which the gods shall tremble,
if they begin to trouble me. But I will expect the event,
and tarry for Cupid at the forge.

[Exit.]

ACT V, SCENE II.

A Room in Sapho's Palace.

Enter Sapho, Cupid, and Mileta.

1 **Sapho.** What hast thou done, Cupid?

2

Cupid. That my mother commanded, Sapho.

4

Sapho. Methinks I feel an alteration in mind, and, as it were, a withdrawing in myself of mine own affections.

6

8 **Cupid.** Then hath mine arrow his effect.

10 **Sapho.** I pray thee, tell me the cause.

12 **Cupid.** I dare not.

14 **Sapho.** Fear nothing: for if Venus fret, Sapho can frown: thou shalt be my son – Mileta, give him some sweetmeats. – Speak, good Cupid, and I will give thee many pretty things.

18

Cupid. My mother is in love with Phao. She willed me to strike you with disdain of him, and him with desire of her.

22

Sapho. Oh, spiteful Venus! – Mileta, give him some of that. – What else, Cupid?

24

26 **Cupid.** I could be even with my mother, and so I will if I shall call you mother.

28

Sapho. Yea, Cupid, call me anything, so I may be even with her.

30

32 **Cupid.** I have an arrow, with which if I strike Phao, it will cause him to loathe only Venus.

34

Sapho. Sweet Cupid, strike Phao with it. Thou shalt sit in my lap: I will rock thee asleep, and feed thee with all these fine knacks.

38

Cupid. I will about it.

40

[Exit Cupid.]

42

Sapho. But come quickly again. – Ah, unkind Venus,

44 | is this thy promise to Sapho? But if I get Cupid from
46 | thee, I myself will be the queen of love. I will direct
48 | these arrows with better aim, and conquer mine own
50 | affections with greater modesty. Venus' heart shall
52 | flame, and her love be as common as her craft. – Oh,
54 | Mileta, time hath disclosed that which my temperance
56 | hath kept in; but sith I am rid of the disease, I will not
58 | be ashamed to confess the cause: I loved Phao, Mileta,
60 | a thing unfit for my degree, but forced by my desire.

62 | *Mileta.* Phao?

64 | *Sapho.* Phao, Mileta, of whom now Venus is
66 | enamoured.

68 | *Mileta.* And do you love him still?

70 | *Sapho.* No, I feel relenting thoughts, and reason not
72 | yielding to appetite. Let Venus have him – no, she
74 | shall not have him. But here comes Cupid.

76 | [Re-enter Cupid, who sits in Sapho's lap.]

78 | How now my boy, hast thou done it?

80 | *Cupid.* Yea, and left Phao railing on Venus, and
82 | cursing her name; yet still sighing for Sapho, and
84 | blazing her virtues.

86 | *Sapho.* Alas, poor Phao! thy extreme love should not
88 | be requited with so mean a fortune; thy fair face
90 | deserved greater favours. I cannot love: Venus hath
92 | hardened my heart.

94 | [Enter Venus.]

96 | *Venus.* I marvel Cupid cometh not all this while. –
98 | How now, in Sapho's lap?

100 | *Sapho.* Yea, Venus, what say you to it? In Sapho's
102 | lap.

104 | *Venus.* Sir boy, come hither.

106 | *Cupid.* I will not.

108 | *Venus.* What now? Will you not! Hath Sapho made
110 | you so saucy?

112 |

94 **Cupid.** I will be Sapho's son. I have, as you
 96 commanded, stricken her with a deep disdain of Phao;
 and Phao, as she entreated me, with a great despite of
 you.

98 **Venus.** Unhappy wag, what hast thou done? I will
 100 make thee repent it [in] every vein in thy heart.

Sapho. Venus, be not choleric: Cupid is mine; he
 102 hath given me his arrows, and I will give him a new
 bow to shoot in. You are not worthy to be the lady of
 104 love, that yield so often to the impressions of love.
 Immodest Venus, that to satisfy the unbridled thoughts
 106 of thy heart, transgressest so far from the stay of thine
 honour. – How sayest thou, Cupid, wilt thou be with
 108 me?

110 **Cupid.** Yes.

112 **Sapho.** Shall not I be on earth the goddess of
 114 affections?

Cupid. Yes.

116 **Sapho.** Shall not I rule the fancies of men, and lead
 118 Venus in chains like a captive?

120 **Cupid.** Yes.

122 **Sapho.** It is a good boy!

124 **Venus.** What have we here? You the goddess of love?
 And you her son, Cupid? I will tame that proud heart,
 126 else shall the gods say, they are not Venus' friends. –
 And as for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run
 128 away: you shall be stripped from top to toe, and
 whipped with nettles, not roses. I will set you to blow
 130 Vulcan's coals, not to bear Venus' quiver; I will handle
 you for this gear. – Well, I say no more. But as for the
 132 new mistress of love (or, lady, I cry you mercy, I think
 you would be called a goddess), you shall know what
 134 it is to usurp the name of Venus! I will pull those
 plumes and cause you to cast your eyes on your feet,
 136 not your feathers: your soft hair will I turn to hard
 bristles, your tongue to a sting, and those alluring eyes
 138 to unluckiness, in which, if the gods aid me not, I will
 curse the gods!

140

142 **Sapho.** Venus, you are in a vein answerable to your
vanity, whose high words neither become you, nor fear
me. But let this suffice: I will keep Cupid in despite of
144 you, and yet with the content of the gods.

146 **Venus.** Will you? Why then, we shall have pretty
gods in heaven, when you take gods prisoners on
148 earth. Before I sleep, you shall both repent, and find
what it is but to think unreverently of Venus. – Come,
150 Cupid: she knows not how to use thee. Come with me,
you know what I have for you: will you not?

152 **Cupid.** Not I!

154 **Venus.** Well, I will be even with you both, and that
156 shortly.

158 [Exit Venus.]

160 **Sapho.** Cupid, fear not, I will direct thine arrows
better. Every rude ass shall not say he is in love. It is a
162 toy made for ladies, and I will keep it only for ladies.

164 **Cupid.** But what will you do for Phao?

166 **Sapho.** I will wish him fortunate. This will I do for
Phao, because I once loved Phao: for never shall it be
168 said that Sapho loved to hate, or that out of love she
could not be as courteous, as she was in love
170 passionate. – Come, Mileta, shut the door.

172 [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE III.*Before Sybilla's Cave.**Enter Phao to Sybilla in the cave.*

1 **Phao.** [*Aside*] Go to Sybilla. Tell the beginning of
 2 thy love, and the end of thy fortune. – And lo, how
 happily she sitteth in her cave. – Sybilla?

4
Syb. Phao, welcome. What news?

6
Phao. Venus, the goddess of love, I loathe: Cupid
 8 caused it with a new shaft. Sapho disdaineth me:
 Venus caused it for a new spite. Oh, Sybilla, if Venus
 10 be unfaithful in love, where shall one fly for truth? She
 useth deceit; is it not then likely she will dispense with
 12 subtlety? And being careful to commit injuries, will
 she not be careless to revenge them? I must now fall
 14 from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to
 get a fare, not with my pen to write a fancy. Loves are
 16 but smokes, which vanish in the seeing and yet hurt
 whilest they are seen. –

18 A ferry, Phao? No, the stars cannot call it a worser
 fortune. Range rather over the world, forswear
 20 affections, entreat for death. – Oh, Sapho, thou hast
 Cupid in thine arms, I in my heart; thou kissest him for
 22 sport, I must curse him for spite. Yet will I not curse
 him, Sapho, whom thou kissest. – This shall be my
 24 resolution: wherever I wander, to be as I were ever
 kneeling before Sapho, my loyalty unspotted, though
 26 unrewarded. With as little malice will I go to my grave,
 as I did lie withal in my cradle. My life shall be spent
 28 in sighing and wishing, the one for my bad fortune,
 the other for Sapho's good.

30
Syb. Do so, Phao, for destiny calleth thee as well from
 32 Sicily as from love. Other things hang over thy head,
 which I must neither tell, nor thou inquire. And so,
 34 farewell.

36 *[Exit Sybilla.]*

38 **Phao.** Farewell, Sybilla, and farewell, Sicily. –
 Thoughts shall be thy food, and in thy steps shall be
 40 printed behind thee, that there was none so loyal left
 behind thee. – Farewell, Syracuse, unworthy to harbour

42 | faith; and when I am gone, unless Sapho be here,
44 | unlikely to harbour any.

[*Exit Phao.*]

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE.

1 They that tread in a maze, walk oftentimes in one
2 path, and at the last come out where they entered in.
3 We fear we have led you all this while in a labyrinth
4 of conceits, divers times hearing one device, and have
5 now brought you to an end where we first began:
6 which wearisome travail you must impute to the
7 necessity of the history, as Theseus did his labour to
8 the art of the labyrinth.

9 There is nothing causeth such giddiness, as going
10 in a wheel. Neither can there anything breed such
11 tediousness, as hearing many words uttered in a small
12 compass. But if you accept this dance of a fairy in a
13 circle, we will hereafter at your wills frame our fingers
14 to all forms.

15 And so we wish every one of you a thread to lead
16 you out of the doubts, wherewith we leave you
17 entangled: that nothing be mistaken by our rash
18 oversights, nor misconstrued by your deep insights.

Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

General Changes.

1. omit Prologues and / or Epilogue.
2. modernize *shew* to *show* everywhere: I.i.86, II.iv.125, IV.iii.82 and IV.iii.115.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 19: emend *covert* to *court*.
2. line 57: modernize *arrands* to *errands*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 18: modernize *shewed* to *shown*.
2. line 113: modernize *wardrope* to *wardrobe*.

Act I, Scene iv.

1. line 58: modernize *wowed* to *wooded*.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 45: emend *the ferry* to *thy ferry*.

Act II, Scene iv.

1. line 14: modernize *wrastlest* to *wrestlest*.
2. line 111: modernize *wrong* to *wrung*.

Act III, Scene i.

1. line 35: modernize *sowne* to *swoon*.
2. line 48: modernize *disgest* to *digest*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 50: modernize *disgesteth* to *digesteth*.
2. line 53: modernize *disgest* to *digest*.

Act III, Scene iii.

1. line 94: modernize *foresheweth* to *foreshoweth*.
2. line 145: emend *bed* to *head*.
3. line 158: emend *strawed* to *strewed* or modernize it to *strewn*.
4. line 172: emend *heat* to *heart*.
5. line 180: modernize *alcyon* to *halcyon* (appears twice).

6. line 184: modernize *salter* to *saltier*.
7. line 185: modernize *swarve* to *swerve*.

Act III, Scene iv.

1. line 16: emend *blind* to *bind*.
2. line 26: emend *stayed* to *staid*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 17: modernize *turquie* to *turquoise*.
2. line 27: modernize *troad* to *trod*.

Act IV, Scene iii.

1. line 16: modernize *mo* to *more*.
2. line 54: emend *the best* to *thy best*.

Act IV, Scene iv.

1. line 30: modernize *dronk* to *drunk*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 34: modernize *wrong out* to *wrung out*.