

## THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

William Shakespeare & John Fletcher

*Before the prison. Enter JAILER'S DAUGHTER alone.*

DAUGHTER: Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,  
He is at liberty! I have ventur'd for him,  
And out I have brought him to a little wood  
A mile hence. I have sent him where a cedar,  
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane  
Fast by a brook, and there he shall keep close  
Till I provide him files and food, for yet  
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,  
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father  
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.  
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,  
Or wit, or safety. I have made him know it.  
I care not, I am desperate. If the law  
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,  
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,  
And tell to memory my death was noble,  
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes  
I purpose is my way too. Sure he cannot  
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.  
If he do, maids will not so easily  
Trust men again. And yet he has not thank'd me  
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;  
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely  
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,  
He made such scruples of the wrong he did  
To me and to my father. Yet I hope,  
When he considers more, this love of mine  
Will take more root within him. Let him do  
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,  
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,  
And to his face, no man. I'll presently  
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,  
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,  
So he be with me. By him, like a shadow,  
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub  
Will be all o'er the prison. I am then  
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father;

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Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,  
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him!