

Florio e Nashe rappresentati nei personaggi

di Gullio e Ingegnoso

nel

The Return from Parnassus, Part 1,

Act 3, Scene 1

Gullio. Marrie, well remembred! I'll repeat unto you an enthusiastically oration wherewith my new mistress' ears were verie lately made happie. The carriage of my body, by the reporte of my mistress, was excellent: I stood stroking up my haire, which became me very admirably, gave a low congey at the beginning of each period, made every sentence end sweetly with an othe. It is the part of an Oratoure to perswade, and I know not how better than to conclude with such earnest protestations. Suppose also that thou wert my mistress, as sometime wooden statues represent the goddesses; thus I would looke amorously, thus I would pace, thus I would salute thee.

Ingenioso. (It will be my lucke to dye noe other death than by hearinge of his follies! I feare this speach that's a comminge will breede a deadly disease in my ears.)

Gullio. Pardon, faire lady, thoughe sicke-thoughted **Gullio** maks amaine unto thee, and like a bould-faced suture 'gins to woo thee.

Ingenioso. (We shall have nothings but pure Shakspeare and shreds of poetrie that he hath gathered at the theaters!)

Gullio. Pardon mee, moy mittressa, ast am a gentleman, the moone in comparison of thy bright hue a meere slutt, Anthonie's Cleopatra a blacke browde milkmaide, Hellen a dowdie.

Ingenioso. (Marke, Romeo and Juliet! O monstrous thefta! I thinke he will runn throughe a whole booke of Samuell Daniell's!)

Gullio. Thrise fairer than myselfe (—thus I began—)
The gods faire riches, sweete above compare,
Staine to all nimphes, more lovely then a man,

More white and red than doves and roses are!
Nature that made thee with herselfe had strife,
Saith that the worlde hath ending with thy life.

Ingenioso. Sweete Mr. Shakspeare!

Gullio. As I am a scholler, these arms of mine are long
and strong withall,
Thus elms by vines are compast ere they falle.

Ingenioso. Faith, gentleman! youre reading is wonderfull
in our English poetts!

Gullio. Sweet Mistris, I vouchsafe to take some of there
wordes, and applie them to mine owne matters by a
scholasticall invitation.
Report thou, upon thy credit; is not my vayne in courtinge
gallant and honorable ?

Ingenioso. Admirable, sanes compare, never was so mellifluous
a witt joynet to so pure a phrase, such comly gesture,
suche gentlemanlike behaviour.

Gullio. But stay! it's verie true good witts have badd
memories. I had almoste forgotten the cheife pointe. I
cal'd thee out for new year's day approcheth, and wheras
other gallants bestovve Jewells upon there mistrisses (as I
have done whilome) I now count it base to do as the
common people doe ; I will bestowe upon them the precious
stons of my witt, a diamonde of invention, that shall be
above all value and esteeme; therfore, sithens I am
employed in some weightie affayrs of the courte, I will have
thee, Ingenioso, to make them, and when thou hast done I
will peruse, pollish, and correcte them.

Ingenioso. My pen is youre bounden vassall to commande.
But what vayne woulde it please you to have them in ?

Gullio. Not in a vaine veine (prettie, i'faith!): make mee
them in two or three divers vayns, in Chaucer's, Gower's
and Spencer's and Mr. Shakspeare's. Marry, I thinke I
shall entertaine those verses which run like these;
Even as the sunn with purple coloured face
Had tane his laste leave on¹ the weeping morne, &c.
O sweet Mr. Shakspeare! I'll have his picture in my study
at the courte.

Ingenioso. (Take heed, my maisters! he'll kill you with
tediousness ere I can ridd him of the stage!)

Gullio. Come, let us in! I'll eate a bit of phesaunte, and

drincke a cupp of wine in my cellar, and straight to the courte I'll goe. A Countess and two lordes expect mee to day at dinner; they are my very honorable frendes ; I muste not disapointe them.

Act 4, Scene 1

Gullio. Stay, man! thou haste a very lecherous witt; what wordes are these ? Though thou comes somewhat neare my meaninge yet it doth not become my gentle witt to sett it downe soe plainlye Youe schollers are simple felowes, men that never came where ladies growe; I that have spent my life amonge them knowes best what becometh my pen and their ladies ears. Let mee heare Mr. Shakspear's veyne.

Ingenioso. Faire Venus, queene of beutie and of love,
Thy red doth stayne the blushing of the morne,
Thy snowie necke shameth the milkwhite dove,
Thy presence doth this naked worlde adorne;
Gazing on thee all other nymphes I scorne.
When ere thou dyest slowe shine that Satterday,
Beutie and grace muste sleepe with thee for aye!

Gullio. Noe more! I am one that can judge accordinge to the proverbe, *bovem ex unguibus*. Ey marry, Sir, these have some life in them! Let this duncified worlde esteeme of Spencer and Chaucer, I'll worshipp sweet Mr. Shakspeare, and to honoure him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my pillowe, as wee reade of one (I doe not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a kinge) slept with Homer under his bed's heade. Well, I'll bestowe a Frenche crowne in the faire writinge of them out, and then I'll instructe thee about the delivery of them. Meanwhile I'll have thee make an elegant description of my mistris ; liken the worst part of her to Cynthia; make also a familiar dialogue betwixt her and myselfe. I'll now in, and correct these verses.

Ingenioso. Why, who coulde endure this post put into a sattin sute, this haberdasher of lyes, this brachidochio, this ladyemunger, this meere rapier and dagger, this cringer, this foretopp, but a man that's ordayned to miserie! Well, madame Pecunia, one more for thy sake will I waite on this truncke, and with soothing him upp in time will leave him a greater foole than I founde him.