Two Noble Kinsmen
Jailer's 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. 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!
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety: I have made him know it.
I care not, I am desperate; 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 kissed me,
And that (me thinks) is not so well. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a patch of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me; By him, like a shadow,
Ile ever dwell; within this hour the hub-bub
Will be all o're the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for: farewell, Father;
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep your self. Now to him!