THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

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GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH

GLOSSARIAL NOTES,

AND

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1564. His family was above the vulgar rank. His father, John Shakespeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer of the corporation of Stratford. He was likewise a justice of the peace, and at one time a man of considerable property. This last, however, appears to have been lost by some means, in the latter part of his life. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden, of Wellington, in the county of Warwick, by whom he had a family of ten children.

Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and was educated, probably, at the free-school of Stratford; but from this he was soon removed, and placed in the office of some country attorney. The exact amount of his education has been long a subject of controversy. It is generally agreed, that he did not enjoy what is usually termed a literary education; but he certainly knew enough of Latin and French to introduce scraps of both in his plays, without blunder or impropriety.

When about eighteen years old, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself. His conduct soon after this marriage was not very correct. Being detected with a gang of deer-stealers, robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London.

He was twenty-two years of age when he arrived in London, and is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. Here his necessities obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant; who is appointed to give the performers notice to be ready, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. According to another account, far less probable, his first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

'Th' applause, delight, the wonder, of our stage.'

Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, but no character has been discovered in which he appeared especially advantageous than in that of the Ghost in Hamlet: and the best critics and inquirers into his life are of opinion, that he was not eminent as an actor. In tracing the chronology of his plays, it has been discovered, that Romeo and Juliet, and Richard II. and III., were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old. There is also some reason to think that he commenced a dramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, The First Part of Henry VI., in 1589.

His plays were not only popular but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain that he enjoyed the gracious favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage; the patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated some of his poems; and of King James, who wrote a very gracious letter to him with his own hand, probably in return for the compliment Shakspeare had paid to his majesty in the tragedy of Macbeth. It may be added, that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature, are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace, that Shakespeare was a man of humour, and a social companion; and probably excelled in that species of minor wit, not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted, has not been discovered; but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career, he acquired a property in the theatre, which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. The
latter part of his life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his Letters and Essays) stated to amount to 3000 pounds per annum, a sum equal to 1000 pounds in our days. But Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than 200 pounds per annum, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times; and it is supposed, that he might have derived 200 pounds annually from the theatre, while he continued to act.

He retired some years before his death to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and lord mayor of that of Henry VII. By his will bequeathed to his elder brother's son his manor of Clopton, &c., and his house by the name of the Great House in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq., and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser, who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to New Place, which the mansion-house afterwards erected, in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family. Here, in May 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane, visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton, who was a barrister, was knighted by George I. and died in the 80th year of his age, 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold New Place to the Rev. Mr. Gartrel, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor, and being opposed, he prevailingly declared that that house should never be assessed again: and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to visitors. That Shakespeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where New Place stood is now a garden.

During Shakespeare's abode in this house, he enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and here he is thought to have written the play of Twelfth Night. He died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year; and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

Judicio Pythii, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mareti, Olympus habet.

Perhaps we should read Sophoclem, instead of Socratem. Underneath are the following lines:

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, what envious death has plac'd
Within this monument: Shakespeare, with whom
Quick nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost: since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Obit a.m. Dni. 1616.
Æt. 52, die 23 April.

We have not any account of the malady which, at so very advanced age, closed the life and labours of this unrivalled and incomparable genius. The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, 'He was a handsome well-shaped man;' and adds, 'very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit.'

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1586, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died Nov. 1635, aged 60. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged 66. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nashe, esq. who died in 1647; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon in Northamptonshire, but died without issue by either husband. Judith, Shakespeare's youngest daughter, was married to Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died Feb. 1661-2, in her 77th year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakespeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. The traditional story of Shakespeare having been the father of Sir William Davenant, has been generally discredited.

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakespeare than of almost any writer who has been consider-

* The first regular attempt at a life of Shakespeare is prefixed to Mr. A. Chalmers's various edition, published in 1805, of which we have availed ourselves in the above Sketch.
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

ed as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying, than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries, and his immediate successors, have been equally silent; and if sought can hereafter be discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory, and illustrate his writings.

It is equally unfortunate, that we know as little of the progress of his writings, as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the last forty years, has been such as probably never was surpassed in the annals of literary investigation; yet so far are we from information of the conclusive or satisfactory kind, that even the order in which his plays were written rests principally on conjecture, and of some of the plays usually printed among his works, it is not yet determined whether he wrote the whole, or any part. We are, however, indebted to the labours of his commentators, not only for much light thrown upon his obscurities, but for a text purified from the gross blunders of preceding transcribers and editors; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that the text of the following volumes is that of the last corrected edition of Johnson and Steevens.
TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alono, king of Naples.
Sebastian, his brother.
Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, son to the king of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
Adriano, lords.
Francisco, a servant.
Caliban, a savage and simple slave.
Trinculo, a jester.
Stephano, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy spirit.
Iris.
Ceres.
Juno.
Nymphs.
Reapers.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

Scene, the sea, with a ship: afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a ship at sea. A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter a Skip-mast and a Boatswain.

Master.

BoatSWAIN.—
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to, yar, yar, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir.

[Exeunt.

Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail: tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alono. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these rovers for the name of King? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.
Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischief of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts. Out of our way, I say.
Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no dowering mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower: bring her to try with main course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you see? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?
Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!
Boats. Work you, then.
Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.
Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning: though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an untaunted wench.
Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

[Exeunt.

Enter Mariner, ost.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?
Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.
Seb. I am out of patience.
Ant. We are merely chested of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chapped rascal: 'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wind to glut him.
A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.—

(3) Incontinent. (4) Absolutely.
TEMPEST.

Act I.

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememberst aught, ere thou can'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st yet
Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since,
Miranda, twelve years since, thy father was
The duke of Milan, and a prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are you not my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A prince;—no worse issue.
Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heard thence;
But blessedly holp hideth.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the tears that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious—he whom, next myself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signatories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrap't in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trample for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not:
I pray thee, mark me.
Mira. O good sir, I do.
Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother,
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans' bound. He being thus forlorn,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—be he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative—Hence his ambition
Growing.—Dost hear?
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be:
Absolute Milan: me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties He thinks me now insacable: confederates
(To say he was for away) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his corset to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (ala, poor Milan!)
Take this ignoble stooping.
Mira.  O the heavens!
Pro.  Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.
Mira.  I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pro.  Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu of the premises,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine;
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, I the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence;
Me, and thy crying self.
Mira.  Alack, for pity!
I not remembrance how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hain;
That wrings mine eyes.
Pro.  Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business;
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira.  Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro.  Well demanded, wenches;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us abroad a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd;
Parched, suet, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively bad quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira.  Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro.  O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden ground'd; which rained in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira.  How came we ashore?
Pro.  By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
On his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira.  'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro.  Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira.  Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro.  Know thees far forth:—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescence
I find my zenith doteth depend upon
A most suspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou causst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.]
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.
Ari.  All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro.  Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari.  To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctely;
Then meet, and join; Jove's lightnings, the precursors
Of the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And night-out running were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yes, his dread trident shake.
Pro.  My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil?
Would not infect his reason?
Ari.  Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son Ferdinand,
With hair usurping (then like reeds, not hair,) Was the first man that leap'd; cried, Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.
Pro.  Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari.  Close by, my master.
Pro.  But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari.  Not a hair perish'd; On their sustaining garments not a blench,
But fresher than before: and, as thou best'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;

(6) The minutest article. (7) Bustle, tumult.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the island. Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(To have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of wo
Is common: every day, some sailor’s wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of wo: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr’ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o’er so.

Seb. Look, he’s winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain’d, that’s offer’d,
Comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolumore comes to him; indeed; you have
spoken truer than you proposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiser, or I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. ‘Fe, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I pr’ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adv. Though this island seem to be desert,——
Scén. II.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Anl. So, you've pay'd.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible. —
Seb. Yet,
Adr. Yet —
Anl. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-
levered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten coxes.
Anl. Or, as twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Anl. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How hush! and hasty the grass looks! how
green!
Anl. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.
Anl. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it (which is, indeed, al-
most beyond credit —)
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, bold, notwithstanding, their
freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than
stain'd with salt water.
Anl. If but one of his pockets could speak, would
it not say, He lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage
of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of
Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosp'er
well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never grace'd before with such a
paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Anl. Widow? a pox o' that! how came that
widow in? Widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said, widow Eneas too? —
good lord, how you take it!
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me
study of this: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
Gon. This Tunis, air, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage?
Gon. I assure you, Carthage.
Anl. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
Anl. What impossible matter will be made easy
next?
Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
Anl. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.
Gon. Ay?
Anl. Why, in good time.
Seb. Sir, we were talking, that our garments
seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at the
marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
Anl. And the rest of the'r came thither.
Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Anl. O, widow Dido! say, widow Dido.
Seb. Air, my doublist as fresh as the first
day I wore it. I mean, in a sort.
Anl. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

(1) Temperature. (2) Rank. (3) Shade of colour.

(4) Degree or quality. (5) The rack.
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all fison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle, whores and knaves.

Gos. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To enail the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gos. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Aion. P'rythee, no more: Thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gos. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gos. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given:

Seb. An it had not fallen fast long.

Gos. You are gentlemen of brave mottle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gos. No, I warrant you: I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.]

Aion. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldomvisitsorrow;when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Aion. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[Alono sleeps. East Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesseth them? Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I fear not Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent.

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more—

And yet, merkins, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Droop'd upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language: and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep; what is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st

Whilesthou art waking.

Thers'meaning in thy words.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Heraldic sloth instructs me.

Ant. O, If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Aion. P'rythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which threes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only.)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way; is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man I the moon's too slow,) till new-born chin-
Be rough and rauzable: she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast agena;
And, by that, destin'd to perform an act.
Whereas what's past is prelude only; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, Here shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this was death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Na-

ples, As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough' of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,

(1) Plenty.

(2) A bird of the jack-daw kind.
Scene II.

You did appoint your brother Prospero.

And look, how well my garments sit upon me; Much better than before: my brother’s servants Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Sed. But, for your conscience—

And, ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibbe, I would put it to my slipper; but I fear not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand to twist me and Milan, candid be they, And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon, If he were that which now he is; whom I, With this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed forever, while you do thus. To the perpetual wink for eyes’ might put This ancient mornet, this sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They’ll take suggestion, as a cat lapes milk; They’ll tell the clock to any business that We may bestow the hour.

Sed. Thy case, dear friend, shall be my precedent; as thou got’st Milan, I’li come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay’st; And I the king shall love thee.

And. Draw together: And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall on Gonzalo. O, but one word. [They converse apart.

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

And. My master thorough his art foresees the danger That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth, (For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo’s ear.

While you here do smearing lie, Open’d Conspiracy His time doth take: If of life you keep a care, Sheds off number, and beware: Awake! Awake!

And. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king! [They wake.

And. Why, how now, bo awa! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking? Gon. What’s the matter? Sed. While we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

And. I heard nothing.

And. O, twas a din to fright a monster’s ear; To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

And. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hum-ming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me: I shald you, sir, and cry’d; as mine eyes open’d, I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise, That’s verily: ’twas stand upon our guard; Or that we quit the place; let’s draw our weapons.

And. Lead off this ground; and let’s make further search

(1) Exeunt. (2) Any hint. (3) Make means.

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

And. Lead away.

And. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [Aside.

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island. Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cali. All the infections that the sun sucks up From bog, field, swards, on Prospero fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I need must curse. But they’ll not pinch, 

Fright me with unison shows, pitch me in the mire, Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark,

Out of my way, unless he bid them; but

For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometimes like a savage, and like a savage, And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and amongst Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,

Do him me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,

For bringing wood in slowly: I’ll fall fast;

Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here’s another bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing: the wind: you’d have seen, that same black cloud, that huge oak, looks like a foul bumber’d that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: you’d have seen, a thunderbolt, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All wounded with adders, who, with cloven tongues, 

Do him me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a-store—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man’s funeral: Well, here’s my comfort. [Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loo’d Hall, Nigel, and Mariner, and Marryer.

But none of us can agree

For she had a tongue with a tongue,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

(4) A black jack of leather, to hold beer

(5) The feet of a peasant.
She lov’d not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a sailor might scratch her where’er she diditch:

*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurry tune too: but here’s me comfort.

*Drinks.*

CAST. Do not torment me: O!  
STEV. What’s the matter? Have we devils here?  
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde?!  
HA! I have not ‘scap’d drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs;  
for it hath been said,  
As proper a man as ever went on four legs,  
cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again,  
while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

CAST. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs;  
who hath got, as I take it, an awe, where  
the devil should he learn our language? I will give  
him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can  
recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him,  
as I am a prince for any emperor that ever trod  
on neat’s-leather.

CAST. Do not torment me, pr’ythee;  
I’ll bring my wood home faster.

STEV. He’s in his fit now; and does not talk after  
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have  
ever drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove  
his hit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame,  
I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for  
the that hath him, and that soundly.

CAST. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt  
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEV. Come on your ways: open your mouth;  
here is that which will give language to you, cat;  
open your mouth: thus will shake your shaking,  
I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell  
what’s your friend: open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice: it should be—  
but he is drowned; and these are devils: O!  
defend me!—

STEV. Four legs, and two voices: a most delicate  
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well  
of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul  
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle  
will recover him, I will help his awe: come,—  
Anon! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano,—

STEV. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!  
mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave  
him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano, if thou best Stephano, touch  
me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:—be not  
afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEV. If thou best Trinculo, come forth: I’ll pull  
thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo’s legs,  
these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed:  
how canst thou be the sieve of this moon-calf?  
Can be vent Trinculos?  

TRIN. I took him to be kill’d with a thunder-storm,  
and art thou not drowned, Stephano?  
I hope now, thou art not drowned: Is the storm  
overthrown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf’s  
garb. Where is the fear of the storm: and art thou living,  
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans ‘scap’d!  
STEV. Pr’ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach  
is not constant.

CAST. These be fine things, an’ they be not spirits.  
That’s a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will knead to him.

STEV. How didst thou ‘scap? How canst thou  
hither? sweared by this bottle, how thou canst’t hither.

(1) India.  (2) Stool.  (3) Sea-gulls.

I escap’d upon a butt of sack, which the sailors  
he’d over-board, by this bottle! which I made of  
the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was  
cast a-shore.

CAST. I’ll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy  
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STEV. Here; swear then how thou escap’dst.  
TRIN. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can  
swim like a duck, I’ll be sworn.

STEV. Here, kiss the book: though thou canst swim  
like a duck, that art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEV. The whole butt man; my cellar is in a rock  
by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now,  
moon-calf? how does thine awe?

CAST. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEV. Out o’ the moon, I do assure thee: I was  
the man in the moon, when time was.

CAST. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;  
My mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

STEV. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will  
furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow  
monster:—I am afraid of him?—a very weak  
monster:—The man? the moon?—a most poor credulous  
monster,—well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

CAST. I’ll show thee every fertile inch o’ the island;  
And kiss thy foot: I pr’ythee, be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most pernicious and drunksea  
monster; when his god’s asleep, he’ll rob his bottle.

CAST. I’ll kiss thy foot: I’ll swear myself thy  
subject.

STEV. Come on then; down, and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-  
headed monster: a most scurry monster! I could  
find in my heart to beat him,—

STEV. Come, kiss.

TRIN. But that the poor monster’s in drink: an  
abominable monster!

CAST. I’ll show thee the best springs; I’ll pull  
these berries; I’ll fish for thee, and get thee wood  
enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I’ll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wonderous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster; to make a  
wrong of a poor drunkard.

CAST. I pr’ythee, let me bring thee where crabs  
grow;

And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset; I’ll bring thee  
To cluster lilies, and sometimes I’ll get thee  
Young sea-sea-mells, from the rock. Wilt thou go with  
me?

STEV. Pr’ythee now, lead the way, without any  
more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—

Here; bear my bottle: Fellow Trinculo, we’ll fill  
him up by and by again.

CAST. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.  
[Sings drunkenly.]

TRIN. A howling monster: a drunken monster.

CAST. No more dams I’ll make for fish;  
Nor fish in firing  
At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchers, nor seash dish;  
—I beat, I beat, Co—Coliban,  
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom: freedom,  
hey-day, freedom!

STEV. O brave monster! lead the away. [Exeunt.]
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell. Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; but
Their labour.

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousand of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
Baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours;
Most busy-ness, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance.

Mir. Also, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burst up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
I will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study: pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit easy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.

Fer. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefs, that I might set it in my prayers).
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your best! to say so,
Admir'd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world. Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women: never say
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did square with the noblest grace she ow'd; and
And put it to the fag: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mir. I do not know
Of my own sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen

(1) Command. (2) Own'd. (3) Whatesoever.
St. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swear, thou couldst recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

St. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

St. Moon-call; speak once in thy life, if thou heed a good moon-call.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou debauched fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a naturalist: They all do hate him, as rootedly as I: Burn his books; he has brave utensils (for so he calls them.) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is the beauty of his daughter; he himself calls her a nonpareil: I never saw woman, but only Sycorax my dam, and she; but she as far surpasseth Sycorax, As greatest does least.

St. Is it so brave alass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant. And bring thee forth brave brood.

St. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen: (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroy:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

St. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I bestee thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will be sec asleep: wilt thou destroy him then?

St. Ay, on mine honour.

Trin. This will I tell my master. Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch Thou taught me but while-are?

St. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Flo't'em, and shout 'em: and shout 'em, and

Flo't' em:

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a lute and pipe.

St. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

St. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take'st as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

St. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

St. No, monster, not I.

(3) Springs.

(4) Throat.
**Scene III.**

**TEMPEST.**

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
Where I shall have my music for nothing.

When Prospero is destroyed.
That shall be by and by: I shall see the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after, do our work.

Seb. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I
Could see this taboret: he lays it on.

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exit.

**SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.**

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin!', I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patient
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dazing of my spirits: sit down, and rest:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom we so lately found: and the sea mocks
Our fruitless search on land: Well, let him go.

And, I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Will we take thoroughly.

Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

I say, to-night: no more.

**Solomon and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible.**

Enter several strange Shapes, bringing
in a banquet; they dance about with gentle actions of sublation; and singing the songs,
&c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, since they
Are twelve.

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

Seb. A living grotte! and as I now shal believe,
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

And I will believe both:
What does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers never did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders

(Four, certes, these are people of the island.)

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Alon. I cannot too much muse;
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, express
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Alon. Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have

Stomachs—
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find
Each puffer-out on five for one, will bring us

Good warrant of

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy:
clap his wings upon the table, and with a
duant device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited seas
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[Seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.
And even with such like valor, men hang and

Drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bempock'd-at stab
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowie's that's in my plume; my fellows-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too many for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplian good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the seas, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incend'd the seas and shores, yes, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingerings perdition (worse than any death)
Can be at once) shall step by step amaze
You, and your ways; whose wrath to guard you
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow.

(4) Wonder.

(5) Down.
And a clear life ensuing.

His banishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and moves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this happy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction thou hast nothing bastard,
In what thou hast did to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my measurer ministers.
Their several kinds have done: my high charm work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their attractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.
[Exit Prospero from above.

Gen. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange state?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Metheught the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder;
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, provo'ed
The name of Prosper; it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the oree is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie muddied.
[Exit. Sch. But one lend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt Sch. and Ant. and Gen.

All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to a great time after,
Now 'gins to take the spirits.—I do beseech you
That you of supper joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell. Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too suavely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends: for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it half behind her.

Fer. Against an oracle.

Pro. Thus, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worth the thanks of thine own father: But
If thou dost break this virgin knot before
All sacred ceremonies may
With fall and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet sorpresa shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,

(1) Pure, blameless. (2) Alienation of mind.

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The garden of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now: the most sacred den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
Our wiser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel: my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Arr. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy measurer follows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rattle,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion: for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Ari. Ay, with a trink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so,
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and move:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive.

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire? the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perdy.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich less
Of wheat, yea, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy fruitful mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, thorn to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and liliad brumne,
Which spongy April at thy best betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom grows,
Whose shadow the dismission bachelor loves,
Being base-born; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marjore, stern, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen 'o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly again;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

(3) Sprinkling. (4) Surplus. (5) Command.
Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour’d messenger, that ne’er Dost disdain the wife of Jupiter; Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers Different honey-drops, refreshing showers; And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown My bosses’ acres, and my unshrubbed down, Rich scar’f to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen Summon’d me hither, to this short-grass’d green? Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate; And some donation freely to estate On the bless’d lovers.

Cer. me Tell me, heavenly bow, If Juno, or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? since they did plot The means, that dusky Dis’ my daughter got, Her and her blind boy’s scandal’d company I have forewarn’d. 

Iris. Of her society Be not afraid: I met her duty Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid Till Hymen’s torch be lighted: but in vain; Mars’ hot minion is return’d again; Her marish-head’d son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state, Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me To bless this twain, that they may prosper be, And honour’d in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth’s increase, and plenty; Barns, and garner’s never empty; Vines, with clustering bunches growing; Plants, with greedily bending bowing; Spring come to you, at the furthest, In the very end of harvest; Scarcity, and want, shall then you; Ceres’ blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold To think these spirits? 

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call’d to confer My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever; Be rare a wonder’d father, and a wife, Make this place Paradise.

[Junoo and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pro. Sweet now, silence; Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; (1) Woody. (2) Pinto. (3) Abundance. (4) Able to profess such wonders. (5) Vanished.

There’s something else to do: hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marred. 

Iris. You nymphs, call’d Naiads, of the wand’ring brooks, With your sedg’d crowns, and ever harmless looks, Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land Answer your summons; Juno does command: Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-born’d sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the farrow, and be merry; Make holy day: your eye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.

Enter certain Rospers, properly habited; they Join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; Towards the end whereof Prosperostarts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates, Against my life: the minute of their plot Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done;— avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father’s in some passion That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day, Saw I him touch’d with anger so distemper’d. Pro. You do look, my son, in a mow’d sort, As if you were dismay’d: be cheerful, sir: Our revels now are ended; these our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack below: We are such stuff As dreams are made of, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex’d; Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled. Be not disturb’d with my infirmity: If you be pleas’d, retire into my cell, And there repose; a turn or two I’ll walk, To still my beating mind.

Pro. [Aside.] We wish your peace. [Exeunt.

Pro. Come with a thought — I thank you:— Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; What’s thy pleasure? 

Pro. We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres, I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear’d, Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? 

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking; (6) A body of clouds in motion; but it is most probable that the author wrote thrack.
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I best my sword,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advance'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smell music; so I charg'd their ears.
That, call-like, they my bowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, prickling grass, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I the filthy mangled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.
Pro. This was well done, my bird: Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale, to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [Exit. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nature can never stick: on whom my paint, humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glittering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.
Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo; all set.
Cal. Pray, you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack'd with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—
Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
Cal. Prythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here, this is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this land
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For ay' thy foot-lidger.
Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!
Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
Trin. O ho, monster; we know what belongs to a tempest—O king Stephano!
Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.
Trin. Thy grace shall have it.
Cal. The drowsy done this fool! what do you mean,

To do thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.
Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and
prove a bald jerkin.
Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't
like your grace.
Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am
king of this country: Stole by line and level, is an
excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.
Trin. Monster, come, put some line upon your fingers,
and away with the rest.
Cal. I will have none on: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.
Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear
this away, where my hoghead of wine is; or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.
Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.
Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out.
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convolutions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the cell of Prospero. Enter
Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.—How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. When first I mis'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the limno-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and your, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, The good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

(6) Bird-line. (7) Leopard. (8) 'fends from bad weather.
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now behold them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Ari. Then, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their affections; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariell;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printing foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-poppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bates; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms: that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have been dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twist the green sea and the azur'd vault.
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stony oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bast'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spars pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth.

By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do.)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for; I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariell. after him, Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand hushed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brain:
Now useless, boit'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stop'd.---
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thing,
Fall fellow drops:---The charm dissolves space:
And as the morning stealus upon the night,
Those the darkness, to their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant furnes that mantle
Their clearer reason.---O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.---Most cruelly

(1) Thatch. (2) Fly, or tenderness of heart.

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act:---
Thou't pinch'd; for't now, Sebastian.---Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse; and nature; who, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),
Would here have kill'd, my king: I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art:---Their understanding
Begins to swell: and the approaching tido
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:---Ariell,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell: [Exit Ariell.

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan---quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
Proserpino.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a covert's bell I lie:
There I couch when oaks do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariell; I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There thou shalt find the mariners asleep
Under the hatchets; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariell.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amuse-
ment
Inhabitst here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Who's this thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted sprite to abuse me,
As late I have been, I know not: thy pulse
Bests, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(As if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:---But how should
Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measured, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some insubility of the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:---Welcome, my friends
all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[Aside to Seb. and Ant.
I here could pluck his highness' crown upon you,

(3) Whether.
Delivereth] To you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am well for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, portable?
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there; that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that cozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was wreck't forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
Landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Refitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir; this
Call's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the call opens, and discovers Fer-
dinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Pro. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wanton,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Pro. Though the seas threaten, they are appeased;
I have curst' them without cause.
Ferd. kneels to Alon. [Aside.]
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!

(1) Sorry. (2) Bearable.

Ari. and say how thou canst not here.
Mira. How many godly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?
Your el'dest acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hav'rd us,
And brought us thus together?
Ferd. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
Never before seen; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am here:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chald forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonsalio!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become king of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
[To Fer. and Mira.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy?

Gon. Bel't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallow's were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore;
 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news, is that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pro. My trickiest spirit! 

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen,
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you
hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

(3) In his senses. (4) Ready. (5) Clever, adroit.
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gleaning chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were weak'd; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capp'ring to eye her: On a truce, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping bither.

_Ari._ Wait well done? 
_Pro._ Bravely, my diligence. Thou {Aside.}

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this businesse more than nature
Was ever conduct'd: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

_Pro._ Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happen'd accidents; till then, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; {Aside.

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

_Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel._

_Ste._ Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
Coratio, bully-monster, Coratio!

_Trin._ If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a godly sight.
_Cal._ O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed! {Aside.}

_How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

_Seb._ Ha, ha:
What things are these, my lord Antonio?

_Pro._ Mark but the badges of these men, my lords.

_Ste._ Then say, if they be true?—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them

(1) Conductor. (2) Honest.

To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

_Cal._ I shall be pinch'd to death.

_Alon._ Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

_Seb._ He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

_Alon._ And Trinculio is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How canst thou in this pickle?

_Trin._ I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
You last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear by-blowing.

_Seb._ Why, how now, Stephano?

_Ste._ O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a

_Cal._ Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

_Seb._ And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

_Pro._ Go to; away!

_Alon._ Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

_Seb._ Or stole it, rather.

{Exit Cal. Ste. and Trin.

_Pro._ Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnities;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon._ I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

_Pro._ I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, suspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal feet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—

That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[Aside.] Please you

draw near.

{Exeunt.
EPISODE.

Spoken by Prospero.

No more charmers are all overthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceivers, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bonds,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my soles
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be releas'd by prayer;

(1) Applause: noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.

Which pierces so, that it assuages
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

It is observed of The Tempest, that its plan is regular; this the author of The Revival thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumult of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt; and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, father to Silvia.
Valentine, gentleman of Verona.
Proteus, gentleman of Verona.
Antonio, father to Proteus.
thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.
Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape.
Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.
Launce, servant to Proteus.
Panthino, servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Out-laws.

Julia, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
Silvia, the duke’s daughter, beloved by Valentine.
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, musicians.

Scene, Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona. Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus; Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits: Wot’t not, affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour’d love, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than living duly sagegar’d at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But, since thou lovest love still, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when I to love begin. 

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee, Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy besomman, Valentine. 


Pro. Upon some book I love, I’ll pray for thee. 

Val. That’s on some shallow story of deep love, How young Leander cross’d the Hellespont. 

Pro. That’s a deep story of a deeper love, For he was more than over shoes in love. 

Val. ’Tis true; for you are over boots in love, And yet you never swam the Hellespont. 

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. 

Val. No, I’ll not, for it boots thee not. 

Pro. What? 

Val. To be In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks, With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment’s mirth, With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps, a helpless gain; 

(1) A humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts, &c.

If lost, why then a grievous labour won; However, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit by folly vanquished. 

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool. 

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you’ll prove. 

Pro. ‘Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love. 

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you: And be that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks should not be chronic’d for wise. 

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells, so eating love Inhabits the finest wits of all. 

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn’d to folly; blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes. But wherefore waste I time to cajole thee, That art a votary to fond desire? 

Once more adieu: my father at the road Expects my coming, there to see me ship’’d. 

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine. 

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave. 

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters, Of thy success in love, and what news else Befideth here in absence of thy person. And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 

Pro. All happiness befall thee in Milan! 

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell! 

[Exit Valentine. 

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love. 

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more; I leave myself, my friends, and all for love. 

Then, Julia, thou hast metamorphos’d me; Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, War with good counsel, set the world at nought; Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought. 

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you; saw you my master? 

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act I.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the shepherd, in losing him. Pro. Indeed a shepherd doth very often stray, As if the shepherd were awhile away. Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep? Pro. I do. Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep. Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep. Speed. This proves me still a sheep. Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd. Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance. Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another. Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep. Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followst thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep. Speed. Such another proof will make me cry ban. Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia? Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour. Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of mutons. Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her. Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you. Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter. Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold. Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover. Pro. But what said she? did she nod? [Speed nods.]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy. Speed. You mistake, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I. Pro. And that set together, is—noddy. Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains. Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter. Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be vain to bear with you. Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me? Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains. Pro. Bewrath me, but you have a quick wit. Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse. Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she? Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered. Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she? Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her. Pro. Why? couldn't thou perceive so much from her? (1) A term for a courtesan. (2) A game at cards. (3) I'll beseech. (4) Given me a sixpence. (5) Talk. (6) Pass sentence.
Scene III.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Did you receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! I
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more foes than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminant.

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid?
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, Ay.
For be! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How chirlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I unto a raging, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor Forliorned Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia,—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith' so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were.

Jul. That you might kill your stomach2 on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

So gingerily?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set—
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

Jul. And maie the concord with too harsh a descant.3

There wanteth but a mean2 to fill your song.

Luc. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Jul. Indeed, I bid the base4 for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil5 with protestation!—[Tears the letter.
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie,
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be
best pleas'd.

Jul. Nay, would I were so angry'd with another letter. [Exit.


Luc. That you may ruminant.

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid?
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that
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To the sweet Julia,—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith' so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, wilt you please you go?

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A room in Antonio's house. Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what said talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,9
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to implore you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,

(1) A matchmaker. (2) Passion or obstinacy. (3) Serious. (4) Little consequence.

Which would be great impeachment! to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor needst thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man.
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall be practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall be known;
Even with the speediest execution
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consent!
O heavenly Julis!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May'st please your lordship, 'tis a word or two.

Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition! thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am prepotent.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
(1) Reproach. (2) Break the matter to him.
(3) Wonder. (4) Allowance.

Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Ant. and Paut.

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of
burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against thy love.
O, how this spring of love resembles
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accordeth thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.


Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bude you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I must ask.
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreak your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the patience; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandmother; to fast, like one that takes diet 2 to watch, like one that fears robbery; to speak puling, like a boggar at Hallowmas. 6 You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.
Val. Are all these things perceived in me?
Speed. They are all perceived without you.
Val. Without me? They cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in a urinal; that not an eye, that sees you,

(5) Under a regimen. (6) Allhallowmas.
Scene I.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly

done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much

pain.

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it—and yet I care not:—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[Aside.]  

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not

like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request:
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple!

My master sees to her; and she hath taught her
sitter,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should
write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning
with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was ruminating: 'tis you that have
the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a
figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you
write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the
jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: but did
you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and
there an end. [4

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.

For often you have writ to her; and she, in
modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again
reply,

(4) There's the conclusion.

(1) Whipped. (2) A puppet-show.
(3) Like a scholar.
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover, herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the camelion, love, can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: 0, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[Exeunt.


Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slings me in the day,Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul miscarriage
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

[Exeunt.

Pam. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A street. Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind! Of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wilt herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the poorer sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this stuff is my sister: for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—hast thou, this dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so.
Uuid. You have said, sir.

Thou. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire:
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare livories, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman.
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have converse'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,) he is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Behold me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been
to see him.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I'll send him hither, you presently. [Exit Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

(1) I'll betide. (2) Incite.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath entranch'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant.

Duke. Come, Sir Thurio, Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

Sil. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for consuming love;
Whose high imprecisos thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter facts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath caus'd sleep from my entwined eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sear.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
Nor, to his service, so much joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your loves in your eye:

E
Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The same. A street. Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not myself, sweet youth; for I
am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man
is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never wel-
come to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and
the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-
house with you presently; where for one shot of
five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam
Julia.

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they
perted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall she marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as white as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the master with
them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with
him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee
not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst
not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll
but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all
one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he
say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say no-
thing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from
me, but by a parable.

Speed. Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce,
how say'st thou, that my master is become a note-
able lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him
to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest
me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant
thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot
lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he
burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the
ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Jew, a Jesu, and
not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in
thee, as to go to the ale-house with a Christian:
Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exit.
SCENE VII.—The same. An apartment in the palace. Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn; To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn; And even that power, which gave me first my oath, Provokes me to this threefold perjury. Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear: O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sin’d, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it. At first I did adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celestial sun. Unheedful vows may becloudly be broken; And he heeds what, that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.— Fie, fie, unrevengered tongue! to call her bad, Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer’d With twenty thousand soul-conforming oaths. I cannot leave to love, and yet I do; But there I leave to love, where I should love. Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose: If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; If I lose them, thus find I by their loss, For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia. To myself am dearer than a friend; For love is still more precious in itself; And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair! Shows Julia but a savorily Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive, Remembering that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I’ll hold an enemy. Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now prove constant to myself, Without some treachery used to Valentine.— This night he means with a corded ladder To clumb celestial Silvia’s chamber-window; Myself in counsel, his competitor. Now presently I’ll give her father notice Of their disguising, and pretended flight; Who, all ensn’d, will banish Valentine; For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter: But, Valentine being gone, I’ll quickly cross, By some stratagem, blunt Thurio’s dastard proceeding. Dian, send me wings to make my purpose swift, As thou hast lent me to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Verona. A room in Julia’s house. Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me! And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,— What art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly character’d and engrav’d,— To lesson me: and tell me some good mean, How, with my honour, I may undertake A journey to my true Proteus. Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long. Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary To measure kingdoms with his featless steps; Much less shall she, that hath love’s wings to fly, And when the flight of love I lose so dear, Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus. Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return. Jul. O, know’st thou not, his looks are my soul’s food? Pity the death that I have pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inny touch of love, Thou wouldst be as soon go kindle fire with snow, As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Jul. The more thou damnest it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmurs glides,
Thou know’st, being stopp’d, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell’d stones,
Giving a gentle love to every sedge
He o’erstrakes in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks be strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a postime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I’ll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds As may be seem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No; girl; I’ll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breaches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?

Why, even that fashion thou best lik’st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour’d.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now’s not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov’st me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so untaited a journey?

Luc. I fear me, it will make me scandal’d.

Jul. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who’s displeas’d, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truest stars did govern Proteus’ birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov’st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth.

(1) Tempting. (2) Confederate. (3) Intended.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT III.


Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about.—

[Exit Thurio.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, My duty pricks me, and may I utter so Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, This knight intends to steal away your daughter; Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know, you have determined to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stolen away from you, It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows, which would press you down, Being unprovided, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care; Which to requisite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen, Happly, when they have judged me fast asleep; And oftentimes have purposed to forbid Sir Valentine her company, and my court: But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err, And so, unworthily, disgrace the man (A rashness that I ever yet have shunned.)

I gave him gentle looks; whereby to find That which myself hast now disclosed to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean.

How be her chamber-window will ascend, And with a corded ladder fetch her down; For which the youthful lover now is gone, And this way comes he with it presently; Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. But, good my lord, do it so cunningly, That my discovery be not aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence. Take a note of what I stand in need of; That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit.

(1) Longed for. (2) Guessed. (3) Tempted.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast? Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs, That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. "Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter: Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is pearish, sullen, forward, Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; Neither regarding that she is my child, Nor fearing me as if I were her father; And, what I think, this pride of hers Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of mine age Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty, I now am full resolved to take a wife, And turn her out to who will take her in: Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower; For me and my possessions she estoons not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy, And nought estoons my aged eloquence: Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor (For long ago I have forgot to court: Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;) How, and which way, I may bestow myself, To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words; Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorches what best contains her. Send her another; never give her o'er; For scorn at first makes after-love the more. If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you, But rather to begot more love in you: If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone; For why, the fools are mad, if left alone. Take no repulsion, whatever she doth say; For, get you gone, she doth not mean, says: Platter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces; Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends Unto a youthful gentleman of worth; And kept severely from resort of men, That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe.

(4) Guessed. (5) Design.
Scene I.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself; And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her, Is self from self; a deadly banishment! What light is light, if Silvia be not seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless it be to think that she is by, And feed upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, There is no day for me to look upon: She is my essence; and I leave to be, If I be not by her fair influence Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death; But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-bo! so-bo!

Pro. What seesst thou?

Laun. Him we go to find; there's not a hair On' s head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Canst not speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hast poisea'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hast she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—

What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are banish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that's the news;

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this wo already,

And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Dost Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay: and she hath offer'd to the doom (Which, unrever'sd, stands in effectual force) A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's church, when she tender'd; With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for wo: But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

(End of Part I.)
Two Gentlemen of Verona

Besides, her intercession shall him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prayer he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless doleur.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's stuff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against disapproving thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Read not thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my
boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.


Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

Launt. I am but a fool, look you; and yet have
the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave:
but that's all one, if he be but one knave.
He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I
am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck
that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a
woman: but that woman, I will not tell myself;
and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for
she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her
master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath
more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is
much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log
[pulling out a paper] of her conditions. Imprimis,
She can fetch and carry. Why, a horse can do
no more; say, a horse cannot fetch, but only
carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item,
She can milk: look you, a sweet virtus in a maid
with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news
with your mastership?

Launt. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the
word: what news then in your paper?

Launt. The blackest news that ever thou
heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launt. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launt. Pie on thee, jot-head; thou canst not
read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launt. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot
thee?
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launt. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launt. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy
speed!

Speed. Item, She bears good ale.

Launt. And thereof comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you bear good ale.

Speed. Item, She can give.

Launt. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, She can knit.

Launt. What need a man care for a stock with
a wrench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, She can wench and score.

Launt. A special virtue; for then she need not
be washed and scored.

Speed. Item, She can spin.

Launt. Then may I set the world on wheels,
when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, She hath many nameless virtues.

Launt. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues;
that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launt. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, She is not to be kiss'd fastening, in
respect of her breath.

Launt. Well, that fault may be mended with a
breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.

Launt. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

Launt. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in
her talk.

Speed. Item, She is slow in words.

Launt. O villain, that set this down among her
vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only
turn: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her
chief virtue.

Speed. Item, She is proud.

Launt. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,
and cannot be taken from her.

Speed. Item, She hath no teeth.

Launt. I care not for that neither, because I love
crudes.

Speed. Item, She is curt.

Launt. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to
bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praise her liquor.

Launt. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she
will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, She is too liberal.

Launt. Of her tongue she cannot: for that's writ
down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for
that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may;
and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit, and
more faults than hairs, and more wealth than
faults.

Launt. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine,
and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article:
rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit,—

Launt. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll
prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and
therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that
covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater
hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.—

Launt. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Launt. Why, that word makes the faults gra-

(3) Licentious in language.
SCENE II.—The same. A room in the Duke's palace. Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you.

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath depair'd me most,
For from my company, and with me, that I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissipates to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert),

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I proved loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes him against my will.

Pro. She grieves, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persists so.

What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

The office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his discourse,
She shall not long continue love to him.

Thu. How, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:

Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth despise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind:

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolve and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires,
With waifful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was string with poet's silver;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stone,
Like tigers tame, and huge leviathans.

Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will waken such sweet complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently;

Seek some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sound, that will serve the turn,
To give the asset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Thu. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A forest, near Mantua. Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Valentine. What is your news?

Pro. I have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it.

[1 Graceful. 2 Out. 3 Bird-like. 4 Mournful eulogy. 5 Choose out.

Pro. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Duke. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

This is an office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. 

Act IV.

If not, we'll make you sit, and ride you.
Said Sir, we are undone! these are the villains.
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—
1. Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2. Out. Peace; we'll hear him.
3. Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habitments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1. Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3. Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stood,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. Out. What, was you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manifestly in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1. Out. Why me'er repent it, if it were done so:
But was you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3. Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow was a king for our wild faction.
1. Out. We'll have him: sirs, a word.
Said Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3. Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth.
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1. Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,) And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—
2. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3. Out. What say'th you? wilt thou be of our confeder?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be rent by thee,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Scene III.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

 jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

 Host. Why, my pretty youth?

 jul. He plays false, father.

 Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

 jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heartstrings.

 Host. You have a quick ear.

 jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

 Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

 jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

 Host. Hark! what a fine change is in the music!

 jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

 Host. You would have them all play but one thing?

 jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

 But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

 Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loves her out of all sick.

 jul. Where is Launce?

 Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

 jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

 Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels. Thou. Where meet we?

 Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

 Thu. Farewell.

 [Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

 Silvia appears above, at her window.

 Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

 Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

 Who is that, that spake?

 Pro. One lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

 Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

 Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

 Sil. What is your will?

 Pro. That I may compass yours.

 Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,— That presently you hie you home to bed.

 jul. Thou, wife, perjur'd, false, disloyal man! I think't these, I am so shallow, so conceited, To be seduced by thy flattery, That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

 Bost, return, return, and make thy love amends.

 For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear, I am so far from granting thy request, That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

 And by and by intend to chide myself,

 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

 Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; But she is dead.

 jul. Twere false, if I should speak it.

 For, I am sure, she is not buried.

 Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, I am betroth'd: And art thou not saham'd To wrong him with thy importunity?

 Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

 Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave, Assure thyself, my love is buried.

 Pro. Sweet lady, let me make it from the earth.

 Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's hence; Or, at the least, in her sepulchre shine.

 jul. He heard not that.

 Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obturate, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber; To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep: For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow I will make true love.

 Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it, And make it but a shadow, as I am. [Aside.

 Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehood shall become you well To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it: And so good rest.

 Pro. As u wretches have o'er-night, That wait for execution in the morn. [Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.

 Jul. Host, will you go?

 Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

 Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

 Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think tis almost day.

 Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

 [Exeunt.

 SCENE III.—The same. Enter Eglamour.

 Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind: There's some great matter she'd employ me in,— Madam, madam!

 Silvia appears above, at her window.

 Sil. Who calls?

 Egl. Your servant, and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command. Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

 Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose,

 I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

 Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman (Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,) Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine; Nor how my father would enforce me marry False Thurio, whom my pure soul abhorre.' Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say, No grief did ever come so near your heart, As when thy lady and thy true love died,

 (1) Beyond all reckoning.
 (2) Holy dame, blessed lady.

 (3) Injunction, command.
 (4) Pithful.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act IV.

Upon whose grave thou row'st pure chastity.
Sir Egimaur, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company.
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Egimaur,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances:
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Reck'ning as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befell thee.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Egimaur.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Enter Launce, with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely: Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a fool thing, when a cur cannot keep's himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to talk upon the matter of that I did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one;

What cur is this? says another;

Whip him out, says the third; Hang him up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: Friend, quoth I, you mean to

whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. Do you the more wrong, quoth I: brains I did the thing you need of. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me have up my leg, and make water against a gentleman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please:—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, thou wondrous peasant?

Jul. To Launce.

Where have you been these two days looking?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she, to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;
And tells you, curish thanks is good enough for
such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen
from me by the hawgman's boys in the market-
place: and then I offered her mine own: who is a
dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift
the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or never return again unto my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'at thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowens;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

[Exeunt Proteus and Julia.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her
token:

She's dead, belike.

[Enter Launce.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas! Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as
well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas.

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter:—that's her chamber. Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, he home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exeunt Proteus and Julia.

Jul. How many women would do such a mes-
age?

Also, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! Why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.

(1) Caring. (2) Restrain. (3) In the end.
Scene 1, Ⅱ.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. 43

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refuse'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraise'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him: but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

SIL. What would you with her, if that I be she?

JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SIL. From whom?

JUL. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

SIL. O!—He sends you for a picture?

JUL. Ay, madam.

SIL. Ursula, bring my picture there. [Picture brought.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
Our Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

JUL. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvisedly
Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

SIL. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SIL. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JUL. She thanks you.

SIL. What say'st thou?

JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

SIL. Doest thou know her?

JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

SIL. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

JUL. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

SIL. Is she not passing fair?

JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And these her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath star'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

SIL. How tall was she?

JUL. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good tear.
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus's perjury, and unjust fight;
Which so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If in thought felt not her very sorrow?
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. [Exit Silvia.

JUL. And she shall thank you for't, if ever you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects her mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is rubinen, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd penwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respectful in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kneel'd, bow'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That 'st me so; or else, by love I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An abbey. Enter Eglamour.

EGL. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now, it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

SIL. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Oust at the portal by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

EGL. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. An apartment in the Duke's palace. Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

TH. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

(1) Head-dress. (4) Respectable. (5) Sera.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

[Aside.

Thu. What says she to my valor?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardly.

[Aside.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an one should own them. [Aside.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?  
Which of you saw sir Eglaemour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglaemour is in her company.  
'Tis true; for friar Lawrence met them both,  
As he in pensance wander'd through the forest:  
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:  
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently; and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:  
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exeunt.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peerish girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her:  
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglaemour,  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exeunt.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,  
Than lusts of Eglaemour that goes with her. [Exeunt.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,  
Than lusts for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest. Enter Silvia, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;

(1) Own. (2) Foolish. (3) Careless.

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,  
But Moyces, and Valerius, follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,  
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;  
The thickest beest, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:  
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman wantonly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.  
Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—  
What hallowing, and what stir, is this to-day?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:  
They love me well; yet I have much to do,  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
 Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[Steps aside.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you  
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)  
To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
That would for'd your honour and your love.  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [Aside.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!  
Pro. Unhappy, were you, madam, ere I came;  
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.  
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [Aside.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;  
And all as much (for more there cannot be,)  
I do detest false perjured Proteus:  
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

(4) Sing. (5) Reward.
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd;
When women cannot love where they're below'd,

Sld. When Proteus cannot love where he's below'd.

Read o'er Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hast'd two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none;
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeist to thy true friend?

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?
Sld. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sld. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Raftarian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time, most cruel!
'Woust all foes, that friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As 'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
In nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
Restor'd since the Eternal's wrath is appeas'd.—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [Faints.

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.

Pro. How? let me see:

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistake;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.

Pro. But, how came'rt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

(1) Felt, experienced.  (2) Direction.

(3) An allusion to cleaving the pin in archery.

(4) Length of my sword.  (5) Interest.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave sim'ly to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleat the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest trainment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins.
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say: It is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch!—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not;
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base-born thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, here before all former gries,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Send a new state in thy unival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deny'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endowed with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou knowest their deserts.
With triumph, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Come, let us go; we will include all jaws.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[Exeunt.]

(1) Masks, revels.  (2) Conclude.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture: and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook; sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakespeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except Titus Andronicus; and it will be found more credible, that Shakespeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

JOHNSON.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Ford.
Mr. Page.
William Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page.
Mr. Hugh Evans, a Welsh person.
Dr. Caius, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, 
Fistol, 
Nym, 
followers of Falstaff.

Robin, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, her daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shallow.

Sir Hugh, persuaded me not: I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and custodes urbium. 

Slender. Ay, and ratolivem too; and a gentleman born, master pares; who writes himself armiger; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armiger.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors, gone before him, have done's; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white laces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lace is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slender. May quarter, cot?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'rs-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disapparations unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my behovement, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.


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der; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—how doth good mistress Page, and you always with my heart, I, with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you;—by yeas and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slen-

Slen. How does your fellow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Shal. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not:—tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? He is good, and fair;—is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Esa. It is spoke as a christian ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; it is not that so, master Page: he hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—

Robert Shallow, esquire, esquire, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistoll.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this;—that is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel:—you'll be laugh'd at.

Esa. Pausa serios, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage.—Slen'der, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your coney-catching

mascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistoll. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese! 

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pausca, pausca, slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Esa. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand:—there is three unripen in this matter, as I

(1) Cotswold in Gloucestershire.

(2) Wort was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind.

(3) Scapare.

(4) Nothing but paring.

(5) The name of an ugly spirit.

understand: that is, master Page, fidelicet, master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to bear it, and end it between them.

Esa. Fery good: I will make a brief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistoll, 

Pist. He bears with ears.

Esa. The devil and his damn! what phrase is this, His bears with ear? Why, it is affections.

Fal. Pistoll, did you pick master Slen'der's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these glasses, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again els,) of seven groats in mill-stapaces, and two Edward shovell-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yeald Miller, by these glasses.

Fal. Is this true, Pistoll?

Esa. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latter bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labour here.

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these glasses, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, marry trep, with you, if you run the 

outburst, humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hie, then he is in the d' face had it:—for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an as.

Fal. What say you, Scarlett and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Esa. It is his five senses: 'se, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fat, sir was, as they say, cashier'd: and so conclusions pass'd the careness.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick:—

If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knives.

Esa. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentle-

men; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[Exeunt Page.

Nym. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met:—by your leave, good mistress.

[ kissing her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[ Exeunt all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

(7) King Edward's shillings, used in the game of shuttle-board.

(8) Blade as thin as a lath.

(9) Tum.

(10) If you say I am a thief.

(11) Drink.

(12) The bounds of good behaviour.
Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not The Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sen. Book of Riddles: why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake, upon Allhallowsmas last, a forecastm alone Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, cos; come, cos; we stay for you. A word with you, cos: marry, this, cos: there is, as twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar of by sir Hugh here:—do you understand me?

Sen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Sen. So I do, sir.

Eeca. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Shal. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me: he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eeca. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eeca. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eeca. But can you affection the woman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Shal. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eeca. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dower, marry her?

Shal. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet cos; what I do, is to please you, cos: Can you love the maid?

Shal. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and disolutely.

Eeca. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the final is in the 'tort disolutely: the 'tort is, according to our meaning, resolvedly:—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Shal. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!—Anne. The dower is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eeca. O'd bless'd will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt Shal. and Sir H. Evans.

(1) An intended blander.
(2) Three not-so's, bouts or bits.

Anne. Will's please your worship to come in, sir?

Shal. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Shal. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Shal. Peace, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Shal. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venery of a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Shal. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—you are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Shal. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson's loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Shal. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and phe, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Shal. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Shal. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Shal. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Shal. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Eeca. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eeca. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'torn that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Ann Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner: there's puddings and cheese to come.

[Exeunt.

(3) The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

(4) Surpassed all expression.
SCENE III.—A room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rock? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keiser, and Pheasarr. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: let me see the froth, and line: I am at a word: follow. [Exit Host.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [Exit Bard.

Pist. O base Gongarian! wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceived? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his fishing was like an unskillful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour, is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal! oh; a heed for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sir, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Nym. My honest lords, I will tell you what I am about.

Nym. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she dances, she gives the bear of excitement: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am Sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyelids: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my purlsey belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course over my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheated to them both, and they shall be exchequer to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thon this letter to mistress Page; and then this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lacks, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucretia take all! Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour letter; I will keep the humour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, to Rob. bear you these letters tightsly:

Nym. Sail like my pinnae to these golden shores,— Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go; Trudge, plod, away, 'o' the hoof, seek shelter, jack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [Exit Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let vultures grip thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

Fal. And high and low begim the rich and poor:

Nym. Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Page. Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Will thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wir, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I;

Nym. I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dore will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch destit.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with pleas: I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A room in Dr. Caius's house. Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What! John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, (as, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a poon't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

(1) For Hungarian. (2) Fig. (3) Gold coin. (4) Exchequer, an officer in the Exchequer. (5) Cleaverly. (6) False dice. (7) Sixpence I'll have in pocket. (8) Instigate. (9) Jealousy. (10) Strike. (11) Foolish.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

S, Ay, forsooth.
Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a gleower's paring-knife?
S, No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Caine-coloured beard.
Quick. A softly-sprung man, is he not?
S, Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warreners.
Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strum his gait?
S, Yes, indeed, does he.
Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.
Quick. We shall all be shut: run in here, good young man: go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby!—John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well: that he comes not home:—and down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down.

[Enter Doctor Caius.]

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet a boxe, a box; a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.
Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he be not well: he had had the young man, he be would have been mad. [Aside.
Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe! ma fe, it fell fort foud. Je m'en vais a la cour.—a grand affaire.
Quick. Is it this, sir?
Caius. Onye; matte le me mon pocket; depecche, quickly!—Vera is dat knave Rugby?
Quick. What, John Rugby! John!
Rug. There, sir.
Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after any heel to do court.
Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.
Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! I have some simples in my closet, that I will not for the world I shall leave behind.
Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.
Caius. O diable, diable! wat is in my closet?—Vilainy! lerron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier.
Quick. Good master, be content.
Caius. Verfore shall I be content—
Quick. The young man is an honest man.
Caius. Wat shall de honest man do in my closet? there is no honest man dat shall come in my closet. I baseeech you, be not so leogmatice: he, he, the truth of it: he be came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.
Caius. Well.
S, Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—
Quick. Peace, I pray you.
Caius. Peace, I pray you.
Quick. To deser this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?—Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.
Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?
Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way: I praise heaven for it.
Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?
Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not you worship a wart above your eye?
Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?
Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith,
it is such another Nan:—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour’s talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid’s company:—But, indeed, she is given too much to alcibbicly and musing: but for you—Well, go to.

Ferd. Well, I shall see her to-day: hold, there’s money for thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, command me.

Quick. Will I? ‘Tis faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Ferd. Well, farewell! I am in great heat now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne’s mind as well as another does:—Out upon’t! what have I forgot? [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page’s house. Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [reads. Ask me no reason why I love you: for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there’s sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there’s more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, ’tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might,

For thee to fight,

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil’s name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I’ll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I’ll not believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. ‘Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What’s the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trife, woman; take the honour: what is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou hast!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst alter the article of thy Vanity.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men’s liking; and yet he would not swear; praised women’s modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproach to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more abide and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs.—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here’s the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more); and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I’ll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I’ll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I’ll never to sea again. Let’s be revenged on him: let’s appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-bated delay, till he hath paum’d his horses to misc host of the Garder.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any vil lainy against him, that may not sully the character of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he’s as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let’s consult together against this greedy knight: come hither. [They retire.

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

(4) Caution.
Scene I.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Page. Wee they his men?

Ford. Love my wife.

Fist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, Like sir Acteon be, with Ring-wood at thy heels:

Ford. What name, sir?

Fist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, sir corporal Nym.——

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [To Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong’d me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letters to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there’s the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. ’Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there’s the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth ’a! here’s a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a dawdling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cajohn, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. ’Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Ford. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?—

Ford. I am melancholy! I am not melancholy.—

Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You’ll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this palace knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; she’ll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Ford. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour’s talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quick.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me!

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Blasph’om, sir! I do not think the sight would afford it: but these that accuse him

(1) A dog that makes his game (2) A medley (3) Consider (4) A lying sharper

in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Wote they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him: and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it be on my head.

Ford. I do not mistrust my wife; but I would be bold to turn them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—

How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou’s a gentleman.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalio-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o’ the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What sayst thou, bully-rook?

Shal. Will you go, Page, go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the means of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the person is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what your sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I’ll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My sand, bully: thou shalt have egreess and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In those times you stand on distance, your passes, stoicabees, and I know not what: tis the heart, master Page; ’tis here, ’tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four talk’fellow skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife’s frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page’s house: and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into’t: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: I find he her, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, ‘tis labour well bestowed.]

[Exit Ford.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  Act II.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—I will rest the sun in equipo![1]

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have graced upon my good friends for three reprises for you and your coach-fellow; Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a gamin of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took it upon my honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hast thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about one, I am no gibbet for you — go. A short knife and a through;[2]—to your manor of Pickthatch, go. — You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! — you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfiable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurk; and yet you, rogue, will enchain[3] your regal, your cas-a-taw, your reticulated phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. Do I rellent; What wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.
Quick. Not so, not please your worship.
Fal. Good madam, then.
Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the sweare; What with me? 
Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?
Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee then the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways;—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, ou: Mistress Ford, you say,——
Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.
Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?
Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a warrant. Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Mistress Ford—come, mistress Ford.
Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a caravansy[4] as this wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a caravansy. Yet there has been a knight, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all munck[5]) and so recherching[6], I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligator terms; and in such wise and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty;—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been emirs, nay, which is more, penoners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven?

Fal. Ten and eleven?
Quick. Ay, farseith; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you saw of:—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very fram-pold[7] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven? Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—let me tell you in your ear, she's as farrago a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, Is: yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the extraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed!—But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it: for if there be a kind women in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page: no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case have a nay-word,[8] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to under-
Scene II.  

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  

Ford. Very well, sir; proceed.  
Fal. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.  
Fal. Well, sir.  
Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fe'd every slight occasion, that could but naggishly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatever I have in this Batch, other in my mind, or in my means, need I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:  
Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues:  
Pursuing that they flies, and flying what pursues.  
Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?  
Ford. Never.  
Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?  
Ford. Never.  
Fal. Of what quality was your love then?  
Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.  
Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?  
Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is a shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, is this Batch, of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.  
Fal. O, sir!  
Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.  
Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.  
Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwelleth securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her peer, her reputation, her marriage-row, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?  
Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.  

(4) In the greatest companies. (5) Approved. (6) Guard.
Ford. O good sir!
Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.
Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.
Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at that time, you shall know I speak.
Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?
Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittily knave hath masses of money: for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.
Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.
Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will save him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a motor o'er the cuckold's bosom: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold, come to me soon at night. [Exit.
Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman? my bed shall be abused, my coffers ravished, my reputation guawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoration of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amainon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fends: but cuckold! wit- tof cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aquavite bottle, or a thief to walk my amber-gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock this hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fare, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Windsor Park. Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!
Rug. Sir.
Caius. What is the clock, Jack?
Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

(1) Add to his title. (2) Contented cuckold.
(3) Usquebaugh. (4) Fence. (5) Terms in fencing.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul; bat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, that he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.
Rug. He is wise, sir: be knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.
Caius. By gar, de hertig is no dead, so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.
Caius. Villain a, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.
Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.
Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.
Page. Now, good master doctor!
Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?
Host. To see thee fight, to see thee join, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? has, bully! What say? my Escalopinus, my Galen? my heart of elder? is he dead, bully State? is he dead?
Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.
Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!
Caius. I pray you, bear witness that we have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.
Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?
Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.
Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itching to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.
Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.
Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shown yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.
Host. Pardon, guest justice.—A word, monsieur Muckwater?
Muck. Muck-vater! vat is dat?
Host. Muck-vater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.
Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.
Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.
Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends.
Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me: for, by gar, me will have it.
Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wrag.
Caius. Me tank you for dat.
Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, master
(6) Cant term for Spaniard.
(7) Drain of a dunghill.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A field near Frognmore. Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Ev. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physick? Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windor way, and every way but the town way.

Ev. I most felonously desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Ev. [Sings.]

To shallow rivers, to whom falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our pools of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
When we sat in Pabylon?
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Ev. He's welcome:

To shallow rivers, to whom falls

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapon is he?

Sim. No weapon, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frognmore, over the walls, this way.

111.

(Exit.)

Ev. Pray you, give me my gown; or that keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Skal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the diet, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slent. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Ev. 'Pears you from your mercy sake, all of you?

Shal. What! the sword and the world! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Ev. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Ev. Very well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Ev. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Ev. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mass of porridge.

Page. Why?

Ev. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knife besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted with.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slent. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Way, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Skal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let me speak a word vit your ear: Verily will you not meet me?

Ev. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John aye.

Ev. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stops to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knife's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Ev. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garder.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curser and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say: be mine host of the Garder.

Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machia-
vel? Shall I lose my doctor? no: he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my person? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of age, and deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a deslot of us? ha, ha!

Evans. This is well; he has made us his whooping-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends and let us knock our brains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurrvy, coggling companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his nooddles.—Pray you, follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Street in Windsor. Enter Mrs. Robin and Page. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether you rather, lend mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page; Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff!

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on his name. There is such a league between my good man and I!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He piece-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind,—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wires shall dance together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful Acconites, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there! I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you;—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nush-a quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry'd, he will carry'd; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry's.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport: I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well;—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's. [Exeunt Shallow and Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [Exeunt Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Exeunt Host.


All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Ford's house. Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the back-basket—


(5) Out of the common style. (6) Not rich.
Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames’ side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: be gone, and come when you are called.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-maketv? What news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I’ll be sworn: my master knows not of you here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he’ll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou’rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I’ll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mrs. Page, remember you your care.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it hiss me.

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Ford. Go to; we’ll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross outcry pumison;—we’ll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die; for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Ful. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I’ll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Ful. Let the court of France show me such another: I see how thine eyes would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched brow, that becomes the ship-ture, the tire-valiant, or say tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kinsman, sir John: my brow becomes nothing else; nor that well either.

Ful. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute curiour; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if for thine thy foes were not; nature is thy friend: come, thou cannot not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there’s no such thing in me.

Ful. What made me love thee? let that persue thee, there’s something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like many of these lazing hawthorn birds, that come like women in men’s apparel, and smell like Bucklerbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Ful. Thou might’st as well say, I love to walk by the Corner-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you: and you shall one day find it.

Ful. Keep in that mind; I’ll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here’s mistress Page at the door, sweating and blushing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Ful. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras. 

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she’s a very tattling woman.—[Falstaff hides himself.]

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What’s the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You’re ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What’s the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistaken in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what’s the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband’s coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[Aside.]—Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but ’tis most certain your husband’s coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your husband’s here at hand, letthunk you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to

(1) Bleachers of linen.
(2) A young small hawk.
(3) A puppet thrown at Lent, like shrove-cocks.
(4) Venetian fashions.
(5) Formerly chiefly inhabited by drogists.
(6) Prison. [Hide. (8) Tax payer.}
Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrioon, mistress quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Ford. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knife brugged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Ford. Ay, say, peace — You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Ay, say; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the cellars, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, no; I do; there is no bodies.

Page. Time, sir; master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would have not your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page; I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a woman, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well — I promised you a dinner: — Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. — Come, wife: — come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; I pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de tird.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the nasty knife, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lofty knife; to have his gibes and his mockery.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — A room in Page's house. Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth; and that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth; besides these, other bare he lays before me. — My note past, my wild societies; and tells me, 'tis a thing impossible: I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

(3) Dorse. (6)Using the fox. (8) What.
Scene IV.

Merri Wives of Windsor.

First. No, heavens so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wodd thee, Anne:
Yet, woe be thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humble suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my
kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt 'n's; said, 'tis but venturing.

Shel. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not
for that—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-fav'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Slen. She's coming; to her, cos. O boy, thou
hast a father.

Slen. It is a father, mistress Anne—my uncle
can tell you good jests of him—Pray you, uncle,
tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two
geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman
in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under
the degrees of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty
pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for
himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for
that good comfort. She calls you, cos: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Shel. What is your wish?

Slen. My will? od's heartings, that's a pretty
jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank
heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give
heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you
with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or
nothing have you: your father, and my uncle, have
made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy
man be his done? They can tell you how things go,
better than I can: you may ask your father; here
he comes.

[Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender.—Love him, daugh-
ter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

(1) A proverb—a shaft was a long arrow, and a
bolt a thick short one.

I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Page. Nay, master Fenton, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to
my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

First. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow: come, son Slender: in—:
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

First. Good mistress Page, for that I love your
daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond'
fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better
husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick 't the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: good
master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;—
'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

First. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.
Quick. This is my doing now:—Nay, said I, will
you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
Look on master Fenton —this is my doing.

First. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to
night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A
kind heart he hath: a woman would run through
fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I
would my master had mistress Anne; or I would
master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would
master Fenton had her, I will do what I can for
them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be
as good as my word; but speciously4 for master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John
Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am
I to slack't it!—

[Exit.

SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Inn. Enter
Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

[Exeunt Bardolph. Have I lived to be carried in a basket,
like a burrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown
into the Thames? Well, if I be served such an-
other trick, I'll have my brain tied out, and but-
ter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift.
The rogues slighted me into the river with as little
remorse4 as they would have drown'd a bitch's
blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may
know by my size, that I have a kind of acuteness in
sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should
down. I had been drowned, but that the shore-was
sheltry and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the
water swells a man; and what a thing should I

(2) Come poor or rich. (3) Let. (4) Specially. (5) Neglect. (6) Fitty.
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring them for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! We cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do. Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act, that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old but true, Still strive out all the draft.

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sir, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door: if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.
2 Serv. Pray heaven, he be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain.—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderer rascals! There's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I, too, sir.—Come hither, master Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous foot to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Well said, the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die his death.

Page. Here be no men.

Gang. (4) Surpales, to go beyond bounds.

(1) Short note of.
(2) Seriousness.
Scene III. IV.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

What. By my faith, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.
Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousy.
Ford. Well, be's not here I seek for.
Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.
Ford. Help to search my house this time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport: let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.¹ Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.
Mrs. Ford. What hox, mistress Page? come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.
Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?
Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brestford.
Ford. A witch, a quanen, an old covening quanen! Have I not forbidher her house: She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you bawbag; come down, I say.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; — good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.
Ford. Hang her, witch! Eva. By sea and so, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.
Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: we see the sport of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trawl, I never trust me when I open again.
Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [Ex. Page, Ford, Shal. and Eva.
Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully, methought.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most pitifully, methought.
Mrs. Ford. I'll have the cudgel halloowed, and hang'd at the altar; it hath done meritorious service.
Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?
Mrs. Ford. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in a simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.
Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?
Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor univirgous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the misers of his flesh.
Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.
Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garder Inn. Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.
Host. What duke should that be, who comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?
Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.
Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll cause them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll cause them: Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House. Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the worst discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.
Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?
Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.
Ford. Pardon me, wife: Hanceforth do what you will; I rather will expect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late a heretic, As firm as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; so more. Be not as extreme in submission, As in offence; But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! be, if he'll never come.
Eva. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously beaten, as an old 'oman, methinks, there should be tears in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.
Page. So think I too.
Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Both all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; — well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed old
Ridiculer'd, and did deliver to our age.
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne’s oak:
But what of this?
Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguise’d like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he’ll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we’ll dress
Like urchins, cuphea,1 and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused2 song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.
Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him soundly,
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We’ll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must be practised well to this, or they’ll never do.
Eeca. I will teach the children their behaviours;
And I will be like a jack-in-apes also, to burn
The knight with my taper.
Ford. That will be excellent. I’ll go buy them visards.
Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the faires,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That skil will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,3 [Aside.
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.
Ford. Nay, I’ll to him again in name of Brook:
He’ll tell me all his purpose: sure he’ll come.
Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us provisions.
And tricking for our fairies.
Eeca. Let us about it: It’s admirable pleasures,
And very honest knaveries.
Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.4 [Exit Page, Ford, and Evans.
[Exit Mrs. Ford.
I’ll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And hope but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money’d, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—A room in the Garden Inn. Enter Host and Simple.
Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what,

(6) Cunning woman, a fortune-teller. (7) Scholar-like.
as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slop... guardsman; among them, is the German devil; three more; Doctor Fantasmus.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villian: do not stay, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has costed all the heart in Christendom, of all the gold in Cobh, of horses and money. I tell you for a good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vulgur-stokes; and 'tis not convenient you should be costed; 'tis for your good.

[Exit.]

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Veris is mine Host de Javellier?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubts.

Caius. I cannot tell yat is dat; but it is telle-me, that you make great preparation for a duke de Farnham, by my troth, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to comme; I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[Fall.]

Host. Hee and cry, villian, go: assist me, knight; I am undone; fly, run, and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exeunt Host and Bardolph.

Fal. If I would, all the world might be costed; for I have been colonel's and beenet too. If it should come to the ear of the court, what I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudged, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with my blood, and they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were a crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at Princom. If, my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

[Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they be both restored! I have seen in the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudged, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with my blood, and they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were a crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at Princom. If, my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

[Exit.]

Act V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prating;—go.—I'll

[In the letter.]

(3) Fantastically.
hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers, away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nature, chance, or death. —Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and nance. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne’s oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook; that ever governed phrenzy. I will tell you. —He beat me grovelling, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver’s beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle, I am in haste: go along with me: I’ll tell you all master Brook. Since I plucked grece, played truant, and whirled top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I’ll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife to thee, in our band. —Follow. Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exit.]


Page. Come, come; we’ll couch i’ the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. —Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Shed. Ay, forsooth: I have spoke with her, and we have a say-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, mum; she cries, budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That’s good too: But what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. —It hath struck ten o’clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let’s away; follow me. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor. Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the damsel, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know not I have to do: Adieu. [Exit Caius.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor’s marrying my daughter: but ’tis no matter; better a little adventure, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne’s oak, with obscured lights; which, at

Scene V.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

You moon-shine revels, and shades of night,
You orange-juice of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Holofendun, make the fairy o-pas.

Pist. Elies, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimney, shall thou leap:
Where first thou find'st unmask'd, and heart's unsweet,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.

Our radiant queen hates sluts, and stutteries.

Pist. They are fairies; be, that speaks to them, shall die.

I'll wink and cough: No man their works must eye.

[Les down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Pete? — Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careessless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins.
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elises within and out;
Seek good luck, cupids, on every sacred room.

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order lock you sour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower.

Each fair installment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal bason, evermore be blest.

And nightly, moonlight-fairies look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, if you do not mak y pense, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white.

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight'shood's bending knee;

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Pist. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,
Let he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

Pist. They burn him with their taper.

Pist. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lacheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fit on sinful fantasy!
Fit on lust and luxury!

(1) Fellowship. (2) Whortleberry.

(3) The letters.

Last is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with vicecast desire,
Fen in heart; whose flames expire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshyne, be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctrine comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slinker another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenico comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford.

They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokels
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money which must be paid to master Brook; his horns are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Pist. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the poffery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies.

See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your devires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fair Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross over-reflecting as this! Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frizze? 'tis true I was chocked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Scence is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taint of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by

(4) Horns which Falstaff had.

(5) A fool's cap of Welch materials.
the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves
without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could
has made you our delight?
Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flux?
Mrs. Page. A puffed man?
Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable
entrails.
Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
Page. And as poor as Job?
Ford. And as wicked as his wife?
Eesa. And given to fornications, and to taverns,
and sack, and wine, and mead-begins, and to drink-
ings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and
prabbles?
Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start
of me; I am dejected: I am not able to answer
the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet
over me: use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor,
to one master Brook, that you have cosened of
money, to whom you should have been a pandar:
come and shave that you have suffered, I think, to
repay that money will be a biting affliction.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make
amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at
last.
Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a
posset to-night at my house; where I will desire
thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee:
Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.
Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page
be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.
[Aside.

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!
Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you
dispatched?
Slender. Dispatched. I'll make the best in Glouce-
tershire know on't; would I were hanged, is, else.
Page. Of what, son?
Slender. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress
Anne Page; and she's a great lubberly boy: If it
had not been for the church, I would have swunged
him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not
think it had been Anne Page, would I might never
stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.
Page. Upon the life then, you took the wrong.
Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so,
when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been mar-
rried to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I
would not have had him.
Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I
tell you, how you should know my daughter by her
garments?
Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd mean,
and she cry'd budget, as Anne and I had appointed;
and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.
Eesa. Jethro! Master Slender, cannot you see
but marry boys?
Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?
Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I know
of your purpose; turned my daughter into green;
and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the
deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am
(1) Confound her by your questions. (2) Avoid.
conseed; I ha' married ten gaygon, a boy; ten pa-
sam, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I
am cosseed.
Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?
Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll
raise all Windsor.
Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right
Anne?
Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes mas-
ter Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?
Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother
pardon!
Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went
not with master Slender?
Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doc-
tor, maid?
Ford. You do amaze her! Hear the truth of it.
You should have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or undutiful title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreverent cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon
her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you have taken a special
stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.
Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven
give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embraced.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are
chat'd.
Eesa. I will dance and eat plumbs at your wed-
ding.
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—
Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home;
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mrs. Ford.

[Exeunt.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr.
Rowe, that it was written at the command of
Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the
character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be dif-
fused through more plays; but suspecting that it
might pall by continued uniformity, directed the
poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in
love. No task is harder than that of writing to the
ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen,
if the story be true, seems not to have known, that
by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft,
the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff
must have suffered so much abatement, that little
of his former lust would have remained. Falstaff
could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

could only counterfeit love, and his professions could
be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of
money. Thus the poet approached as near as he
could to the work enjoined him; yet having per-
haps in the former plays completed his own idea,
seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his
former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and
number of the personages, who exhibit more char-
acters appropriated and discriminated, than per-
haps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakespeare was the first that produced
upon the English stage the effect of language dis-
torted and depraved by provincial or foreign pro-
nunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode

of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise
only on him who originally discovered it, for it re-
quires not much of either wit or judgment; its
success must be derived almost wholly from the
player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he
that despies it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the ac-
tion begins and ends often, before the conclusion,
and the different parts might change places with-
out inconvenience; but its general power, that
power by which all works of genius shall finally be
tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader
or spectator who did not think it too soon at the
end.

JOHNSON.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Osinio, duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.
A sea-captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, gentleman, attending on the duke.
Curio.
Sir Toby Betch, uncle of Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.
Fabian, servant to Olivia.
Clown, servant to Olivia.

Olivia, a rich countess.
Viola, in love with the duke.
Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, priests, sailors, officers, musicians, and other attendants.

Scene, a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die—
That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving refreshment.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receivest as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity1 and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That that alone is high fantasia.2
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
My thought, she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel bounds,
Ever since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,3
Shall not behold her face atائم view;
But, like a cloisteress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round,
With eye-steepling brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

(1) Value. (2) Fantastical to the height.

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections, with one self king)—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[Exeunt.}

SCENE II.—The sea-coast. Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother be he in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance,
may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereeto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him, Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Osinio.
Vio. Osinio! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

(3) Heated.

K
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  

Act I.

Cap.  And so is now,  
Or was so very late; for but a month  
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh  
In court (as you know, what great ones do,  
The less will prattle of) that he did seek  
The love of fair Olivia.  

Fio.  What's she?  

Cap.  A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,  
They say, the bash aljer'd the company  
And sight of men.  

Fio.  O, that I served that lady;  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is.  

Cap.  That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.  

Fio.  There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am; and be my sid  
For such disgrace as, haply, shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;  
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
Only shew thou thy silence to my wit.  

Cap.  Be ye his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.  

Fio.  I thank thee: lead me on.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Olivia's house.  

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Maria.  

Sir To.  What a plague means my niece, to take  
The death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's  
as enemy to life.  

Maria.  By troth, sir Toby, you must come in  
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great  
exceptions to your ill hours.  

Sir To.  Why, let her except before excepted.  

Maria.  Ay, but you must confine yourself within  
the modest limits of order.  

Sir To.  Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than  
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in,  
and so be these boots too; as they be not, let  
them hang themselves in their own straps.  

Maria.  That quaffing and drinking will undo you:  
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a  
foolish knight, that you brought in one night here,  
to be her wover.  

Sir To.  Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?  

Maria.  Ay, he.  

Sir To.  He's as tall a man as any in Illyria.  

Maria.  What's that to the purpose?  

Sir To.  Why, he has three thousand ducats a  
year.  

Maria.  Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these  
ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.  

Sir To.  Or, that you'll say so: he plays o' the  
viol-de-gamba, and speaks some of four languages  
word for word without book, and hath all the good  
gifts of nature.  

(1) Approve. (2) Stout. (3) Kestrel, a bastard hawk.
Scena IV. V.  
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  
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Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair?
Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?
Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.
Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn’t it not?
Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.
Sir And. ’Faith, I’ll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it’s four to one she’ll none of me: the count himself, here hasted by, wooed her.
Sir To. She’ll none of the count: she’ll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there’s life in’t, man.
Sir And. I’ll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o’ the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.
Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?
Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my master; and yet I will not compare with an old man.
Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to’t.
Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
Sir To. Whereas are these things bid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall’s picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a corouto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.1 What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.
Sir And. Ay, ’tis strong, and it does indifferently well in a flame-colored stock.2 Shall we set about some revels?
Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?
Sir And. Taurus! that’s sides and heart.
Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A room in Olivia’s house. Enter 
Maria and Clown.

Mav. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.
Mav. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mav. A good lesson answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.
Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?
Mav. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your folly.
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
Mav. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as being a hanging to you?
Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
Mav. You are resolute then?
Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.6
Mav. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.
Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve’s flesh as any in Illyria.
Mav. Peace, you rogue, no more o’ that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

(5) Short and sparse.
(6) Points were books which fastened the hose or breeches.
Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling: Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, meanest me to be a wise man; for what says Quinnap- 

lus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God 

bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you are a dry fool; I'll no more of 

you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good 

counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, 

then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest mend 

himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if 

he cannot, let the butcher mend him: any thing, 

that's mended, is but patched; virtue, that trans-

gress, is but patched with sin; and sin, that 

amends, is but patched with virtue: if that this 

simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what 

remedy? As there is no true cuckle but calaminity, 

so beauty's a flower—the lady bade take away 

the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Clo. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, 

Clo. Cacciatore, mon signor, facili monarchiam: that's as much as 

to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good 

madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Clo. Can you do it?

Oli. Dextero, good madonna.

Clo. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; good 

my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other illness, I'll 

bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for 

your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away 

the fool, gentleman.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth 

he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death 

shake him:-infinitness, that decays the wise, doth 

ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infinitness, for 

the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be 

sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his 

word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in 

such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the 

other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more 

brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his 

guard already: unless you laugh and minister oc-

casion to him, he is gaged. I protest, I take these 

wise men, that crowd at these set kind of fools, no 

better than the fools' taniers.²

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and 

taste with a disordered appetite. To be generous, 
gullible, and of free dispersion, is to take those 

things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bul-

lets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though 

he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known 
dissembler, man, though he speak nothing but repri-

vations.

Clo. Now Mercury endure face with leasing,⁴ for 
thou speakest well of fools!

(1) Italian, mistress, dame. (2) Fools' baubles.
(3) Short arrows. (4) Lying.
Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman. 

Mad. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorns; I am very résplendent, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will go with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Also, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates: and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no\footnote{Accountable.} overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to yours, great state, the greatest you may; to any other's, proclamation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereby. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present? is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Ladly, you are the cruellest of the alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventur'd; and every particle, and umber, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?'

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but uncompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With graces that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and saintly youth; In voices well divisible, free, learned and valiant. And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contented love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gospell of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

[Exit.]
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.  
Vi. I am no feed’st, lady: keep your purses;  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;  
And let your favours, like my master’s, be  
Plac’d in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.  
Oh! What is your parentage?  
Above my fortune, yet my state is well;  
I am a gentleman. I’ll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast—  
soft—soft!  
Unless the master were the man.—How now?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks, I feel this youth’s perfections,  
With an invisible and subtle stealth,  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—  
What, ho, Malvolio!—[Enter Malvolio.  
Mal. Here, madam, at your service.  
Add. Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county’s man: he left this ring behind him,  
Would I, or not: tell him, I’ll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter, with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I’ll give him reasons for’t. His thee, Malvolio.  
Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.  
Oh! I do know not what: and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fare, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;  
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.  

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The sea-coast. Enter Antonio and Sebastian.  
Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not,  
that I go with you:—  
Seb. By your patience, no; my stars shine darkly  
over me; the malignancy of my fate might,  
perhaps, distress me; therefore I shall crave  
of you my leaves, that I may bear my miseries alone:  
it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any  
of them on you.  
Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.  
Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is  
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so  
extinct a touch of modesty, that you will not extort  
from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore  
it changes me in manners the rather to express  
myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my  
name is Sebastian, which I called Rodrigo; my  
father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I  
know, you have heard of: he left behind him,  
myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the  
heavens had been pleased, we had had so  
ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour  
before you took me from the breach of the sea, was  
my sister drowned.  
Ant. Alas, the day!  
Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much  
resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful;  
but, though I am not, with such estimable wonder,  
overbear believe that, yet thus far I will  
boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could  
not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with  
salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance  
again with more.  
Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.  
Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.  
Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let  
me be your servant.  
Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,  
that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire  
it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of  
kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my  
mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine  
eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to that,  
count Orsino’s court: farewell. [Exit.  
Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
I have many enemies in Orsino’s court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there:  
But, come, what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.  

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Viola; Malvolio  
following.  
Mal. Were not you even now with the countess  
Olivia?  
Vi. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have  
since arrived but hither.  
Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might  
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away  
myself. She adds moreover, that you should put  
your lord into a desperate assurance she will none  
of him: and one thing more; that you be never  
so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless you be  
to report your lord’s taking of this. Receive it so.  
Vi. She took the ring of me; I’ll none of it.  
Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her;  
and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be  
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye for  
be it his that finds it. [Exit.  
Vi. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fate forbid, my outside have not charmed her!  
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,  
That, sure, what I thought, her eyes had lost her  
tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messanger.  
None of my lord’s ring! why, he sent her none.  
I am the man;—if it be so (as’tis),  
Poor lady, she was better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness.  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it, for the proper-false!  
In women’s waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;  
For, such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this! As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master’s love;  
As I am woman, now alas the day!  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.  

SCENE III.—A room in Olivia’s house. Enter  
Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Ague-chek.  
Sir T. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed  
after midnight, is to be up betimes; and unlike  
scorners, thou know’st.  
[Enter Dextra, ready sent.  
(4) Own, possess.  
(5) Reveal.
Scene III.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?—

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marie, I say!—a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, 'Faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?—

Sir To. Welcome, am. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, you want in very gracious feeling last night, when thou spokest of Pygmalionus, of the Vapans passing the equinocial of Quebubs; 'twas very good, 'Faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lesson; didst give it?—

Clo. I did impetously thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whisket: my lady has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming;
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty meeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'Faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present worth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure;
In delay there lies not plenty;
Then come kiss me sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, 'Faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we mouth the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. As you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

(1) Loggropheads be. (2) Voice. (3) Mistress.
(4) I did incontinent thy gratuity.
(5) Drink till the sky turns round.
(6) Romancer. (7) Name of an old song.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, These lines.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins,

Sir And. Good, 'Faith! Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.]

Enter Marie.—

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here!

If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catalan, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay; and Three merry men we be. Am not I consanguinous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! There dwell a man in Babylon, lady, lady! [Singing.]

Clo. Beawr me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December. [Singing.]

Mar. For the love of God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do not make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cutters' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up! 

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorder. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Let's even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Doest thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt it the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain! with crums—a stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prised my lady's favour at any thing more than contemn, you would

(8) Equivalent to filthy filthy, shilly shally.
(9) Cobbler.
(10) Hang yourself.
(11) Stewards anciently wore a chain.
not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall
know it by this bawd. [Exit.
Mar. Go shake your ears.
Sir And. Twere as good a deed as to drink
when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the
field; and then to break promise with him, and
make a fool of him.
Sir To. Don't, knight; I'll write thee a chal-
lenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by
word of mouth.
Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night;
since the youth of the count's was to-day with my
lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Mal-
volio, let me alone with him: if I do not pull him
into a maw-word, and make him a common recrea-
tion, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight
in my bed: I know I can do it.
Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us some-
thing of him.
Mar. marry, sir; sometimes he is a kind of Pa-
trian.
Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like
a dog.
Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquis-
tant reason, dear knight?
Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I
have reason good enough.
Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing
constantly but a time-pleaser; an aforesaid ass,
that can stain without book, and utters it by great
swarthis: the best persuaded of himself, so crum-
med, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his
ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him;
and on that vice in him will my revenge find nota-
cable cause to work.
Sir To. What wilt thou do?
Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epis-
tes of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard,
the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the ex-
presse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he
shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can
write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten
materie we can hardly make distinction of our hands.
Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.
Sir And. I haven't in my nose too.
Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou
wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that
she is in love with him.
Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that
colour.
Sir And. And your horse now would make him
sane.
Mar. Ass, I doubt not.
Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.
Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my
physic will work with him. I will plant you two,
and let the fool make a third, where he shall find
the letter; observe his construction of it. For this
night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.
[Exit.
Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. [Exit.
Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.
Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that
adores me: What o' that?
Sir And. I was adored once too.
Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need
send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a
fool way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast
her not 't the end, call me Curt.
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how
you will.
Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack,
'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come,
knight. [Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—A room in the Duke's palace.
Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.
Duke. Give me some music: Now, good mor-
row, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.
Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship,
that should sing it.
Duke. Who was it?
Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the
lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is
about the house.
Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[Exit Curio.—Exit.
Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Untamed and skittish in all motions else;
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is below.'—How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thread.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hast it not, boy? Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
Vio? Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman
take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and uniform,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!
Re-enter Curio, and Clown.
Duke. O follow, come, the song we had last
night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maidens, that weave their thread with
bones:—
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth;
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. [11]

(1) Method of life. (2) By-word. (3) Inform us.
(4) Affected. (5) The row of grass left by a mower.
(6) Amazon. (7) Horse. (8) Countenance.
(9) Lace maker. (10) Simple truth.
(11) Times of simplicity.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DUKE. And what's her history?

FIO. A blank, my lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud;
Feed on her damask cheek: she pit'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than words; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But did thy sister of her love, my boy?

FIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.

SCE.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no delay.

SCENE V.—Olivia's Garden. Enter Sir Toby, Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Would'st thou not be glad to have the snugly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, signior Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

MAR. Sir Toby. Here comes the little villain—How now, my nettle of India.

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemptible idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thou there; [thrusts down a letter] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Enter Malvolio.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY. Here's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jests under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be count Malvolio!—

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pisto! him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for't: the lady of the strathy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR AND. Fie on him, sir! exelion!

FAB. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him!
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Act II.

Mal. Having been three months married to her,

sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch-
ed velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,

where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state:

and a demure travel of regard,—telling them,

I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—
to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackle!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient

start, make out for him: I frown the while; and,

perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some

rich jewel. Toby approaches; court sees there tone:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with

cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching

my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow of

the lips then?

Mal. Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes having

cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of

speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the kinews of

our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasures of your

time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That’s me, I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humour in-

imate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, that is my lady’s hand: these

be her very C’s, her U’s, and her T’s: and thus

makes her great P’s: it is, in contempt of

question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C’s, her U’s, and her T’s: why

that?

Mal. [reads] To the unknown beloved, this, and

my good wishes: her very phrases! By your leave,

wax.—Soft! and the impression her Lucrece,

with which she uses to seal: ’tis my lady: To

whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads] Love knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move.
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers

altered!—No man must know: if this should be

thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock? Mal.

I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth make my life.

Fab. A famous trick to flatter.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

(1) State-chair. (2) Couch. (3) Badger. (4) Hawk. (5) Flies at it.

Mal. M. O. A. I, doth save my life.—Nay, but

first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison she has dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyed

chokes at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she

may command me; I serve her, she is my lady.

Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There

is no obstruction in this:—And, the end,—What

should that alphabetical position portend? if I

could make that resemble something in me,—

Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a

cold scent.

Fab. Sowtae will cry upon, for all this, though

it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins

my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the

cur is excellent at fault.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the

sequel; that suffers under probation: A should

follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I’ll cudgel him, and make him

evry O.

Mal. And then I comes behind;

Fab. Ay, as you bad an eye behind you, you

might see more detection at his heels, than fortun-

es before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I,—This simulation is not as the

former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would

bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my

name. Soft! here follows prose.—If this fall into

thy hand, rob thee. In my stars I am above thee;

but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born

great, some achieve greatness, and some have great-

ness thrust upon them. Thy faites open their

hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them.

And, to inveigh thyself to what thou art to be,

cast thy humble sough, and appear fresh. Be op-

posite with a kineman, surely with servants: let thy

tongue hang arguments of state; put thyself into

the trick of singularly: She thus advises thee,

that rights for thee. Remember who commended

thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee

cross-gartered: I say remember. Go to; thou art

made if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see

thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not

worthy to touch fortune’s fingers. Farewell. She

that would alter services with thee.

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this

is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors,

I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross ac-

quaintance, I will be point-de-cuir, the very man.

I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade

me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady

loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings

late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, the

very man. In this she manifests herself to my love, and,

with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits

of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I

will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cros-

sated, even with the swifness of putting on

Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a post-

script. Thou canst not choose but know who I am.

If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy

smilings: thy smiles become thee well; therefore

in my presence still smile, dear sweet, I pray thee.

Scene I.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I neither.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vite with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, make his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be too unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit! Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies on a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age! A sentence is but a cheverell glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton:

But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Truth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

(1) A boy's diversion three and tip.
(2) Dwellis. (3) Kid.

Fio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Fio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's foot?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pitchards are to herring, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Fio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Fio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one: though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Fio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus, of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar, Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir: I construe to thee thence who you come: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Fio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; and, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: he must observe their mood on whom he jests, the quality of persons, and the time; and, like the haggard, check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice, as full of labour as a wise man's art: for folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; but wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.


Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Fio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain colours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Reds, colours! well.

(4) See the play of Troilus and Cressida.
(5) A hawk not well trained. (6) Bound, unkit.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Act III.

A murdrous Guam shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not exert thy reason from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thus with reason better:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

To. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st
move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's house. Enter
Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and
Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she before-tow'd upon me; I saw't in the orchard.

To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass of me?
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men,
since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accounted her; and with some excellent jest, fire-new from the mint, you should have bongh'd the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with
valour; for policy I hate, I had as lief be a
Brownist, as a politician.

To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him: hurt him in twelve places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a mortal hand: be
curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be

(5) Separatists in queen Elizabeth's reign.

(6) Crabb'd.
Some III, IV. TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of istic: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall be as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy istic: though thou writest with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubicula. Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fob. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby. Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong or so.

Fob. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then: and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot have them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fob. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his veins no great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: you'll gall Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously: like a pedant that keeps a school in the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer: he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurting things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A street. Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; but since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spurn me forth;

And not all love to see you (though so much,

As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),

But jealousy what might befall your travel,

Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Un-guided, and unfriend, often prove

Rough and unhostile: my willing love

To this by these arguments of fear,

Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks,

And thanks, and ever thanks: often good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncertain pay:

But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,

You should find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall we go on the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

(1) In Hertfordshire, which held forty persons.
(2) Room.
(3) Waggon ropes.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes.

With the memorials, and the things of fame,

That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets:

Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleyes,

I did some service; of such note, indeed,

That, were I taken here, it would scarce be

answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,

Might well have given us bloody argument.

It might have since been answer'd in paying

What we took from them; which, for traffic sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out:

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,

I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,

While you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for

An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—— I do remember.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden. Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or

borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil;

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;

But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. He's mad, madam.

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship

Were best have guard about you, if he come;

For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.——I'm as mad as be,

If sad and merry madness equal be.——

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho! [Smiles fantastickly.

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady, I could be sad: this does make

some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering:

but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is

with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one and

please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter

with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in

my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand:

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—"Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha!—

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings:—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wist thee see thee cross-gartered.

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness!

Enter Servant.

Sir. Madam, the young gentleman of the countess is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [Exit. Olivia and Mar.] 

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast the humble slough, says she: be opposite with a kinman, surly with a servant; with tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity:—and, consequently, puts down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some air of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, Let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, the thing adheres together; that no drum of a snare, no scrap of a snare, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? I'll deevil 'em in hell be drawn in little, and Leg-ion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How's't with you, sir? how's't with you, man?

(1) Hot weather madness.
(2) Caught her as a bird with birdlime.
(3) Companion.
Scene IV.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in thy sight the uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, and is not the matter I challenge thee for.
Flo. Very brief, and exceeding good sense.
Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——
Flo. Good.
Sir To. Thou killst me like a rogue and a villain.
Flo. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
Good.
Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usedst him; and thy sworn enemy.
Andrew Ague-cheek.
Sir To. If this letter moves him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bun-bailliff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply measured, will give destruction; and a poor man may be more provoked than ever proof itself would have earned him.
Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me stone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpope. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will gladly receive it;) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Pol. Here he comes with your niece; give them way; till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exit Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stones, And laid mine honour too unchary out; There's something in me, that reproveth my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears.

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture.

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny?
That honour, sir, may upon asking give?
No thing but this, your true love for my true master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;


A friend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.
Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despatch, blood as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard; and: diem thou, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man with.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unheaved rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensemence at this moment is so impollutionable, the apprehension can be none but by pans of death and sepulture: nob, nob, is his word; givet', or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposey on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indigination derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for undress you must, that's certain, or forewear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitration; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal oppositor that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria; will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't; I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stick-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is ineradicable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely

(7) Stoccatas, an Italian term in fencing.

(8) Does for you.
as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, 
he has been sent to the Sobey.
Sir And. Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.
Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: 
Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.
Sir And. Fugue on't, as I thought he had been 
valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him 
damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let 
the matter slip, and I'll give my horse, grey 
Capulet.
Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make 
good show on't; this shall end without the per-
dition of souls: marry, I'll ride your horse as well 
as I ride you. [Aside.]

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.
I have his horse [to Fab.] to take up the quarrel; 
I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.
Fab. He is as horrid conceited of him; and 
pasts, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his 
heels.
Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight 
with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better 
been betwixt him of his quarrel, and he finds that now 
scare is to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for 
the supportance of his vow: he protests, he will not 
hurt you.
Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing 
would make me tell them how much I lack of a 
man. [Aside.]
Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.
Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; 
the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have con-
front with you: he cannot by the duel avoid it, 
but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and 
officer, he will not hurt you. Come on: 'tis.
Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [Drame.

Enter Antonio.
Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.
[Aside.
Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gen-
tleman
have done offence, I take the fault on me; 
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drame.
Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?
Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do 
more,
Then you have heard him brag to you be will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for 
you. [Drame.

Enter two Officers.
Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the 
officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To Antonio.
Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. 
[To Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir?—and, for that I 
promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He 
will bear you easily, and reins well.
1 Off. This is the man: do thy office.
2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.
1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well.
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head— 
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. This cometh with seeking you.
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
(1) Horrid conception. (2) Laws of duel.
(3) Ornamented.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand ans'd; 
But be of comfort.
2 Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffe.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my raiser,
Least that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraud you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none; 
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man.
Than lying, wainscot, blood, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themselves!
2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that 
you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; 
away.
Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can call'd deform'd, but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the unbeauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erlourish'd by the devil.
1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.
Ant. Lead me on. [Exe. Officers, with Antonio.
Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion 
fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight: come hither, Fa-
bian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most
sage saws.
Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass' even such and so,
In favour was my brother; and he wret
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and silt waves fresh in love!
[Exit.
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears,
in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and best him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.
Sir And. An I do not—
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
(4) In the reflection of my own figure.
Scene I, II.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The street before Olivia’s house. Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well hold out, Faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—

Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pray thee, vent’ thy folly somewhere else;
though know’st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great robber, the world, will prove a cockpit.—I pray thee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pray thee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There’s money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand;—
These wise men, that give tools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years’ purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there’s for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there are all the people mad!—Beating Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I’ll throw your dagger o’er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for t’wo-pence.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Seb.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I’ll go another way to work with him; I’ll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it’s no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flashed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar’st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [Draws.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold. Sir To. Madam.  

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ung Nurs young wretched, Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne’er were preach’d! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario;—

Rudesty, be gone! I pr’ythee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

(1) Let out. (2) Base fellow. (3) Violence. (4) Made up. (5) Ill betide.

In this uncivil and unjust extent?

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This Russian hath brought; I trust thou hast thereby
May’t smile at this: thou shalt not choose, but go;
Do not deny: be-shew’st his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr’ythee: wouldst thou’dst be
rut’d by me?

Seb. Madam, I will.  

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exit.

SCENE II.—A room in Olivia’s house. Enter

Marina and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr’ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I’ll call sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I’ll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in’t; and I would the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar.

The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonas dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wisely said to a niece of king Gorbonus, That, that is: so I, being master parson, am master parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say.—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [in an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged! good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fee, thou dishonest Sarah! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath hay—windows, transparent as barbarians, and the clear stones towards the south-east are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou ereast: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus amazed: I am no more


M
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT V.

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll never believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll require it in the highest degree:
I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir, and anon, sir;
I'll be with you again,
In a trice;
Like to the old wise,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of hate,
In his rage and his wrath,
Ories, oh, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad.
Pare thy nails, dad,
Aicut, goodman drivell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Olivia’s garden. Enter Sebastian.

Sub. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel it, and see it;
And though ‘tis wonder that wraps me thus,
Yet ‘tis not madness. Where’s Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes wealth with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet dost this accident and flood of fortune,
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust; but that I am mad,
Or else the lady’s mad; yet, if ‘twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing.
As I perceive, she does: there’s something in’t,
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chariot by: thence, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plied me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whilst you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?
Sub. I’ll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then bear the way, good father:—And
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The street before Olivia’s house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

(1) Regular conversation.
(2) Any other gem as a topaz.
(3) Slender.
(4) Embroidered, embroidered.
(5) Account.
(6) Reason.
(7) Belief.
(8) Servants.
(9) Little chapel.
(10) Old man.
(11) Enter a Priest.
(12) Here comes the lady.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Any thing.

Do not desire to see this letter.

That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Violan, and attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?
Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her attendants.
Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?
Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clown. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as ises, if your four negatives resolve your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foe.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.
Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.
Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.
Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.
Clown. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the tripler, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: One, two, three.
Duke. You can feel no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Clown. Marry, sir, full busy to your bounty, till I come again: I go, sir; but I would have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a map, I will awake it soon.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.
Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A burning vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable: With which such scathful grapple did be make With the most noble bottoms of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd shame and honour on him. What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Canda.

And this is he, that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state, In private breake did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirré! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercy, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, I t'please'd that I shake off these names you give me; Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's carrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wretch past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake,

Duke. Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town;

Vio. DREW to dr-fend him, when he was beset;

Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-year-removed thing,

While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use

Duke. Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before (No interim, not a minute's vacancy.) Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth. But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Vio. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Mudam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Ol. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Ol. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fit and fulsome to mine ear, As bowing after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Ol. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perserveres? you uncivil lady, To whose ingratitude and unobservant airs My soul the faithfull'et offerings hath breath'd out, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it pleases my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill what I love; a savage jealousy, That sometime savours nobly!—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screams me from my true place in your favour, Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still; But this your minion, whom I know, you love, And whom, by heaven, I swear, I terror dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye.

(1) Mischief. (2) Freight.
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in my first;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.  [Going.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand draughts would die.
[Following.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love those eyes, more than my life,
More by all more, than ever I shall love wide:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Oh, me,detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father.  [Exit an Attendand.
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; Can be that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety; Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st at, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!
Re-enter Attendand and Priest.
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attest'd by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchanging of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what will thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case? Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow?
That thou the haste be thine overthrown?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I hencethence may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.
Enter Sir Andrew Ague-check, with his head broke.
Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody cocoxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

(1) Disown thy property.  (2) Skin.
(3) Otherwise.  (4) Serious danger.

Sir And. Ode's life, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody cocoxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody cocoxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.
Here comes sir Toby haling, you shall hear more:
but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.
Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?
Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—So, didst see Dick surgeon, not?
Oli. He's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago;
his eyes were set at eight in the morning.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.
Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a cocoxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.  [Exit Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.
Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kiss man;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons?
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee.
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me?  [To Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You came to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a make upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.

(5) Out of charity tell me.
Scene I.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

[To Olivia, O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Fi. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usury'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where be my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help,
I was preserved, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Sel. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you there, by my life, deceit'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[To Viola.

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

[To Olivia, And all those sayings will I ever-swear;
And all these swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that oblong circumstant the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Fi. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in furnace; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlare him—Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distraught.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

[To Olivia, How does be, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belchard at the
store's end, as well as a man in his case may do;
he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given
it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles
are no gospel, so it skills not much, when they are
delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edificed, when the fool
delivers the madman:—By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness; an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow so.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read? thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madame; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princes,
and give ear.

[To Fabian. Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

Fabian. [reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it; though you have
put me into darkness, and given your drunken
common rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my
senses as well as your ladyship; I have your own letter
that induced me to the semblance I put on.

(1) Hinders. (2) Voice. (3) Attend (4) Frame and constitution. (5) Inferior.

with the which I doubt not but to do myself much
right, or you much shame. Think of me as you
please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.—
Your master quits you; [To Viola.] and, for your
service done him.

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

Malvolio. Good madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.


Malvolio. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to crown
Upon sir Toby, and the lightest people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest?
And made the most notorious gag and pull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do betheink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were pressipp'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and author of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fabian. Good madam, hear me speak:
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Ok. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude: one sir To-

pas, sir; but that's all one: — By the Lord, fool, I am not mad. — But do you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's grug'd: And thus the whirling of time brings in his revenge.

Mad. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.

Ok. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time advanc'd,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls — Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.

SONG.

Clo. When that I was a little tinny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

(1) Cheated. (2) Shall serve.

But when I came to men's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thief's men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to weep,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By snuggling could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With tos-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely hu-

morous. A man has been drawn with great propri-

ety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural faculty, and is therefore not the proper

play of a master. The soliloquy of Malvolio is

true comè; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by

his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the suc-

ceeding perplexity, though well enough contrived
to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to

produce the proper instruction required in the

drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Vincenzo, duke of Vienna.
Angelo, lord deputy in the duke's absent.
Escalus, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deposition.
Claudio, a young gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastick.
Two other like gentlemen.
Varrius, a gentleman, servant to the duke.
Procerus.
Thomas, 
Peter, 
A Justice.
Elbow, a simple constable.
Froth, a foolish gentleman.

Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorrion, an executioner.
Barnardine, a dissent prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved by Claudio.
Francisco, a man.
Mistress Over-done, a bawd.

Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and other attendants.

Scene, Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Duke's palace.
Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and attendants.

Duke.

ESCALUS,—

Escalus. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science,
Exceedeth, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as experienced in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[Exit an attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lost him our service, drest him with our love;
And given his description all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escalus. If any in Vienna be of worth
To underwrite such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Angelo, Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
(1) Bounds. (2) Full of. (3) Endowments. (4) So much thy own property.

(5) For high purposes. (6) Interest.
(7) Extent of power. (8) Hazlitts.
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Agam. The honours give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you; fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
to have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have: but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Aug. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the kingdom of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's.

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that be razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thou; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, went there but a pair of shears between us?

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pit'd piece, I warrant thee; I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pit'd, as thou art pit'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art taunted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crow'n more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impertinence has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatics?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of thee all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever prescient in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exit Lucio and Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat; what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him; you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pull'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgler put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage: there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exit.

(4) Corone Vmeris.

(5) The sweating sickness.
SCENE III.—The same. Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.
Lucio. Why, how now, Claudo? whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravish down their proper bene),
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,
I would seek for certain of my creditors: and yet,
to say the truth, I had as lief have the toppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudo?
Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What is it? murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
I lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Sue that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the cofer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unsound armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn: and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.
Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so
Ticklish on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

(1) Gasper. (2) Viciously devour.
(3) Yearly circles. (4) Ticklish.
(5) Enter on her probation. (6) Prompt.

Claud. I have done so; but he's not to be found.
I pray thee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation: I
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy: bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dainty,
Such as movemans; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse.
Lucio. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement
Of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life,
Who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost
At a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.
Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.
Lucio. Within two hours,—— [Exeunt.
Claud. Come, officer, away.

SCENE IV.—A monastery. Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. May your grace speak of it?
Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to lord Angelo
(A man of structure, and firm abstinencc,)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes I travel'd to Poland;
For so I have strev'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds),
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an over-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as lord fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith! twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and call them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have an Angelo impose'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
[Exeunt.]
To do it slander: and to bchold his sway,  
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,  
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me.  
How I may formally in person bear me  
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,  
At our more leisure shall I render you;  
Only, this one—Lord Angelo is precise;  
Stands at a guard! with envy: scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seeming be.  
[Exit.

SCENE V.—A nunnery. Enter Isabella and  
Francisca.

Isab. And have you nunns no further privileges?  
Frenz. Are not these large enough?  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of saint Clare.  
Lucio. Ho! peace be in this place! [Within.  
Isab. Who's that which calls?  
Frenz. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with  
men,  
But in the presence of the priores;  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;  
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
He calls again; I pray you answer him.  
[Exit Francisca.  
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is that calls?  
Lucio. Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek- 
roses  
Proclaim you are no less! can you so steal me,  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio?  
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;  
The rather, for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella, and his sister.  
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly  
greets you:  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.  
Isab. Wo me! For what?  
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his  
judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.  
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.  
It is true:  
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,  
To sing far from heart,—play with all virgins so:  
I have you as a thing rusky'd, andainted;  
By your renunciation, an immortal spirit;  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.  
Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking  
me.  
Lucio. Do not believe it. Frowness and truth:  
'tis thus:  
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:  
As those that fed grow full; as blossoming time,  
That from the sickness the bare fellow brings  
(1) On his defence.  
(2) Do not make a jest of me.  
(3) In few and true words.  
(4) Breeding plenty.  
(5) Tilling.  
(6) Extent.

To seeming f oasis even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tibia and husbandry.  
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin  
Juliet?  
Lucio. Is she your cousin?  
Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their  
names,  
By vain though apt affection.  
Lucio.  
Isab. O, let him marry her! She it is.  
Lucio. This is the point,  
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His giving's-out were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
With full line of his authority,  
Governed lord Angelo: a man, whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He (to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example: all hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith  
Of business twixt you and your poor brother.  
Isab. Dost he so seek his life?  
Lucio. Has censur'd him  
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.  
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?  
Lucio. Assay the power you have.  
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—  
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt: go to lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.  
Lucio. I'll see what I can do.  
Isab. But speedily.  
Lucio. I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the mother  
Notice of my affairs. I humbly thank you;  
Commission me to your master: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.  
Lucio. I take my leave of you.  
Good sir, adieu.  
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A hall in Angelo's house. Enter  
Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and  
attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make them  
Their perch, and not their terror.  
(7) Power of gaining favour.  
(8) Sentenceed.  
Scene I.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  99

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know!
(Whom I believe to be most straing in vertue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher’d with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain’d the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err’d in this point which now you censure him,
And pull’d the law upon you.

Ang. ’Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I do not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner’s life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Gulther than him they try: what’s open made to justice,
That justice seems. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? ’Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend.
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Escal. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar’d;
For that’s the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Ex. Prov.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him; and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a common weal, the that doing nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! what’s your name? and
what’s the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke’s constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; why
what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
am sure of; and void of all profession in the world,
that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well? here’s a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel’d; bawd;
one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as
they say, plac’d down in the suburbs; and now she
professed a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill
house too.

(1) Examine. (2) Sealed. (3) Pass judgment.
Plain. (4) Because. (5) Sentence.
Thickest, thorny paths of vice. (7) Wealth.

(12) For protest. (13) Ere of All Saints day.
(14) Easy.
Act II.

Exeunt. Mistress Over-done.

Exeuct. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Exeuct. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth.

Master Froth I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Exeuct. Well; no more of it, master Froth: fare well. [Exit Froth.]

Exeuct. Come hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Exeuct. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Exeuct. Troy, and your bums is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Exeuct. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Exeuct. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Exeuct. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Exeuct. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Exeuct. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hang you,—I mean you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carrion whip his jade:
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Ex.

Exeuct. Come hither to me; master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Exeuct. Seven years and a half, sir.

Exeuct. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Exeuct. And a half, sir.

Exeuct. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Exeuct. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters:

Scene II.

Measure for Measure.

As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Edw. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [Exit Edw.]

[Exit Escal.]

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the sake of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [Exit.]

Scene II.—Another room in the same. Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's bearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know His Excellency; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages, mankind of this vice; and be To die for it!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it true, then Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hast thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Last night might be too rash:
Under thy good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine;
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spair'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Retire Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exe. Serv.

See you the fomicerate be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [Offering to retore.

Ang. Stay a little while.—[To Isab.] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;

(1) Priy. (2) Be assured.

For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condi the fault, and not the actor of it?

Why, every fault's condi'med, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[Retiring.

Lucio. [To Isab.] Giv'n not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:

To him, I say.

Ang. Must he needs die?

Isab. Maidens, no remedy.

Ang. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced: 'tis too late;

Lucio. You are too cold. [To Isab.] Isabella,

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again: Well believed this,

No ceremony that to great ones 'lounges,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputy's sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace,

As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as be, you would have slighted him;

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, bugwone,

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,

And what a prisoner.


Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,

And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas! again,

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;

And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy: How would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? O, think on that;

And mercy then will be the within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid:

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother;

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,

It should be thus with him;—He must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens

We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, think you;

Who is it that hath died for this offense?

(3) When in season.
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe;
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remoteness new-arrived,
And in progress to be hatch'd and born),
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a discern'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Let not it act another. Be satisfied,
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence:
And be, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Ang. He could great men thunder
As Jove himself does; Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every petulant petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.

Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrrh:—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Pray heaven, she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself;
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou art in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
What in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Luc. Art advis'd o' that? more can't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority; though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skims the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guilefulness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense, that my sense breeds with it.——Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll brieve you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! brieve me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

(1) Palsy. (2) Knotted. (3) Attested, stamped. (4) Preserved from the corruption of the world.
Scene IV.

Measure for Measure.

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while. [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arrange your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most obstinately act was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,
As that the meanest brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Juliet. I do rejoice it as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going to some instruction him.—
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respite me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror! [Proe.

Proe. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house. Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, bearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with book, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form! how often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [Ex. Serv.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispersing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throughs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so

(1) Spare to offend heaven. (2) Profit.
(3) Outside. (4) People.

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obscure fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untought love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what's. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so!—Heaven keep your honour!

[Retiring.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yes.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieval,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul ticken not.
Ang. Ha! False, these filthy vices! It were as good
To punish him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then shall you pace you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body, to such sweet uncleanliness,
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of you soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accomplish.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Please you to do it, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my own prayer
To have it add'd to the 'nits of mine,' And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant, Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wish'd to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an ensheiled beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display.—But mark me; To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.8
Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life

(5) Ensheilded, covered. (6) Penalty.
(As I subscribe, not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question, that you, his sister,
Finding yourself dear'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly means to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposal, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were you not then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing to feel redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the slaying of your brother
A sanctity than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only be,
Own, and succeed by weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as their conceptions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the deas'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fonder than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose—Seeming, seeming!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outburst'd threat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My uncoiled name, theusterness of my life,
My touch against you, and my place, if the state,
Will so your accusation overweight,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appellation;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they use for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering suffrage: answer me to-morrow;
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilsous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of commendation or proof!
Bidding the law make court'sy, to their will;
Hoo king both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by promipture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twer-sty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the prison. Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?
Clauel. The miserable have no other medicines,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute; for death, either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
(Servile to all the skiey influences)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are sum'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
Valiant:
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

(1) Agree to. (2) Conversation. (3) Ignominy. (4) Own. (5) Impressions.

Scene I.

For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st; Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects; 1
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like a wasp, whose back with ingots bows,
Tighres but a journey, rich
And death unloads thee: Friend last thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire.
The mere effusion of thy proper loans,
Do curse the goat, serpigo,2 and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
Nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg these aims
Of palced eld3 and when thou art old, and rich.
Thou hast neither best, affection, limb, nor beauty.
To make thine riches pleasant. What’s yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!
Prov. Who’s there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long I’ll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.
Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here’s your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal’d,
Yet hear them. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good indeed;
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leige; 
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you’ll implore it that will free your life,
But fatter you till death.

Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world’s vassality4 you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to’)
Would back your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
Least thou a ferocious life shouldst entertain,
And set seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Isab. Think you I can a resolution fetch
From drowsy tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father’s grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too able to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth ’tis the head; and follies doth enwreathe,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is it a devil;
His fifth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?
Isab. O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned’st body to invest and cover
In princely guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank
offence,
So to offend him still: This night’s the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do’t.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I’d throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly5 as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him hit the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would be for the momentary trick
Be perdurably5 fin’d — O, Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded cold; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-nibbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world: or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! — ’tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother’s life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you best!

Measure for Measure.

Act III

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advizings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not fool in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have not you heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that peril shed the dowry he provided for his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him that portion and shew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her comrade husband, this weel-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry’d not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her, discoveries of dishonour: in her, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and, he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she sail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to steady up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her reconnoissance: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sanctified. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to curvy this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: haste (5) Betrothed. (6) Gave her up to her parts. (7) Have recourse to. (8) Over-reached.
Scene II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? 
Procurest she still? Ha?

Clo. Truth, sir; she hath eaten up all her beef, 
and she is herself in the tub. 

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it 
must be so; ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: 
an unshrn'd consequence; it must be so: art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss; Pompey: farewell: 
go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Eeb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: 
bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawdborn. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the 
prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my 
bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not 
the weat. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your 
bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your 
mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey—Bless you, 
friend.

Duke. And you,

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Eeb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news 
abroad, friar? what news?

Eeb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[Eebent Eeb, Clo, and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, 
think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I 
wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, 
to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he 
was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in 
his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do 
no harm in him: something too crabb'd that way, 
friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must 
cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great 
kindred; it is well ally'd; but is impossible to 
extrip it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be 
pulled down. They say, this Angelo was not made 
by man and woman, after the downright way of 
creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: 

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apiece.

Lucio. Why, what a rethless thing is this in 
him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away 
the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, 
have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man 
for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have

(1) A solitary farm-house.
(2) A sweet wine.
(3) For a Spanish paplack.
(4) Tied like your waist with a rope.
(5) Powdering tub.
(6) Stay at home.
(7) Fashion.
(8) Puppet.
paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that it incited him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a dunsec in her crack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—his a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wine. Wine is a question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistrusting: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier; therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Lucio. Love talk with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may;) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you will forswear that again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish, I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungrateful agent will unpeopled the province with continency: sparrows must not build in his house. Were they lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would be were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untruth: Farewell, good friar, I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would rat mutter on Fridays. He's now past it: yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though he smell brown bread and garlic: say, that I say so. Farewell.

[Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Kneep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you?

Prov. Of whence are you.

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad? i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it; novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be constant in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships secure; much from this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.

I pray you, friar, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous: and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measures from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentlemen, to the ex-

(6) Have a wench.

(7) Transgress.

(8) Satisfied.
tremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answers the strictness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exit Escalus and Provost.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear, Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the tines,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So dispose shall, by the disguis'd,
Say with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A room in Mariana's house. Mariana discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, oh take those tips away,
That so needly were forsworn.
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bringing again,
Souls of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain.

MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so.—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my wo.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here-to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time


is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

MARI. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circumvall'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planted gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have taken a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have posses'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stay'd upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARI. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

MARI. Will't please you walk aside?

[Exit Mariana and Isabella.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests!
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scape's of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

MARI. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;

(7) Inquisitions, inquiries. (8) Saltem. (9) Since. (10) Gild or varnish over.
Scene III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

For which the pardoncrs himself is in:
Hence last offence his quick celerity;
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy’s so extended.
There for the feaser, is the offender friend.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, believ-
ing me remiss in mine office, awaken me with this
unlimited putting on! methinks, strangely; for
he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let’s hear.

Prov. [Reads.] Whatever you may hear to
the consorts, let Claudio be executed by four of
the clock; and, in the afternoons, Barnardine,
for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio’s
hand sent me by nine. Let this be duly perform’d;
with a thought, that more depends on it, than we
must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your officer,
as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be
executed in the afternoons?

Prov. A Bachelor, sir; but here nursed up
and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had
not either deliver’d him to his liberty, or executed
him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends are still with her; he needs letters from
him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the govern-
ment of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful
proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison? How seems he to be touch’d?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reck-
less, and fearless of what’s past, present, or to
come; senseless of mortality, and desperately
mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape
and leave; he would not: drunk many times a day, it
not many days entirely drunk. We have very of-
ten wak’d him, as if to carry him to executions
and show’d him a seeming warrant for it: it hath
not mov’d him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in
your bond, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me;
but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my-
self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a
warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law
than Angelo who hath sentenced him: to make
you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave
but four days respite; for which you are to do
me both a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are smaısed; but
this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away: it
is almost clear dawn.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another room in the same. Enter

Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our
house of profession: one would think, it were mistres-
Ss Over-done’s own house, for here be many of
her old customers. First, here’s young master Rash;
he’s in for a commodity of brown paper and old
ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which
he made five marks, ready money: marry, then,
ginger was not much in request, for the old women
were all dead. Then is there here one master Ca-
nor, at the suit of master Threep-ple the mercer, for
some four suits of peach-colour’d satin, which now
reaches him a beggar. Then have we here young
Davy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Cop-
ner-spar, and master Stave-lackey the rapier and
dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill’d lusty
Pudding, and master Forthbright the titular, and
brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild
Half-cann that stabb’d Futs, and, I think, forty
more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for
the Lord’s sake.

[Enter Abbessor.

Abbor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be
hang’d, master Barnardine.

Abbor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [Within.] A pox of your throats! Who
makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must

(1) Spur, excitation. (2) Nine years in prison. (3) Countenance.
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Would you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!
Frier, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be pa-
tient: I am faint to dine and sup with water and
bread; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one
fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the
duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel,
I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke
dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden
to your reports: but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Frier, thou knowest not the duke so well as
I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest
him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare
ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry: I'll go along with thee; I can
tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him al-
ready, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were
enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a
wrench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was faint to for-
swear it; they would else have married me to the
rotten madam.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest.
Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the
lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have
very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I
shall stick.

[Exit Lucio.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house. Enter
Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he writ hath dish-

vouch'd other.

Ang. In most unen and distracted manner. His
letters show much like to madness: pray Heaven,
his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at
the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour
before his entering, that if any crave redress of injus-
tices, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a
despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from de-

vices hereafter, which shall then have no power to
stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:

Betimes! the morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort as suit, 4
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshakes me quite, makes me unpre-

nant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an enimous lady, that enslav'd

(1) Go. (2) Contradicted. (3) Figure and rank.
(4) Calls, challenges her to do it.
(5) Credit unquestionable. (6) Utter.

SCENE V.—Fields without the town. Enter
Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift.
Though sometimes you do blemish this from to this,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice,
To Valentinius, Rowland, and to Cerasus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Peter.

Enter Flavius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made


good haste:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the city gate. Enter
Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mort. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange: for 'tis a physic,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mort. I would, friar Peter.—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand

most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets
sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have heard the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place near the city gate.
Mariana (seated), Isabella, and Peter, at a dis-
tance. Enter at opposite doors, Duke, Varrius,
Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Of-
cern, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—

(7) Start off. (8) Avaritish. (9) Advantage.
(10) Most noble. (11) Sealed.
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. & Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
CANNOT but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forswearing more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should not
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forsed residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razeure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fail proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Corne, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I'd gain have said, a mad'd! O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object,
Tell you have heard me in my true complaint, And give me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believe'd,
Or wrong redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
A hypocrite, a villain-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?


Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
That this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infancy of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as then believe'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not im-
possible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not im-
possible,
But one, the wickedest, sat on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

(1) Lower. (2) Habits and characters of office.

In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad (as I believe no other,) Her madness hath the oldiest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing, As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason For inequality: but let your reason serve To make the truth appear, where it seems hid; And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad.
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned on the act of fornication.
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucia
As then the messenger:

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo, For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's be indeed.

Duke. Were you not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord; Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pry you, take note of it: and when you have A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentlemans told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went To this pernicious cadiff's deput.

Duke. That's somewhats madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.


Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he reliev'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sister renouz'd confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speakest.
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour.
In hateful practice.—First, his integrity Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason, That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weighed thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on:

(6) Conspiracy.
Scene I.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou canst not here to complain.

Isob. And is this all?
Then, ah, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrought up
In comitenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
wo,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliever go.

Duke. I know, you'll be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isob. One that I would were here, fair Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spoke against your grace
In your retirement, I had sworn'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yestournight, my lord, she and that
friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accuss'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungod.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he is in time may to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord.

Of a strange fever: Upon his mere's respect
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented? First, for this woman
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you bear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

Isabella is carried off, guarded; and
Mariana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause!—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mariana. Perdom, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mariana. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mariana. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mariana. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that follow'd: I would, he had
some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mariana. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drank then, my lord; it can be
no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou
wast so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mariana. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mariana. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mariana. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mariana. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, one thou wost, was worth the looking on:
This is the band, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in time: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Cassingly, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this
woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spoke with her, nor heard of her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mariana. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affiancing this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

[5 Deception. 6 Her fortune fell short.]
Or else for ever be confused here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor inform'd women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy
outhes,
Though they would swear down each particular
saint.
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
When it concurs to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[Exit
Duke.
Signior Lucio, did you not say, you knew
that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?
Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest
in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that
spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till
be come, and enforce them against him: we shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
[To an attendant.] I would speak with her: Pray
you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall
see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess; perchance,
publicly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella; the Duke, in the
friar's habit, and Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [To Isabella.] here's
a gentilwoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to
him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on
to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

1) Craty. 2) Conspiracy. 3) To the end.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
devil
Be some time honour'd for his burning throne—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redness. In the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort! your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrevenged and unhallow'd
frier!

It's not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice!—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll tease you joint by
joint,
But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vow against him, signior
Lucio?

Lucio. Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, Goodman
bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence
of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me,
er you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke
so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I plack
thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now,
after his reasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—
Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?
Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon
him; let him speak no more. Away with those
giants too, and with the other confederate compan-
ion.[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.


Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; look, sir:
Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must
be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage.

Scene I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? [Pulls off the friar's hood, and discourses with the Duke.]  

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me call these gentlethree:—

Sneak not away, sir; [To Lucio] for the friar and you must have a word anon:—lay hold on him. 

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [To Escalus.]  

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:— [To Angelo.]  

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, that yet can do thee office? If thou hast, rely upon it till my tale be heard, and hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be indiscernible, when I perceive, your grace, like power divine, hast look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince, no longer session hold upon my shame; but use my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, is all the grace I beg. 

Duke. Come hither, Mariiana:—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman? 

Ang. I was, my lord. 

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly. — Do you the office, friar: which consummate, return him here again.—Go with him, Provost. 

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariiana, Peter, and Provost.  

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, than at the strangeness of it. 

Duke. Come hither, Isabel: your friar is now your prince: As I was then advertising, and holy to your business, not changing heart with habit, I am still attorney'd at your service. 

Isab. O, give me pardon, that I, your vasal, have employ'd and pain'd your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: and now, dear maid, be you as free to us, as your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart: and you may marvel, why I obscure'd myself, labouring to save his life; and would not rather make rash remembrance of my hidden power, than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid, it was the swift velocity of his death, which I did think with slower foot came on, that brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him! this life is better life, past fearing death, than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, so happy is your brother. 

Re-enter Angelo, Mariiana, Peter, and Provost. 

Isab. I do, my lord. 

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here, whose soul imagination yet hath wrong'd—Your well-defended honour, you must pardon for Mariiana's sake: but as he adjures'd your brother (being criminal, in double violation—


Of sacred chastity, and of promise-break, thereon dependant, for your brother's life), the very mercy of the law cries out: most audible, even from his proper tongue, an Angelo for Claudio, death for death. Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifac'ted: which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage; we do condemn thee to the very block where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. — Away with him. 

Mari. O, my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband! 

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Conscenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, for that he knew you, might reproach your life, and chide your good to come: for his possessions, although by confiscation they are ours, we do instate and widow you withal, to buy you a better husband. 

Mari. O, my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man. 

Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive. 

Mari. Gentile my legs.—[Kneeling.] 

Duke. You do but lose your labour: away with him to death.—Now, sir, [To Lucio] to you. 

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part; lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you, all my life to do you service. 

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her: should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact, her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, and take her hence in horror. 

Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults; and, for the most, become much more the better for being a little bad: so may my husband. O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee? 

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.] 

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, as if my brother liv'd: I partly think, a due sincerity govern'd his deeds, till he did look on me; since it is so, let him not die: My brother bad but justice, in that he did the thing for which he died: for Angelo, his act did not o'er take his bad intent, and must be buried but as an intent, that perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects; intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord. 

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say,—I have bethought me of another fault: Provost, how came it, Claudio was behelded at an unusual hour? 

Prov. It was commanded so. 

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the dead? 

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message. 

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office.
Give up your keys.

Prov.  Pardon, my noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not; Yet did repress me, after more advice. For testimony whereof, if you will know, That should by private order else have died, I have reserved alive.

Duke.  What's he?

Prov.  His name is Barnardine.

Duke.  I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Exeunt Provost, Barnardine, and Claudio.

Duke.  Which is that Barnardine?

Prov.  This, my lord.

Duke.  There was a friar told me of this man.—Sirrah, thou art not to have a stubborn soul, That apprehends no further than this world, And swearst thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd; But, for those early faults, I quit them all; And pray thee, take this mercy to provide For better times to come.—Farewell, advise him; I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov.  This is another prisoner, that I say'd, That should have died when Claudio lost his head; As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[Exeunt Claudio, for his sake.

Duke.  If he be like your brother, [To Isabella.] Be pardon'd: And, for your lovely sake, Give me your hand, and say you will be mine, He is my brother too: But fitter time for that. By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe; Methinks, I see a quickening in his eye:—Well, Angelo, your evil quiet? you well; Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself: And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon; You, sirrah, [To Lucio.] That knew me for a fool, a coward, One all of luxury, an ass, a madman; Wherein have I so deserv'd of you, That you extol me thus?

Lucio.  'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke.  Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—Proclaim it, provost, round about the city; If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow (As I have heard him swear himself, there's one When he begat with child,) let her appear, And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

(1) Consideration.  (2) Requite.

(3) Incontinence.  (4) Thoughtless practice.

(5) Punishments.  (6) To reward.

The novel of Givordi Cintia, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this tale, may be read in Shakspeare Illustrated, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the inquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cintio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cintio was not the author whom Shakespeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cintio is named Maximine: the duke, in Shakespeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the persons, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list, by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio duke of Viazzan, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans. Of this play, the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artificial. The time of the action is indefinite: some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Marianna in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The units of action and place are sufficiently preserved.

JOHNSON.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence, favourite to
Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise
of Don Pedro.
Leonato, governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthasar, servant to Don Pedro.
Borsachio, 
Conrade, 
Dogberry, 
Verres, 
Hero, daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.
Margaret, gentlewomen attending on Hero.
Ursula, 
Messengers, watch, and attendants.

Scene, Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s house. Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.  
Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.  
Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?  
Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.  
Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.  
Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age: doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.  
Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.  
Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.  
Leon. Did he break out into tears?  
Mess. In great measure.  
Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?  
Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?  
Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.  
Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?  
Hero. My cousin means signior Benedict of Padua.  

(1) Kind. (2) Abundance. (3) At length.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.  
Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the fight, and my uncle’s fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.  
Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he’ll be meet with you, I doubt it not.  
Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.  
Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.  
Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.  
Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?  
Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.  
Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a staffed man, but for the stuffing.—Well, we are all mortal.  
Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.  
Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that, if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.  
Mess. Is it possible?  
Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.  
Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.  
Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no
young square! now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and theaker runs in his blood. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Best. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthasar, and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signor Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and yet you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bence. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signor Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bence. If signor Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bence. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signor Benedick; no body marks you.

Bence. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Bence. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meed food to feed it, as signor Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bence. Then is courtesy a turn-coat.—But it is certain, I am loved of all women, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Bence. A dear happiness to women; they would also love me, and defend me with a pernicious murther. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather bear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bence. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scrape a predestination scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an there were such a face as yours were.

Bence. Well, sir, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bence. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bence. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuance: But keep your way o' God's name: I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato, signor Claudio, and signor Benedick, my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at least a month; and he

Quarrelsome fellow. Trust.
Scene I.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You too speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despise of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I have a recehatch winded in my forehead, or hang my bugles in an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love; prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking; pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedict bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be rigidly painted; and in such great letters as they write, 

Here is good horse to hire, let them signify under my sign. Here you may see Benedict be married men.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will tempest with the hours. In the mean time, good squire Benedict repair to Leonato's; command me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house—


Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: are you not old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit Bene.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only hair;

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

That like'd, but had a rugged task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love:

But now I am return'd, and that war-thought

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I like her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words:

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;

And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have: Was't not to this end,

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'is once, thou lov'st;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise;

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:

In practice let us put it presently.

SCENE II.—A room in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can show you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good capper, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appears itself—but I will acquaint my daughter binald, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if it adventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Severall persons cross the stage.

Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you money, friend; you go with me, and I

(1) The tune sounded to call off the dogs.
(2) Hunting-horn. (3) Girdle.
(4) The name of a famous archer. (5) Trimmed.
(6) Once for all. (7) Thickly interwoven.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act II.

SCENE III.—Another room in Leonato’s house. Enter Don John and Conrad.

Don. What the gowarge, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that brings it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Don. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Don. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suffrance.

John. I wonder that thou being (as thou sayst thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man’s jests; eat when I have a stomach, and wait for no man’s leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man’s business; laugh when I am merry, and cry when no man in his humour.

Don. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and gone where ‘tis new for you to attach your grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disacred of all, than to fashion a carriage; to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a mule, and enfranchised with a leg; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Don. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother’s right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chicke! How came you to this?

Bor. Being entertained to a performer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in such conference: I whipt him behind the arms; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hasth all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Don. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: ‘Would the cocks were of my mind!’—Shall we go prove what’s to be done?

Bor. We’ll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A hall in Leonato’s house. Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not count John sent to supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tardily that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He was an excellent man, and we made just in the middle-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady’s eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signor Benedick’s tongue in count John’s mouth, and half count John’s melancholy in signor Benedick’s face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt: I shall lessen God’s sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns; but to a cow too curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woolen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman! He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the beard-hard, and lend his apes into hall.

Leon. Well then, go you in bell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, ‘Get you hence, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here’s no place for you to deliver’; I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece! [To Hero.] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin’s duty to make courtesy, and say, Father, as it pleases you;—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another cousin, and say, Father, as it please me.

1. The swarming distaff. 2. Flatter. 3. Dog-wore. 4. Serious.
Scene I.

Len. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to see the bloom and glisten of her life to a clod of wayward earth? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Len. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wiser in good time: if the prince be too importun, I tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and fall as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and sanctity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad leg, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Len. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Len. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudia, Benedick, Belthazor; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour: for God defaul'd, the late should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudia, and others.]

Beat. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Beat. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Beat. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signor Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up; and down you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtus hide itself?

chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf?
You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got
your Hero.
Claus. I wish him joy of her.
Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover;
say they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince
would have saved you thus?
Claus. I pray you, leave me.
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man;
twists the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat
the post.
Claus. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fool! Now will he creep
into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should
know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—
Six! it may be, I go under that title, because I am
merry.—Yes; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong:
I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter dis-
position of Beatrice, that puts the world into her
person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be re-
venge as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count?
Do you see him?
Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of
lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a
lodger in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told
him true, that your grace had got the good will of
this young lady: and I offered him my company
to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as
being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being
worthy to be whipped.
D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?
Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy;
who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest,
shows it his companion, and he steals it.
D. Pedro. Will I make a trust a transgres-
sion? The transgression is in the stealer.
Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had
been made, and the garland too: for the garland
he might have worn himself; and the rod he might
have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have ste'n
his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing,
and restore them to the owner.
Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by
my faith, you say honestly.
D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to
you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told
her, she is much wronged by you.
Bene. O! she misdoubt me past the endurance of
a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it,
would have answered her; my very visor began to
assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not
thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's
jester; that I was droller than a great thaw; hudd-
ing jest upon jest, with such impossible! conve-
nance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark,
with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks
poiniards, and every word stab: if her breath were
as terrible as her terminations, there were no living
near her, she would infect to the north star.
I would not marry her, though she were endowed
with all that Adam had left him before he trans-
gressed: she would have made Hercules have
turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make
the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find
her the infernal Athenea in good apparel. I would
to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, cer-
tainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet
in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon
purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed,
all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio and Beatrice.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.
Bene. Will your grace command me any service
to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand
now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send
me on; I will fetch you a toothpick now from the
farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Pres-
ter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great
Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the
Friggiers, rather than hold three words' conference with
this harpy: You have no employment for me?
D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.
Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot
endure my lady Tongue.
[Exit.
D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the
heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent me it a while; and
I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single
one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false
dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have
lost it.
D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you
have put him down.
Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord,
est I should prove the mother of fools. I have
brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how, count? wherefore are
you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.
D. Pedro. How then? Sick?
Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad nor sick, nor
merry, nor well: but civil, count: civil as an
orange, and something of that jealous complexion.
D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your bazon to
be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his con-
ceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy
name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her
father, and his good will obtained: name the day
of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with
her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match,
and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I
was but little happy, if I could say much.—

Leon. Good lord, for silence!—Thus goeth every
one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may
sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's get-
ing: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you?
Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could
come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another
for working-days:—your grace is too costly to wear
every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon

(1) Incredible.
(2) The Goddess of Discord.
(3) Interest.
(4) Turn: a phrase among the players.
me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your absence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry’d: but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace’s pardon.

[Exit Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There’s little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever and then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath oft dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her woors out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedict.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would walk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudius, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on, crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudius, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules’ labours; which is, to bring again Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights’ watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved value, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his quavery stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room in Leonato’s house.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudius shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bona. Yes, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him: and whatsoever comes adwont his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bona. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

(1 Lineage). (2 Furtipous). (3 Pretend.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bona. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.


Bona. I can, at any unreasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bona. The poison of that lies in you to temper.

Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that I hath wrung his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightly hold up) to a contaminated state, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bona. Proof enough to minute the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to desert them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bona. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudin, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of seal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother’s honour who hath made this match; and his friends’ reputation, who is thus like to be cheated with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Bona; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero’s disobedience, that jealousy shall be call’d assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bona. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Leonato’s Garden. Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that:—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour: and now will he lie ten nights awake, envying the fashions of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn’d orator: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may
transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath
or let; I have made you an oyster of me, he shall
never make me such a fool. One woman is fair;
yet I am wise: another is wise; yet I am wise:
another virtuous; yet I am wise: but till all graces
be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my
gaze. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or
I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair,
or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near
me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good dis-
course, an excellent musician, and her hair shall
be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince
and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[With draws.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yes, my good lord:—How still the

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedict hath hid

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-foot with a penny-worth.

Enter Balbazar, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balbazar, we'll hear that

song again.

Balb. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection —
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balb. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many wooers doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Oh, if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

Note. Note this before my notes,

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchet's that he

speaks;

Note, note, forsooth, and noting! [Music.

Bene. Now, Divine air! now is his soul enriched! — Is it not strange, that shep's guts should have souls out of men's bodies? — Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balbazar sings.

I.

Balb. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never;

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you both and happy;

Converting all your sounds of wo

Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more

Of dams so dull and heavy;

The frownd of men was ever so,

Since summer first was heavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balb. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well

equal for a shift.

[D. Young or cub-fox. (2) Longer.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that

should have howled thus; he would have charged

him: and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mis-

chief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,

come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yes, marry; [To Claudio.]—Dost

thou hear, Balbazar? I pray thee, get us some ex-

cellent music; for to-morrow night we would have

it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Bath. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. [Exit Balbazar

and music.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it

you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice

was in love with signor Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.

[Aside to Pedro.] I did never think that lady

would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful,

that she should so dote on signor Benedick, whom

she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to

abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sit the wind in that corner? [Aside.

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to

think of it; but that she loves him with an en-

raged affection, — it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Tis faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was

counterfeit of passion came so near the life of pas-

sion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[Aside.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—

You heard my daughter tell you bow.

Claud. She did indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me:

I would have thought her spirit had been in-

vincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especi-

ally against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I could think this a gull, but that

the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery

cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

[Aside.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to

Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her

torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter

says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encoun-

tered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to

write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a

night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she

have writ a sheet of paper,—my daughter tells us

all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, remem-

ber a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was

reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice

between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand

half-pence; and turned herself, that she should be so

immodest to write to one that she knew would flout

her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit;

for I should flout him, if he were not; yes,

though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls,

(3) Beyond the power of thought to conceive.
Scene III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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weeps, sob, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:—O sweet Benedick! God give me patience! My daughter says so, and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an aim to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combusting in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dislike on me; I would have daffad all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and bear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. She thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bear one breath of her accustom’d crosses.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he’ll wear it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Leon. Amen; and I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he be; for the man doth fear God, however it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that’s impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we’ll bear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not come on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same not appear for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another’s dislike, and no such matter; that’s the scene that I would see, which will be more lively than a show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt D. Pedro, Claudius, and Leonato.

Benedick advances from above.

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be required. I hear how I am mistaken: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive this love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that bear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witnesses: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit,—nor do I say she has any great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be pleased. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she’s a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message?

Beat. Yes, just so much as you may take upon a knave’s point, and choke a daw withal. —You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner—there’s a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me—that’s as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato’s Garden. Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Her. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudius; Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us; And bid her steal into the pleaded bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen’d by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her, To listen our purpose: this is thy errand, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I’ll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.

(1) Alienation of mind. (2) Thrown off. (3) Contemplation. (4) Hands-carried.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act III.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, as we do trace this alley up and down, our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part to praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee, Hero, is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, that only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;
Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish cut with her golden ears the silver stream, and greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now is couched in the woodbine coverture: Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing of the false sweet bait that we lay for it—

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are so coy and wild As haggards of the rock.1

Urs. But are you sure, that Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, and never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Dost not the gentleman deserve as well, as fortunate a bed, as ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve as much as may be yielded to a mag: But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice: Dost thou see now, what is the fabled Vale of the clouds, high, high, that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, nor take no shape or project of affection, She is so self-sentire.

Urs. Sure, I think so; and therefore, certainly, it was not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man, how wise, how noble, young, how rarely feat'ed, But she would spell him backward: if fair-face'd, She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic, Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-head; If low, an agate very vilely cut: If speaking, why, a flame blown with winds: If silent, why, a block moved by tone. So turns she every man the wrong side out; And never gives to truth and virtue, that Which simpliceness and merit purchased.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions, as Beatrice is: cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

1 A species of hawk. 2 Undervaluing. 3 Ready. 4 Conversation.

Beatrice advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! No glory lives behind the back of such. And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee; Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand; If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee To bind our loves up in a holy band: For others say, thou dost deserve; and I Believe it better than reporting.

[Exit Hero and Ursula.

SCENE II.—A room in Leonato's house. Enter Don Pedro, Claudia, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then I go toward Arragon. Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouche for me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dares not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks, you areadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, trust; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must lung it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

(5) Ensue'd with birdlime.
Scene III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?  
Beno. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.  
Claud. Yet may I, he is in love.  
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless the habits of the Dutch resemble those of the Frenchman to-day; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all stop; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, all doublet: unless he have a fancy to this frockery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.  
Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o’mornings; what should that bode?  
D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber’s?  
Claud. No, but the barber’s man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.  
Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.  
D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can’t you smell him out by that?  
Claud. That’s as much as to say, the sweet youth’s in love.  
D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.  
Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?  
D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.  
Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a loitering, and now governed by slops.  
D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude, he is in love.  
Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.  
D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.  
Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.  
D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.  
Beno. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—  
Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.  
[Enter Benedick and Leonato.  
D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.  
Claud. ’Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have been played off with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.  
Enter Don John.  
D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.  
D. Pedro. Good den, brother.  
D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.  
D. Pedro. In private?  
D. John. If it please you,—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.  
D. Pedro. What’s the matter?  
D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?  
[D. Pedro. You know he does.  
D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.  
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.  
D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear elsewhere, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!  
D. Pedro. Why, what’s the matter?  
D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened (for it hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.  
Claud. Who? Hero?  
D. John. Even she; Leonato’s Hero, your Hero, every man’s Hero.  
Claud. Disloyal?  
D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.  
Claud. May this be so.  
D. Pedro. I will not think it.  
D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.  
Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.  
D. Pedro. And, as I would for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.  
D. John. I will disregard her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it boldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.  
D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!  
Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!  
D. John. O plague right well prevented!  
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE III.—A street. Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.  
Dogg. Are you good men and true?  
Verg. Yes, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.  
Dogg. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince’s watch.  
Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.  
Dogg. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?  
1 Watch. Hugh Ost rake, sir, or George Sea-  
coak: for they can write and read.  
Dogg. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature  
2 Watch. Both which, master constable.—  
Dogg. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern: this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince’s name.  
1 Watch. How if he will not stand?  
Dogg. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.  
Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince’s subjects.
Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince’s subjects:—you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, ye see to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will: much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ear that will not hear her lamb when it bleats, will never answer a call when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince’s own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think be cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on’t, with any man that knows the statute, he may stay him: many, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weightiness, call upon me: keep your fellows’ counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato’s door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great call to-night: abide, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, sir not. [Aside.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mas, and my elbow stiched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and

(1) Weapons of the watchmen.

(2) Unprawised in the ways of the world.

now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have learned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should’st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when such villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfounded: thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool’s the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bowels, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharamch’s soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bell’s priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the snubbed worn-out tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as many as his club.

Con. All this I see; and soe, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: but art not thou thyself giddily with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the lady Hero’s gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leaves me out in her mistress’ chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, presented, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm my slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged: swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince’s name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

(3) Smoked.

(4) Soiled.
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Con. Masters, masters. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Hero. We are like to prove a good company, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Leonato’s house. Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit Ursula.

Marg. Truth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I’ll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it’s not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin’s a fool, and thou art another; I’ll wear none but this.

Marg. I like that attire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown’s a most rare fashion, I think. I saw the duchess of Milan’s gown, that she praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it’s but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver: set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underbust with a blister tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on’t.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. ’Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?


the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an if it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise his light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, cousin.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—Light o’ love; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I’ll dance it.

Beat. Yeas, Light o’ love, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you’ll see shall lack horses.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. ’Tis almost five o’clock, cousin; ’tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill—

sickly so!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H."

(1) A kind of ruff.
(2) Head-dress.
(3) Long-sleeves. (4) i.e. for an ache or pain.
(5) Hidden meaning.
Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship's coming, as any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have taken a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, my faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—an honest soul, my faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be sufficiency.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seccoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [Touching his forehead.] shall drive some of them to a new corn: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a church. Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjugal, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.


Ben. How now! interjections! Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! ha!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave;

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth,
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Ben. This looks not like a viuqila.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

(4) Remote from the business in hand.
Scene I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name with any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he that talk'd with you yesternight Out at your window, between twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Here I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Conside'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of:

There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence, to attest them: thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much miscarriage appears.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But, farewell! to burn the errors that these princes hold Against her maiden truth ---Call me a fool; Trust not my reading, nor my observations, Which with experimental seal doth warrant The tenor of my book; trust not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here Under some bitting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left, Is, that she will not add to her damnation A sin of perjury: she doth not deny it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy! - O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes:

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be muddled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,

But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,

Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,

Ability in means, and choice of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while, And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her a while be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excuse'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rank the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us.
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall swiftly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall cause apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-ditty, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though be thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all sim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her intimacy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befitts her wounded reputation.)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mends, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwards are sad
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well counseled; presently away;
For strange sorely strangely they strain the cure.

Come lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; take patience, and endure. 

(Exit Friar, Hero, and Leon.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Bene. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Bene. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.

Bene. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her?

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Bene. A very mean way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Bene. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you; is not that strange?

Best. As strange as the thing I know not; it
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not;
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry
for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Bene. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me;
and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not
you.

Bene. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it:
I protest I love thee.

Bene. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Bene. You have staid me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Bene. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Bene. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Bene. You kill me to deny it: farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Bene. I am gone, though I am here;—there is
no love in you,—say, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Bene. In faith I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Bene. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Bene. Is he not approv'd in the height a villain,
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonour'd my kin-
woman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear
her in hand? until they come to take hands; and
then with public accusation, uncovered slander,
unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man!
I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Bene. Talk with a man out at a window!—a
proper saying!

Bene. Nay' but, Beatrice;—

Bene. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slan-
dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Bene. Princes, and counties! Surely a princely
testimony, a goodly count-contest; a sweet gal-
ant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or
that I had any friend would be a man for my sake!
But manhood is melted into courtesies, a valour into
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue,
and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Her-
cules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot
be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a
woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: by this hand I love
thee.

Bene. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio
bath wrong'd me hero?

Bene. Yes, as sure as I have a thought, or a
soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge
him; I will kiss your hand, and soothe you: by
this hand, Claudio shall render me a clear account:
as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort
your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so fare-
well. 

(Exit Friar.)

Noblemen. (7) A nobleman made out of sugar.

(8) Ceremony.
SCENE II.—A prison. Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrad and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole assembly appeared?
Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton! Scene. Which be the malefactors?
Dogb. Married, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.
Scene. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.
Dogb. Yes, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?
Bora. Borachio.
Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?
Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrad.
Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrad. —Masters, do you serve God?
Con. Bora. Yes, sir, we hope.
Dogb. Write down—thou hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend us. God should go before such villains. —Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?
Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.
Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.
Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.
Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fov'e God, they are both in a tale: have you writ down—that they are none?
Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that arrest their accusers.
Dogb. Yes, marry, that's the best way. —Let the watch come forth. —Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuses these men.
1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.
Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain. —Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.
Bora. Master constable,—
Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.
Sexton. What heard you him say else?
2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.
Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.
Verg. Yes, by the mass, that it is.
Scene. What else, follow?
1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.
Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.
Sexton. What else? 2 Watch. This is all.
Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refrained, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died. —Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.
Dogb. Come, let them be opined.

(1) Band. (2) Admonition.

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Verg. Let them be in band.
Con. Off, concomb!
Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer. concomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!
Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.
Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. —No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as witty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, to go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. —Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's house. Enter Leonato and Antonio.
Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; and 'tis no wisdom, thus to second grief against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, which falls into mine ears as profuse gold. —Dogb. Well, stand aside. —Vow God, they are both in a tale: have you writ down—that they are none?
Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that arrest their accusers.
Dogb. Yes, marry, that's the best way. —Let the watch come forth. —Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuses these men.
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Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.
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Dogb. Come, let them be opined.

(1) Band. (2) Admonition.
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudius.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudius, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord.—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?—

Leon. Many, thou dost wrong me; thou dissolvest, thou—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, bestowed my hand, If it should give your age such cause of fear: In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Trust, rash, man, never fear and trust me: I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool; As, under privilege of age, to brag What I have done being young, or what would do, Were I not old. O Claudius, think on thy head,

Thou hast so wrong’d mine innocent child, and me, That I am forc’d to lay my reverence by; And, with gray hairs, and brusie of many days, Do challenge thee to trial of a man. I say, thou hast bereft mine innocent child; Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors: O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of hers fram’d by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudius; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I’ll prove it on his body, if he dare: Despite his nice fence, and his active practice, His May of youth, and bloom of lustiness.

Claud. Away, I will not here to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so duff me? Thou hast kill’d my child;

If thou kill’st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: But that’s no matter; let him kill one first:

Win me and wear me.—let him answer me,—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:—

He boy, I’ll whip you from your fencing: fence;

Boy, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I love my niece;

And she is dead, slander’d to death by villains; Thou darest well answer a man, indeed, As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggen Jacks, milk-sops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Y’d you content; What, man! I know them, you,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple: Scrabbling, out-facing, fashion-monstr’ring boys, That lie, and cog, and boast, deprevd and slander’d, Go amity, and show outs and backs the same,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst, And this is all.

(1) Skill in fencing. (2) Thrusting.

Leon. But, brother Antony.—

Ant. Come, ’tis no matter; Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter’s death; But, on my honour, she was charg’d with nothing But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you. Leon. No?—

Brother, away:—I will be heard:—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.]

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to work.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think’st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would have it better away: Will thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasur us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: Art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast nistele enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another stuff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Come night, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. P’thai, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf’s-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife’s naughty.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I’ll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; True, says she, a fine little one: No, said I, a great wit; Right, says she, a great gross one: Nay, said I, a good wit: Just, said she, it hurts nobody.

(3) To give a challenge. (4) Invited.
Scene I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise; Certian, said she, a wise gentleman: Nay, said I, he hath the tongue: That I believe, said she, for he move a thing to me on Monday night, which he forewrote on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue: there's a candle, lady Hero: Thus doth he, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For which the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yes, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God save him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yes, and text underneath: Here dwells Benedict the married man.

Bona. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you dress, and do your blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—Your lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: for more Luck-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[Exit Benedict.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest. Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice. D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit! Enter Dogberry, VerGES, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borsio.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nor, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. Bid them come down, two of my brother's men bound! Borsio, one!

Claud. Hearken to their offence, my lord! D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondly, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have bullied a lady; thirdly, they have verified untrue calumnies, and, lastly, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what punishment shall I charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are bound to hear your answer? the learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bona. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdom could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessions to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you dis-graced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to your shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Run not this speech like iron through your blood!

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set them on to this?

Bona. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compound' and fram'd of treachery: — And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. sweet Hero to me: the image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed signer Leonato of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Ferg. Here, here comes master signer Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bona. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?

Bona. Yes, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fledd, that had a hand in it: — I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it. Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself; Impeach me to what punishment your intention Can lay upon my sin: yet 'tis not I, But in mistake.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible; but, I prayed you both, Possess the people in Messina here: How innocent she died: and, if your love Can labour ought in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night: — To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter. Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us: Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir, Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

(3) Command. (4) Acquaint.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act V.

I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of your Claudio.
Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
Tonight I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack’d in all this wrong,
Hand to hand by your brother.
Bona. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under
white and black,) this plaintiff here, the of-
fender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be re-
membered in his punishment: and also, the watch
heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he
wears a key in his car, and a lock hanging by it;
and borrow money in God’s name; the which he
hath used so long, and never paid, that now men
grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God’s
sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.
Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.
Dogb. Thy worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverent youth; and I praise God for you.
Leon. There’s for thy pains.
Dogb. God save the foundation!
Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
I thank thee.
Dogb. I leave an earnest knave with your worship;
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself,
for the example of others. God keep your
worship; I wish your worship well; God restore
you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart;
and if a merry meeting may be wished, God pro-
hibit it.—Come, neighbour.
[Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.
Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.
And Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-
morrow.
D. Pedro. We will not fail.
Claud. To-night I’ll mourn with Hero.
Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we’ll talk
with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Leonato’s Garden. Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.
Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, de-
sire well at my hands, by helping me to the speech
of Beatrice.
Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in
praise of my beauty?
Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man
living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth,
thee deservest it.
Marg. To have no man come over me? why,
shall I always keep below stairs?
Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound’s
mouth, it catches.
Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer’s foils,
which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not
hurt a woman; and so I pray thee, call Beatrice:
I give thee the bucklers.
Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of
our own.
Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put
in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous
weapons for maids.
Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I
think, hath legs.
[Exit Margaret.


Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, I singing; but in loving,—Leander the
good swimmer, Trolus the first employer of pas-
dars, and a whole book full of these quondam car-
pet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the
even road of a blank verse, why, they were never
so truly tarned over and over as my poor self, in
love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have
tried; I can find no rhyme to lady but baby,
an innocent rhyme; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme;
for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very onanous
endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming
planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called
thee?
Beat. Yes, signior, and depart when you bid me.
Bene. O, stay but till then!
Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—
and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came
for, which is, with knowing what hath passed
between you and Claudio.
Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will
kiss thee.
Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind
is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome;
therefore I will depart unkind.
Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his
right sense, so farcible is thy wit: But, I must tell
thee plainly, Claudio undertakes my challenge;
and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will
subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now,
tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first
fall in love with me?
Beat. For them all together; which maintained
so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit
any good part to intermingle with them. But for
which of my good parts did you first suffer love
for me?
Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer
love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.
Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor
heart! If you spurn it for my sake, I will spit it
for yours; for I will never love that which my
friend hates.
Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo pescatably.
Beat. It appears not in this confession: there’s
not one wise man among twenty that will praise
himself.
Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived
in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not
erect in his age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall
live no longer in monument, than the bell rings,
and the widow weeps.
Beat. And how long is that, think you?
Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour,
and a quarter in rhyme: Therefore it is most expe-
dient for the wise (if Don Wom, his conscience,
find no impediment to the contrary) to be the
trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So
much for praising myself (who, I myself will bear
witness, it praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How
dost thy cousin?
Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there
Scene III, IV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 139

will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; your son's old cell at home: it is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Bass. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Benv. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The inside of a church. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Att. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll.]

Ded to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guardian of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
The life, that died with shame,
Lines in death with glorious name.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of wo,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!—
Yea, will I do this right.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put out your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day.
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spoilt grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds:
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue bids,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this wo!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who o'erseas her.

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

(1) Stir. (2) Reward.
The former Hero! Here, that
She died, my lord, but whilst her slain
lord.

All this amissment can I qualify;
After that the holy rites are ended,
You largely of fair Hero’s death:
A time, let seem familiar,
To the chapel let us presently.
Soft and fair, fair—Whose is Beatrice?

I answer that same name! [Unmasking]

What is your will?

Bene. Why then, you uncle, and the prince,
Have you deceived; for they swore you did.
Bene. Do not you love me?
Bene. Why then, my cousin, Margaret, and
You are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for
me.
Bene. To no such matter:—Then, do you not
love me?
Bene. No, truly, but in friendly compensate.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Clari. And I’ll be sworn upon’t, that he loves
her.

For here’s a paper, written in his hand,
A halting servant of his own pure brain;
Which I deliver to Beatrice. And here’s another
Writing in my cousin’s hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here’s our own hands against
our hearts! I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for play.
Bene. I would not deny you; but, by this good
day, I gave up great persuasion; and, hardly, to
save your life, for I was told you were in a consump-
tion.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married
man?
Bene. Thou canst not make me out of thy humour; dost
think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No,
man will be beaten with brutes, he shall wear
his handsomest about him. In brief, in my days I
don’t purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any pur-
pose that the world can say against it; and therefore
I have never looked at thee for what I have said against

This play may be justly said to contain two of
the most价格 characters that Shakespeare ever
drew. The wit, the humour, the gentleman, and
the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to
be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid
of these distinctions, is disgraced by insuffi-
cient proficiency; for the goodness of his heart is
hardly sufficient to atone for the license of his
language. The sarcasm and levity, which flashes out
in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused
for the sake of her beauty, and friendship so ap-
parent to her behaviour, when she urges her lover
to his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the
conduct of the fable, however, there is an im-
portance to which Dr. Johnson has pointed
out in The Merry Wives of Windsor—be-
tween the states of the two parties, the
come to no good end. I wish some other method
had been found to entrap Beatrice, that very
one which before had been successfully practiced o
Benedick.

Much ado About Nothing (as I understand
from one of Mr. Vertue’s MSS.) formerly put
under the title of Benedick and Beatrice. Her
name is said to have been Miss Hobson, who
received a prize of forty pounds, and twenty pounds
in his majesty’s grant, for exhibiting this con-

(1) Because.
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he, 
That fright the maidens of the villagery; 
Skin milk; and sometimes labour in the quar; 7
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn; 
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm; 8
Maiden night-wanderers, laughing at their barn. 
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 
You do their work, and they shall have good luck: 
Are not you he? 
Puck. Thou speak'st right; 
I am that merry wanderer of the night. 
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile, 
When I a fat and besom-fed horse beguile, 
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal. 
And sometimes lurk I in a gospell's bowl, 
In very likeness of a roasted crab: 3
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob, 
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale. 
The wisest aunt, telling the mildest tale. 
Sometimes for three-foot stool mistakes me: 
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she, 
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough; 
And then the whole quire rebuke her and loath; 
And waxen in their minst, and neese, and swear 
A merrier hour was never wasted there.— 
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon. 
Fai. And here my mistress.— 'Would that he were gone! 

SCENE II.—Enter Oberon, at one door, with 
his train, and Titania, at another, with her. 
Ober. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania. 
Tit. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence; 
I have forewarned his bed and company. 
Ober. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord? 
Tit. Then I must be thy lady: But I know 
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land, 
And in the shape of Corin sat all day, 
Playing on pipes of corn, and verses 
To amorous Phililda. Why art thou here, 
Come from the farthest end of India? 
But that forsworn, the bouncing Amazons, 
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love, 
To Theseus must be wedded; and then you come 
To give your bed joy and prosperity. 
Ober. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania, 
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, 
Knowing I thy love to Theseus? 
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering 
night 
From Perigiones, whom he ravished? 
And make him with fair End break his faith, 
With Ariadne, and Antiope? 
Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy: 
And never, since the middle summer's spring, 
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead, 
By paved fountain, or by rocky brook, 
Or on the beach'd margin of the sea, 
To dance our ringlets to the whirling wind, 
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. 
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, 
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea 
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land, 
Have every peeling river made so proud, 
That they have overborne their continents: 
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain, 
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn 
Hath rot't, ere his youth attain'd a beard: 
The fold stands empty in the drowned field, 
And crows are fatted with the murinn flock;
Some II.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 146

The nine men's Morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint image in the wanton green
For lack of tread, are indistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest —
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic grumblings sound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed froses
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And an old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childless autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.
Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my handkerch. 4

Tis a set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Making the embard traders on the flood:
When whorea laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with petty and with swimming gait
(Withdraw her womb, then rich with my young
'squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intent you stay?
This, perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patient dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, than me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tis a not for thy kingdom — Fairies away;
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exeunt Titania, and her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a name revell'd on a faun's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-nymph's music.

Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not,)—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, on the west's west;
And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial voice pass'd on,

(1) A game played by boys.
(2) Autumn producing flowers uneasonably.
(3) Produce. (4) Page. (5) Exempt from love.
(6) Mad, raging. (7) Bring in question.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream

Act II.

2 Fai. Wearing spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence;  
Beetle black, approach not near;  
Worms, nor snails, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:  
Ooe, aloof, stand sentinel.  
[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
[Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyes-lids.  
Do it for thy true love take;  
Love, and languish for his sake:  
Be it once, or cat, or bear,  
Parl, or hoar with brighten'd hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;  
Wake, when some vile thing is near.  
[Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way;  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Herm. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Herm. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. 0, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;  
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it:  
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;  
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.  
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;  
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.  
Herm. Lysander riddles very prettily:—  
Now much beseech my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,  
Lye further off; in human modesty.  
Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid;  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:  
Thy love never alter, till thy sweet life end!  
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life, when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!  
Herm. With half that wish the wiser's eyes be press'd!  
[They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,  
But Atheneus found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence! who is here?  
Weeds of Athens be thou clad;  
This is he, my master said,  
Depised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.  

(1) Fai. (2) The greater cowslip. (3) Vigorous.  

10.
Scene I.

When thou walkest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darklings! leave me! do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Haep is Hermia, whereer’er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash’d than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away with fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia’s sappy eye?
But who is here?—Lyndard! on the ground!—
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:
Lyndard, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Helena.]

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lyndard; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though,
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason aw’d;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching me by the point of human skill,
Repose becomes the marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o’erlook
Love’s stories written in love’s richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
It’s not enough, it’s not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius’ eye,
But you must stint my insufficiency?

Good thrift, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do.
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perform I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refin’d,
Should, of another, therefore be abuse’d? [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may’st thou come Lyndard near!
For, as a serf of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the herses, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my serf, and my herse,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to her knight! [Exit.

(1) In the dark.  (2) By all that is dear.

Her. [Starting.] Help me, Lyndard, help me!

Do thy best,
To pluck this creeping serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lyndard, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey—
Lyndard! what, remov’d? Lyndard! Lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, as if you hear;
Speak, of all loves? I swoon almost with fear.
No!—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I’ll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. The queen of fairies being asleep. Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here’s a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: this green plot shall be our stage, this thorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say’st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By’r’akin, 2 a parted soul.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion’s neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Both the moon shine, that night we play our play?

(3) By our ladykin. (4) Dangerous. (5) Terrible.
Midsummer-Night’s Dream

Act III.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, thou mayst leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the cracks of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well: Come, sit down, every mother’s son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here, So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I’ll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thyby, stand forth.

Fyr. Thyby, the flowers of odious savour sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Fyr. Odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thyby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou, but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e’er play’d here! Asid. — Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes out to see a noise that be heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of him,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphal brier,

Most briskly youthful, and the most lovely face,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninnym’s tomb.

Quin. Ninnym’s tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cue’d and all. — Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’s head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Fyr. If I were fair, Thyby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [Exit. Clowns. Puck. I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round, Through bow, through bush, through brake, through brier, Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime ahound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, bound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. — Exit.

Enter fairies.

Thicket. (2) Young man.

(3) The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass’s head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

Sings. Theouselock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny hill,

The throat with his note so true,

The tears with little quail.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[Waking.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo grey,

Who saw full many a man doth mark,

And daint not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird a lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour’d of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue’s force perchance doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I’ll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep;

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go—

Peach-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter fairies.


Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries; With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey bags steal from the humble-bee, And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fairy glow-worm’s eyes.

To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the mock-beam from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesy.
1 Fair. Hail, mortal!
2 Fair. Hail!
3 Fair. Hail!
4 Fair. Hail!
Bot. I cry your worship’s mercy, heartily.—I
beseech, your worship’s name.
Oh. Cobweb.
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall
make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?
Peas. Peas-blossom.
Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,
your mother, and to master Peasewod, your father.
Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of
more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you?

Mustard-seed.
Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your
patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox
beef hath devour’d many a gentleman of your
house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my
eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance,
good master Mustard-seed.
Till. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love’s tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the wood. Enter
Oberon.

Ober. I wonder if Titania be awake’d;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Née to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and bathing hour,
a crew of patches, rude mechanics,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus’ nuptial day.
The shallowest thick skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass’s snow! I fixed on his head:
Amon, his Thistle must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or rummaged choaks, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun’s report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o’er and o’er one falls;
His murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel catch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yonder all things
catch.

(1) Rerely. (2) Simple fellow. (3) Stupid company. (4) Head. (5) Actor.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wake’d, and straightway love’d an ass.
Ober. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch’d the Athenian’s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish’d too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wake’d, of force she must be ey’d.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ober. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter toe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lyssander in his sleep,
Being o’er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stoln away
From sleeping Hermia? I’ll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor’d; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother’s moon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder’d him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder’d look; and so should I.
Pierc’d through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As wonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What’s this to my Lyssander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv’st me past
the bounds
Of maiden’s patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number’d among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look’d upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill’d him sleeping? O brave touch?
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it: for with a doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris’d mood:
I am not guilty of Lyssander’s blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow’s heaviness doth heavier grow.
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[Dies down.

Ober. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love’s sight:
Of thy misprision must perf’rce enrage
Some true-love turn’d, and not a false turn’d true.

Puck. Then fate o'er rules; that, one man holding truth, A million fail, confounding oath on oath. Oke. About the wood to swifter than ye enterprise, And Helen of Athens look thou find: All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer. With sights of love, that cost the fresh blood dear: By some illusion see thou bring her here; I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Oke. Flower of this purple dye, His with Cupid's archery, Sink in apple of his eye! When his love doth epy, Let her shine as gloriously As the Venus of the sky. When thou wilt'st, if she be by, Bag of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band, Helen is here at hand; And the youth, mistook by me, Pleading for a lover's ease; Shall we their fond pageant see? Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Oke. Stand said: the noise they make, Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once, woo one; That must needs be sport alone; And those things do best please me, That befal preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helen.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn? scorn and derision never come in tears: Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born, In their nativity all truth appears. How can these things in me seem scorn to you, Bearing the burden of faith, to prove them true? Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more. When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray! These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er? With oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh: Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales, Will even weigh; and both as light as tales. Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore. Hel. Not none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Asking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow! That pure concealed white, high Taurus' snow, Fan'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow, When thou hol'st up thy hand: O let me kiss This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss! Hel. O spying! O hell! I see you all are bent To set against me, for your meriment. If you were civil, and knew courtesy, You would not do me thus much injury. Can you not hate me, as I know you do, But you must join, in this woe to mock me too? If you were men, as men you are in show, You would not use a gentle lady so; To vow, and swear, and supererogate my parts,


When I am sure, you hate me with your heart. You both are rivals, and love Hermia; And now both rivals, to mock Hermia: A trim exploit, a manly enterprise. To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes, With your derision! none, of noble sort; Would so offend a virgin; and extort A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport. Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so; For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know: And here, with all good will, with all my heart, In Hermia's love I yield you up my part; And yours all Helen to me bequeath, Whom I do love, and will to do my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none: If ever I lov'd her, all that love is gone. My heart with her, but as guest-wise, sojourn'd; And now to Helen is it home return'd, There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know, Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, The ear more quick of apprehension takes; Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense, It pays the bearing double recompense: Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found; Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound. But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide, Fair Helen; who more engilds the night Than all you fiery o'er and eyes of light. Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know, The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be. Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy! Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three, To fashion this false sport in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! Have you cozen'd, have you with these contriv'd To bolt me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd, The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, When we have chid the heavy-footed time For parting us,—O, and is all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needs created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key; As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted; But yet a union in partition.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem: So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like costs in heraldry, Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest. And will you rent our ancient love saunter, To join with men in scorning your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not modestly:

Scene II.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 151

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it:
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Herald. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spur me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherfore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unreturn'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Herald. Ay, do persuade, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows! upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lyulia. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
For love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Herald. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dian. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyulia. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak tears.

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Demetrius. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyulia. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Demetrius. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lyulia. Away, you Ethiop!

Demetrius. No, no, sir,—be will
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go.

Lyulia. Hang off, thou cat, thou burn: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,

Sweet love?

Lyulia. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, lech'd medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Demetrius. Yes, 'tis smooth; and so do you.

Lyulia. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dian. I would, I had you word; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lyulia. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Are not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:

(1) Why faces.
(2) A worm that preys on buds of flowers.
(3) Shrewish or mischievous. (4) Foolish.

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lyulia. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing true; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-bloom!
You thief of love: what, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Herald. Fine, 'tis faith! Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you paint me!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our situations, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage.
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I? thou paint'st my pale complexion?
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Herald. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curt;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Herald. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save, that in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spur me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Herald. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Herald. With Demetrius.

Lyulia. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Demetrius. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Herald. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyulia. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of bind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Demetrius. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorner your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,

(5) Anciently knot-grass was believed to prevent
the growth of children.

(6) Pretend.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground.

[Exit Lys. as following the voice.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou run away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou lookst for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recraven; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is deaf'd

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yes; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter hearted than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why scorn'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,

Thou runnest before me, shifting every place;

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constrained me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—

By day's approach look to be visited.

[Dies down and sleeps.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;

That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From these that my poor company deiet:

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me a while from mine own company. [Sleeps.

Puck. Yet but three! Come one more;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:—

Cupid is a knaus'd lad,

Thou to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Herm. Never so weary, never so in wo,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

(4) Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day, 
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! 

_Puck._ On the ground 
Sleep sound: 
I’ll apply 
To your eye, 
Gentle lover, remedy. 
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander’s eye. 
When thou wak’st, 
Thou’lt be 
True delight 
In the sight 
Of thy former lady’s eye: 
And the country proverb known, 
That every man should take his own, 
In your waking shall be shown: 
Jack shall have Jill; 
Nought shall go ill; 
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall 
be well. [Ex. Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

_Tit._ Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, 
And stick music-cord in thy sleek smooth head, 
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy. 
_Bot._ Where’s Peas-blossom? 
_Pea._ Ready. 
_Bot._ Scratch thy head, Peas-blossom.—Where’s 
monseur Cobweb? 
_Cob._ Ready. 
_Bot._ Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get 
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle: and, good 
monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret 
yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and 
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break 
not; I would be loath to have you overthrown with 
a honey-bag, signior.—Where’s monseur Mustard-seed? 
_Must._ Ready. 
_Bot._ Give me yourself, monsieur Mustard-seed. 
Fray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur. 
_Must._ What’s your will? 
_Bot._ Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalier Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber’s, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my 
head do but tickle me, I must scratch. 
_Tit._ What, wilt thou bear some music, my 
sweet love? 
_Bot._ I have a reasonable good ear in music: let 
us have the togs and the bones. 
_Tit._ Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir’st to eat. 
_Bot._ Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch 
your good dry ous. Methinks, I have a great desire 
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath 
no fellow. 
_Tit._ I have a venrous fairy that shall seek 
The squirrel’s hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. 
_Bot._ I had rather have a handful, or two, of 
dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your 
people stir me; I have an expositi of sleep come 
upon me. 
_Tit._ Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. 

(1) Stroke. (2) Fist.

_Puck._ Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. 
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, 
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so 
Enring the bary fingers of the elm. 
O, how I love thee! how I doth on thee! 
[They sleep. 

_Ober._ advances. Enter Puck. 

_Ober._ Welcome, good Robin. See’st thou this 
sweet sight? 
Her dotes now I do begin to pity. 
For meeting her of late, behind the wood, 
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool, 
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her: 
For she his fairy temples then had rounded 
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; 
And that same dew which sometime on the bud 
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, 
Stood now within the pretty flowrets’ eyes, 
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. 
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, 
And she, in mild terms, begg’d my patience, 
I then did saak of her her changeling child; 
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent 
To bear him to my bower in fairy land. 
And now I have the boy, I will undo 
This hateful interposition of her eyes. 
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp 
From off the head of this Athenian straine; 
That he awaking when the other do, 
May all to Athens back again repair; 
And think and more of this night’s accidents, 
But as the fierce vexation of a dream. 
But first I will release the fairy queen. 
Be, as thou wast wont to be; 
[Touching her eyes with an herb. 
_See, as thou wast wont to see: 
_Dian’s bud o’er Cupid’s flower. 
_Hath such force and blessed power. 
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen. 
_Tit._ My Oberon! What visions have I seen! 
Methought, I was enamour’d of an ass. 
_Ober._ There lies your love. 
_Tit._ How came these things to pass? 
_Ober._ How mine eyes do loath his visage now! 
_Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head. 
_Tit._ Titania, music call; and strike more dead 
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense. 
_Tit._ Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep. 
_Puck._ Now, when thou wak’st, with thine own 
fool’s eyes peep. 
_Ober._ Sound, music. [Still music.] Come, my 
queen, take hands with me, 
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be. 
Now thou and I are new in amity; 
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly, 
_Dance in duke Theseus’ house triumphantly, 
And bless it to all fair posterity: 
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be 
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity. 

_Puck._ Fairy king, attend and mark; 
I do hear the morning lark. 
_Ober._ Then, my queen, in silence sad, 
_Step we after the night’s shade: 
_We the globe can compass soon, 
_Swifter than the wand’ring moon. 
_Tit._ Come, my lord: and in our flight, 
_Tell me how it came this night. 
That I sleeping here was fomented, 
With these mortals, on the ground. [Exeunt. 
_Horns sound within. 

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train. 
_Th._ Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform’d:
And since we have the wayward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley: go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the bear.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain’s top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Eg. I was with Heracles, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bade the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem’d all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So few’d, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap’d like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneful
Was never holli’d to, nor cheer’d with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are there three?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep:
And this, Lysander: this Demetrius is:
This Helena, old Nedar’s Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they row up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus: is not this the day
That Helena should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander,
Hermes, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. The good-morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[Exit.]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you are two rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amended,
Half ‘sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I had but just say’d, I came here:—
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is:)—
I came with Hermia hither; our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stoln away, they would, Demetrius.

Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow’d them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wore not by what power
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd;—
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth’d ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overhear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is somewhat worn,
Our purpose hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We’ll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

Dem. These things seen small; and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Her. Yes; and my father.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let’s follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [Exc.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

But. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:
my next is, Most fair Pyramus.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God’s my life! I stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, —past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man’s hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom’s Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Exit.


Quin. Have you sent to Bottom’s house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Fln. If he come not, then the play is marred;
It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in

(4) Love.

(5) Toy.
Scene I.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flm. No; he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yes, and the best person too; and he is a
very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flm. You must say, paramoun : a paramour is,
God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
more married: if our sport had gone onward, we
had all been made men.

Flm. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have
scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given
him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day,
in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these
hearts?

Quin. Bottom.—O most courageous day! O
not happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but
ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true
Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it
fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you,
is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel to-
together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons
to your jumps; meet presently at the palace;
every man look o'er his part, for, the short and the
long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let
Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him, that
plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out
for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat
no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet
breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say,
it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away; go
away. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An apartment in the
Palace of Theseus. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta,
Philotrope, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers
speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and maidens, have such soothing brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact!
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Both glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;

(1) Are made of mere imagination.  (2) Stability.
(3) Pastime.  (4) Short account.
(5) Unexercised.

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!
Hipp. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy?
But, however, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Ly. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philotrope.

Philot. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this
evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philot. There is a brief, how many sports are
ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Reading a paper.

[Giving a paper.

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The. [Reading.] The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung

The. The three Musea mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in Hegyra.

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thesee came last a conqueror.

The. The three Musea mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in Hegyra.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical? Tedioun and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philot. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
tongue;
Which is as brief as I have known a play:
By ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, it must confess,
Made mine eyes water: but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philot. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here;
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have told their unbreast'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philot. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it now,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

(5) Unexercised.
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and count'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.

Hipp. I love not to see wreath'd-headness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hipp. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpose'd
To greet me, with pre-ordain'd welcomes;
Where I have seen them shine and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their hearts,
And, in conclusion, doubtly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet;
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philo. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets. 

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you.

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lyr. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough calf,
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It
Is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hipp. Indeed he hath played on this prologue,
Like a child's song on a recorder; a sound, but not in
government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
sunder;
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are contem
To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

1) Ready. 2) A musical instrument.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of them,

* Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

* By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

* To meet at Nimus' tomb, there, there to woo.

* This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

* The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

* Did scare away, or rather did affright

* And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

* Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

* Amon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

* And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle stain:

* Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

* He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

* And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,

* His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

* Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,

* 'At large discourse, while here they do remain.'

[Exeunt Profs. Thise, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranberry'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

This lorn, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
show

That I am that same wall; the truth is no:
And this the cranberry is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire life and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partation that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall; silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. 'A grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
black!

* O night, which ever art, when day is not!

* O night, O night, slack, slack, slack,

* I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot! —

* And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

* That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine;

* Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

* Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eye.

* Thanks, courteous wall! Jove shield thee well for
this!

* But what see I? No Thisby do I see,

* O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

* Curt the thy stones for thus deceiveth me.

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving
me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I
am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall out as I told you: — Vonder she come.

Enter Thisbe.

This. 'O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans,

* For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

* My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

* Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. * I see a voice; now will I to the chink,

* To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

This. * My love! thou art my love, I think.*

* Called.
Pyrv. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
This. 'And like Linander am I truly still.'  
Pyrv. 'Not Shaftus to Procris was so true.'  
This. 'As Shaftus to Procris, I to you.'  
Pyrv. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.'  
This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'  
Pyrv. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?'  
This. 'To die, life, the death, I come without delay.'  
Wall. 'Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.'  
[Exit Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.  
The. Now is the morn down between the two neighbours.  
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.  
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.  
The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.  
Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.  
The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.  
Here come two noble beastes in, a moon and a lion.  
[Enter Lion and Moonshine.  
Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know, that I, one Snare the joiner, am  
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:  
For if I should as lion com - in strife  
Into this place, 'wreere pity on my life,'  
The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.  
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that ever I saw.  
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.  
The. True: and a goose for his discretion.  
Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.  
The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.  
Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present:  
Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.  
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.  
Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present:  
Myself, the man i' th' moon do seem to be.'  
The. This is the greatest error of all the rest:  
the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' th' moon?  
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.  
Hip. I am aware of this moon: Would he change!  
The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,  
that he is in the moon, but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

(1) In anger; a quibble.  (2) Course yarn.
Enter Thise.

Th. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thise is, the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet.—

Th. 'Askew, my love?

'o Pyramus, arise,

'Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

'Dead, dead? A tomb

'Must cover thy sweet eyes.

'These lily brows;

'This cherrie nose,

'Those yellow cowslip cheeks,

'Are gone, are gone:

'I lovers, make monn!

'His eyes were green as leeks.

'0 sisters three,

'Come, come, to me,

'With hands as pale as milk;

'Lay them in gone;

'Since you have shore

'With shears his thread of silk.

'Tongue, not a word—

'Come, trusty sword;

'Come, blade, my breast impresse;

'And farewell, friends—

'Thise, Thise ends:

'Adieu, adieu, adieu.' [Dist.

The Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Thes. No epilogue, I pray you; for your plays needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thise's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

Thes. This is a piece of Clowns. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fair time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night—Sweet friends, to bed—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf bewails the moon;

While the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task forlorn.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch, that lies in wo,

In remembrance of a shred.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,

(1) Progress. (2) Overcome.

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are fricke; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent, with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.

Ober. Through this house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowzy fire:

Every elf, and fairy sprite,

How he hath a bird from brier;

And this duty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First rehearse this song by rote:

To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand, with fairy grace.

Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Ober. Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Whi'h by us shall blessed be;

And the issue, there create,

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be;

And the blooms of nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, bare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigies, such as are

Despis'd in nati'veity.

Shall upon their children be.

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his guil;

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace with sweet peace:

E'er shall it in safety rest,

And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day. 

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,

Think but this (and all is mended),

That you have but slumber'd here,

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend;

If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have sinn'd, we use our hearts,

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends ere long.

Else the Puck a li'l call

So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends [Exit.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spencer's poem had made them great.

JOHNSON.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, king of Navarre.  
Biron,  
Longaville, lords, attending on the king.  
Dumain,  
Boyet, lords, attending on the princess of Mercado.  
France,  
Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.  
Sir Nathaniel, a curate.  
Hofdames, a schoolmaster.  
Dull, a constable.  
Costard, a clown.  
Moth, page to Armado.  

A Forester.  
Princess of France.  
Roseline, ladies, attending on the princess.  
Katharine,  
Jaquenetta, a country wench.  
Officers and others, attendants on the king and princess.  
Scene, Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A park, with a palace in it. Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King.  

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs;  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
The endeavours of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge.  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little académé,  
Sull and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'ts but a three years' fast;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribes, but bankrupt quite the wits.  

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's base slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.  

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, To live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances:

As, not to see a woman in that term:  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
And, one day in a week, to touch no food;  
And but one meal on every day beside:  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day:  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day:)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from thee.  

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;  
I only spoke, to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.  

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.  

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.  

What is the end of study? let me know.  

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.  

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense.  

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.  

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;  
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid:  
Or, having sworn too hard a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.  

King. These be the stop- that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects in vain delight.  

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:  
As painfully to pore upon a book,  
To seek the like of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the sight of his look:  
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies;  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

Act I.

Studied me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzled so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like heaven’s glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search’d with saucy looks;
Small have continual plotters ever won,
Save base authority from others’ books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know sought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he’s read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Long. Something then in rhyme.

Biron. Long. Biron is like an envious stomping frost,
That bites the first-born infant of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas, I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled showes?
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o’er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I’ll keep what I have swore,
And ’tis the penance of each three years’ day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict decrees I’ll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—
And hath this been profan’d?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let’s see the penalty.

[Reads.]—On pain of losing her tongue.—
Who devia’d this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[Reads.] Item. If any man he seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king’s daughter, with yourself to speak.

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

(1) Nipping. (2) Games, sports. (3) Reads. (4) Temptations.

Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
’Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must be here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forewarned.

Three thousand times within this three years’ space:
For every man with his affects is born;
New, by might master’d, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forewarned on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[Subscribes.]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attaint of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick’ st recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world’s new fashion planted,
That hath a mott of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado high;
For to interm to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world’s debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion’s own knight.

Long. Costard the swan, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke’s own person?

Biron. This fellow; what wouldst thou?

Dull. I myself apprehend his own person, for I am his grace’s chamberton: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This he is.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commands you.—

There’s villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contents thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience?

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir; and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merryness.

(5) Lively, sprightly. (6) Called. (7) i. e. third- borough, a peace-officer.
Scene II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manner before, sitting, and taking her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention? Biron. As we would hear an oracle. Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering parent. — Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is.—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight!—

King. No words.

Cost. — of other men's secrets, I becall you. King. So it is, besieg'd with sad-coloured melancholy. I did command the black-oppressing helmet to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving self, for I am a gentleman, belot my self to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is eloped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscure and most preposterous event, that drawer from my snow-white pen the clow-coloured ink, which here thou wostest, beloathest, surelypest, or seest: but to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minion of thy mirth,

Cost. Me.

King. — that unletter'd small-kno'ing soul,

Cost. Me.

King. — that shallow vessel,

Cost. Still me.

King. — which, as I remember, knight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King. — sorted and consortcd, contrary to thy established proclaimed and continent canon, with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith. Cost. With a wench. King. — with a child of our grandmother Esse, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by thy most grace's officer, Antony Dull: a man of good reputation, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, sir, shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid

(1) In the fact. (2) A young man.

remain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy love's story; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. These, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say ye to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If thither, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with matron and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumarqu.

Biron. I'll lay my head to say good man's hat. These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Armado's house. Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear Imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tender juvenal.

Arm. Why tough juvenal? why tough juvenal?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epithet, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertaining title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I, pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condivid praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?
L O V E ' S  L A B O U R ' S  L O S T .

**Act I.**

**Moth.** That an eel is quick.

**Arm.** I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou hastest my blood.

**Moth.** I am answered, sir.

**Arm.** I love not to be crossed.

**Moth.** He speaks the mere contrary, crossed love not him.

**Arm.** I have promised to study three years with the duke.

**Moth.** You may do it in an hour, sir.

**Arm.** Impossible.

**Moth.** How many is one thire told?

**Arm.** I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a taperer.

**Moth.** You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

**Arm.** I confess both; they are both the vanities of a complete man.

**Moth.** Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

**Arm.** It doth amount to one more than two.

**Moth.** Which the base vulgar do call, three.

**Arm.** True.

**Moth.** Why, sir, is this such a matter of study?

**Arm.** Three thousand, one hundred twenty-one, and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

**Arm.** A most fine figure!

**Moth.** To prove you a cypher.

**Arm.** I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humorous affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think seem to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

**Moth.** Hercules, master.

**Arm.** Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

**Moth.** Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

**Arm.** O well-kept Samson! strong-jointed Samson! Do excel thee in my rapture, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

**Moth.** A woman, master.

**Arm.** Of what complexion?

**Moth.** Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

**Arm.** Tell me precisely of what complexion.

**Moth.** Of the sea-water green, sir.

**Arm.** Is that one of the four complexions?

**Moth.** As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

**Arm.** Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

**Moth.** It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

**Arm.** My love was a pale white and red.

**Moth.** Most masculine thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

**Arm.** Define, define, well-educated infant.

**Moth.** My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

**Arm.** Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

1. The name of a coin once current.
2. Of which she is naturally possessed.

**Arm.** If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will never be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth own.3

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

**Arm.** Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

**Moth.** The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

**Arm.** I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

**Moth.** To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

**Arm.** Sing, boy; my spirits grow heavy in love.

**Moth.** And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

**Arm.** I say, sing.

**Moth.** Forbear till this company be past.

**Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.**

**Dull.** Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no pleasure; but's must fast three days a-week.

**Arm.** For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.4 Fare you well.

**Arm.** I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

**Jaq.** Man.

**Arm.** I will visit thee at the lodge.

**Jaq.** That's hereby.

**Arm.** I know where it is situate.

**Jaq.** Lord, how wise you are!

**Arm.** I will tell thee wonders.

**Jaq.** With that face?

**Arm.** I love thee.

**Jaq.** So I heard you say.

**Arm.** And so farewell.

**Jaq.** Fair weather after you!

**Dull.** Come, Jaquenetta, away.

**Arm.** Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, are thou be pardoned.

**Cost.** Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

**Arm.** Thou shalt be heavily punished.

**Cost.** I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

**Arm.** Take away this villain; shut him up.

**Moth.** Come, you transgressing slave; away.

**Cost.** Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

**Moth.** No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

**Cost.** Well, if ever I do see the merry days of declamation that I have seen, some shall see—

**Moth.** What shall some see?

**Cost.** Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

**Arm.** I do affect the very ground, which is base,

(2) Transgression. (4) Dairy-woman (5) Love.
where her shoe, which is base, guided by her foot, which is base, doth tread. I shall be forewarned (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attributed? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid’s butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules’ club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard’s rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not; the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love: yes, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporar’ god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same. A pavilion and tents at a distance. Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits: Consider who the king your father sends: To whom he sends: and what’s his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world’s esteem: To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight Than Aquisan; a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigiously gave them all to you. 

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter’d by base sale of Chapman’s tongues: I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to talk Good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Till painful study shall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his silent court: Therefore to us seateth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, we single you As our best-moving fair solicitor: Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, On serious business, craving quick despatch, Importune personal conference with his grace. Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-ring’d suitors, his high will. Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.— Who are the votaries, my loving lords, That are now-fellows with this virtuous duke? 1 Lord. Navarre is one. 

Prin. Who knows the man? 

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast, (1) Arrow to shoot at butts with. (2) Best.

Between lord Perigott and the beautects heir. Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longville: A man of sovereign parts he is esteem’d; A man fitted in the arts, glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well. The only soil of his fair virtue’s gloss, If virtue’s gloss will stain with any soil, Is a sharp wit match’d with too blunt a will; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will will still wills It should none spare that come within his power. 

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, believe; is’t so? 

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know. 

Prin. Such short-liv’d wits do wither as they grow. 

Who are the rest? 

Kath. The young Duman, a well-accomplish’d youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue lov’d: Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill; For he had much to make an ill shape good, And shape in grace though he had no wit. I saw him at the duke Alençon’s once; And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report, to his great worthiness. 

Ros. Another of these students at that time Was there with him: if I have heard a truth, Biron they call him; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour’s talk withal; His eye beguiles occasion for his wit; For every object that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving jest; Which his fair tongue (conceit’s expositor,) Delivers in such apt and gracious words, That aged ears play truant at his tales, And younger hearings are quite ravished; So sweet and volatile is his discourse. 

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love? That every one her own hath garnished With such bedecking ornaments of praise? 

Mar. Here comes Boyet. 

Re-enter Boyet. 

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord? 

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach; And he, and his competitors in oath, Were all address’d to meet you, gentle lady, Before I came. Marry, much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field (Like one that comes here to besiege his court,) Than seek a dispensation for his oath, To let you enter his unpeopled house. 

Here comes Navarre. 

[The ladies mask. 

Enter King, Longville, Duman, Biron, and attendsants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet; the roof of this court is too high for to yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to mine. 

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court. 

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither. 

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath. 

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he’ll be forsworn. 

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will. (3) Confederates. (4) Prepared.
Prius. Why, will he break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prius. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise.

Where! now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping;
To save his life to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill becometh me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

(Gives a paper.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prius. You will the sooner, that I was away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question?

Biron. You must make it so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spare not with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speedeth too fast,
'Twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leaves the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And am I many lovers?

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we (as neither have),
Received that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purpothe.
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so coldly as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, gainst some reason, in my breast,
And so well satisfied to France again.

Prius. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
Is so unseeming to confesse receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prius. We arrest your word:

Biron. You can produce acquaintances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

(1) Whereas.  (2) Part.  (3) Aye, yea.

Biotet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meanwhile receive with welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prius. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [Exeunt King and his Train.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that it do good?

Ros. My physic says, 'twill.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No pox! with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay, thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

Biotet. The heir of Alencon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

Biotet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Biotet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Biotet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Biotet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Biotet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Biotet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Biotet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Biotet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron.—Ladies unseen.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Biotet. And every jest but a word.

Prius. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Biotet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Biotet. And wherefore not ships?
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same. Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Conscendi—
Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.
Moth. Master, will you win my love with a French brawni?

(1) A quibble, several signified unasciended lands.
(2) Hastily.
(3) A kind of dance.

Arm. How means'th thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my complete master; but to jog off a time at the tongue's end, canary4 to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penhouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doubles, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a top after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenchers—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.
Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?
Moth. By my penny of observation.
Arm. But O,—but O,—
Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.
Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?
Moth. Ne, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgotten your love?
Arm. Almost I had.
Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.
Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.
Arm. What wilt thou prove?
Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Arm. I am all these three.
Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all!
Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be an ambassador for an ass!
Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.
Arm. The way is but short; away.
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenuous? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. Melting, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so;
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric! He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump then, and I see.
Arm. A most acute juvenal; volatile and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face; Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

(4) Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.
(5) Quick, ready.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy
Penny—!—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no Penny: no salary
in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
no Penny, no Penny, no salary, sir, but a plantain;
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy
thilly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs
provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me,
my stars! Dost the inconsiderate take salary
Penny, and the word, Penny, for a salary?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not
Penny a salary?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse
to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been
mias.

I will exemplify it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the Penny.

Moth. I will add the Penny: Say the moral
again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my Penny.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good moral, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat:

Sir, your pennyworth is good, as your goose be
fat:

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and
loose:

Let me see a fat Penny; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in
a shin.

Then call'd you for the Penny.

Cost. True, I, and for a plantain; Thus came
your argument in;

Then the boy's fat Penny, the goose that you
bought:
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a Costard
broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will
speak that Penny:—
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till more be no more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances:—I smell
some Penny, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at
liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert im-
muared, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true: and now you will be my pur-
gation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-

(1) An old French term for concluding verses,
which served either to convey the moral, or to ad-
dress the poem to some person.
(2) Delightful.
(3) Reward.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconstancy?
Jew!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-
tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
three farthings—remuneration. What's the price
of this tinkle? a penny. No, I'll give you a re-
muneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration!—
why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will
never buy and sell out of this word.

Eater Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly
well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knife,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guardian, go.

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most
sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guer-
don—remuneration.

Eater Biron.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that
have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This whimpred, this whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rymes, lord of folded arms,
The mounted sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole emperor, and great general
Of trotting parrots.—O my little heart!—
And to I be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I! I love! I sur! I seek a wife?
A woman, that is like a German clock,

(4) With the utmost exactness.

(5) Hooded, veiled.

(6) Peticotes.

(7) The officers of the spiritual courts who serve
citations.
Scene I.  

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;  
And never going aight, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right?  
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A whitenly wanton with a violet brow,  
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes:  
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;  
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.  

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same. Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?  
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.  
Prin. Who'er he was, be show'd a mounting mind.  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;  
On Saturday we will return to France.—  
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?  
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand, where you may make the fairest shot.  
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.  
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.  
Prin. What, what! first praise me, and again say, no?  
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair! slack for wo!  
For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good myglass, take this for telling true;  
[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.  
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.  
Let us see, see, how beauty will be sav'd by merit.  
O here'sy in fair, fit for these days!  
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot;  
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;  
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outworn part,  
We bend to that the working of the heart:  
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.  
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty  
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords over their lords?  
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
To say lady that subdued a lord.

1 (God give you good even.
2 (Open this letter.
3 (Illustrious.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God die-you-den! all! Pray you, which is the head lady?  
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no beads.  
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?  
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.  
Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.  
As you your waist, mistresse, were as slender as my wit,  
One of these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.  
Are not you the chief woman! you are the thickest here.  
Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?  
Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.  
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:  
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.  
Boyet. I am bound to serve.  
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.  
Prin. We will read it, I swear:  
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.  
Boyet. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art fair,  
is most in faltable; true, that thou art beauteous;  
truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair,  
beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself,  
have commiseration on thy heroic soul!  
The magnanimous and most illustrious king Co-  
phetaus set eye upon the pernicious and indubitable  
begetter Zenelophon; and he it was that might  
rightly say, veni, vidi, vici, which to anatomes in the  
vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!) videolctes,  
hem came, saw, and overcome: he came, one; saw,  
too; overcome, three. Who came? the king;  
Why did he come? to see; if you did he see? to  
overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar;  
What saw he? the beggar; Who overcome he?  
the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose  
side? the king's: the captaine is enrich'd; On whose  
side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a mystique:  
On whose side? the king's—no, on both in one,  
or one in both. I am the king: for so stands the  
comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth  
the loneliness. Shall I command thy love? I may:  
Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat  
your love? I will. What shall thou exchange for  
rings? robes: For titles, titles: For thyself, me.  
Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on  
thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart  
on thy every part.

Thine, in the nearest design of industry.  
Don Adrian de Armado.  
Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar.  
Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
Submission fall's his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.  
Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indolent  
this letter?  
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear  
better?  
Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember  
the style.  
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it  
crwhile.

4 (Just now.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Boyet. This Aramis is a Spaniard, that keeps
A phantasm, a Monarch, and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Pris. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Chief. I told you; my lord.

To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Cost. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he calls Rosaline.

Pris. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine other day.
[Exit Prince and Train.

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosa. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill hones; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Rosa. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed —

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,

That was a man when king Pepin of France

Was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old,

That was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain

Was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it. [Singing.

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[Exit Ros. and Kath.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark, but that mark; A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to rote at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll never hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bow.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl.

Cost. By my soul, a straw! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O my troth, most sweet jests! most insony vulgar wit!

(1) A species of apple. (2) A low fellow.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscurily, as it were, so fit.

Aramo o' the one side, —O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly s' will swear!

And his page o' the other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetic nit!

[Sols. sols.

[Exit Costard, running.

SCENE II. — The same. Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in sanguis, —

blood; ripe as a pomewater, I who now bangle like a jewel in the ear of cela,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon faileth like a crab, on the face of terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epitaphs are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least:

But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, had credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in was, in way, of explication; factus, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentation, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconformed fashion—to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice and simplicity, bis coactus! —O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never felt of the disappointments that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do flourish in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school;

But, omeat bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And naught not to five weeks, when he came to five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old:

(3) Reached.
Scene II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you bear an extemoral epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scrupility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.
The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty plentiful pricket.

Some say, a sure; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sore jumps from thicket.
Or pricket, sore, or else sore; the people full a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; 0 sore L.

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, reveries; there was to be born in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mericle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, vir sapit, qui paucis loquitur: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—quasi persona. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is like to a hoghead.

Hol. Of piercing a hoghead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armisto: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fustate, precor et libell supplemente sub umbra.

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuian! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Vingia, Vingia.

Chis non te vede, et non te pregia.

Old Mantuian! old Mantuian! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.—Under-pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: Leges domine.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove:

Those thoughts to me were oats, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes:

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

Allignorning that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.)

Thy eye of Love's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers muffled; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, carest. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? But inari, is nothing: so doth the honb's his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment,

BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a servant of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu!

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father said—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father of a certain papil of mine: where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-said child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto: where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (maith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To Doll.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: paucus verba. Away; the gentle are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt.]
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE III.—Another part of the same. Enter
Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am cour- ing myself; they have pithec't a toil; I am tell ing in a pitch; pitch that defies; defies! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, writ! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; I faith, I will not. O, but her eye— by this light, her eye, but for her eye, I would not lose her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath o' her sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap—Faith secrets.—

King. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not:
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
As doth thy face through tears of mine giving light:
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So lightest thou triumphing in my joy;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through thy grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O rose of queans, how far dost thou exalt
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Stops aside.

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appears!

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?
Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumph, the corner-cap of society.
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

Scene III.

L O V E ' S  L A B O U R ' S  L O S T.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But ake, thy hand is warm,  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
False, slack, for youth unmeet;  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee:  
Those for whom even Jove would weep,  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny myself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send; and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.  
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,  
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;  
For none offend, where all alike do dote.  
Long. Domain [advancing.] thy love is far from charity,  
That in love's grief desir'd society:  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.  
King. Come, sir, [advancing.] you blush; as his your case is such;  
You chide at him, offending twice as much:  
You do not love Maria; Longaville  
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;  
Nor lay his wreathed arms about his loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush  
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;  
Saw still a reck from noted well your passion:  
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
One, her hair was gold, crystal the other's eyes:  
You would for paradise break faith and truth;  
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.  
[To Long.]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear  
A faith infringing'd, which such a soul did swear?  
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
How will he triumph, jest, and laugh at it?  
For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.  
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.  
[Descends from the tree.]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reproove  
These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
Thy eyes do move no coaches; in thy tears,  
There is no certain princess that appears:  
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonninget.  
But are you not bash'd? say, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'erhot?  
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
But I a beam do find in each of these.  
O, what a scene of folly I have seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of tears!  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a goat!  
To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,  
And Neator play at mirth with the boys,  
And critic3 Timon laugh at idle toys!  
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Domain?  
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
And where my liege's? all about the breast:  
A coudle, he!  
King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!  
King. What present hast thou there?  
Cost. Some certain treason.  
King. What makes treason here?  
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.  
King. If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.  
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:  
Our person miscasts it; 'twas treason, he said.  
King. Biron, read it over. [Giving him the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?  
Jaq. Of Costard.  
King. Where hadst thou it?  
Cost. Of Dun Adramadi, Dun Adramadio.  
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?  
Biron. A joy, my liege, a joy; thy grace needs not fear it.  
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.  
Cost. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.  
[Reads.] [Picks up the pieces.]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggehead [To Cos-  
tard.] you were born to do me shame.—  
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.  
King. What?  
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:  
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.  
Cost. Now the number is even.  
Biron. True, true; we are four:  
Will these turtles be gone?  
King. Hence, sir; away.  
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the trait-  
tors stand.  
[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!  
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;  
Young blood will not obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore, of all hands Must we be forsworn.  
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?  
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-eyed eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?  
King. What seal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?  

(1) Grief. (3) Cyne. (S) In trimming myself.
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Act IV.

Of all complexion the cuill'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair check;

Where several worthies make one dignity;  
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
Fine, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;  
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fire-score winters worn,  
Might shake off sly, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!  
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look;

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavenous.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;  
For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid deprisage,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you true,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as I.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were pave with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

(1) Law:canic.
Scene I.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us, once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these glories by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Free-run fair love, steering her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd
no corn;
And justice always whirs in equal measure:
Light wenchers may prove plagues to men forewarn'd;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same. Enter
Holdernesse, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affec tion; audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did conversate this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armando.

Hol. Noni hominum tantum te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue fiery, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too pregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice of theibet.

[Take out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such funereal phantasms, such innocable and point-de-vie companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doute, fine, when he should say doubt: det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, t, s: he clepeth a call, cust; half, half; neighbour, soke; and every adjective, he abbreviates, me: This is abominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuates me of insanie; Vit intellectus domus? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Lassa deo, bone intelligne.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for bens: Prieurien a little
scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Vido, et gaudleo.

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. Queur Chirra, non sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military air, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honores fictilibudinitiates: thou art easier swallowed than a flat-draco.

Moth. Peace: the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook:—

What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis-hou causans?

Moth. The third of the fire vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, o, u,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterran eum, a sweet touch, a quick venem of wit: sip, snap, quick and home; it rejoceth my intellect: true wit

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit- old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. I'll lend you my horn to make one, and I will whip about your infancy circums circa: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. As I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy gingerbread: bold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master; thou halpidenry purse of wit, thou pigeon-eye of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad

dunghill, at the fingers' ends, I say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for surn eum.

Arm. Arts-man, preambula; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posteriors of this day, that are, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measureable for the afternoon: the word is well cul'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—

(6) A small inflammable substance, swallowed in a glass of wine.

(7) A hit. (8) Free-school.
For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do
beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:—I beseech
these, apparel thy head; and among other impor-
tante and most serious designs,—and of great im-
port, indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must
tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world)
seem to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with
his royal finger, thus, daily with my excretion,
with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass.
By the world, I recount no fable; some certain
special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart
to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath
seen the world:—but let that pass. The very all of
all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—
that the king would have me present the princes,
sweet check,5 with some delightful ostentation, or
show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now,
understanding that the curate and your sweet self,
are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking
out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you
within, to the end to crave your assistance.
Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine
worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some enter-
tainment of time, some show in the posterior of this
day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's
command, and this most gallant, illustrious, and
learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say,
none so fit to present the nine worthies.
Asth. Where will you find men worthy to
present them?
Hol. Joshua, yourself, myself, or this gallant
gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because
of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the
great; the page, Hercules.
Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity
enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big
as the end of his club.
Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present
Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be
strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for
that purpose.
Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the
audience has, you may cry: well done, Hercules!
now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to
make an offence gracious; though few have the
grace to do it.
Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—
Hol. I will play three myself.
Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!
Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?
Hol. We attend.
Arm. We will have, if this fadge6 not, an antic.
I beseech you, follow.
Hol. Viz., a good man Dull! thou hast spoken no
word all this while.
Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.
Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will
play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them
out of the hay.
Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the same. Be-
fore the Princess's Pavilion. Enter the Prin-
cess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.
Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart;
If fairings come thus plentifully in;
A lady apparel'd in a suit of diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Rosal. madam, came nothing else along with that?


Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in
rhythm
As would be cram’d up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid’s name.
Rosal. That was the way to make his god-head
wash?
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Rosal. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill’d
your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit.
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Rosal. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Rosal. We need more light to find your meaning
out.
Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;7
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Kath. So do you not? for you are a light wench.
Rosal. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not
for me.
Rosal. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Rosal. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birthô:
The numbers true; and, were the numbing'to be,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground;
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fair's.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Rosal. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Rosal. 'W'ere pencils! How? let me not die your
debtor,
My red dimousial, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and besheer all shrows!
Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Du-
main?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mars. This, and these pears, to me sent Longa-
vile;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in
heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mars. Ay, or I would these hands might never
part.
Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
Rosal. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birthô I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How would I make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes?
(7) Formerly a term of endearment. (8) In anger.
And shape his service wholly to my behoves;  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests  
Be something like what I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my boy, and I his fate. —

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are  
catch'd.  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
His wisdom's worth, and the help of school;  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.  
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As folly in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.  
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's  
her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! —  
Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,  
And 'tis in argument: you'll be surpris'd.  
Muster your wit; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid: What are  
they, that charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpose's rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold addrest  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage:  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;  
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Present majestical would put him out:  
For, quoth the king, an angel shall thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.  
The boy replied, An angel is not evil:  
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;  
Making the bold way by their praises holder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and lceke'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoken before:  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd, Friar! we will not, come what will come:  
The third be caper'd, and cried, All goes well:  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a terrible laughter, so profound,  
That in this splendor ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess;  
Their purpose is, to parade, to court, and dance:  
And every one his love-seat will advance  
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know  
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be  
task'd: —

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosine, this favour thou shalt wear;  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me this;  
So shall Birds take me for Rosine: —  
And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.  
Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?  
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,  
Upon the next occasion we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.  
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to?  
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;  
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
heart, and quite divorce his memory from his part.  
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will never come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport, as sport by sport outdroven;  
To make their ours, and ours their own;  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.  
[Trumpets sound within.]  
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the  
maskers come.  
[The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longville, and Dunsmir,  
in Russian habit, and masked; Moth, musicians, and attendants.

Moth. All hail! the richest beauties on the earth!  
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.  
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,  
[The ladies turn their backs to him.  
That ever turn'd their backs—to mortal views!  
Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.  
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!  
Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, haughty spirits,  
whetsye

Not to behold—  
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.  
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beam'd  
eyes,——with your sun-beam'd eyes—  
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;  
You were best call it, daughter-beam'd eyes.  
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.  
Biron. Is this your perfection? be gone, you  
rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their  
 minds, Boyet:  
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes:  
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?  
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.  
Ros. What would they, say they?  
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.  
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be  
gone.  
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.  
Kings. Say to her, we have measured many miles;  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.  
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many  
a mile,  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
In one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her; we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o’ergone,
Are number’d in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accomp. 
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed,) upon our wat’ry eye.
Ros. O vain petition! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request’st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe
One change.
Thou bid’st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it
Not yet;—no dance;—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
Extraordinary?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she’s
Chang’d.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We’ll not be nice: take hands—wec will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends—
Courtly, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves; what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let’s hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas’d with that.
[They converse apart.]
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
With thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three
Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice).
Methewin, wort, and malmsay:—Well run, dice!
There’s half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can clog, I will play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev’st my gall.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[They converse apart.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I’ll bid adieu.
[They converse apart.
Kath. What was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Yeal! quoth the Dutchman;—Is not real
A calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let’s part the word.
Kath. No, I’ll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an oz.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mock’s!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hearts you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
Keen
As is the razor’s edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
Break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff;
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, music, and attendants.
Prin. Twenty adieu, my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder’d at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff’d out.
Ros. Well-loving wits they have; gross, gross.
Fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor foul!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This part Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dusain was at my service, and his sword:
No point? quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o’er his heart;
And trow you, what he call’d me?
Prin. Quoil, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.²
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dusain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:—
Immediately they will again be here

(3) Better wits may be found among citizens.
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

**Fro.** Will they return?

**Boy.** They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.

**Fro.** How blow? how blow? speak to be under-
stood.

**Boy.** Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Damest'k'd, their damest sweet cominixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

**Fro.** Ay, in truth, my lord; for virtue's office never breaks men's truth.

**Boy.** In their proper habits.

**King.** Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless'k'd gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to see.

**Boy.** Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

**Fro.** In our tents, as roses run over land.

**Enter the King, Biron, Longville, and Dumatian.**

**King.** Fair sir, God save you! Where is the
princess?

**Boy.** Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither.

**King.** That she vouchsafe me audience for one
word.

**Boy.** I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

**Biron.** This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons
peas;
And utter it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wasseals, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pns the wenchers on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and liep: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice,
In honourable terms! nay, he can sing
A mean! most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

**King.** A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

**Enter the Princess, usher'd by Boyet; Rosaline,
Maria, Katharine, and attendants.**

**Biron.** See where it comes! — Behaviour, what
wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou
now?

**King.** All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day!

**Fro.** Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more to speech of men.
O! never will I trust to speeches penned,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vioce to my friend:
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pìd hyperboles, spruce affection,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forewarn them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!) henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In rusted ears, and honest keswye noes:
And, to begin, wonch.—So God help me, is
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sann sana, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick of the mad age,—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—
Write, Lord have mercy on us, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are prey'd on; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Ros. Were you not here, but even now, dis gust'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Ros. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forewarn.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
God give thee joy of him, my noble lord
Most honoursly doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth.
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this:—but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give; I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Perdone me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my design:—
What would you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both truant.

I see the trick on't: here was a consens
(Knowing aforehand of our errament,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed:
Told our intents before: Which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you,
(To Boyet.)
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between the sheep and the fire,
Holding a trancher, jesting merrily?
Yow put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smack shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Costard.
Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three.
Cost. No, sir; but it is varm fine,
For every one pentants three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,
it is not so:
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Under correction, sir, we know whereas it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show wherein it doth amount:
for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—even one poor man; Pompion the great,
Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?
Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worth; but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.
[Exit Costard.
King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say, they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armand.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[Biron converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Arm. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain.

But we will put it, as they say, to fortuna dataset/guerra. I will you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[Exit Armand.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain Pompey the great; the parson curate, Alexander Armado's pages, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabaeus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Arm. The pedant, the braggart, the hodge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum! and the whole world again,

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

[Seas brought for the King, Princess, &c.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies. Enter Costard arm'd for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am, —

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am, —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knees.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey swarne'md the big, —

Dem. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey swarne'md the great;

That oft in fields, with targe and shield, did make

my foe to sweat.

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come

by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet last of
France.

If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I

am.
Hol. But you have out-face’d them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so alien, sweet Jude! may, by dint thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Judge; give it him:—
Jude-ass, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for mousetraps: it grows dark,
he may stumble.
Pris. Alas, poor Machabaeus, how hath he been baulked!

Enter Armando arm’d, for Hector.
Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber’d.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More call, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He’s a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The omnipotent Mars, of lances all the mighty,
Gave Hector a gift.
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace.
The omnipotent Mars, of lances all the mighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium:
A man so bold, that certain he would fight you,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. Long.
That columnine.
Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector’s a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chuckles, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath’d, he was a man—but I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [to the Princess,] bestow on me the sense of hearing.
[Boyet whispers Costard.]
Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delight.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace’s slipper.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector, far surround’d Hennibal,—
Cost. The party is done, fellow Hector; she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poet never can cast away: she’s quick; the child brings in her belly already; ’tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou inform me among potentialities thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whip’d for Jaque- nutta that is quick by him; and hang’d for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great.

Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is mov’d:—More Ates, more Ates: stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if he have no more man’s blood in’s belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I’ll slash; I’ll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.
Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.
Cost. I’ll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moli. Master, let me take you a button-hole tower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncausing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me: I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for’t?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woollen’d for pence.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoin’d him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I’ll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta’s; and that ‘a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter Mercade.
Mmr. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt’st our merriment.
Mmr. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life.
Mmr. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worshippes, away; the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.
[Exeunt Worthies.
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I shall away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say,—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
Your rich wisdom, to excurse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain’d.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely form,
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of lore,
The holy suit which faiz, it would convince;
Yet, since love’s argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wait friends lost,
is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
(1) Lance-men.
(2) Ate was the goddess of discord.
(3) A clown.
(4) Clothed in wool, without linen.
(5) Free to excess.
Scene II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are
double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear
griefs.

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humour
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unsetting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll.
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being your own, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true.
To those that make us both—fair ladies, you;
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as timing to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a Merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more
than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote3 them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short.

To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness: and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and distant place,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning;
If this austere insensible life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeteds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love:
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts.
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation.
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let your hands part;
Neither initiated in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To fatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

(1) Tempted.
(2) Regard.
(3) Clothing.
(4) Vehement.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelfonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord:—a twelfonth and a day.

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forewarned again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelfonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attains thy answer here?
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won.
You shall this twelfonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce4 endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To more wild laughter in the throat of death.

It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gaying spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughter gives to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own deaf5
groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will, not throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelfonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelfonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my
leave.

Kath. No, madam: we will bring you on your
way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

Kath. Come, sir, it wants a twelfonth and a day.

(5) Immediate.
And then 'twill end.
Born. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Pris. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a rotary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter Holofemas, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hicsta, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-beds of yellow hue,
Do paint the provinces with delight,
The cuckoo them, on every tree,
Mock's married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on e'en straw,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and doves,
And maidsens bleach their summer smocks,

(1) Cool. (2) Wild apples.

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mock's married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is wipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth kindle the pot.

IV.

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drooms the parson's ass,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crab's kiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth kindle the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.—You, that way; we, this way.

[Exeunt.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco.
Prince of Arragon.
Antonio, the merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend.
Salario, Salarino, Gratiano, friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a Jew.
Tamburlaine, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Salterio, a messenger from Venice.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthasar, a servant to Portia.
Stephano, Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, officers of the court of Justice, jailer, servants, and other attendants.

Scene, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the continent.

ACT I.


Antonio.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, wherefore it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salterio. Your mind is tossed on the ocean;
There, where your argosies1 with costly mail—
Like signories and rich burgesses of the flood,
Or, as it were the pages of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curst'ly to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their wonen wings.

Salario. Believe me, sir, had I such ventures forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salario. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of swallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew duck'd in sand,
Valing? her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church, And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bespeak me straight a dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spaces on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,

(1) Ships of large burden. (2) Lowering.
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
time.
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undeserved
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchis' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at
sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I reason may make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A room in Portia's
house. Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your misera-
ties were in the same abundance as your good for-
tunes are: And, yet, for saith I see, they are as
sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore, to
be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by
white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine
that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach
twenty what were good to be done, than be one of
the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain
ScENE III.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper
leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness
that will not for a sugar rush be bought of the
mesher of good counsel the cramp. But this reasoning is not in the fashion
to choose me a husband. — O, the word choose!
I may either choose whom I would, nor refuse
without danger: for I will of a kinswoman or
cousin, or kinswoman, or kinsman, be curst by the will of a dead father. — Is it not hard,
Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous: and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three
chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who
chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt,
ever be chosen by any rightly, but one who you
shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in
your affection towards any of these princely suitors
that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, read me some: and as thou
readest them, I will describe them; and, according
to my description, look at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt! indeed, for he doth no
thing but talk of his horse, and makes it a great
advertisement to his good parts, that he can
show himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his
mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palentine.

Por. He does nothing but swow, as who should
say, In you will not hark me, choose: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove
the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had
rather be martied to a death's head with a bone in
his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me
from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monnayeur Le Boe?'

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass
for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
mocking: But, he! why, he hath a horse better than
the Neapolitan: a better habit of browning than the count Palentine: he is every man in no man:
if he is a rattle ring, he falls straight a capitual-
ing: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If
he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if
he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the
young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he
understands one, nor I him: he hath neither Latin,
French, nor Italian: and you will come into the
court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth
in the English. He is a prosper man's picture:
But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show?
How odd he is smelt! I think he bought his
doubtful in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet
in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
successor?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him:
for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman,
and swore he would pay him again, when he
was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety,
and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the
duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very briefly in the morning, when he is so
bold; and more briefly in the afternoon, when he is
drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a
man; and when he is worst, he is little better than
a beast: an the worst fail that ever fell, I hope,
I shall make shift to go without him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
thee, set a deep glass of Rheinish wine on the con-
trary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that
temptation without, I know he will choose it. I
will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to
a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any
of these lords; they have acquainted me with their
determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their
home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless
you may be won by some other sort than your
father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die
as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the
manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel
of woe are so reasonable; for there is not one
among them but I dote on his very absence; and I
pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your fa-
thor's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier,
that came hither in company of the Marcual of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so
was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that
ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best
deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember
him worthy of thy praise. — How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam,
to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come
from a friend, the prince of Morocco; who brings
word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so
good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I
should be glad of his approach: if he have the
condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil,
I had rather he should thrive me than wive me.
Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before. — Whiles we
shall shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at
the door. [Exit Nerissa. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A public place. Enter

Bassanio and Shylock.
der'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but
men: there be land-arks, and water-arks, water-
thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and
then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks:
The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three
thousand ducats,—I think I may take his bond.
Bass. Be assured you may.
Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may
be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with
Antonio? Bass. If it please you to dine with us.
Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habita-
tion which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured
the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you,
talk with you, walk with you, and so following;
but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor
pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who
is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he
looks!

I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won gross
Which he calls interest: Curst be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tabal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Antonio.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excuse,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But
hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graze'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf.)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eamings which were streak'd, and
pier'd,
Should fall as Jacob's hire: the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind;
He stuck them up before the subsumed ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaining time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd, by the hand of heavens,
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast: —
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
For suffrance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—inbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we should have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats or,
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You
spurn'd me such a dog: another time
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it:
As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm! I
would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forgot the shame that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for your monies; and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This was kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nomimated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

(1) Wants which admit no longer delay.  (2) Informed.  (3) Nature. (4) Interest.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house. 
Flower of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and other her attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livry of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born.
Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incense? for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nature direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And begg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
And corner I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this similitude—
That skews the Schoy, and a Persian prince,

(1) Abide.
(2) Allusion to the eastern custom for lovers to testify their passion by cutting themselves in their mistress's right.

That won three fields of Sultan Salyman—
I would out-stare the stouter eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Fluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yes, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Achilles beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will I now; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!


Lau. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away: My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens; raise up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something amack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not; budge says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnate; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Lau. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Lau. Turn up on your right hand, at the next

(3) Terrified.
(4) Not precipitate.
(5) Experiments.
Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other followers.

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd: put the livery to making: and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exeunt servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Bass. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou ought with me?

Bass. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Bass. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify.

Bass. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-companions.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall truly unto you.

Bass. Serve you, sir.

Bass. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, and hath pretend'd thee, if it be preferment, to have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire thy lodging out:—Give him a lively

More guarded than his fellows: See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well; [Looking on his palm.] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune: Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small tribe of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, 'scape drowning three; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this year,—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt Bass. and old Gob. and Laun. Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; these things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, return in haste, for I do feast to-night.

My best esteem'd acquaintance, he thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exeunt Leonardo.
Scene III. IV. V.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Grazioso!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtaind it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must,—But hear thee, Grazioso:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice:—

Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not flat; But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal!—pray thee, take pain To alay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,

That with respect, and are not now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look desolately;

Nor more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

True with my fast, and sigh, and say, amen;

Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad esteem?

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing;—

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on

Your boldest air of a man, for you have friends That purpose merriment: But fare thee well, I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;

But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. A room in Shylock’s house. Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jex. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:—

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master’s guest: Give him this letter; do it secretly.

And so farewell; I would not have my father See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful Pagain,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit, adieu! [Exit.

Jex. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, To be ashamed to be my father’s child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If I at keep promises, shall end this strife: Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same. A street. Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time; Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sal. ‘Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order’d; And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. ‘Tis now but four o’clock; we have two hours To furnish us:—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what’s the news?

Lau. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, ‘tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Lau. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lau. Merry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her,—speak it privately to her.

Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

Sal. Ay, marry, I’ll be gone about it straight.

Lau. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano, at his lodging some hour hence.

Sal. ‘Tis good we do so.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed, How I shall take her from her father’s house; What gold, and jewels, she is furnish’d with; What page’s suit she hath in readiness. If e’er the Jew, her father, come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter’s sake: And never dare misfortune cross her foot, Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; persue this as thou goest: Fair Jessica shall be our torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. Before Shylock’s house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge.

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio——

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize, As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

And sleep more, and rent apparel out:—

Why, Jessica, I say!—

Lau. Why, Jessica!


Lau. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jex. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica; There are my keys:—doth he not send for me? I am not bid for love; they flatter me: But yet I’ll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl, Look to my house:—I am right load to go; There is some ill a brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lau. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your approbation.

Shy. So do I his.

Lau. And they have conspired together,—I will not stay, you shall see a masque; but if you do,

(3) Carriage, deportment. (4) Invited.
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

_Lor._ Lorenzo, and thy love.

_Jes._ Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed; For who love I so much? And now who knows, But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

_Lor._ Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

_Jes._ Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains. I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange: But love is blind, and lovers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit; For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

_Lor._ Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. _Jes._ What, must I hold a candle to my shame? They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light. Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love; And I should be obscure'd.

_Lor._ So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. But come at once; For the close night doth play the run-away, And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

_Jes._ I will make fast the doors, and gild myself With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [Exit, from above.

_Gra._ Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew. _Lor._ Behold me, but I love her heartily: For she is wise, if I can judge of her, And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true; And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself; And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant mind. [Exit, Jessica below.

SCENE VI.—The same. Enter Gratiano and Salanio, masked.

_Gra._ This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desir'd us to make stand.

_Sala._ This hour is almost past. 

_Gra._ And it is marvel he out-dwells himself for lovers ever run before the clock.

_Sala._ O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont, To keep obliged faith unforese'd.

_Gra._ That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast, With their keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

_How_ like a younker, or a prodigal, The scarlet'd bark puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the stormet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return, With over-wild't r'd ribs, and rag'd sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the stormet wind! [Enter Lorenzo.

_Sala._ Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

_Lor._ Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode; Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait; When you shall please to play the thieves for wives, I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach; Here dwells my father Jews._—Ho! who's within?

_Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes._

_Jes._ Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty, (1) Decorated with flags.
SCENE VIII. IX. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to show flowers;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgins?—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he desires—Purse there been together,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou best rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hezirian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-sorrows now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Isn't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think so base a thought; it was too gross
To swim in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd.
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inculp'd on;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [He unlocks the golden casket.

Por. O hell! what have we here?
A career death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

All that glitters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Nanny a man's life hath sold,
But my outrage to behold:
Guided tomb do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inaccur'd
For you sold; your suit is cool.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, beat; and, welcome frost.

Por. Adieu! I have too grieve'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exeunt.

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street. Enter Salerno and Salario.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

(1) Enclave. (2) Engravement. (3) Conversed.
(4) To stubbor is to do a thing carelessly.

Salar. The villain Jew with outcries rul'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola there were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salar. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fied with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels: two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salar. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd I
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—Do not so,
Slubber'd not business for my sake, Bassanio.
But stay the very ripening of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostent's of love
As shall consequently become you there:
And even there, his eye being his with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salar. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Enter Nerissa, with a servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon has taken his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am join'd by oath to observe these things

(5) Shows, tokens.
(6) The heaviness he is fond of.
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed’ me! Fortune now
To my heart’s hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall lack fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? he: let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the food eye doth teach;
Which pride not to the interior, but, like the mortals,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force, and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too: For who shall go about
to coast fortune, and be honourable.
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv’d corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas’d by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low prudence would then be clean’d
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pick’d from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish’d? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for which you find there.

Ar. What’s here? the portrait of a blanking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my devotions?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool’s head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

Al. The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss;
Some there be, that shadow love;
Such have but a shadow’s bliss.

Por. There be fools alive, I wis’;
Silver’d o’er; and so was this.

Ar. Take what wise you will to bed,
I will ever be your bower.

Por. So leggins, sir, you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool’s head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I will keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrotch.

Por. That hast the candle sing’d the moths.
(1) Prepared. (2) Power. (3) Agree with.
ScENE II. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SAL. Why, I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between thy bloods, than there is between red wine and claret. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce show his head on the Rialto—a beggar, that used to come so snug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SAL. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinders me of half a million; laughed at my losses,mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you tikk us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what's his sufferance? revenge. If you prick us, do we not sting?

SAL. Enter a Servant.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SAL. We have been up and down to seek him.

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but could not find her.

SHY. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that: and other precious, precious jewels. I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'Would she were dead at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. Thank God, thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

1. A precious stone. 2. Delay.
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrace'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-eyed jealousy.
O love, be moderate, alay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess,
If I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casquet.

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are several lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in colewove: But her eyes,—
How could she be to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underpraising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune fails to you,
Be content and seek no more.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll—Fair lady, by your leave;

Kissing her.

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those pales of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, is yours,
And yours is now converted; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it press the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to explain on you.

(5) Trescherous. (6) Likeness, portrait.
Scene II. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words. Only my blood speaks to you in my veins: And there is such confusion in my powers, As, after some old oration fairly speak'd By a beloved prince, there doth appear Among the buzz'ing pleased multitude; Where every something, being blunt together, Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy, Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence: O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time, That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper, To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady! Gro. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady! I wish you all the joy that you can wish; For, I am sure, you can wish none from me: And, when your honours mean to solemnise The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gro. I thank your lordship: you have got me one. My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours; You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid; You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission? No more pertains to me, my lord, than you. Your fortune stood upon the caskets there; And so did mine too, as the matter falls: For wooring here, until I sweat again; And swearing, till my very roof was dry With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,— I got a promise of this fair one here, To have her love, provided that your fortune Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? Gro. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith? Gro. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gro. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?—

Gro. No; we shal' ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel! What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither! If that the youth of my new interest here Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave, I bid my very friends and countrymen, Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord, My purpose was not to have seen you here; But meeting with Salerio by the way, He did entreat me, past all saying, To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio Commends him to you. For Bass. [Gives Bassanio a letter]

Por. What sum owes be the Jew? Bass. For me, three thousand ducats. Por. What, no more? Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond; Double six thousand, and then treble that, Before a friend of this description Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault. First, go with me to church, and call me wife: Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice? How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio? I know, he will be glad of our success; We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost! Por. There are some shrewd contents in you, same paper. That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek: Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world Could turn so much the constitution Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?— With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself, And I must freely have the half of anything That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia, Here are a few of the unpleasant words, That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady, When I did first impart my love to you, I freely told you, all the wealth I had Ran in your veins, I was a gentleman; And then I told you true and what, dear lady, Rating myself at nothing, you shall see How much I was a braggart: When I told you My state was nothing, I should then have told you That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed, I have engag'd myself to a dear friend, Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy, To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady; The paper as the body of my friend, And every word in it a gaping wound, Fusung life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio? Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit? From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India? And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord. Besides, it should appear, that if he had The present money to discharge the Jew, He would not take it: Never did I know A creature, that did bear the shape of man, So keen and greedy to confound a man; He plies the duke at morning, and at night: And doth imprison the freedom of the state, If they deny him justice: twenty merchants, The duke himself, and the magnificoes; Of greatest port, have all persuaded him; But none can drive him from the envious plea Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear, To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen, That he would rather have Antonio's flesh, Than twenty times the value of the sum That he did owe him: and I know, my lord, If law, authority, and power deny not, It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble? Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, The best condition'd and unwearied spirit In doing courtesies; and one in whom The ancient Roman honour more appears, Than any that draws breath in Italy. Por. What sum owes be the Jew? Bass. For me, three thousand ducats. Por. What, no more? Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond; Double six thousand, and then treble that, Before a friend of this description Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer!
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Beast. [Reads.] Sweet Bassanio, my ships since
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and
since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live,
all debts are cleared between you and I. [If I might
but see you at my death, notwithstanding, use
your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you
to come, let not my letter.

For. O love, despacht all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: But, till I come again,
No bed shall ever be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A street. Enter Shylock,
Salanio, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of
mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my
bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond?
To come abroad with him at his request.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
speak:
P'ill have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
P'ill not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To make the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
P'ill have no speaking; I will have my bond.

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He walks his life; his reason well I know;
I often told thee so: Take this assurance.
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law.
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consists of all nations. Therefore, go:
There griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To look to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay this debt, and then I care not!

[Exeunt.

(1) Face. (2) Foolish.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A room in Portia's
house. Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica,
and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godly sanctity: which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of leanments, of manners, and of spirit; which
Makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I consent into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Por. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endowment of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the transect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balt. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a tablet,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accosted like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
With a read voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
I could not do with—then I'll repent  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth—I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practice.  

Why, shall we turn to men?  
Tell me, Francis: what was a question that—

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.  

SCENE V.—The same. A Garden. Enter  
Launcelot and Jessica.  

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be an honest cheer; for truly, I think, you are damnd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.  

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?  

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.  

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.  

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.  

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.  

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before: e'en as many as could live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hope: if we grow all to be pork-esters, we shall not shortly have a rashen on the coals for money.  

Enter Lorenzo.  

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here be comes  

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot: you thus get my wife into corners.  

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatter, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth: for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.  

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can get the up instantly the Moor, or that you, Launcelot.  

Jes. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.  

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into  

(1) Hatred, malice.

silence; and discourse grow commensurable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.  

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.  

Lor. Godly lord, what a wit snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.  

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.  

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?  

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.  

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.  

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humorous and conceits shall govern.  

[Exit Launcelot.  

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!  

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; And I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Gain'd like him, that for a tricker word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?  

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
Is reason he should never come to heaven.  

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Paw'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.  

Lor. Even such a husband  
That thou of me, as she is for a wife.  

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.  

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.  

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.  

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk,  
Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.  

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.  

SCENE IV.—Venice. A court of Justice. Enter  
the Duke, the Magnificent; Antonio, Bassanio,  
Gratiano, Salario, Salanio, and others.  

Duke. What is Antonio here?  

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.  

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.  

Ant. I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and an arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.  

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Enter Shylock.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour, and then, 'twas thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, 'tis more strange
Than is strange apparent cruelty:
And whereas thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a society of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brave bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never touch'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, is it my humour? Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings? the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot shibe a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
Shall I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodger's hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Ant. I pray you, think you question'd with the Jew?

Shy. Whereas, you may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the mad blood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the grunts of heaven;

(1) Pity. (2) Seeming. (4) Particular fancy. (5) Crying. (6) Prejudice. You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief, and plain conciency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shall thou hope for mercy, rendring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchase'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in'stinct and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why swarm they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, be upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted webber of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Reasanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greet's your grace.

Duke. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, hard Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accord'd:
Those almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currah spirit
Gover'n'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unballow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are woful'd, bloody, starr'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Scene I.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

'Thou but offendst thy lungs to speak so loud:  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To a useless ruin— I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court:—  
Where is he?—

Peregrine. He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.  
Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of  
you,  
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.  
[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand,  
that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick:  
but in the instant that your messenger came, in  
being invocation was with me a young doctor of  
Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him  
with the cause in controversy between the Jex and  
Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books  
together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which,  
letter'd with his own learning (the greatness  
whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with  
him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's  
request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack  
of jeté be no impediment to let him lack a rever-  
ned estimation: for I never knew so young a body  
with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious  
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his  
commendation.

Duke. You hear the learned Balthasar, what he  
writes;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Give you from old Bellario?  
Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court?  
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?  
Por. Is your name Shylock?  
Shylock. My name is Shylock.  
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. —  
You stand within his danger: do you not?  
[To Antonio.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?  
Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.  
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd:  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The crowned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That in the course of justice, none of you had  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

(1) Oppose. (2) Reach or control.
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And be repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Pro. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Mary. Tell me, will you offer it behind her back?
The wish would make me else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

Aside. We trifle time: I pray thee pursue sentence.
Pro. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
An offence;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Pro. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Pro. Tarry a little; there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh?
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the law's own sentence, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Pro. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge.

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Pro. Soft;—the Jew shall have all justice;—so soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Pro. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shy. Thou hast no blood; nor dost thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it so but much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twelfth part
Of one poor scruple;—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Pro. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Pro. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Pro. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Pro. I am the law hath, and another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be provided against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only; 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearse'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself.
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
Pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which hussars may drive unto a fine.
Pro. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop;
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Pro. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more.—That, for this favour,
He presently becomes a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.
Pro. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Pro. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Scene I.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Scene II.—The same. A street. Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed, and let him sign it; we'll away to-night, and be a day before our husbands' home: this deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken: my lord Bassanio, upon more advice, hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be: this ring I do accept most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most 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most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most...
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth say about
By holy crosses, and the knees and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laus. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calleth?

Laus. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistriss Lorenzo! sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollocking, man; here.

Laus. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laus. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my master
will be here ere morning.

[Exit.]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sis. Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-oy'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jer. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

[Music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze.
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;
Since sought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that bath no music in himself,
Nor is mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebos:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

(1) A small flat dish, used in the administration of the Eucharist.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon alone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! bark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that vurtus on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection—
Peace, box! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!—[Music ceases.

Por. That is the voice, coming.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

Por. But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you.

Por. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their fol-
lowers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me.

But God forbid!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquainted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scart this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.

Gru. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me
wrong;

(2) A flourish on a trumpet.

(3) Verbal, complimentary form.
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he be gett that had it, for my part,
Such was his love and esteem for the thing.
For a quarell, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a palty ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world I did, my tailor's poetry
Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not.
Nor. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your venemous oath.
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk?—but well I know,
The clerk will n'er wear hair on his face, that
bad it.
Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.
Nor. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrobbled boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Nor. You were there so much a plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear,
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cast of grief;
An'twere to me, I should be mad at it
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it; and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will n'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Nor. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know, to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know, for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When sought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is he so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it,
With any terms of seal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
None of the rest, that you believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go away;
Even he that had uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was with a shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor ever come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Nor. And his clerk: therefore be well advised,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so; let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll marry the young clerk's pen.
And. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me;
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
And. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
And. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Nor. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrobbled boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What? are we cuckold, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you.
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come so hasting suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

And. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gras. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Nor. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it, unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow; when I am absent, then lie with my wife.

And. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living; for here I read for certain, that my ships are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

Nor. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee:

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he does possess'd of.

Por. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way of starved people.

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at fall: Let us go in;

And charge us there upon intercistories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gras. Let it be so: The first intercistory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it clear.
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt.

Of the Merchant of Venice the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, living in exile.
Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.
Amiens, lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.
Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Charles, his wrestler.
Oliver,
Jaques, sons of sir Rowland de Bois.
Orlando.
Adam.
Dennis, servants to Oliver.
Touchstone, a clown.
Sir Oliver Mar-tex, a vicar.
Corin.
Sylvius, shepherds.
William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
Romalind, daughter to the banished Duke.
Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Phebe, a shepherdess. Audrey, a country wench.
Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foresters, and other attendants.
The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An orchard, near Oliver's house. Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequested me by thy will, but a poor thousand crowns: and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks highly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkeept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hands, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with his education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Orl. Now, sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

(1) What do you here?
(2) Villain is used in a double sense; by Oliver for a worthless fellow, and by Orlando for a man of base extraction.
tament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. What will thou do? beg, whenest thou is away? Well, sir, get thee in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Oli. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

_Adm. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word._

[Exeunt Orlando and Adm.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!

_Enter Dennis._

_Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke’s wrestler, here to speak with me?

_Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]—‘Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

_Enter Charles._

_Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles! what’s the news at the new court?

_Cha. There’s no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving ladies have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke’s daughter, be banished with her father?

_Cha. O, no; for the duke’s daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

_Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and feed the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

_Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguise’d against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

_Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother’s purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute: I’ll ill him then.

_Cha. Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man’s good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou dost best look to’t; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poisons, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta’en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I animate him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

_Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I’ll give him my payment; If ever he go alone again, I’ll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship!_ [Exit.

_Oli. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester? I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he’s gentle; never school’d, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly belovéd; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether surprised: but it shall not be for long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I’ll go about. [Exit.

_SCENE II.—A room before the Duke’s palace._

_Enter Rosalind and Celia._

_Cla. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my cos, be merry._

_Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn how to remember any extraordinary pleasure._

_Cla. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if any uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught thy love to take thy father for mine; thou wouldst then, if the truth of thy love to me were so rightly temper’d as mine is to thee._

_Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours._

_Cla. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perchance, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Ros, my dear Rose, be merry._

_Ros. From henceforth I will, cos, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?_
Ros. I would, we could do so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman does most mistake in her gifts to women.

Ced. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'd.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Ced. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature: when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Ced. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's: who perceiving our natural wits too hard to reason of such godesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? Whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Ced. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsown.

Ced. How prove you that, is the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Ced. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsown: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Ced. Pr'ythee, who's that thou hast'nt?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ced. My father's love is enough to honour him.—Enough! I speak no more of him: you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Ced. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little world that fools have, was silenced, the little foolishry, that wise men have, makes a great show.

Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Ced. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Ced. All the better: we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Ced. Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

(1) Satiere. (2) Perplex, confuse.
Col. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's roughness; but I saw you yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment; the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprized: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orel. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be failed, there is but one shaded that was never gracious: if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a piece, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Col. And mine, to eks out here.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Col. Your heart's desires be with you!

Orel. Come, where is this young gallant; that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orel. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Orel. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Charles is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orel. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles is borne out.]

What is thy name young man?

Orel. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But if I find him still mine enemy:

Thou should'st have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred, train, and Le Beau.]

Orel. Were I thy father, cos, would I do this? Orel. I am more bound to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling!

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son,

(1) Appellation. (2) Turned out of her service. (3) The object to dart at in martial exercises.

I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have venture'd.

Col. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition Sicks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserve'd: If you do keep your promises in love, But justly, as you have exceeded promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck. Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune? That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—

Shall we go, cos?

Col. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orel. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all thrown down; and that which here stand up, Is but a quadrant, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes: I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Col. Will you go, cos?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Orel. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown; Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place: Albeit you desire d High commendation, true applause, and love; Yet such is now the duke's condition, That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orel. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this; Which of the two was daughter of the duke That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you, that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece; Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake: And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well; Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orel. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!

[Exeunt Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smoother: From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:— But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A room in the palace. Enter

Celia and Rosalind.

Col. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast

(4) Tempor, disposition.
away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reason.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be named with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Ced. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father: O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Ced. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday folly; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very peticots will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Ced. Henn them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry bens, and have him.

Ced. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Ced. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jets o'ert of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son? Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Ced. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Ced. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well? Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Ced. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatchest you with your searest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin; Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires; If that I do not dream, or be not frantic (As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle, Never, so much as in a thought unborn, Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors: If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself:— Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor; Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom; So was I, when your highness banished him; Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? my father was no traitor: Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, To think my poverty is treacherous.

Ced. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celina, we stay'd her for your sake, But had she with her father rang'd along.

(1) Inavertently. (2) Compassion. (3) A dunsty, yellow-coloured earth.

Ced. I did not then entertain to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and your own remorse, I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her: if she be a traitor, Why so am I; we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together; And whereas ye went, like Juno's owls, Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee: and her smoothness, Her very silence, and her patience, Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous, When she is gone: then open not thy lips: Firm and irreprovable is my doom Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Ced. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my lord.

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself; If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my love, you die.

[Exit Duke Frederick and lords.


I charge thee, be not thou more grieve'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Ced. Thou hast not, cousin; Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Ced. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No; let my father seek another heir. Therefore devise with me, how we may fly. Whither to go, and what to bear with us: And do not seek to take thy change upon you, To bear thy griefs yourself, and leave me out; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Ced. To seek my uncle. Ros. Also, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far? Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Ced. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind ofumber 6 smear my face; The like do you; so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant curtey 7 upon my thigh, A bow-spear in my hand; and (in my heart) Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will, We'll have a swashing 8 and a martial outside; As many other manlike cowards have, That do oustave it with their semblances.

Ced. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page, And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Ced. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celina, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we saw had to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court?

(4) Cutlass. (5) Swaggering.

2 D
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cle. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away;
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Decline the fairest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The forest of Arden. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress
of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in
exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomps? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
For we feel but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fag,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no fancy: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that browses along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Aggravating it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needleless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou makst a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

(1) Barbed arrows. (2) Encounter. (3) Scoury.
(4) Sink into dejection. (5) Memorial.

'Tis right, quoth he; this misery doth part
The flux of company: Anon, a careless hard,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; Ay, quoth Jaques,
Swep' on, you fat and grossy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inveterately he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yes, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contempla-
From then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in the palace. Enter Duke
Frederick, Lords, and attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw
them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed unbraided of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesseth that she secretly overheard
Your daughter and her cousin much command
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hider:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly:
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's house. Enter Or-
lando and Adam, meeting.

Ori. Who's there?

Adam. Who! my young master?—O, my gentle-
master, O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humours duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Ori. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:

(6) Inconsiderate.
Scene IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Your brother—(so, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
But him I wish to call his father, too)
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Oz. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Oz. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred

crowns,
The thrifty hire I saw'd under your father,
Which I did also consult my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yes, providently for the sparrow,
He comfort to my age. Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant,
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age as a lusty winter,
Frosty, and kindly: Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessaries.

Oz. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world.
When service scents for duty, not for need!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden. Enter
Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary am I my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my

(1) Mansion, residence.

(2) Blood turned from its natural course.

(3) A piece of money stamped with a cross.

man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must
comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose
ought to; but I was slight to show itself courageous to petition: therefore,
courage, good Aliens.

Cdl. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no

further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,
than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did
bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your

purse.

Roz. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool
I; when I was at home, I was in a better place;
but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you
who comes here; a young man, and an old, in
solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knowest how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like mine
(As sure I think did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fancy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not set as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit Silvius.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy

wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And mine: I remember, when I was

in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid
him take that for coming aight to Jane Smile;
and I remember the kissing of her battle,
and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd:
and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of
her; from whom I took two codes, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears,

Wear these for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run

into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature,
so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser, than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall never be 'ware of mine own
wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Love! love! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale

with me.

Cdl. I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

In the night.

(4) The instrument with which washers beat

clothes.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life
is this
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.
Joy. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool 
And a motley fool,—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;—
Who laid him down and beat'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till home hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his pocket;
And looking on it with back-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wages:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was Mine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we rise, and rise,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!—
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear!—
Duke S. What fool is this?
Joy. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a
courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder beet
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms,—O, that I were a fool!—
I am ambitious for a motley cost.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one;
Joy. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Within, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please;—for so fools have:
And they that are most gall'd with my folly,
They must most laugh: and why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely his,
Doth very foolishly, although he be smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatom'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleese the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Tie on these! I can tell what thou
would'st do.
Joy. What, for a couer, would I do, but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous fool sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish stig itself;
And all the embossed sores, and bearded evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorg'e into the general world.
Joy. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Dost it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears

(1) The fool was asanciently dressed in a party
coloured cost.

(2) Fine way.

(3) Well brought up.

(4) Good manners

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, is her neighbour?
Or what is he of honest function.
That says, his bravery is not on my cost
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein sits
His folly to the metre of my speech?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thee seem'st so empty?
Joy. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred;
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Joy. As you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle
ness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Joy. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, welcome to our
table.
Joy. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore set I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitted;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better
days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.
Joy. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step,
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Joy. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort.

(Exit.)
Scene II.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or
comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.

Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-
rustled egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st
good manners, then thy manners must be wicked;
and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou
art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are
good manners, at the court, are as ridiculous in the
country, as the behaviour of the country is most
mockable at the court. You told me, you salute
not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that
courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were
shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and
their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courier's hands
sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as whole-
some as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A
better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner.

Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over with the
surgery of our sheep: And would you have us kite
or? The courier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat,
in respect of a good piece of flesh! Indeed:—
Learn of the wise, and perdure: Civet is of a
baker birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a
cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courteously a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Will thou rest damn'd? God help thee,
shallow man! God make inclusion in thee! thou art
raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I
cat, that I wear; one no man have, envy no man's
blessings: glad of other men's good, content
with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is,
to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to
bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer
to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to
be bawed to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-
lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old,
cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If
thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself
will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how
thou shoul'dst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my
new master's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eighty years together:

(1) Unexperienced.
(2) Delicately.
(3) Complexion, beauty.
(4) Grave, solemn.

(5) Features.

diners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted;
it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
If inter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf; and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath surest wind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do
you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bed fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff
it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit
in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half
ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or
no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Ros. Ponce!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

CJ. Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unprocur'd! No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil'd sayings show.

Some, how brief: the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.

Some of violated vows
Twist the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;

Trac'd with all that read, to know
The quaintness of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature prescrib'd distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Chopatra's majesty;

Altalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly snow was dervis'd;
Of many facts, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touch'd dearest prize.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious bo-
mily of love have you wearied your parishioners
withal, and never cry'd, Have patience, good
people!

CJ. How now! back friends—Shepherd, go
off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honour-
able retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet
with scarp and scraggle. [Exit Cor. and Touch.

CJ. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

(3) Features.
for some of them had in them more feet than the verse would bear.

Col. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Col. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-hyned since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Col. How you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Col. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pray thee, who?

Col. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Col. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Col. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am capriac'd like a man, I have a double and base in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-west of discovery. I pray thee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak space: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narro'-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pray thee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Col. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Col. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Col. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Col. Faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Col. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Col. You must borrow me Garagantsua's mouth first: 'twas a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, say, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But dost thou know that I am in the forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Col. It is as easy to count stones, as to resolve the propositions of a lover—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd scorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Col. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Col. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though he be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Col. Cry, hollows! to thy tongue, I pray thee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Col. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Col. You bring me out!—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

Col. Orlando and Rosalind enter.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And as I said: but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers. Jaq. I pray you, man no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, man no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and count'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloths, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Athisana's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our miscry.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my truth, I was seeking for a foot, when I found you.

Orl. He is down'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foot, or a cylinder.

Jaq. I'll carry no longer with you; farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy. [Exit Jaques. Col. Orlando and Rosalind come forward.

(1) Out of all measure.

(2) Speak seriously and honestly.

(3) How was he dressed?
Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?
Ori. Very well; what would you?
Ros. I pray you, what is 't a' clock?
Ori. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the inquestionable spirit; which you have not: a banded neglected; which you have not—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.
Ori. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.
Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?
Ori. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.
Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?
Ori. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whistle, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.
Ori. Did you ever cure any so?
Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would not know him, nor loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I draw my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love left.
Ori. I would not be cured, youth.
Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.
Ori. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.
Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: 'Will you go?
Ori. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Enter Touchstone, and Audrey; Jaques at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act III.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman? Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

(1) Lascivious. (2) Ill-lodged. (3) A fool with matter in him. (4) Homely. (5) Lean deer are called rascal deer.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.
both the confessors of false reckonings: He attend here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Col. O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, sworn brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, unhurt the heart of his lover; as a pampy tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youths mount, and folly guides — Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praying the proud disdainful shepherdesse
That was his mistress.

Col. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the poor complexion of true love
And the red glow of an honest heart, and pride disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. Cor. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love —
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest. Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phoebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accusation's sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But first begets passion: Will you sternest be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Pho. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,— that are the fruit and softest things,
We should so commonly pass on stories,— sight as he.
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee bit with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keep: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phoebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near,) You meet in scene from cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know this wound invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Pho. But, till that time, come not thou near me: and, when that time comes, afflict me with thy mocks; pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [Advancing.] Why might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale work — Od's my little life!

I think, she means to taunt my eyes too; —
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inkys brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bulge eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entertain my spirits to your worship;
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear; —
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoldier.

So take her to thee, shepherd; — fare you well.

Pho. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather bear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her forminess, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauve her with bitter words; — Why look you so upon me?

Pho. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am fader than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by; —
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard —
Come sister; Shepherdesse, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so absur'd, sight as he.

Come, to our flock; — [Exeunt. Corin. Sil. and Rosalind.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find the saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe.

Phe. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extirp'mid.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is that not neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou cannot talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was incumbrance to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.
Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any woman died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-case. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, going taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more common position; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.
Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?
Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.
Ros. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—Will you, Orlando,—
Orl. Go to,—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Ros. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a grizzle goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maid, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less—that flattering tongue of yours won me,—tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death. Two o'clock is your hour.

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promiser, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! 

[Exeunt Orlando.

Ros. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prise: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O cos, cos, cos, my pretty little cos, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath no bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Orl. Or rather bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind ramshackle boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Ros. And I'll sleep. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest. Enter Jaques and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror: and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:

Lords. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

(1) Bar the doors.

(2) Melancholy.
Scene I.  

As you like it.  

Scene I.  

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him—Will you go?  

[Exeunt.  

ACT V.  

SCENE I.—The same. Enter Touchstone and Audrey.  

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.  

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.  

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.  

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.  

Enter William.  

Touch. It is meat and drink to me, to see a clown: By my truth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.  

Will. Good even, Audrey.  

Aud. God ye good even, William.  

Will. And good even to you, sir.  

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; or, pray thee, be covered.  

How old are you, friend?  

Will. Five and twenty, sir.  

Touch. A ripe age; is thy name William?  

Will. William, sir.  

Touch. A fair name: Was born 'neath the forest here?  

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.  

Touch. Thank God:—a good answer: Art rich?  

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.  

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so. Art thou wise?  

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.  

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?  

Will. I do, sir.  

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?  

Will. No, sir.  

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that ipse is he; now you are not ipse, for I am he.  

Will. Which he, sir?  

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society, which in the banish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perjurer; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I will thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastardy, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.  

Aud. Do, good William.  

Will. God rest you merry, sir.
SCENE III.—The same. Enter Touchstone and Aubrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Aubrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke’s pages.

Enter Two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit in the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into’t roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse: which are the only preludges to a bad voice?

2 Page. If faith, if faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his last,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o’er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds did sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would be,
In spring time, etc.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneful.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you, and God mend your voices!—Come, Aubrey.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Do you believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this? and he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Roz. Patience once more, whiles our compact is unty’d—
You say, if living in your Rosalind, [To the Duke]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

(1) A married woman.

Roz. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [To Orlando.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Roz. You say, you’ll marry me, if I be willing?

Duke S. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Roz. But, if you do refuse to marry me, you’ll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Orl. So is the bargain.

Roz. You say, that you’ll have Phebe, if she will?

Duke S. I have promis’d to make all this matter even.

Keep your word, O duke, to give your daughter—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you’ll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you’ll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Ros. and Cel.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter’s favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
I thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor’d in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Aubrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called goats.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure! I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that taken up?

Touch. If faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God bid you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country cognitives, to swear, and to forewear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a muse, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your fish oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool’s bolt, sir, and such dastardly devices.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—Bear

your body more seeming;—Audrey.—as thus, sir.
I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;
he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut
well, he was in the mind it was:—This is called the
retort courteous. If I said him word, it was not well
cut, he would send me word, he cut it to
please himself:—This is called the quip modest.
If again, it was not well cut, be disabled my judg-
ment:—This is called the reply churlish. If again,
it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not
true:—This is called the reproof vailant. If again,
it was not well cut, he would say, I lie:—This is
called the countercheck quarrelsome; and so to
the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.
Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not
well cut?

Touch. I durst no further than the lie cir-
cumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie
direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.
Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees
of the lie?

Touch. 0 sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;
as you have books for good manners: I will name
you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous;
the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply
churlish; the fourth, the reproof vailant; the fifth,
the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie
with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct.
All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and
you may avoid that too, with an if. I knew when seven
justices could not take up a quarrel; but when
the parties were met themselves, one of them
took thought but of an if, as, if you said so, then
I said so: and they shook hands, and swore brothers.
Your ift is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if?

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as
good at any thing, and yet a foal.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,
and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in women's
clothes; and Celia. Still music.

Hymn. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orl.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Ros-

Hym. Peace, ho! I hear confusion:
'Tis must make conclusion.
Of these must strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

(1) Serenely. (2) Unless truth fails of veracity.

You and you so cross shall part:

[To Orlando and Rosalind.

You and you are heart in heart:

[To Oliver and Celia.

You [To Phoebe.] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord—

You and you are sure together,

[To Touchstone and Audrey.

As the winter to foul weather,
While a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Jano's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. Omy dear niece, welcome those art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phoe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To Silvius.

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or
two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That brings these tidings to this fair assembly:—;
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him ex'il'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have ended shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their state.
Meaning, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry now:
Play, music;—and you brides and bridgroomes all,
With measure hopp'd in joy, to the measure fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown himself into the pomposo court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertives
There is much matter to be heard and learnt—
You to your former honour I beseech;

[To Duke S.

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [To Orlando.] to a love, that your true faith

[To Bird.
Scene IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

You [To Oliver.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [To Silvia.] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [To Touchstone.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual’d:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have I’ll stay to know at your abandon’d cave.

[Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they’ll end in true delights.

[Enter.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, ’tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good blushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I’ll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt’sey, bid me farewell. [Exit.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven, for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the young man, and thus lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

JOHNSON.
ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord.
Paroles, a follower of Bertram.
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Steward, clerk, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the widow.
Violants, the widow's neighbours and friends to the widow.
Mariana, the King's people, and friends to the widow.
Lords, attending on the King: Officers, Soldiers, 4c. French and Florentines.

Scene, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, in mourning.

Countess. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward; 'tis every man in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you: whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had he now and a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Wou'd, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly; he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

(1) Under his particular care, as my guardian.
(2) The countess recollects her own loss of a husband, and observes how heavily had passed through her mind.
(3) Qualities of good breeding and erudition.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairest; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplicity; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. Now no more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have. Hol. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I love it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father in manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will That thee may furnish, and my prayers plock down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

(4) i. e. Her excellencies are the better because they are artless.
(5) All appearance of life.
(6) i. e. That may help thee with more and better qualifications.
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! — Farewell, Bertram.

[Exeunt Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [To Helena] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

[Exit.]

Ber. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [Exit Bertram and Lauen.]

Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father.
And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none.
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my heart, and the rest itself:
The kind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His blanked brow, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table? heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these first evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay, you have some stain of soldier in you;
Let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity: how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But be assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is a national increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

Hel. I will stand fort a little, though therefore
I die a virgin.

(1) i. e. May you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.
(2) Helena considers her heart as the tablet on which these remains were portrayed.
(3) Peculiarity of feature. (4) Countenance.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendsness against nature. Virginity breeds mire, mud like a chose; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is prurient, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most injudicious sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose bet: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself lean, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that never it likes. 'Tis a commodity to lose the gown with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old curd, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

Par. There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phrenisis, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disdain: with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious starchensors,
That blinking Cupid gosips. Now shall be— I know not what he shall: — God send him well:— The court's a learning-place: — and he is one—
Par. What one, faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in's,
Which might be felt: — that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think? which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Par. Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

(5) Forbidden.

(6) A gable on date, which means age, and candied fruit.

(7) i. e. And show by realities what we now must only think.
Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight. Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am the shadow of businesses, I cannot answer thee abruptly: I will return perfect courtey; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtesan's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

[Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Giveth us free scope; only, doth backward pull Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. What power is it, which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? The fairest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kiss like native things. It is impossible to attempt, to those That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose, What hath been cannot be: Who ever saw To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A room in the King's palace. Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senhores are by the ears; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir. King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it A certainty, touch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florence will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicages the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

2 Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For simplest credence.

King. His hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part. It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and expost. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, our good lord. Young Bertram. King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts May yet thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

1. i.e. Thou wilt comprehend it.
2. Things formed by nature for each other.
3. The citizens of the small republic of which Siena is the capital.
4. To repair, here signifies to renovate.
5. His is put for its.
6. Approbation.
7. Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress.
8. To set up to your desires.
modesty, and make foul the clearness of our de-

m-mails, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah: The complaint, I have heard of you,
I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do not:
for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and
have ability enough to make such knaves yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a
poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor:
though many of the rich are damned: But, if I
may have your ladyship's good will to go to the
world, I shall the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In label's case, and mine own. Service
is no inheritance: and, I think, I shall never have the
blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for,
they say, bearna are blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am
driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that
drive me.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as
you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do
marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wicked-
ness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to
have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; s'en great friends;
for; the knaves come to do that for; which I am
awary of. He, that eares my land, spares my
mland, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If he be
his cuckold, he's; my drudge: He, that comforts
my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he,
that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my
flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood,
is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my
friend.

If men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no fear in marriage; for young
Charbon the puritan, and old Poyntz the pamphlet,
how'er their hearts are severed in religion, their
hearts are but one, they may joll horns together,
by any decore of this.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and
calamitous knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the
truth the next way.

For I the bould will repent,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stern. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would
speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

[Swearing:

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,

(1) To be married. (2) Children.
(3) Ploughed. (4) Therefore.

Was this the king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,

(7) Since.

With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the
song sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which
is a purifying of the song: 'Would God would
serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault
with the tythe-woman, if I were the person: One
in ten, quoth a! an we might have a good woman
born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake,
'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw
hearts' out, ere be pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I
command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command,
and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no pa-
rian, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the sur-
plus of humility over the black gown of a big
heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for
Helen to come hither.

[Exit Cowl.

Count. Well, now.

Stene. I know, madam, you love your gentle-
woman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her
to me; and she herself, without other advantage,
may lawfully make title to as much love as she
finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and
more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stene. Madam, I was very late more near her
than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and
did communicate to herself, her own words to her
own care; she thought, I dare vow for her, they
touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was,
she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no
godness, that had put such difference betwixt their
two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend
his might, only where qualities were level; Diana,
no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor
knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first
assault, orランスome afterward: This she delivered
in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that 'er I heard
her, though I knew the virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, suddenly
to acquaint you withal; patience, in the loss that
may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep
it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of
this before, which hung stuttering in the balance,
that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray
you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I
thank you for your honest care; I will speak with
you further soon.

[Exit Stene.

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was
young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our row of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth;
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; or then we thought them
none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

(1) To be married. (2) Children.
(3) Ploughed. (4) Therefore.

(7) Since.
I am a mother to you.

_Hel._ Mine honourable mistress.

_Count._ Nay, a mother; why not a mother? When I said, a mother, I meant you, and your relations, and every person that you could pretend to be your mother; and as I have been one of the best fathers that ever had any children, so I have been one of the best mothers that ever had any children. Now, let me have some justice done me.

_Methought._ I saw a serpent—what's in mother, that you start at it? I say, I am your mother; and you can't deny it, for you are under my protection. And put you in the catalogue of those who are in a state of blindness and ignorance. Tis often seen, adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds a native slip to us from foreign seeds. You never oppressed me with a mother's grace, yet I express to you a mother's care.

_God._ Mercy, madam! does it curd thy blood, to say, I am thy mother? What's the matter? That this dissembler's messenger of wet, the many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye? Why—-that you are my daughter.

_Hel._ That I am not.

_Count._ I say, I am your mother.

_Hel._ Pardon, madam; the count d'Onslow cannot be my brother. I am from humble, he from honour'd name; no note upon my parent, his all noble: my master, my dear lord, he is; and his servant live, and will his vassal die; he must not be my brother.

_Count._ Nor is your mother.

_Hel._ You are my mother, madam; 'tis you were (so that my lord, your son, were not my brother.) Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers, I care no more for; than I do for heaven, so I were not his sister: Can't no other, but a vassal, be my brother?

_Count._ Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law; God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother, so strive upon your pulse: what, pale again? My heart hath catch'd your fondness! Now I see the mystery of your loneliness, and find your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross, you love my son; invention is ashamed, against the proclamation of thy passion, to say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true; but tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks confess it, one to the other; and thy eyes see it so grossly shown in thy behaviour, that in their kind, they speak it:—only sin and hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, that truth should be suspected: Speak, 'tis so? if 'tis so, you have wound a guilty clue; if it be not, forswear it: how, or I charge thee, as heaven shall work in me for thine avail, to tell me truly.

_Hel._ Good madam, pardon me!

_Count._ Do you love my son?

_Hel._ Your pardon, noble mistress!

_Count._ Love you my son?

_Hel._ Do not you love him, madam?

_Count._ Go not about; my love hath in't a bond, whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose the state of your affection; for your passions have to the full approach'd.

_Hel._ Then, I confess, here on my knee, before high heaven and you, that before you, and next unto high heaven,

(1) i.e. I care as much for: I wish it equally.
(2) Contend.
(3) The source, the cause of your grief.
(4) According to their nature.
(5) i.e. Whose respectable conduct in age proves

(6) i.e. Venus.

(7) Receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared.

(8) Exhausted of their skill.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt: 
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, 
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A room in the King's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, Parolles, and attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, those warlike principles, 
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, 
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd, 
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir, 
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return 
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart 
Will not confess he owes the malady 
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords: 
Whether I live or die, be you the sons 
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher things 
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall) 
Of the last monarchy, see, that you come 
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when 
The bravest question shrinks, find what you seek, 
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: 
They say, our French lack language to deny, 
If they demand: beware of being captives, 
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [The King retirets to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us.

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave war! 
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars. 
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with; 
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early. 
Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, 
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, 
But one to dance with. By heaven, I'll steal away.

Par. Commit it, count. 

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell. 
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles! 
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. 
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:— You shall find in the regiment of the Spuit, one captain Spursto, with his circituce, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dotè on you for his novices! [Exeunt Lords.] What will you do?

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and more under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Pardon, my lord; [Kneeling] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man 
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and 
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, 
And asked thee mercy for.

Laf. Good faith, acres: But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cur'd 
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat 
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will, 
My noble grapes, as if my royal fox 
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine, 
That's able to breathe life into a stone; 
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary, 
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch 
Is powerful to arouse king Pepin, nay, 
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand, 
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one 
Arrived, 
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour, 
If seriously I may convey my thoughts 
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke 
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession, 
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more 
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her 
(For that is her demand,) and know her business? 
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafew, 
Bring in the admiration: that we with thee 
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine, 
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you, 
And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafew.

King. Thus he's his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafew, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

(6) They are the foremost in the fashion.
(7) Have the true military step. (8) The dance.
(9) Unskilfully; a phrase taken from the exercise at a quintaine.
(10) A female physician. (11) A kind of dance.
(12) By profession is meant her declaration of the object of her courting.
Scene II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Clesid's uncle,1
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [Ex.]

King. Now, fair one, do business for your business follow us!

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father: in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The better will I spare my praises towards
him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,2
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound blemishless.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her insatiable, that must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure falsly
To empirics; or to discover so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to call'd
grateful;
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.4 Great floods have
flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracle have by the greatest been denied.5
Oft expectation fails, and most off there
Where most it promises; and oft it his,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
maid.

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffer, not look, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is bane'd;
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But how it is, is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim?7

(1) I am like Pandaros.
(2) Of acknowledged excellence. (3) A third eye.
(4) In allusion to the two Elders.
(5) i.e. When Moses smote the rock in Horeb.
(6) This must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.
(7) i.e. I do not pretend to greater things than befits the meanness of my condition.
(8) The evening star.
(9) i.e. May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.
(10) The spring or morning of life.
**All's Well That Ends Well.**

**Act II.**

**Scene III.**—Paris. A room in the King's Palace. Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

**Laf.** They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make mock® and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence it is, we make tris deffes of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.°

**Par.** Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

**Ber.** And so 'tis.

**Laf.** To be relinquished of the artists.—

**Par.** So I say: both of Galen and Paracelsus.

**Laf.** Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

**Par.** Right, so I say.

**Laf.** That gave him out incurable,—

**Par.** Why, there 'tis: so say I too.

**Laf.** Not to be helped,—

**Par.** Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—

**Laf.** Uncertain life, and sure death.

**Par.** Just, you say well; so would I have said.

**Laf.** I may truly say, it is a curiosity to the world.

**Par.** It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

**Laf.** A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

**Par.** That's it I would have said: the very same.

**Laf.** Why, your dolphin® is not lustrier: 'tis all in respect —

**Par.** Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinor® spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

**Laf.** Very hand of heaven.

**Par.** ay, so I say.

**Laf.** In a most weak—

**Par.** And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

**Laf.** Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

**Par.** I would have said it: you say well: Here comes the king.

**Laf.** Lustick® as the Dutchman says: I'll make a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

**Par.** Mort de Vinaigre!® Is not this Helen?

**Laf.** 'Fore God, I think so, so.

**King.** Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

**Enter several Lords.**

Sir, my preserver, by thy patient's side: And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense Thou hast repay'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my prou'd gift, Which but attains thy naming.

**Enter general Lords.**

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors stand at my bestow'd, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice I have to use: thy frank election make; Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

**Hel.** To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one®

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*Notes:
1. Properly follows.
2. Ordinary.
3. Fear means here the object of fear.
4. The dauphin.
5. Wicked.
6. Lustick is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful.
7. They were wards as well as subjects.
8. Except one, meaning Bertram.
Scene III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Laf. I'll give you Cassio, and his furniture,
   My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
   And writ as little beard.

King. Persue them well:—
   Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Held. Gentlemen,
   Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to
   health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Held. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
   That I protest, I simply am a maid:—

   Please it your majesty, I have done already:
   The bruises in my cheeks this whisper me,
   We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be re-
   fuse'd.

   Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
   We'll never come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
   Who doth thy love, shun'st all his love in me.

Held. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
   And to imperial Love, that god most high,
   Do my sighs stream—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Held. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
   amaze:ed for my life.

Held. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
   Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
   Love make your fortunes twenty times above
   Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Held. Let her that will receive,
   Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
   of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send
   them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Held. Be not afraid [To a Lord] that thy hand
   should take;
   I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
   Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
   Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
   have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
   the French ne'er got them.

Held. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
   To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy
   father drank wine.—But if thou best'rt not an ass,
   I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee al-
   ready.

Held. I dare not say I take you; [To Bertram]
   but I give
   Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
   Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her,
   she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
   highness,
   In such a business give me leave to
   The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
   What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from
   my sickly bed.

Ber. But for follow my lord, to bring me down,
   Must answer for your ruins? I knew her well;
   She had her breeding at my father's charge:

(1) A docked horse.
(2) i.e. I have no more to say to you.
(3) The lowest chance of the dice.

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
   Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only titles thou disdain'st in her, the
   which
   I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
   Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
   Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
   In differences so mighty: if she be
   All that is virtuous, (save thou dost dislike,
   A poor physician's daughter,) thou dost dislike
   Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
   From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
   The place is dignified by the duke's deed:

   Where good additions swell, and virtue none,
   It is a dropped honour: good alone
   Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
   The property by what it is should go,
   Not by the tile. She is young, wise, fair;
   In these to nature she's most mediocrate.

   And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
   Which challenges itself as honour's born,
   And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,
   When rather from our acts we them derive
   Than our fore-goes: the more word's a slave,
   Debase'd on every tomb; on every grave,
   A lying trophy, and as of old renown,
   Where dust, and charm'd oblivion, is the tomb
   Of honour'd heroes indeed. What should be said?
   If thou must like this creature as a maid,
   I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
   Is her own dowry, honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
   strive to choose.

Held. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am
   glad;
   Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
   I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
   Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
   That doting in mine suspicion shake up
   My love, and her desert; that can't not dream,
   We, poising us in her defective scale,
   Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know,
   It is in us to plant thine honour, where
   We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
   Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
   Believe not thy disdain, but presently
   Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
   Which hath thy duty owes, and our power claims;
   Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
   Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
   Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
   Looking upon thee in the name of justice,
   Without all terms of pity: Speak; then answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
   My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
   What great creation, and what due of honour,
   Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
   Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
   The praised of the king; who, so unnobled,
   Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
   And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
   A counterpose; if not to thy estate,
   A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
   Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
   Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
AND BE PERFORM'D TO-NIGHT: THE SOLEMN FEAST
SHALL MORE ATTEND UPON THE COMING SPACE,
EXPECTING ABOUT FRIENDS. AS THOU LOVEST HER,
THY LOR'D TO ME RELIGIOUS; ELSE, DOES ERR.

[EXEUNT KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, LORDS, AND ATTENDANTS.

LAf. DO YOU HEAR, MONSIEUR? A WORD WITH YOU.
Par. Your pleasure, sir?

LAf. Your lord and master did well to make his
recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?
LAf. Ay; is it not a language, I speak?
Par. A most harsh one; and not to be under
stood without bloody succeeding. My master?
Par. Are you companion to the count Roussillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.

LAf. To what is count's man; count's master is
of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you
are too old.

LAf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

LAf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be
a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs,
and the banquets, about thee, did manifestly dis
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great
a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for no
thing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee?

LAf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on
thee for a ben! So, my good window of lattice,
fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for
I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious in
dignity.

LAf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy
of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I
will not baize thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wise.

LAf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast
to pull at a smack of the contrary. If ever thou be'st
bound in thy scarf, and besten, thou shalt find what
it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire
to acquaint thee with thee, or rather my knowledge;
that I may say, in the default, he is a
man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vengeance.

LAf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and
my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I
will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[Exeunt.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me; scurry, old, filthy, scurry lorn!—
Well, I must be patient; there is no lettering of
authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet
him with any convenience, an he were double and
double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age,
than I would have of—'ll beat him, an if I could
but meet him again.

REENTER LAFEU.

LAf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married,
(1) i.e. While I sat twice with thee at dinner.
(2) At a need.

There's news for you; you have a new mistress.
Par. I most unequally beseech your lordship
Recantation to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is
my good lord: among I serve above, is my master.

LAf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

LAf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why
dost thou garner up thy arms o' this fashion? dost
make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so?
Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose
stands. By nine honour, if I were but two hours
younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general
offence, and every man should beat thee. I
think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves
upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my
lord.

LAf. Go to, sir; you were best en in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a
vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more
saucy with lords, and honourable personas, than
the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you
commission. You are not worth another word, else
I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[Exeunt.

ENTER BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good,
very good; let it be concealed a while.
Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?
Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,
I will not bed her.
Par. What? what, sweet heart?
Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the
import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hogs his kissey-wicky, here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high creast
Of Mars's livery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the wars!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am riled: write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the Detected wife,
Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.

—"It's hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's man'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room in the
same. Enter Helena and Clowen.

Hd. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?
Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health;

(3) Exercise. (4) A cant term for a wife.
(5) The house made gloomy by discontent.
Scene V.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

she's very merry; but yet she is not well; but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing in the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she say, that she's not very well?
Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knife! How does my old lady?
Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou art a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knife, sir: faith, and well said.

Hel. Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is stewed with sweet;
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'ershine with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?
Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?
Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another room in the same. Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by every honest testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this task for a bunting.

(1) A specious appearance of necessity.
(2) The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark.
(3) Wonder.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends. I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [To Bertram.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,—

And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothing with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs, and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepare I was not For such a business: therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home;

And rather more, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem;

And my appointments have in them a need, but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.
GREATERTHAN he shows himself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[Giving a letter.]
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

HED. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

BER. Come, come, no more of that.

HED. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my honester stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

BER. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; his home.

HED. Pray, sir, your pardon.

BER. Well, what would you say?

HED. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe:
Nor do I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fear would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

BER. What would you have?

HED. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—faith,
yes:—
Strangers, and foes, douserid, and not kiss.

BER. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

HED. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

BER. Where are my other men, monsieur? —
Farewell. [Exit Helena.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or beat the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

FAR. Bravely, coraggio! [Exit.

ACT III.


Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thaws after.

1 LORD. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppressor.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France.
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 LORD. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield;—
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fall
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 LORD. But I am sure, the younger of our nat;
The surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;

(1) Possess. (2) i. e. I cannot inform you of the reasons.
(3) One not in the secret of affairs.
(4) As we say at present, our young fellows.

And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit.


Count. It hath happened all as I would have
had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

CLO. By my faith, I take you young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

CLO. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
meed the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for
a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come.

[Opening a letter.

CLO. I have no mind to label, since I was at
court: our old ling, and our labels o' the country,
are nothing like your old ling and your labels o' the
court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out;
and I begin to love, as an old man loves money,
with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

CLO. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads.] I have sent you a daughter-in-
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me.
I have wadded her, not bedded her; and sworn to
make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run
away: know it, before the report come. If there
be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long
distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To try the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprision of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and their young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

CLO. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I
only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentle-
men,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can warm me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray
you?

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,

(5) The folding at the top of the boot.
(6) i. e. Affect me suddenly and deeply, as our
sex are usually affected.
Scene III, 1st.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Thither we bend again.

_Hel._ Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

[Reads.] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a thing I write a never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

_Count._ Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

_1 Gent._ Ay, madam.

_and for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains._

_Count._ I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, or

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. — Towards Florence

is be?

_2 Gent._ Ay, madam.

_Count._ And to be a soldier?

_2 Gent._ Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

_Count._ Return you thither?

_1 Gent._ Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of

Speed.

_Hel._ [Reads.] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

_Count._ Find you that there?

_Hel._ Ay, madam.

_1 Gent._ 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which

His heart was not consenting to.

_Count._ Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here: that is too good for me!

But only she: and she deserves a lord,

That twenty such rude boys might lend upon,

And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

_1 Gent._ A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

_Count._ Parolles, was not'st not?

_1 Gent._ Ay, my good lady, he.

_Count._ A very tainted fellow, and full of wick-
edness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature

With his inducement.

_1 Gent._ Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that, too much,

Which holds him much to have.

_Count._ You are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him, that his sword can never win

The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you

Written to bear along.

_2 Gent._ We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs.

_Count._ Not so, but as we change our courtesies?

Will you draw near?

_Hel._ [Except Countess and Gentlemen.]

Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,

That hast thou all again. Poor lord! isn't it!

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the noise-sparing war? and is it I

(1) e. When you can get the ring, which is on

my finger, into your possession.

(2) If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself.

(3) In reply to the gentleman's declaration, that

they are her servants, the countess answers—no

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you lewd messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim: more the still-piercing air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catif, that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effect'd: better 'twere,

I met the ravish lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes,

Were mine alone: no, comest thou home, Rousillon,

Whose honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all: I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence:

Shall I stay here to die? no, no, although

The air of Paradise did fan the house,

And angels o'errid all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[Exit.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

_Duke._ The general of our horse thou art: and we,

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,

Upon thy promising fortune.

_Ber._ Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet

We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

To the extreme edge of hazard.

_Duke._ Then go thou forth;

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,

As thy suspicious mistress!

_Ber._ This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:

Make me but like my thoughts: and I shall prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

[Except.

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

_Count._ Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done,

By sending me a letter? Read it again.

_Ste._ I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With painted rose my finite to have amended.

_Wri._ Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dear master, your dear son may hit;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name with zealous favour sanctify;

His taken labours bid him me forgive:

I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the feet of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

_Count._ Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

otherwise than as she returns the same offices of
civility.

(4) Ravenous.

(5) Alluding to the story of Herenus.

(6) Discretion or thought.

2 H
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Seso. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o’erta’en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.
Count. What angels shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Hellen delects to hear.
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return: and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both,
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Without the walls of Florence.
A bucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violante, Mariana, and other citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.
Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.
Wid. It is reported, that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand
he slew the duke’s brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: haste! you
may know by their trumpets.
Mar. Come, let’s return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed
of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name: and no legacy is so rich as honesty.
Wid. I have told my neighbours, how you have been solicited by a gentleman, his companion.
Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Paroles: a filthy officer he is; in those suggestions
for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, outhes, tokens, and all these
engines of lust, are not the things they go under: such a maid hath been seduced by them; and
the misery, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dis
sude succession, but that they are lured with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to
advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were
no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.
Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helen, in the dress of a pilgrim.
Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: whether
they send one another: I’ll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
Helen. To Saint Jacques le Grand.
Dia. Where do the palfreys lodge, I do beseech you?

(1) Weigh, here means to value or esteem.
(2) Temptations.
(3) They are the things for which their names would make them pass.

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the post.
Helen. Is this the way?
Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!
(4) March after off.
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg’d;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess,
As ample as myself.
Helen. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Helen. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Helen. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
Helen. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?
Helen. But by the ear, that bears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.
Dia. He’s bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As ’tis reported, for the king had married him.
Against his liking: Think you it is so?
Helen. Ay, surely, mere the truth! I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count,
Reports but carelessly of her.
Helen. What’s his name?
Dia. Monsieur Paroles.
Helen. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the word
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Dia. Alas, poor lady! He’s a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. A right good creature: whereas’er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas’d.
Helen. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And broke’d with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm’d for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drawn and colours, a party of the Florentine army, Bertram, and Paroles.

Mar. The gods forbid else!—
Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke’s eldest son;
That, Escalus,
Which is the Frenchman?
Helen. He;
That with the plume: ’tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov’d his wife; if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—is not a handsome gentle
man?
Helen. I like him well.
Dia. ’Tis pity he is not honest: yon’st that same
Knave, that leads him to these places; were I his lady,
(4) Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry.
(5) Because.
(6) The exact, the entire truth.
(7) Deals with panders.
Scene VII.

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I’d poison that rascal.

**Hr.** Which is he?

**Dn.** That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

**Hr.** Perchance he’s hurt in the battle.

**Pn.** Lose our drum! well.

**Mr.** He’s shrewdly vex’d at something: Look, he has spent us.

**Wid.** Marry, hang you! [Execut Bertram, Parolles, officers, and soldiers.

**Wid.** The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin’d penitents There’s four or five, to great Saint Jacques bound, Already at my house.

**Hr.** I humbly thank you: Please it this matron, and this gentle maid, To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking, Shall be for me; and, to requite you further, I will bestow some precept on this virgin, Worthy the note.

**Bk.** We’ll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

**SCENE VII.—Camp before Florence. Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.**

**1 Lord.** Nay, good my lord, put him to’t; let him have his way.

**2 Lord.** If your lordship find him not a hindering, I hold me no more in your respect.

**1 Lord.** On my life, my lord, a bubble.

**Ber.** Dost thou think I am so far deceived in him?

**1 Lord.** Believe it, my lord; in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he’s a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship’s entertainment.

**2 Lord.** It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

**Ber.** I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

**2 Lord.** None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

**1 Lord.** I, with a troop of Florence’s, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wind him, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the legions of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents: But your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

**2 Lord.** O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stem for’t: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in’t, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum’s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

**Enters Parolles.**

**1 Lord.** O, for the love of laughter, hinder not

(1) A paltry fellow, a coward. (2) The camp.

(3) I would recover the lost drum or another, or die in the attempt.

(4) I will pen down my plans, and the probable obstructions.

(5) Hunted him down. (6) Strip him naked.

the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

**Ber.** How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

**2 Lord.** A box on’t, let it go; ’tis but a drum. **Par.** But a drum! ’tis but a drum? A drum so lost?—There was an excellent command to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

**2 Lord.** That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

**Ber.** Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

**Par.** It might have been recovered.

**Ber.** It might, but it is not now.

**Par.** It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or his jacket.

**Ber.** Why, if you have a stomach to’t, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

**Par.** By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

**Ber.** But you must not now slumber in it.

**Par.** I’ll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemma, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

**Ber.** May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

**Par.** I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

**Ber.** I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

Farewell.

**Par.** I love not many words. [Exit.

**1 Lord.** No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do’t.

**2 Lord.** You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man’s favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

**Ber.** Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

**1 Lord.** None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship’s respect.

**2 Lord.** We’ll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafont: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a strat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

**1 Lord.** I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

(6) Strip him naked.
BER. Your brother, he shall go along with me.
1 LORd. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.
[Exit.
BER. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The list I spoke of.
2 LORd. But, you say, she's honest.
BER. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same concumbt that we 've lit the wind,
To tell her letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?
2 LORd. With all my heart, my lord.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the
Widow's house. Eneter Helena and Widow.

HEL. If you must insist that I am not she,
I know not why I should assure you further,
But I shall lose the ground I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any stain ing act.

HEL. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

HEL. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wonten siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct how 'ts best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought d'ny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeede'd in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich chase; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repeated after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
HEL. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delvers to fill the time,
Herself most chaste ly absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct me daughter how she shall persuade,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of a't sorts, and songs compo'd
To her unworthiness: It is a thing steals us,
That 'ch a'd him from our caves, & for he persists,
As if his life lay 'nt.

HEL. Why then, to-night

(1) i.e. By discovering herself to the count.
(2) Importunate.
(3) i.e. Count.
(4) From under our windows.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine camp. Eneter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 LORd. He can come no other way but by this hedge's corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we are not seem to understand him: unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpeter.

2 LORd. Good captain, let me be the interpeter.

1 LORd. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

2 LORd. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 LORd. But who that liny-woolly hast thou to speak to us again?

2 LORd. Even such as you speak to me.

1 LORd. He must think us some band of strangers, the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: though the language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpeter, you hast seem very politic. But crouch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and avears the lies he forge.

Enter Paroles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 LORd. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[Aside. Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in explicit: Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, Come you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a better woman's mouth, and buy another of Alajolet's, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 LORd. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

[Aside. Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 LORd. We cannot afford you so.

[Aside. Par. Or the barring of my beard; and to say, it was in straitness.

1 LORd. 'Twould not do.

[Aside. Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 LORd. Hardly serve.

[Aside.

(5) i.e. Foreign troops in the enemy's pay.
(6) A bird like a jack-daw. (7) The poet.
Scene II.

**ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.**

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—


Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.  [Aside.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon.  [Aside.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!  [Alarum within.

1 Lord. Three moans now, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, viliando par carlo, cargo

Par. O! ransom, ransom—Do not hide mine eyes.  [They miss him and blindfold him.

1 Sold. Bosco thoroumido bosco.

Par. Know you are the Muskos' regiment, and I shall lose my life for want of language:

If there be here German, or Dutch or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo that Florentine.

1 Sold. Bosco venasco—

Par. I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:

Kerelybondo—Sir,

Benke thee to thy faith, for seventeen pious and

Ar at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray.

Makua vencis duche.

1 Lord. Occorbi duches volisvica.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet:

And, hood-wink'd us thou art, will lead thee on.

To gather from thee—haply, thou may'st inform something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. Acundo tanto—

Come on, thou art granted space.

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Roullon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform 'em that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. A room in the Widow's house. Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

([1] i. e. Against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helen.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my will:

I was compell'd to bide: but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our rose,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our barrenness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;

But the plain single vow, that is rowd' true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness? Then, pray you,

tell me,

If I should swear by Jone's great attributes,

I love thee dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love thee? this has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions: but unseal'd;

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-crude: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the craft,

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: Say, thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes in such affairs,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;

I'll order thee, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring; that, when in time proceeds,

My token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: you have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[Exeunt.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven

and me!

([3] The sense is—we never swear by what is not holy, but take to witness the Highest, the Divinity.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT IV.

SCENE III.—The Florentine camp. Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him in his mother’s letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in’t that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shacking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, ’tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Mee’ly our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream overflows himself?

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dined to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches space: I would gladly have seen him his company’d as soberly; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeity.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he be come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her present is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctity, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan

of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confessed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full amiring of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he’ll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us rich by our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valor hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would depair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where’s your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king’s entertain. Here’s his lordship now. How now, my lord, is’t not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen business, a month’s length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conce’d with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter; but shall we hear this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?

Come, bring forth this counterfeit module! he has deceived me; like a double-meaning prophetess.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [Exeunt Soldiers.] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv’d’d it, in usurping his spur’s so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant: master of his setting: the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in’t, as, I belie—

(1) Crafty, deceitful.
(2) L. e. Betrays his own secrets in his own talk.
(3) Here, as elsewhere, used adverbially.
(4) For compassion.
(5) Model, pattern.
(6) An allusion to the degradation of a knight by hacking off his spurs.
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lave you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.

Par. A plague upon him! muzzled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—Porto tortureros.

Par. He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a peaty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. Basso chimarroco.

2 Lord. Bobbiondo chimeramurco.

1 Sold. You are a merciful general:—our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unceivable: the troops are all scattered, and the commandery very poor rogueys, and with my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militaria (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chapel of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabout, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are of. What say you to this?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Columbus so many, Jacques so many: Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratia, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chipher, Vaunmond, Benti, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, written and sound, upon my life, amount not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cascocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him.

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain, Dammart be't the corp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: 4 Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dammart?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentis in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, 5 that could not say him, nay.

[Dammart lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next title that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and loyally.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper? Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. Dammart. The count's a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Dana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rosillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a wholfe to virginity, and devours up all the sty it finds.

Ber. Dammartable, both sides rogue!

1 Sold. When he sweats oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he swears, he never pays the scores:

Half won, is match well made; match, and will make it?

He never pays after debts; take it before:

And say, a soldier, Dammart, told thee this,

Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he would to thee in thine ear.

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armpit'st soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me

(5) For interrogatories. (6) A natural fool.

(i. i.) A match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.
live, sir, in a dungeon, 'tis the stocks, or say where, so I may live.
1. Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you can freely; therefore, once more to this captain. 
Dum. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?
Par. He will save Sir John out of a convent, for raps and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with much volubility, that you would think truth were a weed: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay them in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pop, upon his face, he is more and more a cat.
1. Sold. What say you to his expediency in war?
Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedies; to helb him, I will not—and now I know not. Except, in that little country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mille-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. Lord. He hath out-rivelled tillany so far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pop upon him? he's a cat still.
1. Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.
Par. Sir, for a guinea, he will sell the fee-unit of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.
1. Sold. What's his brother, the other captain, Dumnai?
2. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?
1. Sold. What's he?
Par. Every man of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey: many, in coming on, he has the cramp.
1. Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?
Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Restoration.

1. Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.
Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drummers! Only to seem to deceive well, and to best the supposition of that lascivious young boy in the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [Aside]

Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that were so traitorous, discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, head-man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!
1. Sold. That shall you, and take your leaves of all your friends.

(Umpling him.

So, look about you; Know you any here?
Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.
1. Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.
1. Lord. God save you, noble captain.
1. Lord. Captain, what meeting will you to my lord Leufc? I am for Rome.
1. Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the warrant you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it on you, but fare you well. [Exit. Ber. Lord. 4. sc.
1. Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot in't.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?
1. Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit. Par. Yet am I thankful, if my heart were great, I would burst at this: Captain! I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, bruises! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit."

SCENE IV.—Florence. A room in the Widow's house. Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hd. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful, Etc. I can perfect mine intents, to knock: Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forths. And answer, thanks: I duly am informed, His grace is at Marseilles; to which place We have convenient convey. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband lies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king. We'll be, before our welcome.
Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant, to whose trust Your business was more welcome.
Hd. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly laboured To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the court's thought? Defies the pitchy night? so lust doth play With what it leads, for that which is a toy: But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Din. Let death and honesty?
Hd. With your impositions; I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Hd. Yet, I pray you,—

But with the word, the time will bring on summer, When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,

(To deceive the opinion.
(For moyer.
(Lascivious.
(i.e. An honest death.
(Commems.

(4) To deceive the opinion.
(5) For moyer.
(6) Lascivious.
(7) i.e. An honest death.
(8) Commens.

(1) i.e. He will steal any thing however trifling, from any place however holy.
(2) The Centaur killed by Hercules.
(3) The fourth part of the smaller French crown.
Scene I.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us: All's well that ends well: still the fine'st the crown; Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.


Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a mis-tafta fellow there; whose villainous suffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Cou. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.7

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you know, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no more Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knife, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knife at a man's.

Laf. Thy distinction?

Clo. I would cossen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knife at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my babbles, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knife and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisonomy is more rotter in France, than here.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, alas, the prince of darkness; alas, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always knew great fire, and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I think to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Cou. So be he. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well: 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and the lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Cou. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Cou. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night; I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Cou. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on his face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a good; patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pale and a half, but his right cheek is in a shade.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your cardinal's face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A street. Enter Helena, Widow, and Dianna, with two attendants.

Helen. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time:

Enter a gentil Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir. Gent. And you.

Helen. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. Gent. I have been sometimes there.

(5) Mischievously unhappy, waggish.

(6) Scathed like a piece of meat for the gridiron.

(7) A gentleman Falconer.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act V.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, good sir, with most sharp occasions, Which lay in nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king; And add me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well; yet; Though time seems so adverse, and means unfruitful. I do beseech you, whether he is gone?

Gent. Marry, so I take it, to Rousillon; Whether I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Condemn the paper to his gracious hand; Which, I presume, shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it: I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.


Par. Good monsieur Lavarst, give my lord Lafcilo this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mists, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.—

Prythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I Spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop your nose; or against any man's metaphor.—

Prythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prythee, stand away! A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafcilo.

Here is a par of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fissipond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddier withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherewith have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'ecu for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to bear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall halt: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox! my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming, I know it by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Clown, Parolles, Lafcilo, Lords, Gentlemen, guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our estates Was made much poorer by it; but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural reflection, done in the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'er-weighs it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But lest I beg my pardon,—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Oflince of mighty note; but to himself. The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey: Of richest eyes and whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humble call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him bitherto:

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than obstinacy do we bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

And to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.'

Par. i. e. The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.
Scene III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match to. I have letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, 1

For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once: But to the brightest beams

Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blame?

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time,

Let's take it instantly by the forward top;

For we are old, and on our quick'at decrees

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals ere we can effect them: You remember

The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye enfring,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour;

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it sto'Pn;

Extended or contracted all proportions,

To a most hideous object: Hence it came,

That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compass: But love, that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

To the great sinner turns a sour offence.

Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults,

Make trivial price of serious things we have,

Not knowing them, until we know their grave:

Of our displeasures, to ourselves unjust.

Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,

While shamefull rate sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had: and here we'll stay

To see our widow's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dearest

heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name

Must be digest'd, give a favour from you,

To sparkel in the spirits of my daughter,

That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,

The least that er' I took her leave at court,

I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Here it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—

This ring was mine: and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

Necessitated to help, that by this token

I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to revere her

(1) i. e. Of uninterrupted rain.

(2) Faults repented of to the utmost.

(3) In the sense of unengaged.

(4) The philosopher's stone.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

1. What’s the weather like today?

Diana Capulet. 

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and tell him: for this, I’ll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu.

To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—

Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt Gentleman, and some attendants.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady, Was fsummach’d.

Count. Now, justice on the doors.

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.—What woman’s that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and Diana.

Dra. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capulet; My suit, as you are satisfied, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour, Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dra. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She’s none of mine, my lord.

Dra. If you shall marry, You give away this hand, and that is mine; You give away heaven’s vows, and those age mine; You give away myself, which is known mine; For I by vow am so embodied yours, That she which marries you, must marry me, Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [To Bertram.] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh’d with; let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,

Than in my thought it lies!

Dra. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say’st thou to her?

Ber. She’s impudent, my lord; And was a common gamester in the camp.

Dra. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him: O, I behold this ring, Whose high respect, and rich validity, Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that, He gave it to a commoner of the camp, If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and ‘tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

(1) Pay toll for him. (2) Doe-case, die.

(3) Gamester, when applied to a female, then meant a common woman.

(4) Value. (5) Noted. (6) Debauch’d.

Confess’d by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been own’d and worn. This is his wife;

That ring’s a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said, You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dra. I did, my lord, but laud am to produce

So bad an instrument; his name’s Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He’s quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots o’ the world tax’d and debauch’d;

Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:

Am I or that, or this, for what he’ll utter,

That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik’d her,

And boarded her i’ the wanton way of youth:

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,

Maddening my caserness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy’d course

Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her insuit coming with her modern grace;

Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,

And I had that, which any inferior might

At market-price have bought.

Dra. You, that turn’d o’ a first so noble wife,

May justly die me. I pray you yet,

(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,

Send for your ring, I will return it home,

And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dra. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dra. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him

Out of a casement.

Dra. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dra. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master

(Which, on your just proceeding, I’ll keep off),

By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath

been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had

in him, which gentlemen have:

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love

this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves

a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave and no knave:—

What an equivocal companion this is?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty’s command.

(7) Love’s.

(8) Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common.

(9) May justly make me fast. (10) Fellow.
Scene III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty erator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Fer. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go be-

 tween them, as I said; but more than that, he loved

her,—or, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of

Satun, and of limbo, and of faeries, and I know not
 what: yet I was in that credit with them at that
 time, that I knew of their going to bed: and of
 other motions, as promising her marriage, and
 things that would derive me ill will to speak of,
 therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
 canst say they are married: But thou art too fine
 in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
 How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it my first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
 To prison with her: and away with him.—
 Unless thou tell'st me where thou hast this ring,
 Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer?

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this
 while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
 He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
 I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
 Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
 I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal
 sir;—

[Exit Widow.

The jeweller, that owest the ring, is sent for,
 And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
 Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
 Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
 He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;
 And at that time he got his wife with child:
 Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
 So there's my middle, One, that's dead, is quick:
 And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist?

(1) Too artful.
(2) Common woman.
(3) Owns.
(4) Eochanter.

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. —This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
 clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:
—Good Tan Drum, [To Parolles.] lend me a
handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home,
I'll make sport with thee: Let thy connivance alone;
they are scurrilous ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[To Diana.]
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dowry;
For I can guess, that, by the honest aid,
Thou keep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
 Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
 All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.

This play has many delightful scenes, though
not sufficiently probable; and some happy charac-
ters, though not new, nor produced by any deep
knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster
and a coward, such as has always been the
sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more
laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.
I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man
noble without generosity, and young without
truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves
her as a profligate: when she is dead by his un-
kindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is ac-
cused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends
himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.
The story of Bertram and Angela had been told
before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confute the
truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.

JOHNSON.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker.

Hostess, Page; Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharine.

Gremio,
Hortensio,
Tranio,
Biondello,
Gruelio,
Curtis,
Pcellant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharine, the Shrew.
Bianca, her sister, Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene, sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

To the Original Play of The Taming of a Shrew, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapster.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alphonso, a merchant of Athens.
Jerobeam, Duke of Cestus.
Aurélius, his son, 
Ferando,
Polidoro,
Valentia, servant to Aurélius.
Sander, servant to Ferando.
Phylotus, a merchant who personates the Duke.
Kate.
Emelina, 
Phylema,

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonso.

Scene, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alcove on a Heath. Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly.

I'll please you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. You're a baggage; the Slies are no rogues.

Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, pauca pallabris; let the world slide: Sassen! 9

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronymin.—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. 8

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

(1) Beat or knock. (2) Few words. (3) Be quiet. (4) Broke.

(5) This line and the scrap of Spanish is used in burlesque from an old play called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy.

Wend horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach! Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed; 9
And couple Closerd with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest frost?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
1 Hvea. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: If Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all;

'Gainst-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warn'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! bow like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

(6) An officer whose authority equals a constable.

(7) Bitch. (8) Strained.
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wraap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the gergrer then forget himself?
1 Huns. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot
choose.
2 Huns. It would seem strange unto him when
he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his soul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will you please your lordship cool your
hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.
1 Huns. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
part.
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[Exit Servant.
Rellique, some noble gentleman; that means,
I'velling some journey, to repose him here.—
Re-enter a Servant.
How now? who is it?
Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near:—
Enter Players.
Now, fellows, you are welcome.
1 Play. We thank your honour.
2 Play. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
3 Play. So please your lordship to order our
duty.
Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I re-
member,
Since once he played a farmer's oldest son:—
'Twas where you woud the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour
means.
Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,

(1) Pitcher. (2) Napkin. (3) Naturally.

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour
(For yet his honour never heard a play,) You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sir,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain
ourselves,
Were he the vester antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, tak' them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[Exit Servant and Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[To a Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's cham-
ber,
And call him—madam, do him obesiance,
Tell him from me (as he will win my love),
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies;
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What if your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble self,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—by kind embracements, tempting
kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd,
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twelve years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and lowly beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commended tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift:
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—
[Exit Servant.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Vace, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's house.
Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with att-
tendants; some with apparel, others with beaux,
never, and other appartenance. Enter Lord,
dressed like a Servant.
Serv. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of mead?
2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves?
3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-
day?
Sly. I am Christoper Sly; call not me—honour,
or lordship: I never drank mead in my life; and
if you give me any conserve, give me conserve
of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for
Scene II.  
TAMING OF THE SHEREW. 

I have no more doubles but backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more shoes, or such shoes as my tos look through the overleather. 

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! 

O, that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high estate, Should be involved with so foul a spirit! 

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-hearth; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-bred, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she knows me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyngest knave in Christendom. 

What, I am not bestroaft! Here's—

1 Serv. O, this is it that makes your lady mourne.

2 Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house, 

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. 

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth; 

Call home thy Peter Turf, and Henry Pimp-rum; 

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams: 

Look how thy servants do attend on thee, 

Each in his office ready at thy beck. 

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays. 

[Music. 

And twenty caged nightingales do sing: 

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch, 

Soft and sweeter than the lustful bed 

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis. 

Say, wilt thou walk? we will bestrew the ground: 

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be tram'd, 

Their harness stuffed all with gold and pearl. 

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks to soar 

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt? 

Thy hounds shall make the wellkin answer them, 

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift 

As breasted stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. 

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight. 

Adonis, painted by a running brook: 

And Cytherea all in sedges hid; 

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, 

Even as the wawing sedges play with wind. 

Lord. We'll show these too, as she was a maid; 

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd, 

As lively painted as the deed was done. 

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood; 

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds; 

And at that sight shall say Apollo weep, 

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. 

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord: 

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 

Than any woman in this wanning age. 

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee, 

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face, 

As was the fairest creature in the world; 

And yet she is inferior to none. 

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now? 

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak; 

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:— 

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

(1) Distracted. (2) Faith. (3) Court-leet.
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a
comedy? a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-
trick? 
Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing
stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff? 
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit
by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er
be younger.
[They sit down.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Fulld. A Public Place. Enter
Lucenncio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy.
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arr'ed
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Fian, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincenzo, come of the Bentivoli.
Vincenzo his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conr'ed,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind:—For I have Pia left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow bash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. My perdono, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stocks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks;
As Ovide be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure taken.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Blindello, thou wert come a-shore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Scene I.

TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means
light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she
delights, I will wish him to his father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel Yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
us both, — that my wife yet again have access to our
fair mistress, and, after, your love must live in Bianca's love,
— to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray? I

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio,
thou her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to her?

Hor. Troy, Gremio, though it pass your patience,
and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could
light on them, would take her with all faults, and
more enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her
dowry with this condition,— to be whipped at the
high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
nothing apprised. But come, since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
maintained,— till by helping Baptista's eldest
daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for
a husband, and then hare to't aresh. — Sweet Bi-
ianca! — Happy man be his dole 2 He that runs fast-
est, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him
the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that
would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her,
and rid the house of her. Come on. [Event Gremio and Hortensio.

Tra. [Advancing:] I pray, sir, tell me,— Is it
possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness.
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Traino, I burn, I pine, I perish, Bianca.
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redemte et captum quam quasi minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to hand.
When with his knees he kis'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how
her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

(1) Consideration. (2) Gain or lot. (3) Driven out by chiding. (4) Longingly. (5) Europa. (6) 'Tis enough.

Tria. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid, 
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live in Bianca a maid at home;
And therefore he has closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tria. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tria. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:

That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tria. Not possible, for who shall hear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and bate them?

Luc. Bastard content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, ' and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Fano.
'Tis high, and shall be so:— Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; tske my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tria. So had you need. [They exchange habits.
In brief then, sir, sithe it your pleasure is,
And I am tice to be obedient
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, twas in another sense;) I
am content to be Luciento,
Because so well I love Luciento.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Luciento loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Ester Biondello.

Here come the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoll'd your clothes?
Or you stoll'd his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manner's to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore, I
kill'd a man, and fear I was describ'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? re'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth?

Tria is chang'd into Luciento.

Bion. The better for him; 'Wold I were so too!
Scene II.

TAMING OF THE SHEW.

So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Grem. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Grem. So said, so done, is well—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I bear her no harm.
Grem. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-
man?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Grem. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to', or God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Grem. Will be woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
[Aside.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, push'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry bear, chaf'd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larum, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Pet. Tush! tush! fear boys with beans.
Grem. For he fears none.
[Aside.
Grem. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.
Grem. And so we will; provided, that he win her.
Grem. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.
[Aside.
Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.
Trs. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola.
Grem. He that has the two fair daughters:—it's
[Aside to Tranio.] he you mean?
Trs. Even he. Biondello!
Grem. Harsh you, sir; You mean not her to——
Trs. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have
you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Trs. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's
away.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea,
or no?
Trs. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
[Versed. (6) Rate. (7) Present.
(8) Fright boys with bug-bears.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in Baptista’s house. Enter Katharine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself; To make a bondmaid and a slave of me; That I disdain: but for these other gawds, Unbind my hands, I’ll pull them off myself, Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat; Or, what you will command me, will I do, So well I know my duty to my elders.

(1) Ungrateful. (2) Companions.

Hort. Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell Whom thou lov’st best: see thou dissemble not. Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, I never yet beheld that special face Which I could fancy more than any other. Kath. Minion, thou liest: Is’t not Hortensio? Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear, I’ll plead for you myself, but you shall have him. Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more; You will have Hortensio to keep you fair. Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay, then you jest; and now I will perceive, You have but jested with me all this while: I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands. Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?— Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:— Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.— For shame, those holdings! of a devilish spirit, Why dost thou wrong her that did ne’er wrong thee? When did she cross thee with a bitter word? Kath. Her silence bouts me, and I’ll be revenge’d. [Fires after Bianca. [Files after Bianca.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [Exit Bianca.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see, She is your treasure, she must have a husband? But I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day, And, for your love to her, lead apes in bell. Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep, Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Kath.

Bap. Was ever gentlewoman thus gnaw’d as I? But who comes here?

Enter Hortensio, with Lucentio on the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Hortensio: God save you, gentlemen!

Petr. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter?

Cal’d Katharine, fair, and virtuous? Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call’d Katharine. Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly. Petr. You wrong me, gentle Gremio; give me leave.— I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, That—bearing of her beauty, and her wit, Her affability, and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,— Am bold to show myself a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eye the witness Of that report which I so oft have heard. And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine.

[Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music, and the mathematics, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant: Accept of him, or else you do me wrong; His name is Licio, born in Mantua. Bap. You’re welcome, sir; and be, for your good sake: But for my daughter Katherine,—this I know; She is not for your turn, the more my grief. Petr. I see, you do not mean to part with her;

(4) Love. (5) A worthless woman.
Scene I.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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Or else you like not of my company.  
_Bap._ Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?  
_Pet._ Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.  
_Bap._ I know him well: you are welcome for him  
sake.

_Gre._ Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:  
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

_Pet._ O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain  
be doing.

_Gre._ I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your  
wooning:—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of  
it. To express the like kindness myself, that have  
been more kindly behelden to you than any, I freely  
give unto you this young scholar [Presenting  
Lucentio.] that hath been long studying at Rheims;  
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,  
as the other in music and mathematics: his name is  
Lucentio; pray, accept his service.

_Bap._ A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: well-  
come, good Cambio. — But, gentle sir [To Tranio,]  
methinks you walk like a stranger: May I be so  
bold to know the cause of your coming?

_Trs._ Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preference of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

_Bap._ Lucentio is your name? of whence, I  
pray?

_Trs._ Of Padua, sir; son to Vincentio.

_Bap._ A mighty man of Padua: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [To Hor.] the lute, and you [To Luc.]
the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!  

Enter a Servant.

_Sirrah, lead

These gentle men to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.  
[Exe. Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and  
Antonio.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

_Pet._ Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You know my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, if you please—he's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

_Bap._ After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

_Pet._ And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  

(1) A proverbial exclamation then in use.  
(2) A fret in music is the stop which causes or  
regulates the vibration of the string.  

Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

_Bap._ Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

_Pet._ Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as prepotent as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me:  
For I am rough, and woe not like a babe.

_Bap._ Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy  
speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

_Pet._ Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

_Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

_Bap._ How now, my friend? why dost thou look  
so pale?

_Hor._ For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

_Bap._ What, will my daughter prove a good  
musician?

_Hor._ I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

_Bap._ Why, then thou canst not break her to the  
lute?

_Hor._ Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingerling;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll frame with  
them:
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amaz'd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me, — rashal fiddler,
And—trawling Jack? with twenty such vile  
terms,
As she had studied to misname me so.

_Pet._ Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than 'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

_Bap._ Well, go with me, and be not so discomforted.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

_Pet._ I pray you do; I will attend her here,—  


And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rai l; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she sows: I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her capability.
And say—she utter'd piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she do not, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when he marry'd—  
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

_Enter Katharine.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

_Keath._ Well have you heard, but something hard  
of hearing;  

(3) Paltry musician.
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate.

Kath. And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kath of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
'Take this of me, Kate of my consolation—
Hearing thy mildness praise'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sound'd,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mon'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Removes you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee.

Kath. For knowing thee to be both young and light,—

Pet. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Kath. Should? be thus. should.

Pet. Well taken, and like a buzzard.

Kath. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Pet. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Kath. Come, come, you wassip; faith, you are too angry.

Pet. If it be so, Kate, best beware my sting.

Kath. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Pet. If the fool could find where it lies.

Kath. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.


Kath. I am a gentleman.

Pet. That I'll try.

[Striking him.

Kath. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Pet. So may you lose your arms.

Kath. If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if you be a gentleman, then no arms.


Kath. What is your crest? a cockcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of? such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. Tis with care.

Kath. I care not.

(1) A degenerate cock.

(2) By.
Scene I.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Be patient, gentleman; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleased, what’s that to you?
’Tis bargain’d twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curest in company.
I tell you, ’tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kissed on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! ’tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacoek wretch can make the curest shrue.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel against the wedding-day:
Provide the feast, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio! ’tis a match.

Gre. True, Amen, my we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o’Sunday.

Gre. Excuse me, Kate; I must tell Pazzolo of it.

Gre. Was ever match clapp’d up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant’s part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Gre. ’Twas a commodity laying fretting by you:
’Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptists, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Gre. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Gre. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; ’tis age that nourishest.

Gre. But youth, in ladies’ eyes that flourish.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I’ll compound this strife:
’Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dowrer,
Shall have Bianca’s love.

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city,
Is richly furnish’d with plate and gold;
Beacons, and ewers, to have dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff’d my crowns;
I keep chests my arses, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and caponaries,
Fine linens, Turkey cushions bous’d with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Fewer and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the yoke,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am stuck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

(1) To vie and revie were terms at cards now superseded by the word brag.
(2) It is well worth seeing.
(3) A dastardly creature.
(4) Coverings for beds, now called counterpanes.

Gre. That only came well in—Sir, list to me,
I am my father’s heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter by my wife,
I’ll leave her house three or four as good.
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua.
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch’d you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land not only to such as all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles’ road:
What have I chok’d you with an argosy?

Gre. Gremio, ’tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate’er thou offer’s next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer’d all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Gre. Why, then the maid is mines from all the world
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me;
If you should die before him, where’s her dowre?

Gre. That’s but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv’d:—On Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katherine is to be married.
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio,
And so I take my leave and thank you both. [Exit.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [Now I fear thee not;
Sirsrah, young gamester, your father was a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.

Gre. A vengeance on your credulity wretchedly said!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
’Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason, but suppose Luciento
Must get a father, call’d—I suppose’d Vincentio;
And that’s a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in Baptista’s house. Enter Luciento, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom’d you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain’d?

(5) A large merchant-ship.
(6) A vessel of burthen worked both with sails
and oars.
(7) The highest card.

2 L
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what — To chime old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta’en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hobbled with an old motly saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the ganders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spawins, rued with the yellows, past cure of the fire, stark spoil’d with the steppers, beguiled with the box; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne’er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep’s leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, had been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girl six times pieced, and a woman’s crupper of vulture, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with patchthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caprisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garnished with a red and blue list: an old hat, and The humour of forty fancies pricked in’t for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman’s lackey.

Tra. ’Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion:

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell’d.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howso’er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that’s all one.

Bion. Nay, By Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you hail not the kyne.

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? How does my father?—Gentiles, methinks you frown.

And wherefore gaze this goodly company? As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Pet. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain’d you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tidious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied with.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The morning wears, ’tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these un reverence robes; Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I’ll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words; To me she’s married, not unto my clothes: Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As If I can change these poor accouterments,

Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

Enter Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire: We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I’ll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add Her father’s liking: Which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—what’er he be,

It skill’d not much: we’ll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,

And make assurance, here in Padua,

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca’s steps so narrowly,

Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform’d, let all the world say—no,

I’ll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business:

We’ll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-priyng father, Minola;

The quaint musician, amorous Licio;

All for my master’s sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e’er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? ‘tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.


Gre. Why, he’s a devil, a devil, a very devil.

Tra. Why, she’s a devil, a devil, the devil’s dam.

Gre. Tut! she’s a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I’ll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest Should ask,—if Katherine should be his wife,

Ay, by gods’-souls, quoth he; and swore so loud,

(1) Vesty.

(2) Fustian; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangler.

(3) Vesty.

(4) Stocking.

(5) i.e. To derive from my promise.

(6) Matters.

(7) Strange.
That all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridgroom took him such a stuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Trus. What carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the strongest.
That stops my way in Feltus,—Grunio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Recease thy mistresses, if thou be a man—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petrucho, Katharine, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gru. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Trus. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gru. I warrant him, Petrucho is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridgroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridgroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Trus. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bide it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A hall in Petrucho's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tied jade! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, are I should come by a fire to thaw me—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold—Holla, hoo! Curits!

Enter Curits.

Curits. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curits.

Curits. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumios?

Gru. O, ay, Curits, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curits. Is she so hot a skewer as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curits, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter turns man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curits.

[Delicacies. (3) Bovvered, dry.]
Scene 1.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Grumio. Am I? Am I? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot company.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Grumio. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty: for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Grumio. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching:—

Grumio. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, colowels swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and, every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Grumio. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Grumio. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's hear't, good Grumio.

Grumio. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grumio. Here. 

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cufl was but to knock at your ear, and be seen listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Grumio. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Grumio. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how many a place: how she was boozled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she was called to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burnt; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Grumio. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugargoop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them carry with their left legs: and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

(1) Bemused.
(2) Not different one from the other.
(3) A torch of pitch.

Grumio. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Grumio. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Grumio. Thou, it seems; that calleth for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Grumio. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Joe. What, Grumio?

Nich. Fellow Grumio.

Nath. How now, old lad?

Grumio. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Grumio. Even at hand, slighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petrochio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grumio. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You present swain! you whoreson mule-borne drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not so fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd 'tis the beast;

There was no lack to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggary;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.

Where is the knave that bids me eat?

[Sings.]

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud! 5

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Pet. Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with your boots, you rogues, you villains: Where?

It was the fear of orders gray, [Sings.]

As he forth waileth on his way,—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my face away;

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. [Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate—Some water, here: what, ho!—

Where's your spaniel Trolls—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with—

(5) A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a passion heaved and designd.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act IV.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water? [A basin is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:— [Servant lets the ever fall.]

You whoremong villain! will you let it fall?— [Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'tis a fault unwill ing.

Pet. A whoremong, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?— What is this? mutton? I Serv.


Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:— [Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless jollities, and unmanners slaves:

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disposed;

The best was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders cholers, plunges anger;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,— Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.]

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knew not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exit.]

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And till she stoop, she must not full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call,

That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That beate, &c. and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets—

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,

That all is done in reverent care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rain and brawl,

And with the clamppour keep her still awake.

(1) A thing stuffed to look like the game which the hawk was to pursue.

(2) To tame my wild hawk.

This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong b Denver,

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tva. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand aside.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[They retire.

Hor. Your quick proceedings, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tva. O, desperate love! unconstant wench-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be; but

That one scorn to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion!—

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tva. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—

Forewear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior

Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—

Never to woo her more: but do forewear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly felter'd her with.

Tva. And here I take the like unsignify'd oath,—

Ne'er to marry with her though she should entreat:

Fix on her: see, bow beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Wold, all the world, but he, had quite foresworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:

And so farewell, signior Lucentio. —

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio.—Luc. and Bian. advance.

Tva. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As togeth'r to a lover's blessed cases;

Nay, I have ta'en you sparing, gentle love;

And have foresworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both foresworn me?

Tva. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tva. 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

(3) Flatter. (4) Pretend.

(5) Despicable fellow.
Scene III.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

That shall be wed and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tru. Ay, and well take her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tru. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what is there such a place?

Tru. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

[Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-wary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tru. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantante, or a pedant?
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tru. If he be cendalous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to see Vincentio;
And gain assurance that which spares me more than all these wares;
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Luciontio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tru. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Tell you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:

But then up further, and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tru. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tru. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray! for that goes hard.

Tru. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?

Your ships are shott at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel twixt your duke and him,) Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;

For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tru. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tru. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not; but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

He is, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat dodo resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tru. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

[Asides.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tru. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand:—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dowry in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Petruchio's house. Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, farewell; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Arrast'rd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And favour and conduct that spares me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—If I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pray thee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pray thee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell: I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef?

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and the whole pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amost?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. sir, it is as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself; and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

[3 Dispirited; a gallicism.
Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?  

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.  

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a pothering;  

A velvet plume hath he set in his head and his cloven;  

Why, his a cockle, or a walnut shell,  

A knick, a toy, a trich, a baby’s cap;  

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.  

Kath. I’ll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,  

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.  

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  

And not till then.  

Her. ’That will not be in haste. [Aside.  

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak:  

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:  

Your betters have endured me say my mind;  

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;  

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;  

And, rather than it shall, I will be free  

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.  

Pet. Why, thou say’st true; it is a paltry cap,  

A custard-coffin, a bauh, a silken pie:  

I love thee well, in that thou lik’st it not.  

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;  

And I will have, or I will have none.  

Pet. Thy gown? why, say —Come, tailor, let us see’t.  

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!  

What’s this? a sleeve! ’ts like a demi-cannon:  

What! up and down, can’t she like an apple-tart?  

Here’s nip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slass,  

Like to a censer in a barber’s shop:—  

Why, what, o devil’s name, tailor, call’st thou this?  

Her. I see, she’s like to have neither cap nor gown.  

[Aside.  

T’ai. You bid me make it orderly and well,  

According to the fashion, and the time.  

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,  

I did not bid you mar it to the time.  

Go, keep me over every kennel hole,  

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:  

I’ll none of it; hence, make your best of it.  

Kath. I never saw a better fashion’d gown,  

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.  

Pet. Why, true; be means to make a puppet of thee.
Even in these houses men mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour pereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Ven. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. If it shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sir, let's alone:
I will not go to dame, and so, sir, I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so? this gallant will command the sun.

Exeunt.


Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Trs. Sir, this is the house: Please it you, that I call?

Pet. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me.
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Trs. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Pet. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes you boy;
Two good he were school'd.

Trs. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Trs. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Trs. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are haply met:—
Sir, [To the Pedant.] This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself;
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
As you say to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And part your daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Trs. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affed; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'n'ing still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.
Trs. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir;
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privily and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slenderittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, bie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!
Trs. Daily not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Trs. Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.

Luc. Cambio.—

Bion. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Luc. Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Bion. Biondello, what of that?

Luc. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind,
To expound the meaning or moral' of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they be busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, cum privilegio ad imprimitum sollem

to the church, take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

Luc. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Going.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wenches married

(6) Accidentally.

(7) Secret purpose.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Petrach. — Do you hear, sir? — to leave frivolous circumstances, — I pray you, tell signior Luciento, that his father is come from Pis, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pis, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [To Vincenti:] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man’s name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe ‘a means to come somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen him in the church together; God send ‘em good shipping! — But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing Biondello]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master’s father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Ped. Is’t so, indeed? [Boasts Biondello]

Bion. Help, help, help! here’s a madman will murder me. [Exit.]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit from the window.

Pet. Prythee, Kate, let’s stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and servants.

Tua. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?— O immortals gods! O base villain! A silken doublet; a velvet hose; a scarlet cloak! and a capstan hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tua. How now! what’s the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatic?

Tua. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear paper and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake; sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, madam! his name is Luciento! — and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Luciento! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke’s name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Luciento?

Tua. Call forth an officer: [Enter one with an officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol: — Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gra. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gra. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be con recorded this in the business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gra. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tua. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Luciento.

Gra. Yes, I know thee to be signior Luciento.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus’d — O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Luciento, and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and — Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? — Where is Luciento?

Luc. Here’s Luciento, right son unto the right Vincentio; that have by marriage made thy daughter mine, while counterfeit supposest thee dead; thine eyes.

Gra. Here’s-parking, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, that fac’d and brav’d me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang’d into Luciento.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca’s love made me exchange my state with Tranio, while he did bear my countenance in the town; and happily I have arriv’d at last unto the wished haven of my bliss: — What Tranio did, myself enforce’d him to; then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I’ll sit the villain’s nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [To Luciento.] Have you married my daughter without asking my goodwill?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exit Luc. and Bian.

Gra. My cake is dough. 4 But I’ll in among the rest; out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

Petruchio and Katharine advance.

Kath. Husband, let’s follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

(5) A proverbial expression, repeated after a disappointment.
Say, I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.  
Hor. I know her answer.  
Pet. What?  
Hor. She will not come.  
Pet. The fouler fortune miss, and there an end.  

Enter Katharina.  
Bep. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!  
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?  
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?  
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.  
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.  

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.  
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.  
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
An awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.  

Bep. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dower to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.  

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.  

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca, and Widow.  
See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—  
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.  
[Katharina pull off her cap, and throws it down.  
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!  
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?  
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.  
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.  

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women  
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.  
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.  

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.  
Wid. She shall not.  
Pet. I say, she shall,—and first begin with her.  
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that thrusting unkind brow;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
'It bloys thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.  
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddled, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will design to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, king of Sicilia.
Mamillius, his son.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Sicilian lords.
Dona, Another Sicilian lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian gentleman.
An attendant on the young prince Mamillius.
Officers of a court of justice.
Polixenes, king of Bohemia.
Florizel, his son.
Archidamus, a Bohemian lord.
A mariner.
Girdle, an old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.
Seventy to the old shepherd.
Austelocus, a rogue.
Time, as Chorus.
Hermione, queen to Leontes.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Prolina, wife to Antigonus.
Elmia, a lady.
Two other ladies, attending the queen.
Mopsus, Shepherdesses.
Dorcas, Shepherdesses.
Lords, ladies, and attendants, singing for a dance, shepherds, shepherdesses, guards, 4c.

Scene, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.


Archidamus. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Archidamus. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we shall be justified in our loves: so, for, indeed—

Camillo. Beseech you.

Archidamus. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—so rare—know what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks: that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Camillo. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Archidamus. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot show herself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attainted, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Archidamus. I think, there is not in the world either

(1) Nobly supplied by substinance of embassies.
(2) Wide waste of country.

(4) Nipping.
Scene II.

We must be near; not near, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all calf’d, near—still vagringly!
   [Observing Polixenes and Hermione.
Upon his palm?—How now, you want calf?
Art thou my calf?
   Man. Yes, if you will, my lord.
   Leon. Thou want’st a rough pass, and the shoot
that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o’er-did blacker, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish’d, by one that fixes
No bourn’ twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin’ eye: Sweet vijain!
   Most dear’st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may’t
be?
   Affection! thy infection stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible, things not so hold,
Oft’t paradox’t with dreams;—(He’s this bet?)—
   With what’s unequal thou reactive art,
And fellow’st nothing: Then, ’tis very credent,—
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou
Dost;
   (And that beyond concession; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
   Pol. What means Sicilia?
   Her. He something seems unsettled.
   Pol. How, my lord? What cheer? how is’t with you, best brother?
   Her. You look, As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you mov’d, my lord?
   Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder booms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy’s face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreach’d,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lost it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squab, this gentleman—mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
   Man. No, my lord, I’ll fight.
   Leon. You will? why, happy man be his doe.
   My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
   Pol. If at home, sir,
He’s all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasit, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July’s day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
   Leon. So stands this squire
Oft’ with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov’st us, show in our brother’s welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he’s
   Apparently to my heart.
If you would seek us,

(1) i.e. Playing with her fingers as if on a spinnett.
(2) Thou want’st a rough head, and the budding horns that have.

We are yours i’th garden: Shall’s attend you there?
   Leon. To your own beasts dispose you: you’ll be found,
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angels now,
Though you perceive not how I give line.
   Go to, go to!
How she holds up the web:—the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing! husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o’er head and ears a fork’d
one.”
   [Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.
Go, play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so discreet a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,
Or I am much deceiv’d, cuckold’s ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she’s been stoln’ in his absence,
And his pond fish’d by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: now, there’s comfort in’t,
Whiles other men have gaiety; and those gaiety
open’d,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revoluted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for’t there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where ’tis predominant; and ’tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel not.—How now, boy?
   Man. I am like you, they say.
   Leon. Why, that’s some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?
   Cam. Ay, my good lord.
   Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou’rt an honest
man.—
Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.
   Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.
   Leon. Didst note it?
   Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
his business more material.
   Leon. Didst perceive it?
They’re here with me already; whispering, rounding.
   Sicilia is a so forth: ’Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came it, Camillo,
That he did stay?
   Cam. At the good queen’s entreaty.
   Leon. At the queen’s, b’st: good, should be
pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is’t,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say,
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most under
stand:
Bobemias stays here longer.

(8) May his share of life be a happy one.
(9) Heir apparent, next claimant. (10) Mouth.
(11) Approving. (12) A horned one, a cuckoo.
(13) To round in the ear was to tell secretly.
(14) Taste. (15) Inferiors in rank.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, last, and so good-night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,
As he had seen’t, or been an instrument
To vice you to’t,—that you have touch’d his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok’d with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun’d,
May, hated too, worse than the greatest infection
That e’er was heard, or read! 
Cam. Swear his thought o’er
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pild’ upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, ’tis safer to
Avoid what’s grown, than question how ’tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That ties enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impaw’d,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by two, and three, at several posterns,
Clear them o’ the city: For myself, I’ll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter’d truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn’d by the king’s own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she’s rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person’s mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour’d by a man which ever
Profess’d to him, why, his revenge must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o’ershades me: Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, parent of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta’en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bearst my life off hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

(1) For succession.
(2) Gentle was opposed to simple; well born.
Scene II.        WINTER'S TALE.

The court is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. — Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But he be speakin'.

Her.    There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my
lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pates: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my
lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me — and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon.    Shall I be heard?

Her.    Who's 'tis, that goes with me? — 'Beseech
your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your
mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. — My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon.    Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exit Queen and Ladies.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant.    Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord.    For her, my lord, —
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant.    If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her
When than I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon.    Hold your peace.

1 Lord.    Good my lord, —

Ant.    It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are absolv'd, and by some patter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the
villain,
I would land damn him: Be she honour-faw'd —
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen shall they not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather gib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon.    Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

[1. Remotely guilty.  2. In merely speaking.
3. Take my station.  4. Instructing.
5. Proof.  6. Of abilities more than sufficient.
Scene III.  WINTER'S TALE.  287

But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,¹
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst? about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll go;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commend it to your blessing.
[Living down the child.
Leon. Out! A mankind! witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant.
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors'
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotst. [To Antigonus] thou art womanly,
Unrooted by thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say: give't to thy crone.² For ever
Unworthy be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the princess, by that forced² baseness
Which he has put upon't.
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So would you see did; then, were past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any.
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's; betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compass'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,³
Of boundless tongue:—who late hath beat her husband,
And now baseth me:—This brace is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it: and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eve, nose, lip,
The trick of his brow, his forehead; say, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
(1) Abetting your ill courses. (2) Lowest.
(3) Masculine.
(4) Pecked by a woman; bon-pecked.
(5) Worn out old women.

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow² in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross bag!—
And, thou,² thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That will not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is a heretic, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-thing'd fancy,) something
sours
Of tyranny, and will ignore make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she duret not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not push me: I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You that are thus so tender 'o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so,—Farewell: we are gone.
[Exeunt Paul, Leon, and Antigonus.

I Lord. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.——
My child! away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender 'o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done
(And by good testimony,) or I'll wise thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:—
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
credit;
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem us: And on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this pur-
pose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[To Antigonus.
You, that have been so tenderly officious

(6) Forced is false; uttered with violence to truth.
(7) Trull.
(8) The colour of jealousy.
(9) Worthless fellow.
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To pray and talk for life and honour, 'fore innocent harm
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncertain I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More: More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude.
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
spoken,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes: though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have undertake'n to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your face are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For so
Thy brut hath been cast out, like itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it;) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am bare'd, like one infections: My third com-
fort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,

The innocent milk in its most innocent month,
Hailed out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a trumpet; With innocent hatred
To child-bed privilege denied, which long's
To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, in the open air, before
I have got strength of limb: Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not:—No! life,
I prize not a straw:—but for mine honour
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sloping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The fineness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with Cleomenes and Dion.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphes; and from thence have
brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleom. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seal, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Locrates a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now bless be the great Apollo!

Her. Praise!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all in the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hasted to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-

Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione faints.] How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look
down.
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

(4) i.e. The degree of strength which it is cus-
tomary to acquire before women are suffered to go
abroad after child-bearing.

(5) Of the event of the queen's trial.
WINTER'S TALE.

Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
Shews fate, against thy better disposition,
Ere truth made the person for the throw-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Plots remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and love it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost; and yet, Pedro,
I dare thee, call; for this urgent business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thee with Paulina more;—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be 'round by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death: and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloom, speed thee well!

[Shutting down the child.

Where lies; and there thy character: there these:

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
Pretty.

And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow.—WEEP! I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
Have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour?
Well may I get abroad!—This is the chance;
I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between
And three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep
Out the rest: for there is nothing in the between
But getting wenchers with child, wronging the anci-
O-sy, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
Would any but those boisterous brains of nineteen, and
Two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have
Scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear,
The wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any
Where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing
On ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will: what have we
Here?—[Taking up the child.] Mercy o't, a
Bless'd! a very pretty one! A boy, or a child? I
wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure,
Some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can
Read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has
Been some state-work, some trunk-work, some be-
hind-door-work: they were warmer that got this,
Than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity:
Yet I'll carry till my son come; he brought
Even when. Whoa, ho whoa!

[Exit Clowns.

Clo. Hillo, ice!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'st see a thing
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.
What simple thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now

(1) The writing afterward discovered with

[Pedro.


[The mantle in which a child was carried to
be beguised.

the sky; between the firmament and it, you cannot
thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chaffs, how
it rages, how it takes up the shore! 'tis that's not
to the point: O, the most pious cry of the poor
souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em:
now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;
and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd
thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the
land service,—To see how the bear tore out his
shoulder-blone; how he cried to me for help, and
said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But
to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea
flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls
roared, and the sea mocked them:—and how the
poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mocked him,
both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,
nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the
old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to
have helped her; there your charity would have
lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st
with things dying, I with things new born. Here's
a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a
squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up,
boy; open'. So, let's see; it was told me, I
should be rich by the fairies: this is some chang-
ing:—open': What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold?
all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so
up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next
way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still re-
quires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—
Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings;
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman,
and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,
but when they are hungry: if there be any of him
left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou mayst dis-
cern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch
me to the sight of him.

Clo. Merry, will I; and you shall help to put
him in the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good
deeds on't. 

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I.—that please some, try all; both joy,
and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings, impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide.
Over sixteen years, and leave the growth untied

(6) Some child left behind by the fairies, in the
room of one which they had stolen.

(7) Nearest. (8) Mischievous.
WINTER'S TALE.

Act IV.

Or that wide gap! since it is in my power To throw that limbo, and to think of her To plant and o'erwhelm custom: let me pass The same I am, are ancient's order was, Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to The times that brought them in: so shall I do To the freshest thy reigning: and make stale The glistening of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass: and give my scene such growing, As you had slept between. Leontes leaving The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving, That he shuts up himself; imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace Equal with warding: What of her estates, I last not prophesy; but let Time's news Be known, when 'tis brought forth—a shepherd's daughter, And what to her adheres, which follows after, Is the argument of Time. Of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse ere now; If never yet, that Time himself doth say, He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exeunt.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in the palace of Polixenes. Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some alloy, or I overween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me business, which alone without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study: and my profit therein, the keeping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being grateful, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missing, noted, he is of late so much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and

with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his rencvedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldoms from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A road near the Shepherd's cottage. Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer—
With, height! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;—
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.9
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tira-bira chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay—
Are summer-songs for me and my mates,11
While we lie tumbling in the hay.
I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;12 but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have brave to live,
And bear the some-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets: when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered tribes: With die, and drud, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly chest. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prise! a prise!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every len'nt weath'—toad;14
every tod yields—pound and odd shifting: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to? And. If the springs hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.18—Let me

(9) i. e. The spring blood reigns over the parts lately under the dominion of winter.

(10) Thievish. (11) Doxies.


(14) Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool.

(15) Circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate, to adjust their reckonings.

(1) i. e. Leave unexamined the progress of the intermediate time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story.

(2) Imagine for me. (3) Subject. (4) Approve. (5) Think too highly. (6) Friendly offices. (7) Observed at intervals. (8) Tell.
Scene III. WINTER'S TALE

Aut. Very true, sir; be, sir, be; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.
Cleo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spilt at him, he'd been run.
Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.
Cleo. How do you now?
Aut. Sweet air, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.
Cleo. Shall I bring thee on the way?
Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet air.
Cleo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.
Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too; if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearsers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!
Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And marry here's the stole-a:
A marry heart goes all the day,
Your sad turns in a melo-a. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora, Perring in April's front. This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, and you the queen on't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremities, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark of the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranks'd up! But that our feasts,
In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush,
To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To show myself a gloria.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference!Forges drear: your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd haunts, behold The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now: Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rare; Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

(1) Singers of catches in three parts.
(2) Tenor.
(3) A species of pear.
(4) The machine used in the game of pigeon-holes.
(5) Sojourn.
(6) Puppet-show.
(7) Thief.
(8) Take hold of.
(9) Excesses.
(10) Object of all men's notice.
(11) Dressed with ostentation.
(12) i. e. Of station.
WINTER'S TALE.

Per.
O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessaries,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purposes,
Or 1 my life.

Flo.
Thou dearest Pydita,
With these fore'd thoughts, I prythee, darken not
The meat o' the feast: Or I'll be thin, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not those: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, 'No. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others.

Flo.
See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Sheep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, better, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcome'd all; serv'd all;
Went long out walking, and dance her virgin branch'd you.
At upper end o' the table, now, Phe middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour: and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one slip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes: and prevent yourself
That which you are, mistresse o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [To Pol.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.--You're welcome, sir!
[To Camillo.
Give me these flowers there, Dorcas.--Reverend sir,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Steaming, and savour; all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. (A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's best; of that kind
Our rustic garden's baren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. Fie! I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

(1) Far-fetch'd.
(2) Likeness and smell.
(3) Because that.
(4) A tool to set plants.

(5) Plato's.
(6) Living.
You wooo'd me the false way.  
I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose.
To put you to't:—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita:—so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per.  
I'll swear for 'em.

Pol.  
This is the prettiest low-born lays, that ever
Ran on the green-ward:—nothing she does, or
seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cap.  
He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out:—Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo.  
Come on, strike up.

Dor.  
Mopae must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop.  
Now, in good time!

Clo.  
Not a word; a word; we stand upon our
manner.

Come, strike up.  

Music.  

Here a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Pol.  
Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep.  
They call him Doricles, and he boasts
himself
To have a worthy feeding:—but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks so too:—for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes:—and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol.  
She dances fealty.  

Shep.  
So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent:—if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv.  
O master, if you did but hear the pedler
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you:
be it seven tunes, faster than you'll tell
money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo.  
He could never come better:—he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be dose-
ful matter, meanly set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv.  
He hath songs, for man or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such
delicate burdens of dildos and faddings:—jump her
and dump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd
reckal world, as it were, mean mischief, and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer, Whoop, do me no harm, good man; puts
him off, sights him, with Whoop, do me no harm,
so good man.

Pol.  
This a brave fellow.

(1) Green turf.
(2) A valuable tract of pasture.
(3) Truth.  (4) Neatly.
(9) The work about the bosom.

Clo.  
Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable
conceited fellow.  Has he any unbraided wares?  

Serv.  
He hath rambles of all the colours the
rainbow:—points, more than all the lawyers in Bo-
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross; inkles, caddises, cambrics,
lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were
gods or goddesses; you would think a smack were
she-ange';—so be chanto's to the sleeve-hand, and
the work about the square on't.

Clo.  
Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per.  
Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo.  
You have of these pedlers, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per.  
Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cypris, black as e'er was crown;
Glories, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfumes for a lady's chamber;
Golden quiffs, and stomachers,
For my lady to give their dear;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What needs lock from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come, buy, &c.

Clo.  
If I were not in love with Mopae, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being enthral'd
as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain
rambles and gloves.

Mop.  
I was promis'd them against the feast;
but they come not now late now.

Dor.  
He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.

Mop.  
He hath paid you all he promised you:
may be he has paid you more; which will shames
you to give him again.

Clo.  
Is there no manners left among maids?—will
they wear their plackets, where they should bear
their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you
are going to-bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these
secrets; but you must be little-tattling before all
your guests?—'Ts well they are whispering:—Glas-
omour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop.  
I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo.  
Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd
by the way, and lost all my money?

Aud.  
And, indeed, sir, there are cozenesses abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo.  
Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
here.

Aud.  
I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of change.

Clo.  
What hast here? ballads?

Mop.  
I pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in
print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aud.  
Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a
weaver's wife was brought to-bed of twenty money-
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat ad-
ders' heads, and toads carbouled.

(10) Amber, of which necklaces were made fit
to perfume a lady's chamber.
(11) Fire-place for drying malt; still a noted
cooping-place.
(12) Ring a dumb peal.
(13) A lace to wear about the head or wrist.
By the patterns of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purty of his.

Stay. Take hands, a bargain; —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
The virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Stop. Come, your hand; —
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beshooch you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown inapprehensible?
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?

Stop. Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being children?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ample strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong;
Something stol'd: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.


Stop. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grove
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, be must not —
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir.

[Discovering himself.

Within son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-book! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft: who, of force, must know
The royal foot thou cou'lt with —

Stop. O, my heart!

Flo. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,
And made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Decameron: — Mark thou my words: —
For us to the court. — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchant-
ment —

1) Talk over his affairs. 2) Further.

Worthy enough a heredman; yes, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beshooch you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queue it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Stop. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yes,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.

That knewest this was the prince, and would'st
adventure
To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I live'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard: delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What was I, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back: not following
My leath' unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him: — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. I cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let Nature crush the side of the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up th' looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: — if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfill my vow. —
I needs must think it honestly. Camillo.
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be theretofore; — for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathom, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,

membered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petition, still he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to gild a cod-piece of a piece; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no bearing, no feeling, but my air's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobob against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my coughul from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

Cam. Who have we here? [Seeing Autolycus]

[Aside.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why hang my head?

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; there's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, so be still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, disperse thee instantly (thou must think there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennypworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:——I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half payed already.

Aut. Pr’ythee, despatch. ——I smell the trick of it. ——[Aside.]

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. — [Flo. and Aut. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,——let my prophecy
Come home to you!——you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, And pluck it o'er your brows: muzzle your face; Dismantle you: and as you can, dilate
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescribed.

Per. Leontes,——I see the play so lies,
That I must bear a part. 

Cam. No remedy.——

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat.——Come, lady, come.——Farewell, my friend.

[Aside.]

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. — [They converse apart.

(1) Birds.
(3) Something over and above.
(4) Bemused, parcel.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king [Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! ——Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Enter Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it; To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses.

I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would don’t: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aut.Aside, aside:——here is more matter for a hot brain:

Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hangings, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She be none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yes, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely! puppies! — [Aside.]

Shep. Well: let us to the king; there is that in this farde1,2 will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:——Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.——[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farde, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having,13 breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not shaving steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

(5) His false beard. (6) Estate, property.
Paul. True, too true, my lord:— If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill’d, Would be unparalleled.

Leon. I think so. Kill’d? She I kill’d? I did so; but thou strik’st me sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace’d Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dis. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign dame; consider little, What dangers, by his highness’ fall of issu’d, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Inceint, lockets-on. What were more holy, Than to rejoice, the former queen is well? What holier, than—for royalty’s repair, For present comfort and for future good,— To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to’?—

Paul. There is none worthy, Receiving her that’s gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill’d their secret purposes: For has not the divine Apollo said, Is not the tenor of his oracle, That king Leontes shall not have an heir, Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason, As my Antigone to break his grave, And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. ’Tis your counsel, My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their will. Care not for issue;—

[To Leontes.

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander Left his to the worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,— Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour,—I, that ever I Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now, I might have look’d upon my queen’s full eyes; Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speakest truth.

No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, And better us’d, would make her painted spirit Again possess her corse; and, on this stage (Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vest’d, Begin, And why to me?

Paul. She had just cause. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so: Were I the ghost that walk’d, I’d bid you mark Her eyes; and tell me, for what dull part in’t You chose her: then I’d shriek, that every ear Should ring to hear me; and the words that follow’d Should be, Remember me.

Leon. Stars, very stars, (1) At rest, dead. (3) Instigate. (2) Split. (4) Meet.

And all eyes she dead coals—fear thou no wife, I’ll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Never to marry, but by my free leave? Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless’d my spirit! Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another, As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront’d his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, No remedy, but you will; give me the office To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young As was your former; but she shall be such, As, walk’d your first queen’s ghost, it should take joy To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bidd’st us.

Paul. That Shall be, when your first queen’s again in breath; Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not Like to his father’s greatness: his approach, So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us, ’Tis not a visitation fram’d, but forc’d By need, and accident. What train?—

Gent. But few, And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him? Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think, That e’er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. As every present time doth boast itself Above a better, gone; so must thy grave Give way to what’s seen now. Sir, you yourself Have said, and writ so (but your writing now Is colder than that sense,) She had not base, Nor seem not to be equal’d,—thus your verse Flow’d with her beauty once; ’tis shrewdly ab’d, To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,) The other, when she has obtain’d your eye, Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature, Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal Of all professors else; make proselytes Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women? Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes; Yourself, assisted with your honour’d friends, Bring them to our embracement.—Still ’tis strange, [Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen. He then should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince (Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair’d Well with this lord; there was not full a month Between their births.

(5) i.e. Than the corpse of Hermione, the subject of your writing
SCENE II.—The same. Before the palace. Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Bless you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthingal; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aaut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

2 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with starting on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the sweet beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importune joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:

The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more:—How goes it now, sir? the news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true: if ever truth were pregnant by chance, it is this, which you hear; you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the woman of the scene, in resemblance of the mother:—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainties, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was rasing up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distinction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.3 Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter: as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, O, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia's presence; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries his beloved, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which James report to follow it, and undue description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that twist joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so lock'd her in her embrace, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angels for mine eyes (caught the water; though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness woundeth his daughter: till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an alas! I would him say, blood tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there,4 changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, she wo had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, as piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with this greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed5 house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exit Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the death of my former life in me, would perform drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a farthingal, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-found of the shepherd's daughter (to be he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it

---

1. The thing imported.
2. Disposition or quality.
3. Countenance, features.
4. Embracing.
5. Most patrolling with wonder.
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those 
veins
Did verily bear blood?

**Pol.** Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

**Leon.** The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
And we are mock'd with art.

**Paul.** I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

**Leon.** O sweet Paulina, Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Left alone.

**Paul.** I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stir'd
you but
I could afflict you further.

**Leon.** Do, Paulina; For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As a cordial comfort. Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

**Paul.** Good my lord, forbear:
The rudeness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

**Leon.** No, not these twenty years.
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

**Paul.** Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you For more amusement: If you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed; descend, And take you by the hand: but then you'll think (Which I protest against,) I am assisted By wicked powers.

**Leon.** What you can make her do, I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

**Paul.** It is requir'd, You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still; Or those, that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

**Leon.** Proceed; No foot shall stir.

**Paul.** Music; awake her; strike—

**[Music.]

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach; Show all that look upon with marvel. Come; I'll fill your grave up; stir; stay, come away; Bequest to death your numbness, for from him Dear life redeem you.—You perceive, she stirs: [Hermione comes down from the pedestal.

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her, Until you see her die again; for then You kill her double: Nay, present your hand; When any celestial work you wrought her; now, in age, Is she become the author.

**Leon.** O, she's warm! [Embracing her.

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

**Pol.** She embraces him.

**Com.** She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

**Pol.** Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd.
Or, how stol'n from the dead.

**Paul.** That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hoopped at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives, Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; know, And pray your daughter's blessing.—Turn, good lady:
Our Perdita is found.

**[Presenting Per. who kneels to Her.**

**Her.** You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head:—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?

**Pol.** Thy father's court: for thou shalt hear, that I,—

**[Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle

Gave hope thou wert in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

**Paul.** There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together, You precious winners' all; your exultation Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

**Leon.** O, sweet Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband be by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast for mine;
But how, is to be question'd: I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Cortez, Camillo, ye
And take her by the hand: whose words, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—

**Pol.** Look upon my brother:—both your parsons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king (whom heavens directing,) Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely Each one demand, and answer to his part Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first We were disavow'd: Hastily lead away. [Exe.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented.

JOHNSON.

(3) You who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

(4) Participate.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, duke of Ephesus.
Egeon, a merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, twin brothers, and sons to Egeon and Emilia, but unknown to each other.
Dromio of Ephesus, twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a merchant.
Angelo, a goldsmith.

A merchant, friend to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Pinch, a schoolmaster, and a conjuror.
Emilia, wife to Egeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, her servant.
A courtezan.
Gadzil, officers, and other attendants.

Scene, Ephesus.

ACT I.


Egeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,

And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;

I am not partial, to infringe our laws: The enmity and discord, which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,— Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives, Have seal’d his rigorous statutes with their bloods,— Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. For, since the mortal and intestine jars ‘Twixt thy seditions countrymen and us, It hath in solemn synods been decreed, Both by the Sophisticans and ourselves, To admit no traffic to our adverse towns: Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus, be seen At any Syracusan mart, and fair; Again, if any Syracusan born Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, His goods confiscate to the duke’s dispose: Unless a thousand marks be levied, To quit the penalty, and to ransom him. Thy substance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; Therefore, by law thou art condemned to die.

Egeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done, My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause Why thou departest from thy native home; And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesus. Egeon. A heavier task could not have been im– posed, Than I to speak my griefs unseizable: Yet, that the world may witness, that my end Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, I’ll utter what my sorrow gives me leave. In Syracusa was I born; and wed

(1) Name of a coin. (2) Marketh. (3) Natural affection.
Dro. E. O.—six—peace, that I had o’ Wednesday last.
To pay the saddler for my mistress’ crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

And S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar’s’t thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, sir, six, so you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed:
For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

And S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season:
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

And S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the smart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

And S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money;
Or I shall break that merry scorne of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou badst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress’ marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

And S. Thy mistress’ marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship’s wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will bie you home to dinner.

And S. What, wilt thou float me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir! for God’s sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I’ll take my heald. [Exit Dromio E.]

And S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o’-reach’d of all my money.

They say, this town is full of connagers;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diabolical actors, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I’ll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A public place. Enter Adriana, and Luciana.

Adr. Neither man nor master, nor the slave return’d,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o’clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he’s somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They’ll, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o’ door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There’s none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash’d with wax.

There’s nothing, situate under heaven’s eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males’ subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, and masters of all threes,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indulced with intellectual sense, and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accord.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unweary.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some away;

Luc. Ere I learn love, I’ll praiseworthy obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmind’d, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden’d with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So then, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With arging helpless patience wouldst thou relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begu’d patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:—
Here comes your man, now is your husband high.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? knowest thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: a
Beast he is, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home now?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-

mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,
his’s stark mad.

When I did send him to come home to dinner,
He said me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I; My gold, quoth he;

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn’d: My gold, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress,

(1) Head. (2) Over-reached. (3) i. e. Scarcely stand under them.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scena II.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the
plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. The time for a man to recover
his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by art and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and re-
cover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair,
being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows
on beasts: and what he hath scantled men in hair,
be hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more
hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit
to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men
plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainest dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he
looseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two: and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure in a thing failing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he
spends in trine: the other, that at dinner they
should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved
there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,
and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald
followers.

Ant. S. I know, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who waits us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and
frown.

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adrianna, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unjou'd would'st
vow,

That never words were music to thine ear,

That neverught pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undiscarnate, incorporeal,

Am better than thy dea'er self? is better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breathing gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious;

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

Be bathed in lust shouldst thou contaminate.

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being stropompt by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead to you, sir, fair dame? I know
you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scant'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd

with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from
him,

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,

Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our
names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

'Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an eln, my husband, I a vine;

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If sought possess thee from me, it is dress

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for
her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What errer drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Stil I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd falacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land: —O, spite of spites! —

Vt talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;

i we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why gratis thou to thyself, and answerst
not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou cot?

Dro. S. I am transform'd, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my
shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am a spe...
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your My wife (but, I protest, without desert),
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you hence,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Purveyor.
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Boo it for nothing but to spite my wife.)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disman.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so: This jest shall cost me some expense.

SCENE II.—The same. Enter Luciana, and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

Ant. E. If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, through your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief bring of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm show us the sleeve;
We in our motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,) Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, protest, without desert,
With thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet.
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—

(1) Have part. (2) A proverbial phrase.
(3) i.e. Made fast. (4) By this time.
(5) Love-springs are young plants or shoots of love.
(6) i.e. Being made altogether of credulity.
(7) Vain, is light of tongue. (8) Mermaid for siren.

2 R
Scene I.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespeak it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now;
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.
[Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due;
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Yet now I had not, but that I am bound
To PERIS, and want guineas for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bill, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates.
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[Exit Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well bop'd up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharge'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Befall chance, I will be there as soon as you.

1. A coin. 2. Accruing. 3. I shall.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this daliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.
Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;
Good sir, say, who'll you answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name,
to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall but a law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner come aboard,
And then, sir, bears away; our fraughtage,4 sir,
I have convey'd aboard: and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vite.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and myself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why thou
Pervi'sh sheep! What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage,6

Scene 17.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keepeth the pome: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why? one thin pick-purse: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and puts them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band: he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks a hand: one that thinks a man always going to be 1, and says, God give you good rest.

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your roadway. Is there they ship put forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hour, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions: Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtisan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now; Is that the chain, you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wrench; and thereof comes, that the wench says, God damned me, that's as much as to say, God made me a light wrench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wrenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend: what tell'st thou me of supper?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner.

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devil ask the pearing of one's tail; A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise: and if you give it her, That devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

(1) Correct them all.

Ant. S. Avast, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [Exit Ant. and Dro.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad; Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine, worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain! Both one, and other, he desises me now. The reason that I gather he is mad (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to him home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being histrionic, He rush'd into my house, and took perfence. My ring away: This course I fittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Scene IV. The same. Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away; I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day; And will not lightly trust the messenger, That I should be attach'd in Ephesus: I tell you, 'twill sound hardly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's end. Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all!

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope. Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope? Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate. Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.


Ant. E. Thou whoremong, senseless villain! Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am walk'd with, when I sleep; raise'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home: welcomed home with it, when I return: say, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar went her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtisan, with Finch, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.
To have them bound again.


Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran
from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff
from thence.

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will
surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,
give us gold; methinks, they are such a gentle
nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to
stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town:
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter Merchant and
Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very renowned reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, high'st belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forewore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oath, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my host's friend;
Who, but for staying on our contrary,
Had hoist sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did; sir, and forewore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forewear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did
bear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty,
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is
mad.

Some get within him, 'tis a sword away;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take
a house.

This is some trial — In, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Ant. and Dro. to the priory.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you
hither?

Adr. To fetch my distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wit.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hast this possession held the
man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at
sea?

Barry'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and base.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison'd more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleep was hindered by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou sayst his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestion.
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou sayst, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawling:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy;
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
To be disturb'd, would ruin or man, or beast;
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehend'd him but mildly,
When he decried himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof; —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Doth his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;

(1) Baggage. (2) i. e. Cloe, garrile with him.
(3) i. e. Go into a house. (4) Theme.
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Alas, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, he was not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who part'd with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Pecupane,
Where Barthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God be known, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my servant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I besought the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Finch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forswore, took him on as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outlaying me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dainty vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, graving with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Hear'd you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first foresaw it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then, you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle;
Duke. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate breach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you found him, here he would have been:
If he were mad, he would not plac'd so coldly:
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Dares say that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the
Porcupine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger match'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

(1) Confounded. (2) Alteration of features.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbeys
hither;
I think you are all mated! or stark mad.

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply I see a friend, who will save my life,
And pay the sum that will deliver me.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is it not that thy bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gans'd we in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Finch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defacements in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure, thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and
whate'er a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untou'rd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drifted snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou shum'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,
Can witness me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuse, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syracuse, and
Dromio Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deiqeth them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. E. Egeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him
here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

(3) Furrowed, lis'd.
MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

| Duncan, king of Scotland:        | An English Doctor.  A Scotch Doctor. |
| Donaldbain.                     | Lady Macbeth. |
| Macbeth, general of the king's army. | Lady Macduff. |
| Banquo.                         | Gentlewoman attending on lady Macbeth. |
| Macduff.                        | Hecate, and three Witches. |
| Lenox.                          | Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, |
| Rosse.                          | Attendants, and Messengers. |
| Meneth.                         | The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions. |
| Angus.                          | |
| Caithness.                      | Scene, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland, and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle. |
| Fleance, son to Banquo.         | |
| Seward, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces: | |
| Young Seward, his son.          | |
| Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth. | |
| Son to Macduff.                 | |

ACT I.


1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurryburly's done.

When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Faddock calls — Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hecate through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forre. A little within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donaldbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is this? He can report, as seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

Mel. This is the sergeant, who, like a good and hearty soldier, fought in my captivity —— Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil, as thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together, And chide their art. The merciless Macdonwald (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that, The multiplying villainies of nature

(1) Turnai.  (2) i. e. Supplied with light and heavy-armed troops.  (3) Cause.  (4) The opposite to comfort.

Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied; And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name,) Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valour's minion.

Caw'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseen'd him from the nave to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman! Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and dirful thunders break; So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark: No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their backs: But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furnish'd arms, and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes; As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion. If I say sooth, I must report they were As cannons overcharg'd with double charges; So they Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe: Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell:
But I am faint, my grubs cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds; They smack of honour both: — Go, get him surgeons.

[Exeunt Soldiers, attendants.

(5) Truth.

(6) Make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.
Scene IV.

Machi. And these of Cawdor too; want it not so?  
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
The happy venur' in the rebel's fight,  
His wonders and his praises do extend,  
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest of the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stern Norscan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale!  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,    
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, 2 hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?  
Machi. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me  
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Crimin'd with Norway; or did reign the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wreck; I know not;  
But treasons capital, confesst, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

Machi. Glament, the thane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains. —  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me.  
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest tribes, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—  
Cousin, a word I pray you.

Machi. As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.  
This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion?  
Whose hoard image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise? and nothing is,  
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.  
Machi. If chance will have me king, why, chance  
May crown me,

(1) As fast as they could be counted. (2) Title.  
(3) Stimulate. (4) Excitement.  
(5) Temptation. (6) Firmly fixed.  
(7) The powers of action are oppressed by conjecture.
SCENE I.

MACBETH.

Mac. Hath he asked me for me?

Lady M. Nay, he hath not.

Mac. We will proceed no further in this business.

(1) Reward.

(2) i.e. We as hermits shall ever pray for you.

(3) Subject to account.

(4) An officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i'th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then, That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place, Did then adhere; and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brain out, had I so sworn, as you Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, (Where'the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince, That memory, the warden of the brain, Shall be a time, and the receipt of reason A timber only: When in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie, as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguard'd Duncan? What must put upon His spunky officers: who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell? Bring forth men-children only! For thy unhaunted mirth should compose Nothing but mirths. Will it not be received, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamours roar Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with false show; False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — The same. Court within the castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

(3) Wars: sightless is invisible.

(4) In the same sense as cohere.

(5) Intemperance.

(6) Overpower.

MACBETH.

What do you mean?—

MACH. Still it cried, Sleep we more! to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Con- do:
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So basely of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy groans with blood.

MAC. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Inform of purpose:
Give me the daggers: The sleeping and the dead.
Are but as pictures: 'Tis the eye of childhood,
That learns from painted yellow to despise:
If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the groans withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

MAC. [Knocking within.] Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when ever noise appeals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incardamine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shane
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking
At the south entry — retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [Knocking.] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your right gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MAC. To know my deed, — twere best not
know myself. [Knock.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou cou'dst it!'

Enter Macbeth.

MAC. What are you? — But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember
the porter.

[Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

MAC. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

MAC. What three things does drink especially
provoker?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovoke: it provokes the desire, but it taketh away the performance:
Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him: it sets him on, and it takes him off: it persuadeth him, and dishearts him: makes him stand to, and
not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MAC. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That did it, sir, 'twas very threat o'me: But I required him for my lie: and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MAC. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!
MAC. Good-morrow, both!
MAC. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
MAC. Not yet.
MAC. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slippt the hour.

MAC. I'll bring you to him.

MAC. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

MAC. The labour we delight in, physics' pain.
This is the door.

MAC. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. 

[Exit Macbeth.

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day? —
MAC. He does: — he did appoint it so.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimney's were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamented heard 'tis the air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird
Glamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

MAC. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

MAC. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
MAC. Len. What's the matter?
MAC. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!


[7] The use of two negatives, not to make an
affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common
in our author.
MACBETH.

SCENE I.  

**Enter Macduff.**

*How goes the world, sir, now?*

**Mac.** Why, see you not?

**Ross.** Isn’t known who did this more than bloody deed?

**Mac.** Those that Macbeth hath slain.

**Ross.** Alas, the day!

*What good could they pretend?*

**Mac.** They were born of, Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king’s two sons, Are stolln away and fled: which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

**Ross.** *Gainst nature still: Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up Thine own life’s means!*—Then “to most like, The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.**

**Mac.** He is already nam’d; and gone to Scone, To be invested.

**Ross.** Where is Duncan’s body?

**Mac.** Carried to Colomes-kil.

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

**Ross.** Will you to Scone?

**Mac.** No, cousin, I’ll to Fife.

**Ross.** Well, I will thither.

**Mac.** Well, may you see things well done there—adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

**Ross.** Father, farewell.

**Old M.** God’s benison go with you; and with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!  

[Exeunt.]

---

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fore. A room in the palace. Enter Banquo.

**Ban.** Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weird women promis’d; and, I fear, Thou play’st most foully for’t: yet it was said, It should not stand in thy posterity; But that myself should be the root, and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,) Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set up in hope? But, hush; no more.

**Sott. scatted.** Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lenox, Rossie, Lords, Ladies, and attendants.

**Mac.** Here’s our chief guest.

**Lady M.** If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all things unbecoming.

**Mac.** To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I’ll request your presence.

**Ban.** Let your highness Command upon me; to the which, my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knitt.

**Mac.** Ride you this afternoon?

**Ban.** Ay, my good lord.

**Mac.** We should have else desired your good advice

(Which still has been both grave and prosperous,) In this day’s council; but we’ll take to-morrow.

Isn’t far you ride?

---

**Ban.** As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

*Twist this and supper: go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night,*

*For a dark hour, or twain.*

**Mac.** Fail not our feast.

**Ban.** My lord, I will not.

**Mac.** We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow’d In England, and in Ireland; not confessing Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention: But of that to-morrow; When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state, Craving us jointly. *Hie you to horse: Adieu,*

*Till you return at night. Go! Fiscalise with you?*

**Ban.** Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

**Mac.** I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot; And so do commend you to their backs.

**Farewell.**—[Exeunt Banquo.

*Let every man be master of his time Till seven at night; to make society The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourselves Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.*

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure;* **Atten.** They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

**Mac.** Bring them before us.—[Exeunt Attent.]

To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature Reigns that, which would be fear’d: *’Tis much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor To act in safety. There is none, but he, Whose being I do fear: and, under him, My genius is rebuk’d: as, it is said, Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He chid the sisters, When first they put the name of king upon me, And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like, They hail’d him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, And put a barren sceptre in my gripes, Thence to be wrenched with an unlined hand, No son of mine succeeding: If it be so, For Banquo’s issue have I flipp’d my mind: For them the gracious Duncan have I murder’d: For them the gracious Duncan have I murder’d: Put rancours in the vessel of my peace Only for them: and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, And champion me to the utterance?—Who’s there?—*

**Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.**

Now to the door, and stay thee till we call.

[Exeunt Attendant.

*Was it not yesterday we spoke together?*  

**Mur.** It was, so please your highness.

**Mac.** Well then, now Have you consider’d of my speeches? Know, That it was he, in the times past, which held you So under fortune; which, you thought, had been Our innocent self: this I made good to you In our last conference; pass’d in probation with you, How you were born in hand? how crown’d; the instruments; Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might;

(5) Challenge me to extremities.  

(6) Proved.  

(7) Delivered.

---
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thicken; and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Where's night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by it.
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

SCENE III.—The same. A park or lawn, with a gate leading to the palace. Enter three Murderers.

1 MUR. But who did bid thee join with us?
2 MUR. Macbeth.
3 MUR. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 MUR. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the latest traveller space,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

2 MUR. [Within.] Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!
2 MUR. Then is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 MUR. His horses go about.
3 MUR. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a servant with a torch preceding them.

2 MUR. A light, a light!
3 MUR. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain-to-night.

1 MUR. Let it come down.

Assault Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly:
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

Diss. Fleance and servant escape

3 MUR. Who did strike out the light?
1 MUR. Was't not the way?
2 MUR. There's but one down; the son is fled.
3 MUR. We have lost best half of our affair.
4 MUR. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

SCENE IV.—A room in the palace. A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:

(1) i.e. They who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

MUR. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

MUR. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

MUR. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

MUR. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fied,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again.

[Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grace'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pliy for mischiefe?

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gore on me.

Ross. Gentlemen, his highness is not well,
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'Pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary: upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

(2) Continues in her chair of state.

(3) As quick as thought. (4) Prolong his suffering.
MACBETH.

May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accur’d!

Lord. My prayers with him!

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A dark wood. In the middle a cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter Three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice hath the brinded cat waited long.

2 Witch. Thrice; and when she gapes again,

3 Witch. Thrice, and the hedgehog whin’d.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison’d entrails throw.

Thunder. Under clouds of smoke,

Fires and thunders hast thirty-one,

Swelter’d venom sleeping sent.

Boil thou first i’ th’ charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fishhelper, an

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

A powdered frog, and blind-worm’s sting,

Lizard’s leg, and owlet’s wing.

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of the dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches’ mummy, raw, and full of sin;

Of the seven-headed snake,

Root of hemlock, dugg’d in the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat, and spike of yew,

Silver’d in the moon’s eclipse.

Nose of Turk, and Tartar’s lip.

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Make the gruel thick and slat,

Add to th’ this, and to th’ that;

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon’s blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other Three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;

And every one shall share the gains.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is’t you do?

All. A deed without a name.

(3) This word is employed to signify that the animal was hot, and swarming with venom, although sleeping under a cold stone.

MACBETH.

Act IV.

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Mach. Who can impress the forest, and bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodiments! good! 
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac’d Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo’s issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mach. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.

1 Witch. Show!  
2 Witch. Show!  
3 Witch. Show! b  
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.

Mach. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown doth earne mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes! What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?  

1 Witch. Ay, Sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazed?—
Come, sisters, cheer up his sprights,  
And show the best of our delights;  
I’ll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round.
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.


Mach. Where are they? Gone?—Let this

Stand eye accurs’d in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!—

Enter Lenox.

Len. What’s your grace’s will?  
Mach. Saw you the weird sisters?  
Len. No, my lord.

Mach. Came they not by you?  
Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Mach. Instructed be the air wherein they ride;  
And damn’d, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was’t came by?  
Len. ’Tis two or three, or my lord that bring you
word,

The round is that part of a crown which en-
circles the head: the top is the ornament which
rises above it.

Who can command the forest to serve him
like a soldier impressed?

Music. The dissolnament of nature.
Scene II, III.

Macbeth is fled to England.

Macb. Fleed to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipasti! my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o’ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The fruitions of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o’th’ sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I’ll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more nights—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Fife. A room in Macduff’s castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macb. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macb. He had none:
Flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.3

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macb. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch—’p for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest cow,
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
Further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
And list upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move—Take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I shall be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up
ward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Bless’d upon you!

L. Macb. Father’s he is, and yet he’s fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rose.

L. Macb. Sirrah, your father’s dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macb. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macb. Poor bird! thou’st never fear the net,
or lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying. 

(1) Preventast, by taking away the opportunity.
(2) Follow.
(3) i.e. Our flight is considered as evidence of
our treason.

L. Macb. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macb. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you’ll buy ’em to sell again.

L. Macb. Thou speakest with all thy witt; and
yet, faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macb. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macb. Why; hence, with your little ones.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macb. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hang’d.

Son. And must they all be hang’d, that swear
and lie?

L. Macb. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macb. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swarers are fools: for
there are liars and swarers enough to beat the
honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macb. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you’d weep for him: if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macb. Poor pratter! how thou talk’st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.6
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man’s advice,
Be not found with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you.

I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macb. Whither should I fly? I
have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macb. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He’s a traitor. Son. Thou ly’st, thou shag-eard villain.


Young fry of treachery? Son. He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you. [Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.

Scene III.—England. A room in the King’s
palace. Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

(4) Natural affection.
(5) Sirrah was not in our author’s time a term of
reproach.

(6) I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride: our downfalln' birthdays: 1 Each new mom,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrow
Sticks heaven on the face, that it rescour.

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of colour.

Macd. What I believe, I'll wall:
What know, believe and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend; 2 I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongue,
Was ever thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
Something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
to offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
to supplant an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Macd. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recall,
In an imperial charge. 3 But crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpore
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love.)
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. — You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness darts not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs:
Thy title is affection — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.

Macd. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gas
Is add'd to her wounds: I think, wifeful.
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

What should be be?

Macd. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grado't,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Exalt him as a lamb, being compared
With my confinest harris.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

I grant him bloody,

1st Birthright. 2nd Befriend.
3. i.e. A good man may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.
4. Legally settled by those who had the final adjudication.
5. Laughter. 6 Passionate.
7. Plenty. 8. May be endued.
Scene III.

From over-credulous haste! But God alms grace
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspoke mine own distraction, here abjures
The taints and blame I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have covert what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach
Old Siward, with ten thousand wertlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together: And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Came the king forth,
I pray you?

Doc. Ay, aye: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convince
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Ex. Doc.

Mac. What is the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd do evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a gold-ta stamped about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Mal. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Mal. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now ——Good God, be not too severe,
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Mal. Stands Scotland where it did.

Mal. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where eyes, and greens, and shrubs that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying; or ere they sicken.

Mal. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

(1) Over-bastly credulity.
(2) Overpowers, subdues.
(3) The coin called an angel.
Macleth.

Fin, my lord, sir! a soldier, and afores! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power o' account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

Lady M. Thethane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What will these hands never be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gen. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doc. What a sight is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well,—

Gen. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown: ook not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's bane: he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

Doc. Will she go now to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Doc. Fool whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To ther dea'f pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician. — God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: I think she has mated: and seem'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gen. Right good night, good doctor.

Doc. Good night.

SCENE II.—The country near Dunsinane. Enter, with drum and colours, Macbeth, Caulness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Most. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Seward, and the good Macduff. Reversions burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the blest, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming. Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Seward's son, And many unrog. youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it raht ha' fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckler his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

Scene III, IV. F.

MACBETH.

His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recall, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience wherever 'tis truly owed:
Where the medicine of the sickly swall;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To deck the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood move to Dunsinane,
I cannot taste with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences. pronounce'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee. Then fly, false thanes,
. and mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! Where gotst thou that goose-look?
Serv. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Excuse, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, pricks thy face, and over-rideth thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?—
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or diswax me now.
I have lest long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sea, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart will faint deny, but dare not.

Seyton——

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is conform'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, Skinner the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—


How does your patient, doctor?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivion, cleanse
The stuff'd bosome of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Say ten, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:
Come, air, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Foil not, I say—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doc. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. —[Exit.

Doc. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. —[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane. A wood in view. Enter, with drum and colours, Mac

Doc. Old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Macbeth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rome, and Soldiers, marching.

Doc. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Doc. We doubt it nothing.

Serv. What wood is this before us?

Doc. The wood of Birnam.

Doc. Let every soldier how he came down a bough,
And heart before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Serv. It shall be done.

Serv. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before.

Doc. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but confounded things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Doc. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Serv. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the castle. Enter, with drums and colours, Macbeth, Sey

Doc. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
(6) Sour. (7) I.e. Greater and less.
(8) Determine.
Scene VII.

MACBETH.  

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air,
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Mac.  

Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Unto the very top of the head.

Macb.  

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That pale man with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Mac.  

Then yield, thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrite,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb.  

I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough.

[Exeunt. fighting.

Retreat.  

Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Rosset, Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Meneth, and Soldiers.

Mal.  

I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Sin.  

Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal.  

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosset.  

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinkling station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sin.  

Then be he dead?

Rosset.  

Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measure'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sin.  

Had he his hurts before?

Rosset.  

Ay, on the front.

Sin.  

Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

(1) The air, which cannot be cut.  (2) Shuffle.

Mal.  

He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sin.  

He's worth no more;
They say, he party well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Mac.  

Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All.  

King of Scotland, hail!

Flourish.

Mal.  

We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That feed the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life:—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character: the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described: and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakespeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.
KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John.
Prince Henry, his son: afterward King Henry III.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of
King John.
William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, chief justice of England.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to the king.
Robert Faulconbridge, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip Faulconbridge, his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First.
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Penilroi, a prophet.

Philip, King of France.

Lewis, the dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandolphi, Pope's legate.
Melun, a French lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.
Elinor, the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.
Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanch, daughter to Alphonse, King of Castile, and niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.
Lords, ladies, citizens of Angiers, sheriffs, heralds, officers, soldiers, messengers, and other attendants.

Scene, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A room of state in the palace. Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

King John.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France.

In my behaviour; to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Pictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
The nephew, and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.

Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth.
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,

"(1) In the manner I now do.

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen preface of our own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[Exit Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manager of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right:
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriffs of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.—[Exit Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay
Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and
Philip, his bastard brother.

This expedition's charge,—What men are you?

Best. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

(2) Conduct, administration.
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Bring sense of his, refuse him: This concludes,—
My brother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To depossess that child which is not his?

Bas. Of no more force to depossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eliz. Whether hasted thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Courceil-keen,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside!

Bas. Madam, an if my father had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such esel-skins stuff'd: my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Least men should say, Look, where three-furthert
gone!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nathaniel in any case.

Eliz. I like thee well; Will thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldiery, and now bound to France.

Bas. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eliz. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bas. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bas. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun:
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From hence-forth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bas. Brother, by the mother's side, give me
your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eliz. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandson, Richard; call me so.

Bas. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, however I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou
thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bas. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got the way of honesty.

Eliz. Enough said, but the Bastard.
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady;—

Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—

(1) Robert. (5) Good evening.
AND IF HIS NAME BE GEORGE, I'LL CALL HIM PETER: FOR NEVER-MIND, DOTH FORGET MEN'S NAMES; 'TIS TOO RESPECTFUL, AND TOO SOCIALEABLE.

FOR YOUR CONVERSION? NOW YOUR TRAVELLER,— HE AND HIS TOOTH-PICK AT MY WORSHIP'S MESS; AND WHEN MY KNIGHTLY STOMACH IS SUFFICIENT, WHY THEN I SINK MY TEETH, AND CAUCHEINE MY PICKED MAN OF COUNTRIES—MY DEAR SIR,

(THUS, LEANING ON MY ELBOW, I BEGIN,) I SHALL BEREAVE YOU—THAT IS QUESTION NOW; AND THEN COMES ANSWER LIKE AN ABC-BOOK:

O, SIR, SAYS ANSWER, AT YOUR BEST COMMAND;

AT YOUR EMPLOYMENT; AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR:

NO SIR, SAYS QUESTION; SIR, SAYS ANSWER;

AND SO, ERE ANSWER KNOWS WHAT QUESTION WOULD (SAVING IN DIALOGUE OF COMPLIMENT;

AND TALKING OF THE ALPS, AND APPENINES,

THE PYRENEAN, AND THE RIVER PO,) IT DRAWS TOWARDS SUPPER IN CONCLUSION SO;

BUT THIS IS WISE AND WISEFUL SOCIETY,

AND FINISH THE MOUNTING SPIRIT, LIKE MYSELF;

FOR HE IS BUT A BASTARD TO THE TIME,

THAT DOETH NOT SMACK OF OBSERVATION (AND SO AM I, WHETHER I SMACK, OR NOT;) AND NOT ALONE IN THE MEAN AND DEVICE,

EXTerior FORM, OUTWARD ACCOUTREMENT;

BUT FROM THE INWARD MOTION TO DELIVER SWEET, SWEET, SWEET POISON FOR THE AGE'S TOOTH;

WHICH, THOUGH I WILL NOT PRACTICE TO DECEIVE;

YET, TO AVOID DECEIT, I MEAN TO LEARN;

FOR IT WILL SHREW THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY RISING—

BUT WHO COMES IN SUCH haste, IN RIDING ROBES?

WHO HAS MAN-P总的 COLOR, hath she no husband;

THAT WILL TAKE PAINS TO BLOW A HORN BEFORE HER?

ENTER LADY FAULCONERIDGE AND JAMES GURNEY.

O ME! IT IS MY MOTHER,—HOW NOW, GOOD LADY! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TO COUNT SO HASTILY?

LADY F. WHERE IS THAT SLAVE, THY BROTHER? WHERE IS HE?

THAT HOLDS IN CHASE MINE HONOUR UP AND DOWN?

BAST. MY BROTHER ROBERT? OLD SIR ROBERT'S SON? COLBRAND THE GIANT, THAT SAME MIGHTY MAN?

IS IT SIR ROBERT'S SON, THAT YOU SEEK SO?

LADY F. SIR ROBERT'S SON! AY, THOU UNREPENTING BOY,

SIR ROBERT'S SON! WHY COME'ST THOU AT SIR ROBERT? IS HE SIR ROBERT'S SON; AND SO ART THOU.

BAST. JAMES GURNEY, WILT THOU GIVE US A WHILE?

GUR. GOOD LEAVE, GOOD PHILIP.

BAST. PHILIP!—SPARROW!—JAMES.

THERE'S TOYS ABROAD; ANON I'LL TELL THEE MORE.

[EXIT GURNEY.]

MADAM, I WAS NOT OLD SIR ROBERT'S SON; SIR ROBERT HAD NOT SEEN HIS POSTERN IN ME; UPON GOOD-AND-THURSDAY, AND NE'er BROKE HIS FAST: SIR ROBERT COULD DO WHELL; MARRY, TO CONFESS! COULD HE BE MARY? SIR ROBERT COULD NOT DO IT; WE KNOW HIS HANDY-WORK;—THUS, GOOD MOTHER,

TO WHOM AM I BEHOLDEN FOR THESE LIMBS?

SIR ROBERT NEVER HOPED TO MAKE THIS LEG.

LADY F. HAST THOU CONSPIRED WITH THY BROTHER, TOO? THAT FOR THINE OWN GAIN SHALT DEFEND MINE HONOUR?

WHAT MEANS THIS SCORN, THOU MOST UNTOWARD KNAVE?

BAST. KNIGHT, KNIGHT, KIND MOBREST,—BASILIO,

WHAT! I AM DUBB'D; I HAVE IT ON MY SHOULDER.


BUT, MOTHER, I AM NOT SIR ROBERT'S SON;

I HAVE DECLARED SIR ROBERT, AND MY LAND;

LEGITIMATION, NAME, AND ALL IS GONE;

THEN, GOOD MY MOTHER, LET ME KNOW MY FATHER;

SOME PROPER MAN, I HOPE: WHO WAS IT, MOTHER?

LADY F. HAST THOU DENIED THYSELF A FAULCONERIDGE?

BAST. AS FAITHFULLY AS I DENY THE DEVIL.

LADY F. KING RICHARD Cours-de-lion was thy father;

BY LONG AND VEHEMENT SUIT I WAS SEDUCED' TO MAKE ROOM FOR HIM IN MY HUSBAND'S BED:— HEAVEN LAY NOT MY TRANSFIGURATION TO MY CHARGE! THOU ART THE ISSUE OF MY DEAR OFFENCE,

WHICH WAS SO STRONGLY URG'D, PAST MY DEFENCE.

BAST. NOW, BY THE LIGHT, WE WERE AGAIN,

MADAM, I WOULD NOT WITH A BETTER FATHER.

SOME SINS DO BEAR THEIR PRIVILEGE ON EARTH,

AND SO DO THEM; YETL THY FOLLY:

NEEDS MUST YOU LAY YOUR HEART AT HIS DISPOSE,—

SUBJECTED TO COMMANDING LOVE,—

AGAINST WHOSE FURY AND UNMATCHED FORCE

THE SILENT LION COULD NOT WAGE THE FIGHT;

NOR KEEP HIS PRINCELY HEART FROM RICHARD'S HAND.

HE, THAT PERFORMED ROUBBS ONIONS OF THEIR HEARTS,

MAY EASILY WIN A WOMAN'S. AY, MY MOTHER,

WITH ALL MY HEART I THANK THEE FOR MY FATHER!

WHO LIVES AND DARES BUT SAY, THOU DIDST NOT WELL

WHEN I WAS GOTT, I'LL SEND HIS SOUL TO HELL.

COME, LADY, I'LL SHOW THEE TO MY KIN;

AND THEY SHALL SAY, WHEN RICHARD ME BEGOT,

IF THOU HASTED SAY HIM NAY, IT HAD BEEN SIN:

WHO SAYS IT WAS, HE LIEST; I SAY, 'Twas not. [EXE.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. BEFORE THE WALLS OF ANGERS. ENTER, ON ONE SIDE, THE ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, AND FORCES; ON THE OTHER, PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE, AND FORCES; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, AND ATTENDANTS.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.— ARTHUR, THAT GREAT FORERUNNER OF THY BLOOD,

RICHARD, THAT ROBBED THE LION OF HIS HEART,

AND FOUGHT THE HOLY WARS IN PALESTINE,

BY THIS BRAVE DUCHESS CAME EARLY TO HIS GRAVE:

AND, FOR AN OATH TO HIS PERTOYER,

AT OUR IMPORTANCE, 'HITHER IT COMES,

TO SPREAD HIS COLOURS, BOY, IN THY HALF;

AND TO REBUKE THE UPRISING

OF THY UNNATURAL UNCLE, ENGLISH JOHN:

EMBRACE HIM, LOVE HIM, GIVE HIM WELCOME HITHER.

ARTH. GOD SHALL FORGIVE YOU CŒUR-DE-LION'S DEATH;

THE RATHER, THAT YOU GIVE HIS OFFSPRING LIFE;

SHADOWING THEIR RIGHT UNDER YOUR WINGS OF WAR:

I GIVE YOU WELCOME WITH A POWERLESS HAND,

BUT WITH A HEART FULL OF UNTAINED LOVE;

WELCOME BEFORE THE GATES OF ANGERS, DUKE.

Lew. A NICE BOY! WHO WOULD NOT DO THEE RIGHT?

AUST. UPON THY CHEEK LAY I THIS SEALS KISS; AS SEAL TO THIS INDENTURE OF MY LOVE;

THAT TO MY HOME I WILL NO MORE RETURN;

TILL ANGERS, AND THE RIGHT THOU HAST IN FRANCE,

TOGETHER WITH THAT PALACE, THAT WHITE-FO'C' SHORE,

WHOSE FOOT SPURS BACK THE OCEAN'S ROARING TIDES,

AND COOPS FROM OTHER LANDS THEIR ISLANDS,

EVEN TILL THAT ENGLAND, HEDGE'D IN WITH THE MAIN,

THAT WATER-WALLED BULWARK, STILL SECURE

(6) A character in an old drama, called Soliman

And Perdita.

(7) Importance.
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Law. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Aigour, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee;
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon—I do defy thee,
France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than o'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eliz. Come to thy grandmother, child.
Const. Do, child, go to thy grandmother,
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am as wise as the comest hither made for me.
Eliz. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, who's he does, or not?
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shame,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eye,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eliz. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dignities, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagiar for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plaguid for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!
Eliz. Thou unadvised wold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause; or be more temperate:
It ill becomes this presence, to cry amy
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet sound the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admitt, Arthur's or John's.
Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself;
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
(1) Base. (2) Whether. (3) To encourage.
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignant 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French;
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of time
Had been disturbed, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To prove unmatch'd, nay, your city's chiefest checks,—
Behold, the French, sma't, rouchafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faultless error in your ears:
Which trust according, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king: whose labour'd spirits,
Forward'd in this action of swift speed,
Crawe harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unex'd retire,
With unback'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our profer'd offer,
'Tis not the round're of your old fact'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenge'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?
1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
(6) Our own. (7) Circle.
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we sworn'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
the

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our side with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradist his claim.
1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to
arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
ever since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [To Austin,] with your
lioness,
I'd set an ox head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[To Lewis.] and at the
other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald,
with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
more work for tears in many an English mother.
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
COLDLY EMBRACING THE DISSTOURED EARTH;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
bells;
King John, your king and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot mediclar day;
Their armours, that march'd hence so siluer-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by rest of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our forty English bolts with purpled bands,
Decl in the dyeing slaughter of their foes;
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

(1) Judged, determined. (2) Potentates.

1 Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
fronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King John, with his power,
Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other,
King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores?
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not set'd one drop
of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That saves the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put them down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his Fangs;
And now he feats, moathing the flesh of man,
In undetermined differences of kings,—
Why stand those royal fronts amased thus?
Cry, havo, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potestas, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your
king?
1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the
king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his
right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scrupe in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purged and depair'd.
Bast. By heaven, those scrupeles of Angiers
foul you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutineers of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjunctly bend
Your sharpest deeds of justice on this town;
By east and west let France and England mount

(3) Scabby fellows. (4) Mutineers.
Scene I.  

KING JOHN.

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;  
Till their soul-earing clamours have brawl’d down  
That tinfy ribs of this inconsiderable city:  
I’d play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfeud’d desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, disperse your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again:  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth  
Out of one side her happy minion;  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?  
Bast. As if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong’d, as we are, by this peerish town,—  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:  
And when that we have dash’d ‘em to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.  
K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city’s bosom.

Asst. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south,  
Austria and France shoot in each other’s mouth:  
[Aside.

I’ll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!  
1 Cpt. Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,  
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;  
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field:  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 Cpt. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,  
Is near to England; Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If seal’d! love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete, O say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not be:  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you may make them.  
This union shall do more than battery can.

(1) Pursu.  (2) Speed.  (3) Picture.

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,  
And give you entrance; but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion; no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here’s a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcasse of old death  
Out of his rage! Here’s a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas:  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and  
Bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are gudgeon’d; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so bethump’d with words,  
Since I first call’d my brother’s father, dad.

Edi. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsaurs’d assurance to the crown,  
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition:  
Lost seal, now melted, by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 Cpt. Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten’d town?  
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea  
Except this city now by us besieging’d  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What sayst thou, boy? look in the lady’s face.

Lac. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form’d in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
I do protest, I never lov’d myself  
Till now inflam’d I behold myself,

Drawn in the flattering tableau of her eye.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering tableau of her eye!—  
Hang’d in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter’d in her heart!—be doth espy  
Himself love’s traitor: This is pity now,  
That hang’d, and drawn, and quarter’d, there should be,  
In such a love, so vile a lust as he.

Blanch. My uncle’s will, in this respect, is mine:  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
Sc. I.

KING JOHN.

Lewis marry Blanche! O, boy, then where art thou? France friend with England! what becomes of thee?

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sol. What other harm have I, good lady, done, But take the harm that is by others done? Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is, As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and leadst'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing smells, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st at lilies boast,
And with the half-blow'n rose; but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She alienates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and now King John;
That sumptuous fortune, that usurping John:
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forewarned?
Envovn him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those joys aright, which I alone
Am bound to under-keep.

Sol. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee;
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stort.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[She throws herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanche, Elinor, Bastard, Austria, and attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnise this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday! —

[Rising

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tide's, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wires with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

(1) Unightly. (2) Portentous. (3) Seated in state.

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not promised to you my majesty?
Const. You have beguil'd me with a crounifault,
Reassembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
 tried,
Proves valueless: You are forewarned, forewarned;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace.

And our oppression hath made up this league: —
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings:
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this unhappy day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lympogeth! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ridership is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth 'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier! bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a limb's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you annoyed deputies of heaven —
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of, fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perform,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent. I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope?
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall title or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,

(4) Solemn seasons. (5) Do off.
Scene III.  

King John.

But thou hast sworn against religion:  
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;  
And makest an oath the security for thy truth  
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
'To swear, swear not only to be forewarned;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!  
But thou dost swear only to be forewarned;  
And dost forewarn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:—  
And better conquest never cast thou make,  
Than arm thy constant and thy sober parts  
Against those giddy loose suggestions:  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,  
The peril of our curses light on thee;  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
But, in despair, die under their black weight.  
Aust. Rebellion, fast rebellion!  
Bast. Will not be?  
Will not a call's skin stop that mouth of thine?  
Leu. Father, to arms!  
Bianch. Upon thy wedding day?  
Against the blood that thou hast married?  
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
Shall braying trumpets, and loud clarish drums,—  
Clamours of hell—be measures! to our pomp?  
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how now  
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.  
Cont. O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fare-thought by heaven.  
Bianch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive  
May be stronger with thee than the name of wife?  
Cont. That which upholdeth him that thee upholdeth,  
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!  
Leu. I muse: your majesty cloth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.  
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need—England, I'll fall  
from thee.  
Cont. O fair return of banish'd majesty!  
Eliz. O foul revolt of French incomstancy!  
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
in this hour.  
Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bold sexton time,  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.  
Bianch. The sun's descant with blood: Fair day, ahi!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?  
I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whish wonder, and dismember me.  
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;  
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;  
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.  
Leu. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.  
Bianch. There where my fortune lives, there my  
life dies.  
K. John. Cousin, go draw our prowess together.  
[Exit Bastard.  
(1) Music for dancing.  
(2) Wonder.

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can alloy, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-nursed blood, of France.  
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou  
shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.  
K. John. No more than he that threatens—To  
arm's let's be!  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.  
Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with  
Austria's head.  
Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lies there;  
While Philip breathes.  

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.  
K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, Make up:  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And es't, I fear.  
Bast. My lord, I rescue'd her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to a happy end.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE III.—The same. Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Ar-  
thur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Loni.  
K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay  
behind,[To Elinor.  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
[To Arthur.  
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.  
Arthur, this will make my mother die with grief.  
K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for  
England; haste before:  
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of boarding sabots: angels imprisoned  
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
Use our commission in his utmost force.  
Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,  
When gold and silver beckles me to come on.  
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy)  
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.  
Elinor. Farewell, my gentle cousin.  
K. John.  
[Con. farewell.  
Elinor. Come hither, little kinman; hark, a word.  
[She takes Arthur aside.  
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle  
Hubert,  
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.  
Arthur. I am much bounden to your majesty.  
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
so yet:  
[Exit.  
(3) Fecese.  
(4) Gold coin.
Scene I.

KING JOHN.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday surprise,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will care for sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim andurable as an ague’s fit;
And so he’ll die, and nothing again,
When shall I meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
For you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do,—
I will not keep this form upon my head.

K. Phi. (Tearing off her head-dress.)

When there is such a blow, I am in my sin.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow’s cure! [Exit.

Loo. There’s nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world’s taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the turning of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by being of this day?

Loo. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you have won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
It is strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Loo. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit:
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England’s throne; and, therefore, mark,
John hath seiz’d Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whilsts warm life plays in that infant’s veins,
The mispris’d John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch’d with an unsly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain’d as gain’d:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no site to stay him up;
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Loo. But what shall I gain by young Arthur’s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

(1) Breathe. (2) Graceful. (3) Tapestry.
SCENE II. — The same. A room of state in the palace. Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords. The king takes his state.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd, And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes. Pemb. Thus once again, but that your highness pleas'd. Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before, And that high royalty, we'er pluck'd off; The arts of men ne'er stain'd with revolt; Fresh expectation troubl'd not the land, With any long'd-for change, or better state. Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp, To guard a title that was rich before, To hold refined gold, to paint the lily, To throw a perfume on the violet, To smooth the ice, or add another hue Unto the rainbow, or taper-light To deck the benumbed eye of heaven to garnish, Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess. Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done, This act is as an ancient tale new told; And, in the last repeating, troublesome, Being urged at a time unseasonable. Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face Of plain old form is much disfigur'd: And, like a shifted wind unto a sail, It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about; Startles and frights consideration; Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected, For putting on so new a fashion'd robe. Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well, They do confound their skill in carelessness; And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault, Both make the fault the worse by the excuse; As patches, set upon a little breach, Discred' more in hiding of the fault, Than did the fault before it was so patch'd. Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd, We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd; Since all and every part of what we said, Both make a stand at what your highness will. K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation I have possess'd you with, and think them strong; And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear,) I shall induc'e you with: Meantime, but ask What you would have reform'd, that is not well; And well shall you perceive, how willingly I will both hear and grant you your requests. Pemb. Then I (as one that am the tongue of these, To sound the purposes of all their hearts,) Both for myself, and the rest (best, chief of all, Your safety, for the which myself and them Bend their best studies,) heartily request The enfranchisement of Arbury; whose restraint Both move the murmuring lips of discontent, To break into this dangerous argument,— If, in what rest you have, in right you hold, Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up Your tender kinship, and to choke his days With barbarous ignorance, and d'ny his youth The rich advantage of good experience. That the time's enemies may not have this To grace occasion it be our suit, That you have bid us ask his liberty;

Which for our goods we do no further ask, Than whereupon our weal, on you depending, Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you? Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed; He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: The image of a wicked heinous fault Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast; And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go, Between his purpose and his conscience, Like heralds: 'twixt two dreadful battles set: His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong band:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living, The suit which you demand is gone and dead: It is our will, Arthur is decern'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was, Before the child himself felt he was sick: This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny? Have I commandment on the pulse of life? Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame, That greatness should so grossly offer it: So thrive it in your game! and so farewell!

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee, And find the inheritance of this poor child, His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd the breath of all this isle, Three foot of it doth bold; Bad world the while! This must not be thus borne: this will break out To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[Exeunt Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repeat; There is no sure foundation set on blood, No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood, That I have seen inherit in those cheeks? So foul a sky clears not without a storm. Your down thy weather:—How goes all in France? Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power!

For any foreign preparation, Was levied in the body of a land! The copy of your speed is learn'd by them; For, when you should be told they do prepare, The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk? Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care; That such an army could be drawn in France, And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord, The lady Constance in a frenzy it died.

Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, is the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this crown of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin’s death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I’ll take a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter’d yet
The dreadful motion of a murder’d thought,
And you have slander’d nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not to my cruel threats;
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the castle.
Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap
down:—
Good ground, be prifel, and hurt me not:—
There’s few, or none, do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy’s semblance hath disguis’d me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I’ll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I’ll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.
O me! my uncle’s spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund’s-

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the damphlin’s love,
Is more import than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for ‘twill be
Two long days’ journey, lords, or ever we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper’d
lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess’d himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where’er it walks:
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate’er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, ‘twere reason, you had manners now.

Pen. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. ’Tis true; to hurt his master, no men else.

Sal. This is the pigeon: What is he lies here?

[Seeing Hub.

Pen. O death, made proud with pure and prince-
ly beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom’d this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder’s arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the ears of soft remorse.5

Pen. All murders past do stand excus’d in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten am of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert’s hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence,
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,6
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pen. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy
words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death —
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword.

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer’s skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I
lords!

By heaven, ’tis true, my sword’s as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. O, duaghill! dar’st thou brave a noble-
man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so.7

[Hand should be had: a glory is the circle of
rays which surrounds the heads of saints in pictures.

(6) Honest. (8) By compelling me to kill you.
Scene II. KING JOHN.

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a king's eye:
Be stinging as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threaten, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The spirit of resolution.
Away; and glisten like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the dauphin.

Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Imagination, policy, and base trust,
To arms invincible? shall a heartless boy,
A cocker’d silk-wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. John. Have you the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A plain, near St. Edmund’s-Bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedents to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, pursuing o’er these notes,
May know whereof we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sed. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary seal, and unsworn faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn’d revolt,
And heal the invertebrate cancer of one wound
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal with the very hand
Of stern injustice and contumacious men—
And it’s not pity, O my griefed friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her green bosom, and fill up
Her enemies’ ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause),
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here!—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune’s arms, who clipped thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!
Lewis. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect."
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady’s tears,
Being an ordinary insurrection;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amass’d
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur’d quite o’er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commit all these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world engag’d;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gaying.
Come, come: for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil’d
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tune the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster’d up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be proportion’d,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this Christian’s kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now ‘tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yes, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer’d, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?—
Am I Rome’s slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what manner sent,
To underproportion this action? Is’t not I,
That underproportion this charge? who else but I,

Footnotes:

1. Forces.
2. Forlaid.
3. Embraced.
4. Love of country.
5. Appropriated.
Scene V, VI. VII.

KING JOHN.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hidous death within my view,
Retention but a quantity of life
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forewarned, if ever those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,—whose black courageous breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fire of all your lives,
If Lewis, by your assistance, win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For I was ever from my grand sire an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And bestride my soul,
But I do love the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untryst the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired roe,
Leaving our rankless and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eyes,—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy news, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leaving off Melun.

SCENE V.—The same. The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Leu. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath
to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measure'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such blood: toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the dauphin?
Leu. Here. Where? What news?
Mess. The coast Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Leu. Ah, fool shrewd news!—Behold thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, as hear or ye before
The stumbling night did sapple weary powers?

(1) In allusion to the trimness made by witches.
(2) Place.
(3) Ill bottle.
(4) Immediate.
(5) Incontinent.
(6) Stay.

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Leu. Well; keep good quarters; and good care to-night.
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinistead abbey. Enter the Bastard and Hubert, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend:—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as of thine soul?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well;
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if you please,
Thou may'st befriend me so rashly, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyesless night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; some compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black bower of night;
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you: a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heavens,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washer's have devoured them:
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or are I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The orchard of Swinistead abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house.)

Both, by the idle comments that it makes,

(7) In your posts or stations.
(8) Without.
(9) Forces.
KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; nephew to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; & the King.
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Bushy,
Ewesley,
Gusen,
Earl of Northumberland:
Henry Percy, his son.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, heralds, officers, soldiers, two gardeners, keeper, messenger, groom, and other attendants.

Scene, diversely in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A room in the palace.
Enter King Richard, attended; John of Gaunt, and other nobles, with him.

King Richard.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear.
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded
If he appeal the duke of ancient malice;
Or warmly as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:

[Enter some attendants.

Ewesley and Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envious earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal? each other of high treason—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

(1) Bond. (2) Charge. (3) Uninhabitable.
K. Rich. We were not born to see, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot unite you, we shall see
Justice done to the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the Duke
of Lancaster's palace. Enter Gaunt, and Duchess
of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas! the part! I had in Gloucester's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclamations,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel in the will of heaven;
Who, when he seeth the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glor—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor split;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'as,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent!
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
O, if it be in patience, Gaunt, it is despair
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life.
The best way is—to venge my Glor's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's
substitute,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caiffet! remove to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must eul his life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more:—Grief boundeth
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Command me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Pleshey visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and ungraced walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones;
And what cheer there for welcome, but my
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
Deoxate, devolte, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.
Lists set out, and a throne. Herald: k.c.,
attending. Enter the Lord Marshal, and Amnerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yes, at all points; and longs to enter in:
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stay but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,
and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, who
takes his seat on his throne; Gaunt, and several
noblemen, who take their pieces. A trumpet is
sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Then enter Norfolk in armour, preceded by a
herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, my who
thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Now. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, in armour;
preceded by a herald.

Both who be he, and why he cometh hither

(6) Cowardly.
(7) Her house in Exon.
3 A
Scene III.

KING RICHARD II.

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The dateless limit of thy dear exile:—

The hopeless word of—never to return

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. AHeavy years, six the six years, that he hath to spend,

And all unlook’d for from your highness’ mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Haven, deserved at your highness’ hand.

The language I have learned these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue’s use is to me no more,

Than an unstrung viol, or a harp;

Or, like a running instrument rac’d up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engross’d my tongue,

Doubly portculled9 with my teeth, and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It bothe thee not to be compassionate?10

After our sentence, peace come to thee late.

Nor. Thus I turn me from my country’s light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish’d bands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)

To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)

Embrace each other’s love in banishment;

Nor never look upon each other’s face;

Nor never write, regret, or reconcile

This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet,

To plot, contrive, or complott any ill,

‘Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—

By his advice, had the king permitted us.

One of our souls had wander’d in the air,

Banish’d this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish’d from this land:

Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbrooke; if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish’d, as from hence! But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—

Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;

Save back to England, all the world’s my way. Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banish’d years

Plucked the bloom of eighteen winters spent.

Return [To Boling.] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!

From lagging winter, the four waning springs,

End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

(1) Barred. (2) To move compassion. (3) Confected. (4) Consideration.

Gaut. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

He shortens four years of my son’s exile:

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;

Can change their moons, and bring their times about,

My oil’d lamp, and time-bewasted light,

Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done;

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaut. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst help time to burrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death;

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish’d upon good advice,9

Whereeto thy tongue a party verdict gave;

Why at our justice seemst thou then to lower?

Gaut. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.

You urg’d me as a judge; but I had rather

You would have bid me the same fate —

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy’d.

Alas, I look’d, when some of you should say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away:

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,

Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.


Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaut. 0, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return’st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the king’s office should be propigidal

To breathe the abundant dolour9 of the heart.

Gaut. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaut. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaut. Call it a travel that thou tak’st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaut. The sudden passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of work

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief.

Gaut. All places that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

(5) Had a part or share. (6) Reproach of partiality. (7) Grief.
KING RICHARD II

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits sought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, sayst—thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless thy last act as this last,
Commit'st thy unaccouted body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers will within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incased in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandifs, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to deposit thyself.
Why, coassa, wert thou regnant of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it no more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is boulde Slave to the law;

And thou—

K. Rich. —— a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an age's privilege,
Durst with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.

Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreviseable shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou taup'd out, and drunkenly caroused!
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls?)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—

These words hereafter thy tormentors be!

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.


K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sulleness have:
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. *Beshrew your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his—

(1) Paltry. (2) Lean, thin. (3) Mad.
Scene II.

KING RICHARD H.

And yet we strike not, but securely perish. ¹

ROSS. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavailing is the danger now,
For nothing can the causes of our wreck be.

NORTH. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
death,
I spy life peering: but I dare not say
How near the bidding of our comfort is.

WILLO. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.

ROSS. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

NORTH. Then thus:—I have, from Port le Blanc,
A bay
In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reigmold Lord Cobham
[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Fran-
Cio Quinct,—
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, each three thousand men of war,
Are making bither with all due experience,³
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Impat our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,⁴
And make high majesty look like itself.
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspur:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLO. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please my-
self,
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should overcome such aguest as grief,
Save bidding farwell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, rife in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me: and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion: ev'd away,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking away upon your lord's departure,
 finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wall:
Which, look'd on a side, is, is sought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
Scene III.

KING RICHARD II.

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus
seals it.

North. How is it to Berkley? And what stirs
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Furby. There stands the castle, by you tuft of
trees.

Mans'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey
mour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Will
oughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boiling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love
purses
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble
lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to at
tain it.

Boiling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
poor,
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my messenger is to you.

Boiling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning,
To raise one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will),
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time?
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boiling. I shall not need transport my words by
you;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
knee.

Whose duty is deceitful and false.

Boiling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane:
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why;—Why have they dar'd to
march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Fruchting her pales WITH' villages with war,
And ordination of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;

O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boiling. My gracious uncle, let me know my
fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherin?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detest'd treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In bravery arms against thy sovereign.

Boiling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here
ford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond: my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perform, and given away,
To upset unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had he first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To roose his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to use my livery here,
And yet my letters-potent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abuse'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endeavours are made
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in bravery arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
for
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We have all strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neutral. So, fare you well;

Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boiling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonswealth,
Which I have sworn to rewead, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you—but yet
I'll pause;

(1) Know. (2) Time of the king's absence.
3 Impartial. (4) The persons who wrong him
(5) Possession of my land, &c.
(6) It is your interest.
Scene II.

KING RICHARD II. 379

But when, from under this terrestrial ball, He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, And darts his light through every guilty hole, Then murders, and deposed and detested sins: The cloak of night being pluck’d from off their backs, Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves? So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,— Who all this while hath revel’d in the night, Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,— Shall see us rising in our throne the east, His treasons will sit blazing in his face, Not able to endure the sight of day; But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin. Not all the water in the rough rude sea Can wash the balm from an unainted king: The breath of worldly men cannot depose The deputy elected by the Lord: For every man that Bolingbroke hath press’d, To lift shrivell steel against our golden crown, God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay A glorious angel: then, if angels fight, Weak men must fail; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: How far off lies your power? Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord, Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speak of nothing but despair. One day too late, I fear, my noble lord, Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth. O, if I call back yesterday, bid time return, And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men: To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late. Overthrow thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state; For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead, Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers’d, and fled. Asw. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; And, till so much blood thither came again, Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be wise, fly from my side; For time hath set a blot upon my pride. Asw. Comfort, my liege: I remember who you are. K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am not I king? Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep’st. Is not the king’s name forty thousand names? Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground, Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high? Hie the thoughts: I know, my uncle York Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness beside my liege, Than can my care-turn’d tongue deliver him. K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar’d; The worst is wonderfully and unfold. Say, is my kingdom lost? why, ’twas my care; And what loss can I bear? Strive Bolingbroke to be as great as we? Greater he shall not be; if he serve God, We’ll serve him too, and be his fellow so: Revolt our subjects and we cannot mend; They break their faith to God, as well as us: O, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay. (1) Force.
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for wo,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have
we stood
To watch the fearful handling of thy knee,
To Northumberland.
Because we thought ourselves thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy jousts forget?
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath disdained us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gape the sacred handles of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And through you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Arms of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children, and your children's children,
That lift your vassal heads against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for ye know he thinks, is)
That every straw makes upon my head,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall all become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bade
Her pastures' grass with fruitful English blood.
North. The King of heavens forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandfathers' bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gasquet,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to bag
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will command3 to rust,
His harnessed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This sworn he, as be a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplis'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious assistance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commendas.—
We do deserve ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

(1) Soil. (2) Commit. (3) Softness.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that o'er this tongue
Of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you professed, should take it off again.
With words of sooth3 O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'tis thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depose'd?
The king shall be contented: Must be lose
The name of king? O'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgious palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My frag'd girdle; for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st: My tender-hearted coun-
sin!—
We'll make fast weather with deep-seen tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a death in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears;
As thus,—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There lies
Two kinsmen, dugg'd their graves with weeping
eyes? Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idiocy, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg,4 and Bolingbroke says—ay.
North. My lord, is the base court doth attend
To speak with you, may'st please you to come
down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come;—like glistening
Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[North. returns to Bolingbroke.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down! Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing.
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.
Enter King Richard, and his attendants, below.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,—

Scene I.

To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of wo,
I would, the plants thou graff'st, may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did the drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. The lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the lords temporal on the left: the commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his time's end.

Bagot. Then set before thy face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bol. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to express what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted, I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length, That reacheth from the restful English court As far as Calais, to my uncle's head? Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say, that you had rather refuse The offer of a hundred thousand crowns, Than Bolingbroke's return to England: And yet, without the hope of that this land would be, In your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair star, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With the attinder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks the end of all; I say, thou first, And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false, In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up. Aum. Excepting one, I would be the best In all this presence, that hath move'd me so. Fitz. If thy valour stand on sympathies, There is my gage, Aumerle, is gage to shame. By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st, I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it, That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester’s death. If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest; And I will turn thy head to thy heart's lord, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

1) Pry. 2) Untimely.
Scene I.

KING RICHARD II.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see: And yet salt water blinds them not so much, But they can see a sort of traitors here. Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself, And find myself a traitor with the rest: For I have given here my soul's consent, To undo the pomposity of a king; To make glory base, and sovereignty a slave; Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

NORTH. My lord, despise; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haughty, insulting man, Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,— No, not that name was given me at the font,— But 'tis usurped—Alack the heavy day, That I have worn so many winters out, And know not now what name to call myself! O, that I were a mockery king of snow, Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke, To melt myself away in water-drops!— (Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good.) An if my word be sterling yet in England, Let it command a mirror hither straight; That it may show me what a face I have, Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit an attendant.

NORTH. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Friend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

NORTH. The commons will not then be satisfied. K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough.

When I do see the very book, indeed, Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.— No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck So many blows upon this face of mine, And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass, Like to my followers in prosperity, Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face, That every day under his household roof Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face, That, like the sun, did make beholders wink? Was this the face, that face'd so many folies, And was at last out-face'd by Bolingbroke? A brittle glory shuneth in this face: As brittle as the glory is the face; [Dashes the glass against the ground. For there it is, crack't in a hundred shivers.— Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,— How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

1. Pack.
2. Haughty.
3. Jugglers, also robbers.

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st Me cause to wait, but teach'st me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers Were then but subjects; being now a subject, I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimly by a true king's fall.

[Exeunt K. Rich. some lords, and a guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The wo's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pestilential blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein, You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury nine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:— I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears; Come home with me to supper; I will lay A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A street leading to the Tower. Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower, To whose flint bosom my condemned lord Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke: Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see, My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold: That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

1. Conceal.
2. Tower of London.
Scene III.

KING RICHARD II.

Are idly beat’t on him that enters next
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men’s eyes
Did soar on Richard; no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,—
His face still burning with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel’d:
The hearts of men, they must perfecse have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for sye’s allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was:
But that’s lost, for being Richard’s friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament package for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-born spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest ye be copp’d before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For such I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yeas, look’st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, ’tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

Duch. What should you fear?

’Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter’d into
For gay apparel, ’gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Hear him, who is within there? [Enter a servant.

Duch. Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my truth,
I will appease the villain. [Exit servant.

Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

(1) Carelessly turned. (2) Ever.

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Then my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!

Re-enter servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz’d:
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[To the servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my treasuring date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother’s name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have taken the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;—We’ll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appease him.
Duch. Hadst thou grooms’d for him,
As I have done, thou’dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.
Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse.

Spar, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg his pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I’ll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee: Away;
Begone. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Winchester. A room in the castle.

Enter Bolingbroke as king; Percy, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrift son?
’Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, ’tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, ’mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he dally doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, whiston, and garrulous boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stairs;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford:
Boling. And what said the gallant? 
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stairs;
And from the common creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that

(4) Perplexed, confounded. (5) Breeding.
Scene IV. V.

KING RICHARD II.

Duch. I do not sue to stand.

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a knelling knee! Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the abbot,

With all the rest of the consecrated crew,—

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers!

To Oxford, or wheresoe'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pr'yde, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make these new.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: be he spoken it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Ser. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man

That would divorse this terror from my heart;

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The dungeon of the castle. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it;—yet I will hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father:—and these two begot

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,

And these same thoughts people this little world;

In humour, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are interfused

With scruples, and do set the word itself

Against the word:—

As thus,—Ceres, little ones; and then again,

It is as hard to come, as for a comet

To thread the postern of a dame's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlike wonders: how these vain weak mails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,

That they are in the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,

(1) Forces.

(2) His own body.

(3) Holy scripture.

(4) Little gate.

(5) Tick.

(6) Strike for him, like the figure of a man on a bell.

That many have, and others must sit there:

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of such as have before endured the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,

And none contented: Sometimes am I king;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am:—Then cursing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king:

Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd,

With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [Music.

Ha, ha! keep time;—How sweet music is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To check time broke in a disorder'd string;

But, for the concord of my state and time,

Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar;

Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereby my finger, like a dial's point,

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time

Runs pesting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy.

While I stand feeling here, his Jack o'clock.

This music made me, let it sound no more;

For, though it have help madness to their wits,

In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.

Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard

Is a strange brooch' in this all-hating world.

[Exeunt.

Easter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that and dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groomsman of thy stable, king,

When thou wast king; who, travelling towards

York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave

To look upon some master's face.

O, how it grieved my heart, when I beheld,

In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!

That horse, that thou so often hast bade me ride

That horse, that so carefully hast drest;

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle

friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clogging him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down

(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

(7) An ornamented backle, and also a jewel in general.

(8) Fortner.
FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, prince of Wales, 2 sons to the king.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Earl of Westmoreland, 2 friends to the king.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Scroop, archbishop of York.
Archbald, earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.

POIN. Godshill.
Peto. Bardolph.
Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
Mrs. Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Pintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A room in the palace.
Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King Henry.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erin's of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her bowrets with the armed hood
Of hostile pages: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight),
Forthwith a power of England shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' tomb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless is to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. —Then let me bear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yearest for our council did decreed,
In forwarding this dear expedience. 8

(1) Strands, banks of the sea.
(2) The Fury of discord.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down.
But yet remember: when, all at once, there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news;
Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butcher'd:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such mire,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.
K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broll
Broke off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord,
For more uneasy and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-maid day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archbald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Ball'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see.
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

(8) Covered with dirt of different colours.
(9) Piled up in a heap.
Scene II.  

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, 0, thou hast done infinite mischief; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal.—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and banish me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins:—how shall we know if Gadshill have set a match? O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were not enough for him? This is the most uncomplimented villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Re-morse? What says sir John Sack- and-Sugar? Jack, how goes the devil and thee about thine soul, that thou wiltst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madam, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his own gain: for he is never yet a breaker of promises, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings; and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespake supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns, if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chap? Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a man-catcher.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer?

[Exit Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, whereby it is at our pleasure to come, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ah, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, in our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garniture.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forewarn arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproach of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Poins.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold The unlook'd humour of your idleness: Yet herein will I imitate the sun; Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him. If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work; But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for more, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So, when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I never promised, By how much better than my word I am, By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; And, like bright metal on a sullen[6] ground, My reformation, glittering o'er my fault, Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes, Than that which hath no foil to set it off. I'll so offend, to make offence a skill: Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exeunt.