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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE, FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT:
CAREFULLY COLLATED AND COMPARED WITH THE EDITIONS OF HALLIWELL, KNIGHT, AND COLLIER.
WITH HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, AND NOTES TO EACH PLAY;
AND
A LIFE OF THE GREAT DRAMATIST,
BY CHARLES KNIGHT.
Illustrated
WITH NEW AND FINELY EXECUTED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, CHIEFLY PORTRAITS IN CHARACTER OF CELEBRATED AMERICAN ACTORS, DRAWN FROM LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS EDITION.

COMEDIES.

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PREFACE.

The edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works now brought before the public, has peculiar claims upon popular appreciation. It unites so many of the qualities most to be desired in such a book, whether for the library or the parlour table, that, in spite of the expense which they have been at in producing it, the publishers cannot but believe that they have supplied a want long felt in a country where the productions of him who has been justly said to possess the Greatest Name in all literature, receive even a wider and more intelligent admiration than in England itself.

It was the aim of the publishers to bring an edition of the works of him who wrote for all time, issued in this elegant style and illustrated in the most attractive manner—within the reach of the intelligent masses of this country; and they feel that in the appearance of this edition, in the excellence of its illustrations—each one of which is not only of interest as the portrait of some distinguished Shakespearian actor, but as an embodiment of one of the scenes of the great dramatist—they may take an honourable pride, as being far in advance of those of any similar publication ever issued here.

But it was not only as a beautiful book, that the publishers desired that this edition of Shakespeare's works should commend itself to public favour. Purity of text, and such annotations as would explain all obsolete words and allusions, and make clear all obscure passages in that text, were equally sought after by them. The text was therefore carefully collated by a competent Shakespearian scholar, with the editions of the three most distinguished Shakespearian editors of the day—John Payne Collier, Charles Knight, and James Orchard Halliwell; and the notes are from the pen of the latter gentleman and of other eminent commentators, care being taken that while they were amply sufficient to the elucidation of the text, they were neither so long as to divert the reader's attention, nor so numerous as to cumber the volumes. The same care was taken with the historical and critical introductions, which contain the united
judgments of the most distinguished Shakespearian critics and antiquaries of the past and present times. The Life is a condensation of Mr. Charles Knight's famous "Shakespeare: A Biography," which, with all its interest, was overloaded with much superfluous matter; and the result is, that the reader, we may safely say, has here an edition which unites elegance of form, richness and interest of illustration, purity of text, and valuable editorial matter, in a greater degree than any other that has ever been offered to the American public.
THE
Life of William Shakespeare.
BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

On the 22d of August, 1485, there was a battle fought for the crown of England, a short battle ending in a decisive victory. The battle-field was Bosworth. Was there in that victorious army of the Earl of Richmond an Englishman bearing the name of Chaskeper, or Shakespere, or Schakspere, or Shakspere, or Shakespere, or Shakspere, or Shakespeare, or Shakespeare,—a martial name, however spelt? Of the warlike achievements of this Shakespeare there is no record: his name or his deeds would have no interest for us unless there had been born, eighty years after this battle-day, a direct descendant from him—

"Whose muse full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound;"†

—a Shakespeare, of whom it was also said—

"He seems to shake a lance
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance."‡

A public document bearing the date of 1556 affirms of John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, the father of William Shakespeare, that his "parent and late antecessors were, for their valiant and faithful services, advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory:" and it adds, "silence which time they have continued at those parts [Warwickshire] in good reputation and credit." Another document of a similar character, bearing the date of 1599, also affirms upon "creditable report," of "John Shakspere, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," that his "parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit." Such are the recitals of two several grants of arms to John Shakspere, confirming a previous grant made to him in 1569.

The great-grandson of the faithful and approved servant of Henry VII., John Shakespeare, was a burgess of the corporation of Stratford, and was in all probability born about 1530. The family had continued in those parts, "by some descents," but how they were occupied in the business of life, what was their station in society, how they branched out into other lines of Shakespeares, we have no record.

In 1599 John Shakespeare a second time went to the College of Arms, and, producing his own "ancient coat of arms," said that he had "married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote:" and then the heralds say—"We have likewise upon one other escutcheon impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote." They add that John Shakespeare, and his children, issue, and posterity, may bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled.

The family of Arden was one of the highest antiquity in Warwickshire. Dugdale traces its pedigree uninterrupted up to the time of Edward the Confessor. The pedigree which Dugdale gives of the Arden family brings us no nearer in the direct line to the mother of Shakespeare than to Robert Arden, her great-grandfather: he was the third son of Walter Arden, who married Eleanor, the daughter of John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire; and he was brother to Sir John Arden, Squire for the body to Henry VII. Robert's son, also called Robert, was groom of the chamber to Henry VII. He married, and he had a son, also Robert, who married Agnes Webbe. Their youngest daughter was Mary, the mother of William Shakespeare.

High as was her descent, wealthy and powerful as were the numerous branches of her family, Mary Arden, we doubt not, led a life of usefulness as well as innocence, within her native forest hamlet. She had three sisters, and they all, with their mother

* A list of the brethren and sisters of the Guild of Knowle, near Rowington, in Warwickshire, exhibits a great number of the name of Shakespeare in that fraternity, from about 1450 to 1527; and the names are so with the diversity were given, Shakespeare being the latest.

† Spenser

‡ Ben Jonson.
Agnes, survived their father, who died in December, 1553. His will is dated the 24th of November in the same year, and the testator styles himself "Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, in the puryche of Aston Cantlow." Mary, his youngest daughter, from superiority of mind, or some other cause of her father's confidence, occupies the most prominent position in the will. She has an undivided estate and a sum of money; and, from the crop being also bequeathed to her, it is evident that she was considered able to continue the tillage. The estate thus bequeathed to her consisted of about sixty acres of arable and pasture, and a house; and was called Asbies.

In the winter of 1556 was Mary Arden left without the guidance of a father, under this somewhat naked roof-tree, now become her own. Her sister Alice was to occupy another property in Wilmecote with her mother, provided the widow would so consent; and she did consent. And so she lived a somewhat lonely life, till a young yeoman of Stratford, who had probably some acquaintance with her father, came to sit oftener and oftener upon the wooden benches in the old hall—a substantial yeoman, a burgess of the corporation in 1557 or 1558; and then in due season Mary Arden and John Shakespeare were standing before the altar of the parish church of Aston Cantlow, and the house and lands of Asbies became administered by one who took possession "by the right of the said Mary," who thenceforward abided for half a century in the good town of Stratford.

There have been endless theories, old and new, affirmations, contradictions, as to the worldly calling of John Shakespeare. There are ancient registers in Stratford, minutes of the Common Hall, proceedings of the Court-leet, pleas of the Court of Record, writs, which have been hunted over with unceasing diligence, and yet they tell us nothing, or next to nothing, of John Shakespeare. When he was elected an alderman in 1565, we can trace out the occupations of his brother aldermen, and readily come to the conclusion that the municipal authority of Stratford was vested, as we may naturally suppose it to have been, in the hands of substantial tradesmen, brewers, bakers, butchers, grocers, victuallers, mercers, woollen-drapers. Prying into the secrets of time, we are enabled to form some notion of the literary acquisitions of this worshippful body. On rare, very rare occasions, the aldermen and burgesses constituting the town council affixed their signatures, for greater solemnity, to some order of the court; and on the 29th of September, in the seventh of Elizabeth, upon an order that John Wheeler should take the office of bailiff, we have nineteen names subscribed, aldermen and burgesses. There is something in this document which suggests a motive higher than mere curiosity for calling up these dignitaries from their happy oblivion, saying to each, "Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain-dealing man?" Als! out of the nineteen seven only can answer, "I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name." It is a matter of controversy whether John Shakespeare was one of the more clercy corporators. We think he was; others believe he was not. In 1556, the year that Robert, the father of Mary Arden, died, John Shakespeare was admitted at the court-leet to two copyhold estates in Stratford. The jurors of the leet present that George Turner had alienated to John Shakespeare and his heirs one tenement, with a garden and croft, and other premises, in Grenehyl-street, held of the lord at an annual quit-rent; and John Shakespeare, who is present in court and does fealty, is admitted to the same. The same jurors present that Edward West has alienated to John Shakespeare one tenement and a garden adjacent in Henley-street, who is in the same way admitted, upon fealty done to the lord. Here then is John Shakespeare, before his marriage, the purchaser of two copyholds in Stratford, both with gardens, and one with a croft, or small enclosed field. In 1570 John Shakespeare is holding, as tenant under William Clpton, a meadow of fourteen acres, with its appurtenance, called Ingon, at the annual rent of eight pounds. This rent, equivalent to at least forty pounds of our present money, would indicate that the appurtenance included a house,—and a very good house. This meadow of Ingon forms part of a large property known by that name near Clpton-house. When John Shakespeare married, the estate of Asbies, within a short ride of Stratford, came also into his possession. With these facts before us, scanty as they are, we can reasonably doubt that John Shakespeare was living upon his own land, renting the land of others, actively engaged in the business of cultivation, in an age when tillage was becoming rapidly profitable,—so much so that men of wealth very often thought it better to take the profits direct than to share them with the tenant?

And is all this, it may be said, of any importance in looking at the life of William Shakespeare—a man who stands above all other individual men, above all ranks of men; in comparison with whom, in his permanent influence upon mankind, generations of nobles, fighting men, statesmen, princes, are but dust? It is something, we think. It offers a better, because a more natural, explanation of the circumstances connected with the early life of the great poet than these stories which would make him of obscure birth and servile employments. Take old Aubrey's story, the shrewd learned gossip and antiquary, who survived Shakespeare some eighty years:— "Mr. William
Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coextensiveness, but died young. The story, however, has a variation. There was at Stratford, in the year 1569, a clerk of the parish church, eighty years old,—that is, he was three years old when William Shakespeare died,—and he, pointing to the monument of the poet, with the pithy remark that he was the "best of his family," proclaimed to a member of one of the Ins of Court that this "Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London." His father was a butcher, says Aubrey; he was apprenticed to a butcher, says the parish clerk.

Akin to the butcher's trade is that of the dealer in wool. It is upon the authority of Betterton, the actor, who, in the beginning of the last century, made a journey into Warwickshire to collect anecdotes relating to Shakespeare, that Rowe tells us that John Shakespeare was a dealer in wool:—"His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment." Tradition is here, we think, becoming a little more assimilated with the truth. The considerable dealer in wool might very well have been the landed proprietor, the cultivator, that we believe John Shakespeare to have been. Nor indeed was the incidental business even of a butcher, a slayer and seller of carcasses, incompatible with the occupation of a landlord. Harrison (1590), who mingleth lamentations at the increasing luxury of the farmer with somewhat contradictory denouncements of the oppression of the tenant by the landlord, holds that the landlord is monopolizing the tenant's profits:—"Most sorrowful of all to understand, that men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers to have any gain at all, that they themselves become graziers, butchers, tanners, shipmasters, woodmen, and denique quid non, thereby to enrich themselves, and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands, leaving the commonalty weak, or as an idol with broken or feeble arms, which may in time of peace have a plausible show, but, when necessity shall enforce, have an heavy and bitter sequel." Has not Harrison solved the mystery of the butcher, and explained the tradition of the wool-man?

There is an entry in the Bailiff's Court of Stratford, in 1555, which shows us one John Shakespeare, a glover. It does not follow that if this record be of the father of William Shakespeare, a young man in 1555, that he was always a glover. If he were a glover in 1555, he was subsequently a holder of land—a land proprietor. The Register of Baptisms of the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon shows that William, the son of John Shakespeare, was baptized on the 26th April, 1564. And when born? The want of such information is a defect in all parish-registers. Betterton, so immediately followed birth in those times, when infancy was surrounded with greater danger than in our own days of improved medical science, that we may believe that William Shakespeare first saw the light only a day or two previous to this legal record of his existence. There is no direct evidence that he was born on the 23rd of April, according to the common belief. But there was probably a tradition to that effect; for some years ago the Rev. Joseph Greene, a master of the grammar school at Stratford, in an extract which he made from the Register of Shakespeare's baptism, wrote in the margin, "Born on the 23d." We turn back to the first year of the registry, 1558, and we find the baptism of Joan, daughter to John Shakespeare, on the 15th of September. Again, in 1562, on the 2d of December, Margaret, daughter to John Shakespeare, is baptized. In the entry of burials in 1563 we find, under date of April 30, that Margaret closed a short life in five months. We look forward, and in 1566 find the birth of another son registered:—Gilbert, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized on the 13th of October of that year. In 1569 there is a registry of the baptism of a daughter, Joan, daughter of John Shakespeare, on the 15th of April. Thus, the registry of a second Joan leaves no reasonable doubt that the first died, and that a favourite name was preserved in the family. In 1571 another daughter was born,—Anne, daughter of Master John Shakespeare, baptized on the 28th of September. In 1574 another son was baptized,—Richard, son of Master John Shakespeare, on the 11th of March. The register of sorrow and blighted hope shows that Anne was buried on the 4th of April, 1579. The last entry, which determines the extent of John Shakespeare's family, is that of Edmund, son of Master John Shakespeare, baptized on the 5th of May, 1580. Here, then, we find that two sisters of William were removed by death, probably before his birth. In two years and a half another son, Gilbert, came to be his playmate; and when he was five years old that precious gift —

* See page viii.
to a loving boy was granted, a sister, who grew up with him. Then came another sister, who failed untimely. When he was ten years old he had another brother to lend by the hand into the green meadows. When he was grown into youthful strength, a boy of sixteen, his youngest brother was born. William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, Edmund, constituted the whole of the family amongst whom John Shakespeare was to share his means of existence. Rowe, we have already seen, mentions the large family of John Shakespeare, "ten children in all." Malone has established very satisfactorily the origin of this error into which Rowe has fallen. In later years there was another John Shakespeare in Stratford. In the books of the corporation the name of John Shakespeare, shoemaker, can be traced in 1589; in the register in 1584 we find him married to Margery Roberts, who died in 1587; he is, without doubt, married a second time, for in 1589, 1590, and 1591, Ursula, Humphrey, and Phillip are born. It is unquestionable that these are not the children of the father of William Shakespeare, for they are entered in the register as the daughter, or sons, of John Shakespeare, without the style which our John Shakespeare always bore after 1569—"Magister." There can be no doubt that the mother of all the children of Master John Shakespeare was Mary Arden; for in proceedings in Chancery in 1597 it is set forth that John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, in the 29th Elizabeth, 1577, mortgaged her inheritance of Ashlies. Nor can there be a doubt that the children born before 1559, when he is styled John Shakespeare, without the honourable addition of Master, were also her children; for in 1599, when William Shakespeare is an opulent man, application is made to the College of Arms, that John Shakespeare, and his issue and posterity, might use a "shield of arms," impaled with the arms of Shakespeare and Arden. This application would in all probability have been at the instance of John Shakespeare's eldest son and heir. The history of the family up to the period of William Shakespeare's manhood is as clear as can reasonably be expected.

The year of William Shakespeare's birth was a fearful year for Stratford. The plague raged with terrific violence in the little town. It was the same epidemic which ravaged Europe in that year; which in the previous year had desolated London, and still continued there. The red cross was probably not on the door of John Shakespeare's dwelling. "Fortunately for mankind," says Malone, "it did not reach the house where the infant Shakespeare lay; for not one of that name appears on the dead list."

The parish of Stratford, then, was unquestionably the birth-place of William Shakespeare. But in what part of Stratford dwelt his parents in the year 1564? It was ten years after this that his father became the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley-street—houses which still exist. Nine years before William Shakespeare was born, his father had also purchased two copyhold tenements in Stratford—one in Greenhill-street, one in Henley-street. The copyhold house in Henley-street, purchased in 1555, was unquestionably not one of the freehold houses in the same street, purchased in 1574; yet, from Malone's loose way of stating that in 1555 the lease of a house in Henley-street was assigned to John Shakespeare, it has been conjectured that he purchased in 1574 the house he had occupied for many years. As he purchased two houses in 1555 in different parts of the town, it is not likely that he occupied both; he might not have occupied either before he purchased the two houses in Henley-street, in 1574, he occupied fourteen acres of meadow-land, with appurtenances, at a very high rent; the property is called Ingon meadow in the "Close Rolls." Dugdale calls the place where it was situated "Inge;" saying that it was a member of the manor of Old Stratford, "and signifieth in our old English a meadow on low ground, the name well agreeing with its situation."

It is about a mile and a quarter from the town of Stratford, on the road to Warwick. William Shakespeare, then, might have been born at either of his father's copyhold houses, in Greenhill-street, or in Henley-street; he might have been born at Ingon; or his father might have occupied one of the two freehold houses in Henley-street at the time of the birth of his eldest son. Tradition says that William Shakespeare was born in one of these houses; tradition points out the very room in which he was born. Let us not disturb the belief. To look upon that ancient house—perhaps now one of the oldest in Stratford—pilgrims have come from every region where the name of Shakespeare is known. The property passed into a younger branch of the poet's family; the descendants of that branch grew poorer and poorer; they sold off its orchards and gardens; they divided and subdivided it into smaller tenements; it became partly a butcher's shop, partly a little inn. The external appearance was greatly altered, and its humble front rendered still humbler. The windows in the roof were removed; and the half which had become the inn received a new brick casing. The central portion is that which is now shown as the birth-place of the illustrious man—"the myriad-minded."

The only qualifications necessary for the admission of a boy into the Free Grammar School of Stratford were, that he should be a resident in the town, of seven years of age, and able to read. The Grammar School was essentially connected with the Corporation of Stratford; and it is impossible to imagine that, when the
son of John Shakespeare became qualified by age for admission to a school where the best education of the time was given, literally for nothing, his father, in that year, being chief alderman, should not have sent him to the school. We assume, without any hesitation, that William Shakespeare did receive, in every just sense of the word, the education of a scholar; and as such education was to be had at his own door, we also assume that he was brought up at the Free Grammar School of his own town. His earlier instruction would therefore be a preparation for this school, and the probability is that such instruction was given him at home.

A question arises, did William Shakespeare receive his elementary instruction in Christianity from the books sanctioned by the Reformed Church? It has been maintained that his father belonged to the Roman Catholic persuasion. This belief rests upon the following foundation. In the year 1770, Thomas Hart, who then inhabited one of the tenements in Henley-street which had been bequeathed to his family by William Shakespeare's grand-daughter, employed a bricklayer to new tile the house; and this bricklayer, by name Mosely, found hidden between the rafters and the filling a manuscript consisting of six leaves stitched together, which he gave to Mr. Peyton, an alderman of Stratford, who sent it to Mr. Malone, through the Rev. Mr. Devonport, vicar of Stratford. This paper, which was first published by Malone in 1790, is printed also in Reel's Shakespeare and in Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times." It consists of fourteen articles, purporting to be a confession of faith of "John Shakespeare, an unworthy member of the holy Catholic religion." We have no hesitation whatever in believing this document to be altogether a fabrication. Malone, when he first published the paper in his edition of Shakespeare, said—"I have taken some pains to ascertain the authenticity of this manuscript, and, after a very careful inquiry, am perfectly satisfied that it is genuine." In 1796, however, in his work on the Ireland forgeries, he asserts—"I have since obtained documents that clearly prove it could not have been the composition of any one of our poet's family." We not only do not believe that it was "the composition of any one of our poet's family," but we do not believe that it is the work of a Roman Catholic at all. That John Shakespeare was what we popularly call a Protestant in the year 1568, when his son William was four years old, may be shown by the clearest of proofs. He was in that year the chief magistrate of Stratford; he could not have become so without taking the Oath of Supremacy, according to the statute of the 1st of Elizabeth, 1558-9. To refuse this oath was made punishable with forfeiture and imprisonment, with the pains of preannum and high treason. "The conjecture," says Chalmers (speaking in support of the authenticity of this confession of faith), "that Shakespeare's family were Roman Catholics is strengthened by the fact that his father declined to attend the corporation meetings, and was at last removed from the corporate body." He was removed from the corporate body in 1585, with a distinct statement of the reason for this removal—his non-attendance when summoned to the halls. According to this reasoning of Chalmers, John Shakespeare did not hesitate to take the Oath of Supremacy when he was chief magistrate in 1564, but retired from the corporation in 1585, where he might have remained without offence to his own conscience or to others, being, in the language of that day, a Popish recusant, to be stigmatized as such, persecuted, and subject to the most odious restrictions. If he left or was expelled the corporation for his religious opinions, he would, of course, not attend the service of the church, for which offence he would be liable, in 1585, to a fine of 20s. per month; and then, to crown the whole, in this his last confession, spiritual will, and testament, he calls upon all his kinsfolks to assist and succour him after his death "with the holy sacrifice of the mass," with a promise that he "will not be ungrateful unto them for so great a benefit," well knowing that by the Act of 1551 the saying of mass was punishable by a year's imprisonment and a fine of 200 marks, and the hearing of it by a similar imprisonment and a fine of 100 marks. The fabrication appears to us as gross as can well be imagined.

To the grammar-school, then, with some preparation, we hold that William Shakespeare goes, about the year 1571. His father is at this time, as we have said, chief alderman of his town; he is a gentleman, now, of repute and authority; he is Master John Shakespeare; and assuredly the worthy curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, who was also the schoolmaster, would have received his new scholar with some kindness. As his "shining morning face" first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached, a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor has left no memorials of his talents or his acquirements; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakespeare were evil instructors—giving the boy husks instead of wholesome aliment. They could not have been harsh and perverse instructors, for such spoil the gentlest natures, and his was always gentle:—"My gentle Shakespeare" is he called by a rough but noble spirit—one in whom was all honesty and genial friendship under a rude exterior.
His wonderful abilities could not be spoiled even by ignorant instructors.

The first who attempted to write "Some Account of the Life of William Shakespeare," Rowe, says, "His father, who was a considerable draper in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give his no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unluckily prevented his farther proficiency in that language." This statement, be it remembered, was written one hundred and thirty years after the event which it professes to record—the early removal of William Shakespeare from the free-school to which he had been sent by his father. We have no hesitation in saying that the statement is manifestly based upon two assumptions, both of which are incorrect:—The first, that his father had a large family of ten children, and was so narrowed in his circumstances that he could not spare even the time of his eldest son, he being taught for nothing; and, secondly, that the son, by his early removal from the school where he acquired "what Latin he was master of," was prevented attaining a "proficiency in that language," his works manifesting "an ignorance of the ancients." It may be convenient that we should in this place endeavour to dispose of both these assertions.

The family of John Shakespeare did not consist, as we have already shown, of ten children. In the year 1578, when the school education of William may be reasonably supposed to have terminated, and before which period his "assistance at home" would rather have been embarrassing than useful to his father, the family consisted of five children: William, aged fourteen; Gilbert, twelve; Joan, nine; Anne, seven; and Richard, four. Anne died early in the following year; and, in 1580, Edmund, the youngest child, was born; so that the family never exceeded five living at the same time. But still the circumstances of John Shakespeare, even with five children, might have been straitened. The assertion of Rowe excited the persevering diligence of Malone; and he has collected together a series of documents from which he infers, or leaves the reader to infer, that John Shakespeare and his family gradually sunk from their station of respectability at Stratford into the depths of poverty and ruin. The sixth section of Malone's posthumous "Life" is devoted to a consideration of this subject. It thus commences: "The manufacture of gloves, which was, at this period, a very flourishing one, both at Stratford and Worcester (in which latter city it is still carried on with great success), however generally beneficial, should seem, from whatever cause, to have afforded our poet's father but a scanty maintenance." The assumption that John Shakespeare depended for his "maintenance" upon "the manufacture of gloves" rests entirely and absolutely upon one solitary entry in the books of the Bailiff's Court at Stratford. We have seen the original entry; and though we are not learned enough in paleography to pronounce whether the abridged word which commences the third line describes the occupation of John Shakespeare, this we know, that it does not consist of the letters Glover, as Malone prints it, he at the same time abridging the other words which are abbreviations in the record. No other entry in the same book, and there are many, recites the occupation of John Shakespeare; but the subjects in dispute which are sometimes mentioned in these entries look very unlike the litigations of a golver, whether he be plaintiff or defendant. For example, on the 19th of November, 1556, the year after the action against Malone's glover, John Shakespeare is complainant against Henry Field in a plea for unjustly detaining eighteen quarters of grain. This is scarcely the plea of a glover. But, glover or not, he was a landed proprietor and an occupier of land; and he did not, therefore, in the year 1578, depend upon the manufacture of gloves for "a scanty maintenance." However, be his occupation what it may, Malone affirms that "when our author was about fourteen years old" the "distressed situation" of his father was evident: it rests "upon surer grounds than conjecture." The Corporation books have shown, that on particular occasions, such as the visitation of the plague in 1564, John Shakespeare contributed like others to the relief of the poor; but now, in January, 1577-8, he is taxed for the necessities of the borough only to pay half what other aldermen pay; and in November of the same year, whilst other aldermen are assessed fourpence weekly towards the relief of the poor, John Shakespeare "shall not be taxed to pay anything." In 1579 the sum levied upon him for providing soldiers at the charge of the borough is returned, amongst similar sums of other persons, as "unpaid and unaccounted for." Finally, this unquestionable evidence of the books of the borough shows that this merciful forbearance of his brother townsmen was unavailing; for, in an action brought against him in the Bailiff's Court in the year 1586, he during these seven years having gone on from bad to worse, the return by the sergeants at mace upon a warrant of distress is, that John Shakespeare has nothing upon which distress can be levied. There are other corroborative proofs of John Shakespeare's poverty at this period brought forward by Malone. In this precise year, 1578, he mortgages his wife's inheritance of Ablies to Ed
and, in the same year, the will of Mr. Roger Sadler of Stratford, to which is subjoined a list of debts due to him, shows that John Shakespeare was indebted to him five pounds, for which sum Edmund Lambert was a security.—"By which," says Malone, "it appears that John Shakespeare was then considered insolvent, if not as one depending rather on the credit of others than on his own." It is of little consequence to the present age to know whether an alderman of Stratford, nearly three hundred years past, became unequal to maintain his social position; but to enable us to form a right estimate of the education of William Shakespeare, and of the circumstances in which he was placed at the most influential period of his life, it may not be unprofitable to consider how far these revelations of the private affairs of his father support the case which Malone holds he has so triumphantly proved. The documents which he has brought forward certainly do not constitute the whole case; and, without lending ourselves to a spirit of advocacy, we believe that the inferences which have been drawn from them, and adopted by men of higher mark than their original promulgator, are altogether gratuitous and incongruous. We shall detain our readers a very short time, whilst, implicitly adopting all these discoveries (as they are called)—without attempting to infer that some of the circumstances may apply to another John Shakespeare,—we trace what we think a more probable course of the fortunes of the alderman of Stratford, until the period when his illustrious son had himself become the father of a family.

In the year 1568 John Shakespeare was high bailiff of Stratford. In 1571 he was chief alderman. The duties of the first office demanded a constant residence in Stratford. Beyond occasional attendance, the duties of the second office would be few. In 1570 he is the occupier of a small estate at Ingon, in the parish of Stratford, two miles from the town, at a rent which unquestionably shows that a house of importance was attached to "the meadow." In 1574 he purchased two freehold houses in Henley-street, with gardens and orchards; and he probably occupied one or both of these. In 1578 he mortgaged the estate of Asbies to Edmund Lambert, who also appears to have been security for him for the sum of five pounds. At the time, then, when Malone holds that John Shakespeare is insolvent, because another is his security for five pounds, and that other the mortgagee of his estate, he is also excused public payments because he is poor. But he is the possessor of two freehold houses in Henley-street, bought in 1574. Malone, a lawyer by profession, supposes that the money for which Asbies was mortgaged went to pay the purchase of the Stratford freeholds; according to which theory, these freeholds had been unpaid for during four years, and the "good and lawful money" was not "in hand" when the vendor parted with the premises. We hold, and we think more reasonably, that in 1578, when he mortgaged Asbies, John Shakespeare became the purchaser, or at any rate the occupier, of lands in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough; and that, in either case, the money for which Asbies was mortgaged was the capital employed in this undertaking. The lands which were purchased by William Shakespeare of the Combe family, in 1591, are described in the deed as "lying or being within the parish, fields, or town of Old Stratford." But the will of William Shakespeare, he having become the heir-at-law of his father, devises all his lands and tenements "within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe." Old Stratford is a local denomination, essentially different from Bishopton or Welcombe; and, therefore, whilst the lands purchased by the son in 1601 might be those recited in the will as lying in Old Stratford, he might have derived from his father the lands of Bishopton and Welcombe, of the purchase of which by himself we have no record. So, in the same way, the tenements referred to by the will as being in Stratford-upon-Avon, comprised not only the great house purchased by him, but the freeholds in Henley-street, which he inherited from his father. Indeed it is expressly stated in a document of 1596, a memorandum upon the grant of arms in the Herald's College to John Shakespeare, "he hath lands and tenements, of good wealth and substance, 500l." The lands of Bishopton and Welcombe are in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough. Bishopton was a hamlet, having an ancient chapel of ease. We hold, then, that in the year 1578 John Shakespeare ceased, though perhaps not wholly so, to reside within the borough of Stratford. Other aldermen are rated to pay towards the furniture of pikemen, billmen, and archers, six shillings and eight-pence; whilst John Shakespeare is to pay three shillings and four-pence. Why less than other aldermen? The next entry but one, which relates to a brother alderman, answers the question—"Robert Bratt, nothing in this place." Again, ten months after,—"It is ordained that every alderman shall pay weekly, towards the relief of the poor, four-pence, save John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt, who shall not be taxed to pay anything." Here John Shakespeare is associated with Robert Bratt, who, according to the previous entry, was to pay nothing in this place; that is, in the borough of Stratford, to which the orders of the council alone apply. The return, in 1579, of Mr. Shakespeare as leaving unpaid the sum of three shillings and three-pence, was the return upon a
levy for the borough, in which, although the possessor of property, he might have ceased to reside. Seven years after this comes the celebrated return to the warrant of distress, that John Shakespeare has nothing to distress upon. The jurisdiction of the Bailiff’s Court of Stratford is wholly confined to the borough; and out of the borough the officers could not go. We have traced the course of this action in the bailiff’s books of Stratford, beyond the entries which Malone gives us. It continued before the court for nearly five months; proceeding after proceeding being taken upon it, with a pertinacity on the part of the defendant which appears far more like the dogged resistance of a wealthy man to a demand which he thought unjust, than that of a man in the depths of poverty, seeking to evade a payment which must be ultimately enforced by the seizure of his goods, or by a prison. The *distraint*, which the officers of the borough of Stratford could not execute, was followed by a *cognizance*; and then, no doubt, the debt was paid, and the heavier fees of the lawyers discharged. Further, in the very year of this action, John Shakespeare ceases to be a member of the corporation; and the circumstances attending his withdrawal or removal from that body are strongly confirmatory of the view we have taken. “I find,” says Malone, “on inspecting the records, that our poet’s father had not attended at any hall for the seven preceding years.” This is perfectly correct. At these halls, except on the very rarest occasions, the members attending do not sign their names; but after the entry of the preliminary form by the town-clerk,—such as “Stratford Burgus, ad annum ibid. tent. vi. die Septembris anno regni dioce Elisabethae vicesimo octavo,”—the town-clerk enters the names of all the aldermen and burgesses, and there is a dot or other mark placed against the names of those who are in attendance. The last entry in which the name of John Shakespeare is so distinguished as attending occurs in 1579. But at the hall held on the 6th of September, in the 28th of Elizabeth, is this entry:—“At this hall William Suythele and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen in the place of John Wheler and John Shakespere; for that Mr. Wheler doth deeper to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakspeare doth not come to the halls when they be warned, nor hath not done of long tyme.” Is it not more credible that, from the year 1579 till the year 1586, when he was removed from the corporation, in all probability by his own consent, John Shakespeare was not dwelling in the borough of Stratford,—that he had ceased to take an interest in its affairs, although he was unwilling to forego its dignities,—than that during these seven years he was struggling with hopeless poverty; that he allowed his brother alderman and burgess to sit in judgment on his means of paying the assessments of the borough; that they consented to reduce and altogether to discharge his assessment, although he was the undoubted possessor of property within the borough; that he proclaimed his poverty in the most abject manner, and proclaimed it untruly whilst he held any property at all, and his lands were mortgaged for a very inadequate sum, when the first object of an embarrased man would have been to have upheld his credit by making an effort to meet every public demand? What is the most extraordinary thing of all is, that he should have recovered this long humiliation so suddenly that, in 1596, he goes to the College of Arms for additions to his armorial bearings, and states that he is worth five hundred pounds in lands and tenements. During this period he was unquestionably a resident in the *parish* of Stratford; for the register of that parish contains the entry of the burial of a daughter in 1579, and the baptism of a son in 1580. His grandchildren, also, are baptized in that parish in 1583 and 1585. But his assessments in “that place”—the borough—are reduced in 1578, and wholly foregone in 1579. He has ceased to be amenable to the borough assessments. The lands of Welcombe and Bishopston, we may fairly assume, were his home. He has not been dependent upon the trade of Stratford, whether in gloves or wool. He is a cultivator, and his profits are not very variable. His son purchases a large quantity of land in the same district a few years afterwards; and that son himself becomes a cultivator, even whilst he is the most successful dramatist of his time. That son has also his actions in the Bailiff’s Court, as his father had, for corn sold and delivered, of which more hereafter. That son cleaves to his native place with a love which no fame won, no pleasure enjoyed, in the great capital,—the society of the great, the praises of the learned,—can extinguish. Neither does that son take any part in the affairs of the borough. He purchases the best house in Stratford in 1597, but the records of Stratford show that he had no desire for local honours. The father, instead of sinking into poverty, appears to us to have separated himself from the concerns of the borough, and from the society of the honest men who administered them. He probably had not more happiness in his struggle to maintain the rank of gentleman; but that he did make that struggle is, we think, consistent with all the circumstances upon record. That the children of William Shakespeare should have been brought up at Stratford,—that Stratford should have been his home, although London was his place of necessary sojourn,—is, we think, quite incompatible with the belief that, at the exact period when the poet was gaining rapid wealth as a sharer in the Blackfriar’s Theatre, the father was so reduced to the extremity of indigence that he had
nothing to detain upon in his dwelling in the place where he had dwelt for years, in competence and honour.

Seeing, then, that at any rate in the year 1574, when John Shakespeare purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, it was scarcely necessary for him to withdraw his son William from school, as Rowe has it, on account of the narrowness of his circumstances (the education at that school costing the father nothing), it is not difficult to believe that the son remained there till the period when boys were usually withdrawn from grammar-schools. In those days the education of the university commenced much earlier than at present. Boys intended for the learned professions, and more especially for the church, commonly went to Oxford and Cambridge at eleven or twelve years of age. If they were not intended for those professions, they probably remained at the grammar-school till they were thirteen or fourteen; and then they were fitted for being apprenticed to tradesmen, or articled to attorneys, a numerous and thriving body in those days of cheap litigation. Many also went early to the Inns of Court, which were the universities of the law, and where there was real study and discipline in direct connection with the several Societies. To assume that William Shakespeare did not stay long enough at the grammar-school of Stratford to obtain a very proficiency in Latin, with some knowledge of Greek, is to assume an absurdity upon the face of the circumstances; and it could never have been assumed at all, had not Rowe, setting out upon a false theory, that, because in the works of Shakespeare we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients, held that therefore his not copying at least something from them may be an argument of his never having read them. Opposed to this is the statement of Aubrey, much nearer to the times of Shakespeare: ‘he understood Latin pretty well.’ Rowe had been led into his illogical inference by the ‘small Latin and less Greek’ of Jonson; the ‘old mother-wit’ of Denham; the ‘his learning was very little’ of Fuller; the ‘native wood-notes wild’ of Milton—phrases, every one of which is to be taken with considerable qualification, whether we regard the peculiar characters of the utterers, or the circumstances connected with the words themselves. The question rests not upon the interpretation of the dictum of this authority or that, but upon the indisputable fact that the very earliest writings of Shakespeare are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity, and that the allusive nature of the learning that manifests itself in them, whilst it offers the best proof of his familiarity with the ancient writers, is a circumstance which has misled those who never attempted to dispute the existence of the learning which was displayed in the direct polanity of his contemporaries. ‘I,’ said Hales of Eton, ‘he had not read the classics, he had likewise not stolen from them.’ Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and all the early dramatists, overload their plays with quotation and mythological allusion. According to Hales they steal, and therefore they have read. He who uses his knowledge skilfully is assumed not to have read.

It is not our intention here to enter upon a general examination of the various opinions that have been held as to the learning of Shakespeare, and the tendency of those opinions to show that he was without learning. We only desire to point out, by a very few observations, that the learning manifested in his early productions does not bear out the assertion of Rowe that his proficiency in the Latin language was interrupted by his early removal from the free-school of Stratford. His youthful poem, ‘Venus and Adonis,’ the first heir of his invention, is upon a classical subject. The ‘Rape of Lucrece’ is founded upon a legend of the beginnings of Roman history. Would he have ventured upon these subjects had he been unfamiliar with the ancient writers, from the attentive study of which he could alone obtain the knowledge which would enable him to treat them with propriety? His was an age of sound scholarship. He dedicates both poems to a scholar, and a patron of scholars. Does any one of his contemporaries object that those classical subjects were treated by a young man ignorant of the classics? Will the most critical examination of these poems detect any thing that betrays this ignorance? Is there not the most perfect keeping in both these poems,—an original conception of the mode of treating these subjects, advisedly adopted with the full knowledge of what might be imitated, but preferring the vigorous painting of nature to any imitation? ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ undoubtedly one of the earliest comedies, shows—upon the principle laid down by Coleridge, that ‘a young author’s first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits’—that the habits of William Shakespeare ‘had been scholastic, and those of a student.’ The ‘Comedy of Errors’ is full of those imitations of the ancients in particular passages which critics have in all cases been too apt to take as the chief evidences of learning. The critics of Shakespeare are puzzled by these imitations; and when they see with what skill he adopts, or amends, or rejects, the incidents of the ‘Menachmi’ of Plautus, they have no resource but to contend that his knowledge of Plautus was derived from a wretched translation, published in all probability eight or ten years after ‘The Comedy of Errors’ was written. The three Parts of ‘Henry VI.’ are the earliest of the historical plays. Those who dispute the genuineness of the First Part affirm that it contains more allusions to mythology and classical authors than
Shakespeare ever uses; but, with a most singular inconsistency, in the passages of the Second and Third Parts which they have chosen to pronounce as the additions of Shakespeare to the original plays of another writer or writers, there are to be found as many allusions to mythology and classical writers as in the part which they deny to be his. We have observed upon these passages that they furnish the proof that, as a young writer, he possessed a competent knowledge of the ancient authors, and was not unwilling to display it; "but that, with that wonderful judgment which was as remarkable as the prodigulous range of his imaginative powers, he soon learnt to avoid the pejority to which inferior men so pertinaciously cling in the pride of their scholarship." Ranging over the whole dramatic works of Shakespeare, whenever we find a classical image or allusion, such as in 'Hamlet,'—

"A station like the herald Mercury,
Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"—

the management of the idea is always elegant and graceful; and the passage may sustain a contrast with the most refined imitations of his contemporaries, or of his own imitator, Milton. In his Roman plays he appears co-existent with his wonderful characters, and to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian. When he employs Latinisms in the construction of his sentences, and even in the creation of new words, he does so with singular facility and unerring correctness. And then, we are to be told, he managed all this by studying bad translations, and by copying extracts from grammars and dictionaries; as if it was reserved for such miracles of talent and industry as the Farmers and the Stevenses to read Ovid and Virgil in their original tongues, whilst the dull Shakespeare, whether schoolboy or adult, was to be contented through life with the miserable translations of Arthur Golding and Thomas Phaer. We believe that his familiarity at least with the best Roman writers was begun early, and continued late; and that he, of all boys of Stratford, would be the least likely to discredit the teaching of Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins, the masters of the grammar-school from 1572 till 1550.

There were other agencies than the grammar-school at work in the direction of Shakespeare's inquiring boyhood. There are local associations connected with Stratford which could not be without their influence in the formation of his mind. Within the range of such a boy's curiosity were the fine old historic towns of Warwick and Coventry, the sumptuous palace of Kenilworth, the grand monastic remains of Evesham. His own Avon abounded with spots of singular beauty, quiet

* See a series of learned and spirited papers by the late Dr. Magan on Farmer's 'Essay,' printed in Fraser's Magazine, 1839.

hamlets, solitary woods. Nor was Stratford shut out from the general world, as many country towns are. It was a great highway; and dealers with every variety of merchandise resorted to its fairs. The eyes of Shakespeare must always have been open for observation. When he was twelve years old Elizabeth made her celebrated progress to Lord Leicester's castle of Kenilworth. Was William Shakespeare at Kenilworth in that summer of 1575, when the great Dudley entertained the queen with a splendor which annalists have delighted to record, and upon which one of our own days has bestowed a fame more imperishable than that of any annals? Percy, speaking of the old Coventry Hoop-play, says, "Whatever this old play or storied show was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakespeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these 'princely pleasures of Kenilworth,' whence Stratford is only a few miles distant."

The preparations for this celebrated entertainment were on so magnificent a scale, the purveyings must have been so enormous, the posts so unintermitting, that there had needed not the flourishes of paragraphs (for the age of paragraphs was not as yet) to have roused the curiosity of all mid-England. In 1575, when Robert Dudley welcomed his sovereign with a more than regal magnificence, it is easy to believe that his ambition looked for a higher reward than that of continuing a queen's most favored servant and counsellor. It appears to us that the exquisite speech of Oberon in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is founded upon a recollection of what the young, Shakespeare heard of the intent of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, and is associated with some of the poetical devices which he might have there beheld:

"Ober. My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou rememberst Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew still on hearing her song;
And certain stars shot ruddily from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

"Puck. I remember."

"Ober. That very time I saw; (but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid at arm's; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throne'd by the west:
And bore'd his love-shaft marry'd from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:"

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Queen'd in the elastic beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial rocket pass'd on,
In motion meditative, fancy free."
poetical George Gascoigne, in his "Brief Rehearsal, or rather a true Copy of as much as was presented before her Majesty at Kenilworth." But the diffuse and most entertaining coxcomb Lanham describes a song of Arion with an ecosystem which may justify the belief that the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of "the sea-maid's music" might be the echo of the melodies heard by the young poet as he stood beside the lake at Kenilworth:—"Now, Sir, the ditty in metre so aptly enuited to the matter, and after by voice deliciously delivered; the song, by a skilful artist into his parts so sweetly sorted; each part in his instrument so clean and sharply touched; every instrument again in his kind so excellently tuned; and this in the evening of the day, resounding from the calm waters, where the presence of her Majesty, and longing to listen, had utterly damped all noise and din, the whole harmony conveyed in time, tune, and temper thus incomparyably melodious; with what pleasure (Master Martin), with what sharpness of conceit, with what lively delight this might pierce into the hearers' hearts, I pray ye imagine yourself, as ye may." If Elizabeth be the "fair velsal throned by the west," of which there can be no reasonable doubt, the most appropriate scene of the mermaid's song would be Kenilworth, and "that very time" the summer of 1575. There were other circumstances connected with his locality which were favorable to the cultivation of the dramatic spirit in the boy-foots. It requires not the imagination of the romance-writer to assume that before William Shakespeare was sixteen, that is, before the year 1580, when the pageants at Coventry, with one two rare exceptions, were finally suppressed, he would be a spectator of one of these remarkable performances, which were in a few years wholly to perish; becoming, however, the foundations of a drama more suited to the altered spirit of the people, more universal in its range,—the drama of the laity, and not of the church. The ancient accounts of the Chamberlain of the borough of Stratford exhibit a number of payments made out of the funds of the corporation for theatrical performances. In 1550, when John Shakespeare was chief magistrate, there is a payment of nine shillings to the Queen's players, and of twelve-pence to the Earl of Worcester's players. In 1573 the Earl of Leicester's players received six shillings and eight-pence. In 1574 "my Lord of Warwick's players" have a gratuity of seventeen shillings, and the Earl of Worcester's players of five and seven-pence. In 1577 "my Lord of Leicester's players" receive fifteen shillings, and "my Lord of Worcester's players" three and four-pence. In 1570 and 1580 the entries are more circumstantial:

"1570. Item paid to my Lord Strange men the 11th day of February at the comnandement of Mr. Bayliff, vs.

PS at the commandement of Mr. Baliff to the Countys of Essex pleers, sixs. vid.,

1590. 1s. to the Earle of Darbysh players at the commandement of Mr. Baliff, sixs. vid."

It thus appears that there had been three sets of players at Stratford within a short distance of the time when William Shakespeare was sixteen years of age.

It is a curious circumstance that the most precise and interesting account which we possess of one of the earliest of the theatrical performances is from the recollection of a man who was born in the same year as William Shakespeare. In 1659 R. W. (R. Willis), stating his age to be seventy-five, published a little volume, called 'Mount Tabor,' which contains a passage, "upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child," which is essential to be given in any history or sketch of the early stage:

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations) that, when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the mayor, to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called 'The Cradle of Security,' wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, that he snorted again, and in the meantime closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered a wizard like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being hidden severally by these three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blue, with a sergeant-at-arms his mace on his shoulder, the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder, and so they two went along in a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage,"
till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in greatest jollity, and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle, whereat all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince, starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the mould the wicked of the world; the three ladies, pride, covetousness, and luxury; the two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted."

We now understand why the bailiff of Stratford paid the players out of the public money. The first performance of each company in this town was the bailiff's, or chief magistrate's play; and thus, when the father of William Shakespeare was bailiff, the boy might have stood "between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches."

The hall of the Guild, which afterwards became the Town Hall, was the occasional theatre of Stratford. It is now a long room, and somewhat low, the building being divided into two floors, the upper of which is used as the Grammar School. The elevation for the Court at one end of the hall would form the stage; and on one side is an ancient separate chamber to which the performers would retire. With a due provision of benches, about three hundred persons could be accommodated in this room; and no doubt Mr. Bailiff would be liberal in the issue of his invitations, so that Stratford might not grudge its expenditure of five shillings.

It would appear from Willis's description that 'The Cradle of Security' was for the most part a dull show. It is probable that he was present at its performance at Gloucester when he was six or seven years of age; it evidently belongs to that class of moral plays which were of the simplest construction. And yet it was popular long after the English drama had reached its highest eminence. When the pageants and mysteries had been put down by the force of public opinion, when spectacles of a dramatic character had ceased to be employed as instruments of religious instruction, the professional players who had sprung up founded their popularity for a long period upon the ancient habits and associations of the people. Our drama was essentially formed by a course of steady progress, and not by rapid transition. We are accustomed to say that the drama was created by Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and a few others of distinguished genius; but they all of them worked upon a foundation which was ready for them. The superstructure of real tragedy and comedy had to be erected upon the moral plays, the romances, the histories, which were beginning to be popular in the very first days of Queen Elizabeth, and continued to be so, even in their very rude forms, beyond the close of her long reign.

The controversy upon the lawfulness of stage-plays was a remarkable feature of the period which we are now noticing; and, as pamphlets were to that age what newspapers are to ours, there can be little doubt that even in the small literary society of Stratford the tracts upon this subject might be well known. The dispute about the Theatre was a contest between the holders of opposite opinions in religion. The Puritans, who even at that time were strong in their zeal if not in their numbers, made the Theatre the especial object of their indignation, for its unquestionable abuses allowed them so to frame their invectives that they might tell with double force against every description of public amusement, against poetry in general, against music, against dancing, associated as they were with the excesses of an ill-regulated stage. A Treatise of John Northbrooke, licensed for the press in 1577, is directed against "dicing, dancing, vain plays, or interludes." Gosson, who had been a student of Christchurch, Oxford, had himself written two or three plays previous to his publication, in 1579, of 'The School of Abuse, containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth.' This book, written with considerable ostentation of learning, and indeed with no common vigour and occasional eloquence, defeats its own purposes by too large an aim. Poets, whatever be the character of their poetry, are the objects of Gosson's new-born hostility.

The three abuses of the time are held to be inseparable: "As poetry and piping are cousin-germans, so piping and playing are of great affinity, and all three chained in links of abuse." If the young Shakespeare had his ambition turned towards dramatic poetry when he was sixteen, that ambition was not likely to be damped by Gosson's general declamation.

The earliest, and the most permanent, of poetical associations are those which are impressed upon the mind by localities which have a deep historical interest. It would be difficult to find a district possessing more striking remains of a past time than the neighbourhood in which William Shakespeare spent his youth. The poetical feeling which the battle-fields, and castles, and monastic ruins of mid-England would excite in him, may be reasonably considered to have derived an intensity through the real history of these celebrated spots being vague, and for the most part traditional. The age of local historians has not yet arrived. The monuments of the past were indeed themselves much more fresh and perfect than in the subsequent days, when every tomb inscription was copied, and every
mouldering document set forth. But in the year 1580, if William Shakespeare desired to know, for example, with some precision, the history which belonged to those noble towers of Warwick upon which he had often gazed with a delight that scarcely required to be based upon knowledge, he would look in vain for any guide to his inquiries. Some old people might tell him that they remembered their fathers to have spoken of one John Rous, the son of Geoffrey Rous of Warwick, who, having diligently studied at Oxford, and obtained a reputation for uncommon learning, rejected all ambitious thoughts, shut himself up with his books in the solitude of Guy's Cliff, and was engaged to the last in writing the Chronicles of his country, and especially the history of his native County and its famous Earls; and there, in the quiet of that pleasant place, performing his daily offices of devotion as a chantry priest, in the little chapel, did John Rous live a life of happy industry till 1591. But the world in general derived little profit from his labours. Yet if the future Poet sustained some disadvantage by living before the days of antiquarian minuteness, he could still dwell in the past, and people it with the beings of his own imagination. The Chronicles would, however, afford him ample materials to work into his own topography. There was a truth which was to be found amidst all the mistakes and contradictions of the annalists—the great poetical truth, that the devices of men are insufficient to establish any permanent command over events; that crime would be followed by retribution; that evil passions would become their own tormentors; that injustice could not be successful to the end; that although dimly seen and unwillingly acknowledged, the great presiding Power of the world could make evil work for good, and advance the general happiness out of the particular misery. This was the mode, we believe, in which that thoughtful youth read the Chronicles of his country, whether brief or elaborate. Looking at them by the strong light of local association, there would be local tradition at hand to enforce that universal belief in the justice of God's providence which is in itself alone one of the many proofs of that justice.

Hall, the chronicler, writing his history of 'The Families of Lancaster and York,' about seventy years after the 'continual dissension for the crown of this noble realm' was terminated, says,—"What nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock or progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division?" During the boyhood of William Shakespeare, it cannot be doubted that he would meet with many a gentleman, and many a yeoman, who would tell him how their forefathers had been thus 'infested and plagued.' The traditions of the most stirring events of that contest would at this time be about a century old; generally diluted in their interest by passing through the lips of three or four generations, but occasionally presented vividly to the mind of the inquiring boy in the narration of some amongst the "heavy headed churls" whose fathers had fought at Bosworth or Tewksbury. Many of these traditions, too, would be essentially local; extending back even to the period when the banished Duke of Hereford, in his bold march "From E. verspung to Cotswold," gathered a host of followers in the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester. Fields, where battles had been fought; towns, where parliaments had assembled and treaties had been ratified; castles, where the great leaders had stood at bay, or had sallied forth upon the terrified country—such were the objects which the young poet would associate with many an elaborate description of the chroniclers, and many an interesting anecdote of his ancient neighbours. It appears to us that his dramatic power was early directed towards this long and complicated story, by some principle even more exciting than its capabilities for the purposes of the drama. It was the story, we think, which was presented to him in the evening talk around the hearth of his childhood; it was the story whose written details were most accessible to him, being narrated by Hall with a rare minuteness of picturesque circumstance; but it was a story also of which his own district had been the scene, in many of its most stirring events. Out of ten English Historical Plays which were written by him, and some undoubtedly amongst his first performances, he has devoted eight to circumstances belonging to this memorable story. No other nation ever possessed such a history of the events of a century,—a history in which the agents are not the hard abstractions of warriors and statesmen, but men of flesh and blood like ourselves; men of passion, and crime, and virtue; elevated perhaps by the poetical art, but filled also, through that art, with such a wondrous life, that we dwell amongst them as if they were of our own day, and feel that they must have spoken as he has made them speak, and act as he has made them act. It is in vain that we are told that some events are omitted, and some transposed; that documentary history does not exhibit its evidence here, that a contemporary narrative somewhat miliates against the representation there. The general truth of this dramatic history cannot be shaken. It is a philosophical history in the very highest sense of that somewhat abused term. It contains the philosophy that can only be produced by the union of the noblest imagination with the most just and temperate judgment. It is

* "Richard II," Act 2, scene 3.
the loftiness of the poetical spirit which has enabled Shakespeare alone to write this history with impartiality. Open the chronicles, and we find the prejudices of the Yorkist or the Lancastrian manifesting the intensity of the old factional hatred. Who can say to which faction Shakespeare belongs? He has comprehended the whole, whilst others knew only a part.

The last play of the series which belongs to the wars of the Roses is unquestionably written altogether with a more matured power than those which preceded it; yet the links which connect it with the other three plays of the series are so unbroken, the treatment of character is so consistent, and the poetical conception of the whole so uniform, that, whatever amount of criticism may be yet in store to show that our view is incorrect, we now confidently speak of them all as the plays of Shakespeare, and of Shakespeare alone. Matured, especially in its wonderful exhibition of character, as the 'Richard III.' is, we cannot doubt that the subject was very early familiar to the young poet's mind. The Battle of Bosworth Field was the great event of his own locality, which for a century had fixed the government of England. The course of the Reformation, and especially the dissolution of the Monasteries, had produced great social changes, which were in operation at the time in which William Shakespeare was born; whose effects, for good and for evil, he must have seen working around him, as he grew from year to year in knowledge and experience. But those events were too recent, and indeed too delicate a nature, to assume the poetical aspect in his mind. They abided still in the region of prejudice and controversy. It was dangerous to speak of the great religious divisions of the kingdom with a tolerant impartiality. History could scarcely deal with these opinions in a spirit of justice. Poetry, thus, which has regard to what is permanent and universal, has passed by these matters, important as they are. But the great event which placed the Tudor family on the throne, and gave England a stable government, however occasionally distracted by civil and religious division, was an event which would seize fast upon such a mind as that of William Shakespeare. His ancestor, there can be little doubt, had been an adherent of the Earl of Richmond. For his faithful service to the conqueror at Bosworth he was rewarded, as we are assured, by lands in Warwickshire. That field of Bosworth would therefore have to him a family as well as a local interest. Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, who was born about ten years after William Shakespeare, tells us "that his great-great-grandfather, John Hardwick, of Lindley, near Bosworth, a man of very short stature, but active and courageous, tendered his service to Henry, with some troops of horse, the night he lay at Atherstone, became his guide to the field, advised him in the attack, and how to profit by the sun and by the wind." Burton further says, writing in 1622, that the inhabitants living around the plain called Bosworth Field, more properly the plain of Sutton, "have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons thereabout, which saw the battle fought, were living within less than forty years, of which persons myself have seen some, and have heard of their disclosures, though related by the second hand." This "living within less than forty years" would take us back to about the period which we are now viewing in relation to the life of Shakespeare. But certainly there is something over-marvellous in Burton's story, to enable us to think that William Shakespeare, even as a very young boy, could have conversed with "some persons thereabout" who had seen a battle fought in 1485. That, as Burton more reasonably of himself says, he might have "heard their discourses at second-hand" is probable enough. Bosworth Field is about thirty miles from Stratford. Burton says that the plain derives its name from Bosworth, "not that this battle was fought at this place (it being fought in a large, flat plain, and spacious ground, three miles distant from this town, between the towns of Shenton, Sutton, Dallington, and Stoke); but for that this town was the most worthy town of note near adjacent, and was therefore called Bosworth Field. That this battle was fought in this plain appears by some remarkable places: By a little mound cast up, where the common report is, that at the first beginning of the battle Henry Earl of Rich- mond made his parcellatical oration to his army: by divers pieces of armour, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, and by many arrowheads here found, whereof, about twenty years since, at the enclosure of the lordship of Stoke, great store were dug up, of which some I have now (1602) in my custody, being of a long, large, and big proportion, far greater than any now in use; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in mem- ory." Burton goes on to tell two stories connected with the eventful battle. The one was the vision of King Richard, of "divers fearful ghosts running about him, not suffering him to take any rest, still crying 'Re- venge.'" Hall relates the tradition thus:—"The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream, for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest." Burton says, previous to his description of the dream, "The vision is reported to be in this manner." And certainly his account of the fearful ghosts "still crying Revenge" is essentially different from that of the chronicles. Shakespeare has followed the more poetical account of
the old local historian; which, however, could not
have been known to him:—

"'Me thought the souls of all that I have murdered
Came to my tent; and every one did threaten
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.'"

Did Shakespeare obtain his notion from the same source as Bunton—from "relation of the inhabitants who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory"?

The localities amidst which Shakespeare lived were, as we have thus seen, highly favourable to his cultivation of a poetical reverence for antiquity. But his unerring observation of the present prevented the past becoming to him an illusion. He had always an earnest patriotism; he had a strong sense of the blessings which had been conferred upon his own day through the security won out of peril and suffering by the middle classes. The destruction of the old institutions, after the first evil effects had been mitigated by the energy of the people, had diffused capital, and had caused it to be employed with more activity. But he, who scarcely ever stops to notice the political aspects of his own day, cannot forbear an indignant comment upon the sufferings of the very poorest, which, if not caused by, were at least coincident with, the great apopliation of the property of the Church. Poor Tom, "who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock'd, punished, and imprisoned," was no fanciful portrait; he was the creature of the pauper legislation of half a century. Exhortations in the churches, "for the furtherance of the relief of such as were in unafflicted misery," were prescribed by the statute of the Ist of Edward VI.; but the same statute directs that the unhappy wanderer, after certain forms of proving that he has not offered himself for work, shall be marked V with a hot iron upon his breast, and adjudged to be "a slave" for two years to him who brings him before justices of the peace; and the statute goes on to direct the slave-owner "to cause the said slave to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise." Three years afterwards the statute is repeated, seeing that it could not be carried into effect by reason of the multitude of vagabonds and the extremity of their wants. The whipping and the stocking were applied by successive enactments of Elizabeth. The gallow, too, was always at hand to make an end of the wanderers when, hunted from tithing to tithing, they inevitably became thieves. Nothing but a compulsory provision for the maintenance of the poor could then have saved England from a fearful Jacobit. It cannot reasonably be doubted that the vast destruction of capital by the dissolution of the monasteries threw for many years a quantity of superfluous labour upon the yet unsettled capital of the ordinary industry of the country. That Shakespeare had witnessed much of this misery is evident from his constant disposition to desery "a soul of goodness in things evil," and from his indignant hatred of the heartlessness of petty authority:—

"Thou rascal wench, hold thy bloody hand."

And yet, with many social evils about him, the age of Shakespeare’s youth was one in which the people were making a great intellectual progress. The poor were ill provided for. The Church was in an unsettled state, attacked by the natural restlessness of those who looked upon the Reformation with regret and hatred, and by the rigid enemies of its traditional ceremonies and ancient observances, who had sprung up in its bosom. The promises which had been made that education should be fostered by the State had utterly failed; for even the preservation of the universities, and the protection and establishment of a few grammar-schools, had been unwillingly conceded by the avarice of those daring statesmen who had swallowed up the riches of the ancient establishment. The genial spirit of the English yeomanry had received a check from the intolerance of the powerful sect who frowned upon all sports and recreations—who despised the arts—who held poets and pipers to be "caterpillars of a commonwealth." But yet the wonderful stirring up of the intellect of the nation had made it an age favourable for the cultivation of the highest literature; and most favourable to those who looked upon society, as the young Shakespeare must have looked, in the spirit of cordial enjoyment and practical wisdom.

Charlcote:—the name is familiar to every reader of Shakespeare; but it is not presented to the world under the influence of pleasant associations with the world’s poet. The story, which was first told by Rowe, must be here repeated:—"An extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, be made a bailed upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, he lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwick-
shire for some time, and shelter himself in London." The good old gossip Aubrey is wholly silent about the deer-stealing and the flight to London, merely saying, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen." But there were other antiquarian gossips of Aubrey's age, who have left us their testimony upon this subject. The Reverend William Fulman, a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who died in 1688, bequeathed his papers to the Reverend Richard Davies of Sanford, Oxfordshire; and on the death of Mr. Davies, in 1707, these papers were deposited in the library of Corpus Christi. Fulman appears to have made some collections for the biography of our English poets, and under the name Shakespeare he gives the dates of his birth and death. But Davies, who added notes to his friend's manuscripts, affords us the following piece of information:--"He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodepate, and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." The accuracy of this chronicler, as to events supposed to have happened a hundred years before he wrote, may be inferred from his correctness in what was accessible to him. Justice Clodepate is a new character; and the three louses rampant have diminished strangely from the 'dozen white laces' of Master Slender. In Mr. Davies' account we have no mention of the ballad—through which, according to Rowe, the young poet revenged his "ill usage." But Capell, the editor of Shakespeare, found a new testimony to that fact:—"The writer of his 'Life,' the first modern, [Rowe] speaks of a 'lost ballad,' which added fuel, he says, to the knight's before-conceived anger, and 'redoubled the prosecution,' and calls the ballad 'the first essay of Shakespeare's poetry;' one stanza of it, which has the appearance of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver), with this account of the way in which it descended to him: Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakespeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition—that the ballad written against Sir Thomas by Shakespeare was stuck upon his park-gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a

* Some Account of the Life of William Shakespeare writen by Mr. Rowe.

lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of the ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing." This, then, is the entire evidence as to the deer-stealing tradition. According to Rowe, the young Shakespeare was engaged more than once in robbing a park, for which he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy; he made a ballad upon his prosecutor, and then, being more severely pursued, fled to London. According to Davies, he was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; for which he was often whipped, sometimes imprisoned, and at last forced to fly the country. According to Jones, the tradition of Rowe was correct as to robbing the park; and the obnoxious ballad being stuck upon the park-gate, a lawyer of Warwick was authorized to prosecute the offender. The tradition is thus full of contradictions upon the face of it. It necessarily would be so, for each of the witnesses speaks of circumstances that must have happened a hundred years before his time. We must examine the credibility of the tradition therefore by inquiring what was the state of the law as to the offence for which William Shakespeare is said to have been prosecuted; what was the state of public opinion as to the offence; and what was the position of Sir Thomas Lucy as regarded his immediate neighbours.

The law in operation at the period in question was the 6th of Elizabeth, chapter 21. The ancient forest-laws had regard only to the possessions of the Crown; and therefore in the 32nd of Henry VIII., an Act was passed for the protection of "every inheritor and possessor of manors, land, and tenements," which made the killing of deer, and the taking of rabbits and hawks, felony. This Act was repealed in the 1st of Edward VI.; but it was quickly re-enacted in the 3rd and 4th of Edward VI. (1549 and 1550), it being alleged that unlawful hunting prevailed to such an extent throughout the realm, in the royal and private parks, that in one of the king's parks within a few miles of London five hundred deer were slain in one day. For the due punishment of such offences the taking of deer was again made felony. But the Act was again repealed in the 1st of Mary. In the 5th of Elizabeth it was attempted in Parliament once more to make the offence a capital felony. But this was successfully resisted; and it was enacted that, if any person by night or by day "wrongfully or unlawfully break or enter into any park empailed, or any other several ground closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping, breeding, and cherishing of deer, and so wrongfully haunt, drive, or chase out, or take, or kill, or slay any deer within any such empailed park,
or close ground with wall, pale, or other enclosure, and used for deer as is aforesaid,' he shall suffer three months' imprisonment, pay treble damages to the party offended, and find sureties, or several ground hereafter to be made and used for deer, without the grant or licence of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her heirs, successors, or progenitors." At the date of this statute, Charlcote, it is said, was not a deer-park; was not an enclosed ground royally licensed. For the space of forty-two years after the passing of this Act of Elizabeth there was no remedy for deer-stealing (except by action for trespass) in grounds not enclosed at the passing of that Act. The statute of the 3rd of James I. recites that for offences within such grounds there is no remedy provided by the Act of Elizabeth, or by any other Act. It appears to us, however, that Malone puts the case against the tradition too strongly when he maintains that Charlcote was not a licensed park in 1562, and that, therefore, its venison continued to be unprotected till the statute of James. The Act of Elizabeth clearly contemplates any "several ground" "closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping of deer," and as Sir Thomas Lucy built the mansion at Charlcote in 1568, it may reasonably be supposed that at the date of the statute the domain of Charlcote was closed with wall, pale, or hedge. The deer-stealing tradition, however, has grown more minute as it has advanced in age. Charlcote, according to Mr. Samuel Ireland, was not the place of Shakespeare's unlucky adventures. The Park of Fulbrooke, he says, was the property of Sir Thomas Lucy: and he gives us a drawing of an old house where the young offender was conveyed after his detection. Upon the Ordinance Map of our own day is the Deer Barn, where, according to the same veracious tradition, the venison was concealed. A word or two disposed of this part of the tradition: Fulbrooke did not come into the possession of the Lucy family till the grandson of Sir Thomas purchased it in the reign of James I. We have seen, then, that for ten years previous to the passing of the Act of Elizabeth for the preservation of deer there had been no laws in force except the old forest-laws, which applied not to private property. The statute of Elizabeth makes the bird-nesting boy, who climbs up to the hawk's eyrie, as liable to punishment as the deer-stealer. The taking of rabbits, as well as deer, was felony by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but from the time of Henry VIII. to James I. there was no protection for rabbits; they were free nature. Our unhappy poet, therefore, could not be held to steal rabbits, however fond he might be of hunting them; and certainly it would have been legally unsafe for Sir Thomas Lucy to have whipped him for such a disposition. Peasants and partridges were free for men of all condition to shoot with gun or cross-bow, or capture with hawk. There was no restriction against taking hares except a statute of Henry VIII., which, for the protection of hunting, forbade tracking them in the snow. With this general right of sport it is scarcely to be expected that the statute against the taking of deer should be very strictly observed by the bold yeomanry of the days of Elizabeth; or that the offence of a young man should have been visited by such severe prosecution as should have compelled him to fly the country. The penalty for the offence was a defined one. The short imprisonment might have been painful for a youth to bear, but it would not have been held disgraceful. All the writers of the Elizabethan period speak of killing a deer with a sort of jovial sympathy, worthy the descendants of Robin Hood. "I'll have a buck till I die, I'll slay a doe while I live," is the maxima of the Host in 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton;' and even Sir John, the priest, reproves him not: he joins in the fun. With this loose state of public opinion, then, upon the subject of venison, is it likely that Sir Thomas Lucy would have pursued for such an offence the eldest son of an alderman of Stratford with any extraordinary severity? The knight was nearly the most important person residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford. In 1578 he had been High Sheriff. At the period when the deer-stealing may be supposed to have taken place he was seeking to be member for the county of Warwick, for which he was returned in 1581. He was in the habit of friendly intercourse with the residents of Stratford, for in 1583 he was chosen as an arbitrator in a matter of dispute by Hamnet Sadler, the friend of John Shakespeare and of his son. All these considerations tend, we think, to show that the improbable deer-stealing tradition is based, like many other stories connected with Shakespeare, on that vulgar love of the marvelous which is not satisfied with the wonder which a being eminently endowed himself presents, without seeking a contract of profanacy, or meanness, or ignorance in his early condition, amongst the tales of a rude generation who came after him, and, hearing of his fame, endeavoured to bring him as near as might be to themselves.

In the sixteenth century young men married early. In the middle ranks there was little outfit required to begin housekeeping. A few articles of useful furniture
satisfied their simple tastes; and we doubt not there was as much happiness seated on the wooden bench as now on the silken ottoman, and as light hearts tripped over the green rushes as upon the Persian carpet. A silver bowl or two, a few spoons, constituted the display of the more ambitious; but for use the tureen platter was at once clean and substantial, though the pewter dish sometimes graced a solemn merry-making. Employment, especially agricultural, was easily obtained by the industrious; and the sons of the yeomen, whose ambition did not drive them into the towns to pursue commerce, or to the universities to try for the prizes of professions, walked humbly and contentedly in the same road as their fathers had walked before them. They tilled a little land with indifferent success, and their herds and flocks gave food and raiment to their household. Surrounded by the cordial intimacies of the class to which he belonged, it is not difficult to understand how William Shakespeare married early; and the very circumstance of his so marrying is tolerably clear evidence of the course of life in which he was brought up. It has been a sort of fashion of late years to consider that Shakespeare was clerk to an attorney. Thomas Nash in 1589 published this sentence: "It is a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of Noviciat, whereas they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinate their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candlelight, yields many good sentences, as Blond is a Beggar, and so forth: and, if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls, of tragic speech." This quotation is held to furnish the external evidence that Shakespeare had been an attorney, by the connexion here implied of "the trade of Noviciat" and "whole Hamlets." Noviciat was the technical beginning of a bond. It is imputed, then, by Nash, to a sort of shifting companions, that, running through every art and thriving by none, they attempt dramatic composition, drawing their tragic speeches from English Seneca. Does this description apply to Shakespeare? Was he thriving by no art? In 1589 he was established in life as a player in the Blackfriars Theatre. Does the use of the term "whole Hamlets" fix the allusion upon him? It appears to us only to show that some tragedy called "Hamlet," it may be Shakespeare's, was then in existence; and that it was a play also at which Nash might savor as abounding with tragic speeches. But it does not seem to us that there is any absolute connexion between the Noviciat and the Hamlet. The external evidence of this passage (and it is the only evidence of such a character that has been found wholly fails, we think, in showing that Shakespeare was in 1589 reputed to have been an attorney. But had he pursued this occupation, either at Stratford or in London, it is tolerably clear that there would have been ample external evidence for the establishment of the fact. In those times an attorney was employed in almost every transaction between man and man, of any importance. Deeds, bonds, indentures, were much more common when legal documents were unsealed, and legal assistance was comparatively cheap. To every document attesting witnesses were numerous; and the attorney's clerk, as a matter of course, was amongst the number. Such papers and parchments are better secured against the ravages of time than any other manuscripts. It is scarcely possible that, if Shakespeare had been an attorney's clerk, his name would not have appeared in some such document, as a subscribing witness. No such signature has ever been found. This fact appears to us to dispose of Malone's confident belief that upon Shakespeare leaving school he was placed for two or three years in the office of one of the seven attorneys who practised in the Court of Record in Stratford. Malone adds, "The comprehensive mind of our poet, it must be owned, embraced almost every object of nature, every trade, and every art, the manners of every description of men, and the general language of almost every profession; but his knowledge and application of legal terms seem to me not merely such as might have been acquired by the casual observation of his all-comprehending mind; it has the appearance of technical skill; and he is so fond of displaying it on all occasions, that there is, I think, some ground for supposing that he was early initiated in at least the forms of law." Malone then cites a number of passages exemplifying Shakespeare's knowledge and application of legal terms. The theory was originally propounded by Malone in his edition of 1790; and it gave rise to many subsequent notes of the commentators, pointing out these technical allusions. The frequency of their occurrence, and the accuracy of their use, are, however, no proof to us that Shakespeare was professionally a lawyer. There is every reason to believe that the principles of law, especially the law of real property, were much more generally understood in those days than in our own. Educated men, especially those who possessed property, looked upon law as a science instead of a mystery; and its terms were used in familiar speech instead of being regarded as a technical jargon. When Hamlet says, "This fellow might be in his time a great buyer of
land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries," he employs terms with which every gentleman was familiar, because the owner of property was often engaged in a practical acquaintance with them. This general knowledge, which it would be very remarkable if Shakespeare had not acquired, involves the use of the familiar law-terms of his day, fee simple, fine and recovery, entail, remainder, escheat, mortgage. The commonest practice of the law, such as a sharp boy would have learnt in two or three casual attendances upon the Bailiff's Court at Stratford, would have familiarized Shakespeare very early with the words which are held to imply considerable technical knowledge—action, bond, warrant, bill, suit, plea, arrest. It must not be forgotten that the terms of law, however they may be technically applied, belong to the habitual commerce of mankind; they are no abstract terms, but essentially deal with human acts, and interests, and thoughts: and it is thus that, without any fanciful analogies, they more readily express the feelings of those who use them with a general significance, than any other words that the poet could apply.

We hold, then, that William Shakespeare, the son of a possessor and cultivator of land, a gentleman by descent, married to the heiress of a good family, comfortable in his worldly circumstances, married very early the daughter of one in a similar rank of life, and in all probability did not quit his native place when he so married. The marriage-bond, which was discovered a few years since, has set at rest all doubt as to the name and residence of his wife. She is there described as Anne Hathaway, of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden. Rowe, in his "Life," says—"Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world, after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." At the hamlet of Shottery, which is in the parish of Stratford, the Hathaways had been settled forty years before the period of Shakespeare's marriage; for in the Warwickshire Surveys, in the time of Philip and Mary, it is recited that John Hathaway held property at Shottery, by copy of court-roll, dated 20th of April, 34th of Henry VIII. (1543). The Hathaway of Shakespeare's time was named Richard; and the intimacy between him and John Shakespeare is shown by a precept in an action against Richard Hathaway, dated 1576, in which John Shakespeare is his bondman. Before the discovery of the marriage-bond, Malone had found a confirmation of the traditional account that the maiden name of Shakespeare's wife was Hathaway; for Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of Shakespeare, makes bequests in her will to the children of Thomas Hathaway, "her kinsman." But Malone doubts whether there were not other Hathaways than those of Shottery, residents in the town of Stratford, and not in the hamlet included in the parish. This is possible. But, on the other hand, the marriage-bond of Anne Hathaway, as of Stratford, is no proof that she was not of Shottery; for such a document would necessarily have regard only to the parish of the person described. Tradition, always valuable when it is not opposed to evidence, has associated for many years the cottage of the Hathaways at Shottery with the wife of Shakespeare. Garrick purchased relics out of it at the time of the Stratford Jubilee; Samuel Ireland afterwards carried off what was called Shakespeare's courting-chair; and there is still in the house a very ancient carved bedstead, which has been handed down from descendant to descendant as an heirloom. The house was no doubt once adequate to form a comfortable residence for a substantial and even wealthy yeoman. It is still a pretty cottage, embosomed by trees, and surrounded by pleasant pastures; and here the young poet might have surrendered his prudence to his affections:

"As in the sweetest balm
The eating ember dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all."

The very early marriage of the young man, with one more than seven years his elder, has been supposed to have been a rash and passionate proceeding. Upon the face of it, it appears an act that might at least be reproved in the words which follow those we have just quoted:

"As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; losing in the bad,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes."

This is the common consequence of premature marriages; but we are not therefore to conclude that "the young and tender wit" of our Shakespeare was "turned to folly"—that his "forward bud" was "eaten by the canker"—that "his verdure" was lost "even in the prime," by his marriage with Anne Hathaway before he was nineteen. The influence which this marriage must have had upon his destinies was no doubt considerable; but it is too much to assume, as it has been assumed, that it was an unhappy influence. All that we really know of Shakespeare's family life warrants the contrary supposition. We believe that the marriage of Shakespeare was one of affection; that there was no disparity in the worldly condition of himself and the object of his choice; that it was with the consent of friends; that there were no circumstances connected...
with it which indicate that it was either forced or clandestine, or urged on by an artful woman to cover her apprehended loss of character.

There is every reason to believe that Shakespeare was remarkable for many beauty:—"He was a handsome, well-shaped man," says Aubrey. According to tradition, he played Adam in "As You Like It," and the Ghost in "Hamlet." Adam says,—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty."

Upon his personation of the Ghost, Mr. Campbell has the following judicious remarks—"It has been alleged, in proof of his meedloicity, that he enacted the part of his own Ghost, in 'Hamlet.' But is the Ghost in 'Hamlet' a very mean character? No; though its movements are few, they must be awfully graceful; and the spectral voice, though subdued and half-monotonous, must be solemn and full of feeling. It gives us an imposing idea of Shakespeare's stature and mien to conceive him in this part. The English public, accustomed to see their lofty nobles, their Essexes, and their Raleighs, clad in complete armour, and moving under it with a majestic air, would not have tolerated the actor Shakespeare, unless he had presented an appearance worthy of the buried majesty of Denmark." That he performed kingly parts is indicated by these lines, written, in 1611, by John Davies, in a poem inscribed "To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare:"—

"Some say, well Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hast thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,
Then hast been a companion for a king,
And been a king among the meaner sort."

The portrait by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the edition of 1623, when Shakespeare would be well remembered by his friends, gives a notion of a man of remarkably fine features, independent of the wonderful development of forehead. The lines accompanying it, which bear the signature B. I. (most likely Ben Jonson), attest the accuracy of the likeness. The bust at Stratford bears the same character. The sculptor was Gerard Johnson. It was probably created soon after the poet's death; for it is mentioned by Leonard Digges, in his verses upon the publication of Shakespeare's collected works by his "pious fellows." All the circumstances of which we have any knowledge imply that Shakespeare at the time of his marriage, was such a person as might well have won the heart of a mistress whom tradition has described as eminently beautiful. Anne Hathaway at this time was of mature beauty. The inscription over her grave in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon states that she died on "the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years." In November, 1582, therefore, she would be of the age of twenty-six. This disparity of years between Shakespeare and his wife has been, we think, somewhat too much dwelt upon. Malone holds that "such a disproportion of age seldom falls at a subsequent period of life to be productive of unhappiness." Malone had, no doubt, in his mind the belief that Shakespeare left his wife wholly dependent upon her children,—a belief of which we were the first to show the utter groundlessness. He suggests that in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" this disproportion is alluded to, and he quotes a speech of Lysander in Act i, Scene i, of that play, not however giving the comment of Hermia upon it. The lines in the original stand thus:—

"Lys. Ah me! for sight that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But either it was different in blood;—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!
Lys. Or else my name was suit'd in respect of years;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—
Her. O hold! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did by siege to it."

Difference in blood, disparity of years, the choice of friends, are opposed to sympathy in choice. But was Shakespeare's own case such as he would hear in mind in making Hermia exclaim, "O spite! too old to be engag'd to young?" The passage was in all probability written about ten years after his marriage, when his wife would still be in the prime of womanhood. When Mr. de Quincey, therefore, connects the saying of Parson Evans with Shakespeare's early love,—"I like not when a woman has a great beard,"—he scarcely does justice to his own powers of observation and his book-experience. The history of the most imaginative minds, probably of most men of great ability, would show that in the first loves, and in the early marriages, of this class, the choice has generally fallen upon women older than themselves, and this without any reference to interested motives. But Mr. de Quincey holds that Shakespeare, looking back on this part of his youthful history from his maturest years, breathes forth pathetic confessions against the errors into which his own inexperience had been ensnared. The disparity of years between himself and his wife he notices in a beautiful scene of the "Twelfth Night." In this scene Viola, disguised as a page, a very boy, one of whom it is said—

"For they shall yet be like the happy years
That say thou art a man."

is pressed by the Duke to own that his eye "hath stay'd upon some favour." Viola, who is enamoured of the Duke, punitively replies,—"A little, by your favour;" and being still pressed to describe the "kind of woman," she says, of the Duke's "complexion" and the Duke's "years." Any one who in the stage representation of

*See Postscript to "Twelfth Night," Victoria Edition, proving that Shakespeare's widow was provided for by dowry.
†Life of Shakespeare, in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."
the Duke should do otherwise than make him a grave man of thirty-five or forty, a stud and dignified man, would not present Shakespeare's whole conception of the character. There would be a difference of twenty years between him and Viola. No wonder, then, that the poet should make the Duke dramatically exclaim,—

"Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she loved in her husband's heart."

And wherefore?—

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more glibly and uniform,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are."

The pathetic counsels, therefore, which Shakespeare is here supposed to breathe in his mature years, have reference only to his own glibly and uniform fancies. We are of opinion that, upon the general principle upon which Shakespeare subjects his conception of what is individually true to what is universally true, he would have rejected instead of adopted whatever was peculiar in his own experience, if it had been emphatically recommended to his adoption through the medium of his self-consciousness. Shakespeare wrote these lines at a time of life (about 1602) when a slight disparity of years between himself and his wife would have been a very poor apology to his own conscience that his affection could not hold the bent; and it certainly does happen, as a singular contradiction to his supposed earnestness in pressing the point as to the inverted disparity of years, which indicates pretty clearly an appeal to the lessons of his personal experience, that at this precise period he should have retired from his constant attendance upon the stage, purchasing land in his native place, and thus seeking in all probability the more constant companionship of that object of his early choice, of whom he is thus supposed to have expressed his dis-taste. It appears to us that this is a tolerably convincing proof that his affections could hold the bent, however he might dramatically and poetically have said,—

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flour,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour."

The marriage-bond of Shakespeare, which may be seen in the Consistorial Court of Worcester, was first published by Mr. Wheler in 1636, having been previously discovered by Sir R. Phillips. It consists of a bond to the officers of the Ecclesiastical Court, in which Fulk Sandells, of the county of Warwick, farmer, and John Richardson, of the same place, farmer, are bound in the sum of forty pounds, &c. It is dated the 28th day of November, in the 25th year of Elizabeth (1582). The date of this marriage-bond, and the date of the birth of Shakespeare's first child, have led to the belief that the marriage was forced upon a very young man by the friends of a woman whom he had injured. We believe that this is one of the cases in which we may fall into error by attempting to decide without knowing all the facts. We hold that the licence for marriage, obtained from the Consistorial Court at Worcester, was a permission sought for under no extraordinary circumstances;—still less that the young man who was about to marry was compelled to urge on the marriage as a consequence of previous imprudence. We believe, on the contrary, that the course pursued was strictly in accordance with the customs of the time, and of the class to which Shakespeare belonged. The espousals before witnesses, we have no doubt, were then considered as constituting a valid marriage, if followed up within a limited time by the marriage of the Church; and these espousals might have taken place in Shake-speare's case, as in very many of the marriages of the middle classes of his time. However the Reformed Church might have endeavoured to abrogate this prac-tice, it was unquestionably the ancient habit of the people. It was derived from the Roman law, the founda-tion of many of our institutions. It prevailed for a long period without offence. It still prevails in the Lutheran Church. We are not to judge of the customs of these days by our own, especially if our inferences have the effect of imputing criminality where the most perfect innocence may have existed.

The course of Shakespeare's life for a year or so after his marriage cannot be followed with any accuracy. Aubrey says, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make Essays at Dramatic Poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well." Thus writes honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, in his 'Minutes of Lives,' addressed to his "worthy friend, Mr. Anthony & Wood, Antiquary of Oxford." Of the value of Aubrey's evidence we may form some opinion from his own statement to his friend:—"'T is a task that I never thought to have undertaken till you imposed it upon me, saying that I was fit for it by reason of my general acquaintance, having now not only lived above half a century of years in the world, but have also been much talked up and down in it; which hath made me so well known. Besides the modern advantage of coffeehouses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted but with their own relations or societies, I might add that I come of a longuevage race, by which means I have wiped some feathers off the wings of time for several generations.
which does reach high." It must not be forgotten that Aubrey's account of Shakespeare, brief and imperfect as it is, is the earliest known to exist. His story of Shakespeare's coming to London is a simple and natural one, without a single marvellous circumstance about it:—"This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London." This, the elder story, appears to us to have much greater verisimilitude than Rowe's, the later:—"He was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Aubrey, who has picked up all the gossip "of coffee-houses in this great city," hears no word of Rowe's story, which would certainly have been handed down amongst the traditions of the theatre to Davenant and Shadwell, from whom he does hear something:—"I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say, that he had a most prodigious wit." Neither does he say, nor indeed any one else till two centuries and a quarter after Shakespeare is dead, that, "after four years' conjugal discord, he would resolve upon that plan of solitary emigration to the metropolis, which, at the same time that it released him from the humiliation of domestic feuds, succeeded so splendidly for his worldly prosperity, and with a train of circumstances so vast for all future ages." It is certainly a singular vociferation for a writer of genius to bury the legendary scandals of the days of Rowe, for the sake of exhuming a new scandal, which cannot be received at all without the belief that the circumstance must have had a permanent and most evil influence upon the mind of the unhappy man who thus cowardly and ignominiously is held to have severed himself from his duty as a husband and a father. We cannot trace the evil influence, and therefore we reject the scandal. It has not even the slightest support from the weakest tradition. It is founded upon an imperfect comparison of two documents, judging of the habits of that period by those of our own day; supported by quotations from a dramatist of whom it would be difficult to affirm that he ever wrote a line which had strict reference to his own feelings and circumstances.

In the baptismal register of the parish of Stratford for 1583 is the entry of the baptism of Susanna on the 25th May. This record necessarily implies the residence of the wife of William Shakespeare in the parish of Stratford. Did he himself continue to reside in this parish? There is no evidence of his residence. His name appears in no suit in the Ballif's Court at this period. He fills no municipal office, such as his father had filled before him. But his wife continues to reside in the native place of her husband, surrounded by his relations and her own. His father and his mother no doubt watch with anxious solicitude over the fortunes of their first son. He has a brother, Gilbert, seventeen years of age, and a sister of fourteen. His brother Richard is nine years of age; but Edmund is young enough to be the playmate of his little Susanna. On the 2nd February, 1583, there is another entry in the parochial register, of the baptism of Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakespeare. While he is yet a minor he is the father of three children.

The circumstance of his minority may perhaps account for the absence of his name from all records of court, or bailiff's court, or common-hall. He was neither a constable, nor an ale-conner, nor an overseer, nor a jury-man, because he was a minor. We cannot affirm that he did not leave Stratford before his minority expired; but it is to be inferred that, if he had continued to reside at Stratford after he was legally of age, we should have found traces of his residence in the records of the town. If his residence was out of the borough, as we have supposed his father's to have been at this period, some trace would yet have been found of him, in all likelihood, within the parish. Just before the termination of his minority we have an undeniable record that he was a second time a father within the parish. It is at this period, then, that we would place his removal from Stratford; his flight, according to the old legend; his solitary emigration, according to the new discovery. That his emigration was even solitary we have not a little of evidence. Rowe says that, after having settled in the world in a family manner, and continued in this kind of settlement for some time, the extravagance of which he was guilty in robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park obliged him to leave his business and family. He could not have so left, even according to the circumstances which were known to Rowe, till after the birth of his son and daughter in 1585. But the story goes on:—"It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer."}

Eckyopedia Britannica.

In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncom-
mon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too temper, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespeare died to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waited with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves—"I am Shakespeare's boy, Sir." In time, Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys."

Steevens has attempted to impugn the credibility of this anecdote by saying—"That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play I am yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satiric pamphleteers of that time that the usual mode of conveyance was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition." Steevens is here in error; he has a vague notion—which is still persevered in with singular obstinacy, even by those who have now the means of knowing that Shakespeare had acquired property in the chief theatre in 1599—that the great dramatic poet had felt no inspiration till he was about eight-and-twenty, and that, therefore, his connexion with the theatre began in the palmy days of the Globe on the Bankside—a theatre not built till 1599. To the earlier theatres, if they were frequented by the gallants of the Court, they would have gone on horses. They did so go, as we learn from Dekker, long after the Bankside theatres were established. The story first appeared in a book entitled 'The Lives of the Poets,' considered to be the work of Theophilus Cibber, but said to be written by a Scotchman of the name of Shiel, who was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. Shiel had certainly some hand in the book; and there we find that Davenant told the anecdote to Betterton, who communicated it to Tows, who told it to Pope, who told it to Dr. Newton. Improbable as the story is as it now stands, there may be a substantiation of truth in it, as in any traditions. It is by no means impossible that the Blackfriars Theatre might have had Shakespeare's boys to hold horses, but not Shakespeare himself. As a proprietor of the theatre, Shakespeare might sagaciously perceive that its interest would be promoted by the readiest accommodation being offered to its visitors; and further, with that worldly acumen which, in him, was not incompatible with the exercise of the highest genius, he might have derived an individual profit by employing servants to perform this office. In an age when horse-stealing was one of the commonest occurrences, it would be a guarantee for the safe charge of the horses that they were committed to the care of the agents of one then well known in the world,—an actor, a writer, a proprietor of the theatre. Such an association with the author of 'Hamlet' must sound most anti-poetical; but the fact is scarcely less prosaic than that the same wondrous man, about the period when he wrote 'Macbeth,' had an action for debt in the Bailliff's Court at Stratford, to recover thirty-five shillings and tenpence for corn by him sold and delivered.

Familiar, then, with theatrical exhibitions, such as they were, from his earliest youth, and with a genius so essentially dramatic that all other writers that the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself, it is inconsistent with probability that he should not have attempted some dramatic composition at an early age. The theory that he was first employed in repairing the plays of others we hold to be altogether untenable; supported only by a very narrow view of the great essentials to a dramatic work, and by verbal criticism, which, when carefully examined, utterly fails even in its own petty assumptions. There can be no doubt that the three Parts of 'Henry VI.' belong to the early stage. We believe them to be wholly and absolutely the early work of Shakespeare. But we do not necessarily hold that they were his earliest work; for the proof is so clear of the continual improvements and elaborations which he made in his best productions, that it would be difficult to say that some of the plays which have the most finished air, but of which there were no early editions, may not be founded upon very youthful compositions. Others may have wholly perished; thrown aside after a season; never printed; and neglected by their author, to whom new inventions would be easier than remouldings of pieces probably composed upon a false theory of art. For it is too much to imagine that his first productions would be wholly untainted by the taste of the period. Some might have been weak delineations of life and character, overloaded with mythological conceits and pastoral affectations, like the plays of Lyly, which were the Court fashion before 1590. Others might

have been prompted by the false ambition to produce effect, which is the characteristic of 'Locrine,' and partially so of 'Titus Andronicus.' But of one thing we may be sure—that there would be no want of power even in his first productions; that real poetry would have gushed out of the bombast, and true wit sparkled amidst the conceits. His first plays would, we think, fall in with the prevailing desire of the people to learn the history of their country through the stage. If so, they would certainly not exhibit the feebleness of some of those performances which were popular about the period of which we are now speaking; and which continued to be popular even after he had most successfully undertaken

"To raise our ancient sovereigns from their graves."

The door of the theatre was not a difficult one for him to enter. It is a singular fact, that several of the most eminent actors of this very period are held to have been his immediate neighbours. We see no difficulty in believing that the first step taken by him in a decision as interesting to ages unborn as important to himself, was the experimental one of rendering his personal aid towards the proper performance of his first acted play. We inverse the usual belief in this matter. We think that Shakespeare became an actor because he was a dramatic writer, and not a dramatic writer because he was an actor. He very quickly made his way to wealth and reputation, not so much by a handsome person and pleasing manners, as by that genius which left all other competitors far behind him in the race of dramatic composition; and by that prudence which taught him to combine the exercise of his extraordinary powers with a constant reference to the course of life he had chosen, not lowering his art for the advancement of his fortune, but achieving his fortune in showing what mighty things might be accomplished by his art.

Amongst those innumerable by-ways in London which are familiar to the hurried pedestrian, there is a well-known line of streets, or rather lanes, leading from the hill on which St. Paul's stands to the great thoroughfare of Blackfriars Bridge. Between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing-house Square is a short lane, leading into an open space called Playhouse Yard. It is one of those shabby places of which so many in London lie close to the glittering thoroughfares; but which are known only to their own inhabitants, and have at all times an air of quiet which seems like desolation. The houses of this little square, or yard, are neither ancient nor modern. Some of them were probably built soon after the great fire of London; for a few present their gable fronts to the streets, and the wide casements of others have evidently been filled up and modern sashes inserted. But there is nothing here, nor

indeed in the whole precinct, with the exception of the few yards of ancient wall, that has any pretension to belong to what may be called the antiquities of London. In the heart of this precinct, close by the church of a suppressed monastery, surrounded by the new houses of the nobility, in the very spot which is now known as Playhouse Yard, was built, in 1575, the Blackfriars Theatre.

The history of the early stage, as it is to be deduced from statutes, and proclamations, and orders of council, exhibits a constant succession of conflicts between the civic authorities and the performers of plays. The act of the 14th of Elizabeth, "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for relief of the poor and impotent," was essentially an act of protection for the established companies of players. We have here, for the first time, a definition of rogues and vagabonds; and it includes not only those who can "give no reckoning how he or she doth lawfully get his or her living," but "all fencers, bearers, common players in interludes, minstrels, not belonging to any baron of this realm, or towards any other honourable personage of greater degree; all jugglers, pellers, tinkers, and petty chapmen; which said fencers, bearers, common players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pellers, tinkers, and petty chapmen, shall wander abroad, and have not license of two justices of the peace at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander." The circumstance of belonging to any barony, or person of greater degree, was in itself a pretty large exception; and if in those times of rising puritanism the license of two justices of the peace was not always to be procured, the large number of companies enrolled as the servants of the nobility offers sufficient evidence that the profession of a player was not a persecuted one, but one expressly sanctioned by the ruling powers. There was one company of players, the Earl of Leicester's, which, within two years after the legislative protection of this act, received a more important privilege from the Queen herself. In 1574 a writ of priory seal was issued to the keeper of the great seal, commanding him to set forth letters patent addressed to all justices, &c., licensing and authorizing James Burbage, and four other persons, servants to the Earl of Leicester, 'to use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-plays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, or hereafter shall use and study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them.' And they were to exhibit their performances "as well within our City of London and liberties of the same," as "throughout our realm of England." With out knowing how far the servants of the Earl of Leicester...
ter might have been molested by the authorities of the City of London, in defiance of this patent, it is clear that the patent was of itself insufficient to insure their kind reception within the city; for it appears that, within three months after the date of the patent, a letter was written from the Privy Council to the Lord Mayor, directing him "to admit the comedy-players within the city of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." This mandate was probably obeyed; but in 1575 the Court of Common Council, without any exception for the objects of the patent of 1574, made certain orders, in the city language termed an act, which assumed that the whole authority for the regulation of plays was in the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; that they only could license theatrical exhibitions within the city; and that the players whom they did license should contribute half their receipts to charitable purposes. The civic authorities appear to have stretched their power somewhat too far; for in that very year James Burbage, and the other servants of the Earl of Leicester, erected their theatre amidst the houses of the great in the Blackfriars, within a stone's throw of the city walls, but absolutely out of the control of the city officers. The immediate neighbours of the players were the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Hunsdon, as we learn from a petition against the players from the inhabitants of the precinct. The petition was unavailing. The rooms which it states "one Burbage hath lately bought" were converted "into a common playhouse;" and within fourteen years from the period of its erection William Shakespeare was one of its proprietors.

The royal patent of 1574 authorized in the exercise of their art and faculty "James Burbadge, John Feryyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson," who are described as the servants of the Earl of Leicester. Although on the early stage the characters were frequently doubled, we can scarcely imagine that these five persons were of themselves sufficient to form a company of comedians. They had, no doubt, subordinate actors in their pay; they being the proprietors or shareholders in the general adventure. Of these five original patentees four remained as the "sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse" in 1589, the name only of John Perkyn being absent from the subscribers to a certificate to the Privy Council that the company acting at the Blackfriars "have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion." This certificate—which bears the date of November, 1589—exhils its to us the list of the professional companions of Shakespeare in an early stage of his career, though certainly not in the very earliest. The certificate describes the persons subscribing it as "her Majesty's poor players," and sets forth that they are "all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." Their names are presented in the following order:—1. James Burbadge. 2. Richard Burbadge. 3. John Lancham. 4. Thomas Greene. 5. Robert Wilson. 6. John Taylor. 7. Anth. Wadeson. 8. Thomas Pope. 9. George Peele. 10. Augustine Phillips. 11. Nicholas Towley. 12. William Shakes-peare. 13. William Kempe. 14. William Johnson. 15. Baptiste Goodale. 16. Robert Armyn.

It would not be an easy matter, without some knowledge of minute facts and a considerable effort of imagination, to form an accurate notion of that building in the Blackfriars—rooms converted into a common playhouse—in which we may conclude that the first plays of Shakespeare were exhibited. The very expression used by the petitioners against Burbage's project would imply that the building was not very nicely adapted to the purposes of dramatic representation. They say, "which rooms the said Burbage is now altering, and meaneth very shortly to convert and turn the same into a common playhouse." And yet we are not to infer that the rooms were hastily adapted to their object by the aid of a few boards and drapery, like the barn of a strolling company. In 1596 the shareholders say, in a petition to the Privy Council, that the theatre, "by reason of its having been so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that, besides the repairation thereof, it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereinto." The structure, no doubt, was adapted to its object without any very great regard to durability; and the accommodations, both for actors and audience, were of a somewhat rude nature. The Blackfriars was a winter theatre; so that, differing from the Globe, which belonged to the same company, it was, there can be little doubt, roofed in. It appears surprising that, in a climate like that of England, even a summer theatre should be without a roof; but the surprise is lessened when we consider that, when the Globe was built, in 1594, not twenty years had elapsed since plays were commonly represented in the open yards of the inns of London. The Belle Savage was amongst the most famous of these inn-yard theatres; and even the present area of that inn will show how readily it might be adapted for such performances. The Blackfriars theatre was probably little more than a large space, arranged pretty much like the Belle Savage yard, but with a roof over it. Indeed, so completely were the public theatres adapted after the model of the temporary ones, that the space for the "groundlings" long continued to be called the yard. One of the earliest theatres, built probably about the same time as the Blackfriars, was called the Curtain, from which we may infer that the refinement of separating the actors from
the audience during the intervals of the representation was at first peculiar to that theatre.

In the continuation of Stow's 'Chronicle,' by Edmund Howes, there is a very curious passage, which carries us back from the period in which he was writing (1631) for sixty years. He describes the destruction of the Globe by fire in 1613, the burning of the Fortune Playhouse four years after, the rebuilding of both theatres, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars." He then adds,—"And this is the seventeenth stage, or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of three score years within London, and the suburbs, viz.: five inns, or common hostelleries, turned to playhouses, one Cockpit, St. Paul's singing-school, one in the Blackfriars, and one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one thousand six hundred twenty-nine. All the rest not named were erected only for common playhouses, besides the new-built Bear-garden, which was built as well for plays, and feasters' prises, as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of three score years abovesaid I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory." It would appear, as far as we can judge from the very imperfect materials which exist, that in the early period of Shakespeare's connexion with the Blackfriars it was the only private theatre. It is natural to conclude that the proprietors of this theatre, being the Queen's servants, were the most respectable of their vocation; conformed to the ordinances of the state with the utmost scrupulousness; endeavoured to attract a select audience rather than an uncritical multitude; and received higher prices for admission than were paid at the public theatres. The performances at the Blackfriars were for the most part in the winter. Whether the performances were in the day or evening, artificial lights were used. The audience in what we now call the pit (then also so called) sat upon benches, and did not stand, as in the yard open to the sky of the public playhouse. There were small rooms corresponding with the private boxes of existing theatres. A portion of the audience, including those who aspired to the distinction of critics, sat upon the stage. It is possible, and indeed there is some evidence, that the rate of admission varied according to the attraction of the performance; and we may be pretty sure that a company like that of Shakespeare's generally charged at a higher rate than the larger theatres, which depended more upon the multitude.

At an early period, but not so early as the date of the certificate of 1589, which shows that Shakespeare was a sharer in the company acting at the Blackfriars, he is mentioned by contemporaries. Henry Chettle is one of the very few persons who have left us any distinct memorial of Shakespeare. He appears to have had some connexion with the writers of his time, in preparing their manuscripts for the press. He so prepared Greene's posthumous tract, 'The Great's-worth of Wit,' copying out the author's faint and blotted sheets, written on his sick-bed. In this pamphlet of Greene's an insult was offered to Shakespeare; and it would appear from the allusions of Chettle that he was justly offended. Marlowe, also, recanted, as well as he might, a charge of impiety which was levelled against him. Chettle says, "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted." By acquaintance he means companionship, if not friendship. He goes on, "And with one of them I care not if I never be." He is supposed here to point at Marlowe. But to the other he tenders an apology, in all sincerity: "The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." In the dedication to 'Cynthia's Revels' Ben Jonson makes one of the personified spectators on the stage say, "I would speak with your author; where is he?" It may be presumed, therefore, that it was not uncommon for the author to mix with that part of the audience; and thus Henry Chettle may be good evidence of the civil demeanour of William Shakespeare. We may thus imagine the young author composedly moving amongst the throng of wits and critics that fill the stage. He moves amongst them modestly, but without any false humility. In worldly station, if such a consideration could influence his demeanour, he is fully their equal. They are for the most part, as he himself is, actors, as well as makers of plays. Phillips says Marlowe was an actor. Greene is reasonably conjectured to have been an actor. Peele and Wilson were actors of Shakespeare's own company; and so was Anthony Wadsworth. There can be little doubt that upon the early stage the occupations for the most part went together. The dialogue was less regarded than the action. A plot was hastily got up, with rule shows and startling incidents. The characters were little discriminated; one actor took the tyrant line, and another the lover; and ready words were at hand for the one to rant with and the other to whine. The actors were not very solicitous about the words, and often discharged their mimic passions in extemporaneous eloquence. In a few year:
the necessity of pleasing more refined audiences changed the economy of the stage. Men of high talent sought the theatre as a ready mode of maintenance by their writings; but their connexion with the stage would naturally begin in acting rather than in authorship. The managers, themselves actors, would think, and perhaps rightly, that an actor would be the best judge of dramatic effect. The rewards of authorship through the medium of the press were in those days small indeed; and paucity as was the dramatist's fee, the players were far better paymasters than the stationers. To become a sharer in a theatrical speculation offered a reasonable chance of competence, if not of wealth. If a sharer existed who was "excellent" enough in "the quality" he professed to fill the stage creditably, and added to that quality a "fascious grace in writing," there is no doubt that with "uprightness of dealing" he would, in such a company as that of the Blackfriars, advance rapidly to distinction, and have the countenance and friendship of "divers of worship." Those of Shakespeare's early competitors who approached the nearest to him in genius possessed not that practical wisdom which carried him safely and honourably through a life beset with many temptations. They knew not the value of "government and modesty." He lived amongst them, but we may readily conclude that he was not of them.

In the spring of 1588, and through the summer also, we may well believe that Shakespeare abided in London, whether or not he had his wife and children about him. The course of public events was such that he would scarcely have left the capital, even for a few weeks. For the hearts of all men in the vast city were mightily stirred; and whilst in that "shop of war" might be heard on every side the din of "anvils and hammers wailing to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice," the poet had his own work to do, in urging forward the noble impulse through which the people, of whatever sect or whatever party, willed that they would be free. It was the year of the Armada.

But, glorious as was the contemplation of the attitude of England during this year, the very energy that had called forth this noble display of patriotic spirit exhibited itself in domestic controversy when the pressure from without was removed. The same season that witnessed the utter destruction of the armament of Spain saw London excited to the pitch of fury by polemical disputes. It was not now the quarrel between Protestant and Romanist, but between the National Church and Puritanism. The theatres, those new and powerful teachers, lent themselves to the controversy. In some of these their licence to entertain the people was abused by the introduction of matters connected with religion and politics; so that in 1589 Lord Burghley not only directed the Lord Mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. Now Shakespeare's company proceeded during this inquiry has been made out most clearly by the valuable document discovered at Bridgewater House, by Mr. Collier, wherein they disclaim to have conducted themselves amiss. "These are to certify your Right Honourable Lordships that her Majesty's poor players, James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towsley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Bapiste Goodall, and Robert Armys, being all of them sharers in the Blackfriars playhouse, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion, unit to be handled by them or to be presented before lowl spectators: neither hath any complaint in that kind ever been preferred against them or any of them. Wherefore they trust most humbly in your Lordships' consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all times ready and willing to yield obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdom may think in such case meet," &c.

"Nov. 1589."

In this petition, Shakespeare, a sharer in the theatre, but with others below him in the list, says, and they all say, that "they have never brought into their plays matters of state and religion." The public mind in 1589-90 was furiously agitated by "matters of state and religion." A controversy was going on which is now known as that of Martin Marprelate, in which the constitution and discipline of the church were most furiously attacked in a succession of pamphlets; and they were defended with equal violence and scrupulosity. The theatres took part in the controversy, as we learn from a tract by Gabriel Harvey.

Shakespeare's great contemporary, Edmund Spenser, in a poem entitled "The Tears of the Muse," originally published in 1591, describes, in the "Complaint" of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, the state of the drama at the time in which he is writing:—

"Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure, That went with comic sock to beautify The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody; In which I late was wont to reign as queen, And mark in mirth with grace well beseem?"
passed over. There is something more defined. By the side of this false tragic sit "ugly Barbarism and brutish Ignorance." These are not the barbarism and ignorance of the old stage;—they are "Except of late Out of dire darkness of the deep abyss."

They "now tyrannize;" they now "disguise" the fair scene with rudeness. The Muse of Tragedy, Molpomene, had previously described the "rudest spectacles" of the stage. It was a stage which had no "true tragedy." But it had possessed "Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

The four stanzas which we have quoted are immediately followed by these four others:

"All these, and all that else the comic stage
With sensit'd wit and goodly pleasure grasped;
By which man's life in his highest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweet wits, which went the like to frame,
Are now despised, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter, under monn shade
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also dead, and in colour drest.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurility,
And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of stannless ribaldry,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will pressure to make,
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Soaring the boldness of such base-born men,
Which sure their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than as himself to mockery to sell."

The love of personal abuse had driven out real comedy, and there was one who, for a brief season, had left the madness to take its course. We cannot doubt that "In, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,"

was William Shakespeare.

England was sorely visited by the plague in 1592 and 1593. The theatres were shut; there were no performances at Court. Shakespeare, we may believe, during the long period of the continuance of the plague in London, had no occupation at the Blackfriars Theatre; and the pastimes of the Lord Chamberlain's servants were dispensed with at the palaces. It is probable that he was residing at his own Stratford. The leisure, we think, afforded him opportunity of preparing the most important of that wonderful series of historical dramas which unquestionably appeared within a few years of this period; and of producing some other dramatic compositions of the highest order of poetical excellence. It appears to us, looking at the printed labours of Shakespeare at this exact period, that there

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was some pause in his professional occupation; and
that many months’ residence in Stratford, from the
autumn of 1592 to the summer of 1593, enabled him
to cultivate those higher faculties which placed him,
even in the opinion of his contemporaries, at the head of the living poets of England.

It is easy to believe that if any external impulse were
wanting to stimulate the poetical ambition of Shake-
speare—to make him aspire to some higher character
than that of the most popular of dramatists—such might
be found in 1593 in the clear field which was left for
the exercise of his peculiar powers. Robert Greene
had died on the 2nd of September, 1592, leaving behind
him a sneer at the actor who aspired “to bombast out
a blank verse.” Had his genius not been destroyed by
the wear and tear, and the corrupting influences, of
a profligate life, he never could have competed with the
mature Shakespeare. But as we know that “the only
Shake-scene in a country,” at whom the unhappy man
presumed to scoff, felt the insult somewhat deeply, so
we may presume he took the most effectual means to
prove to the world that he was not, according to the
malignant insinuation of his envious companion, “an up-
start crow beautified with our feathers.” We believe
that in the gentleness of his nature, when he introduced
into ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’

“The three three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceased in beggary,”

he dropped a tear upon the grave of Greene, whose
demerits were to be forgiven in his misery. On the 1st of
June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe perished in a wretched
brawl, “shun by Francis Archer,” as the Register of
Burials of the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, informs
us. Who was left of the dramatists that could enter
into competition with William Shakespeare, such as he
then was? He was almost alone. The great disciples
of his school had not arisen. Jonson had not appeared
to found a school of a different character. It was for
him, therefore, to sway the popular mind after his own
fashion; to disregard the obligation which the rivalry
of high talent might have imposed upon him of listen-
ing to other suggestions than those of his own lofty
art; to make the multitude bow before that art, rather
than that it should accommodate itself to their habits
and prejudices. But at a period when the exercise of
the poetical power in connexion with the stage was
scarcely held amongst the learned and the polite in
itself to be poetry, Shakespeare vindicated his reputa-
tion by the publication of the ‘Venus and Adonis.’

It was, he says, “the first heir of my invention.”

There may be a doubt whether Shakespeare meant to
say literally that this was the first poetical work that
he had produced; or whether he held, in deference to
some critical opinions, that his dramatic productions
could not be classed amongst the heirs of “invention.”

We think that he meant to use the words literally;
and that he used them at a period when he might
assume, without vanity, that he had taken his rank
amongst the poets of his time. He dedicates to the
Earl of Southampton something that had not before
been given to the world. He calls his verses “un-
polished lines;” he vows to take advantage of all idle
times till he had honoured the young patron of the
Muses with “some graver labour.” But invention was
received then, as it was afterwards, as the highest qua-
rity of the poet. Dryden says,—“A poet is a maker,
as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that
is, invent, hath his name for nothing.” We consider,
therefore, that “my invention” is not the language of
one unknown to fame. He was exhibiting the powers
which he possessed upon a different instrument than
that to which the world was accustomed; but the world
knew that the power existed. We employ the word
genius always with reference to the inventive or creative
faculty. Substitute the word genius for invention, and
the expression used by Shakespeare sounds like arrog-
ance. But the substitution may indicate that the
actual expression could not have been used by one who
came forward for the first time to claim the honours of
the poet. It has been argued from this expression that
Shakespeare had produced nothing original before the
‘Venus and Adonis’—that up to the period of its pub-
llication, in 1593, he was only a repayer of the works of
other men. We hold that the expression implies the
direct contrary.

We have a distinct record when the theatres were
re-opened after the plague. The ‘Diary’ of Philip
Henslowe records that “the Earl of Sussex his men”
acted ‘Hoon of Bordeaux’ on the 28th of December,
1593. Henslowe appears to have had an interest in
this company. It is probable that Shakespeare’s theatre
of the Blackfriars was opened about the same period.
We have some evidence to show what was the duration
of the winter season at this theatre; for the same diary
shows that from June, 1594, the performances of the
theatre at Newington Butts were a joint undertaking
by the Lord Admiral’s men and the Lord Chamber-
lain’s men. How long this association of two companies
lasted is not easy to determine; but during the month
of June we have entries of the exhibition of ‘Antro-
nicus,’ of ‘Hamlet,’ and of ‘The Taming of a Shrew.’
No subsequent entries exhibit the names of plays which
have any red or apparent connexion with Shakespeare.
It appears that in December, 1598, Richard Burbage
entered into a bond with Peter Streete, a carpenter; for
the performance on the part of Burbage of the cove-
nants contained in an indenture of agreement by which
Streete undertook to erect a new theatre for Burbage’s
company. This was the famous Globe on the Bankside, of which Shakespeare was unquestionably a proprietor. We thus see that in 1594 there were new demands to be made upon his invention; and we may reasonably conclude that the reliance of Burbage and his other followers upon their poet's unequalled powers was one of their principal inducements to engage in this new enterprise.

In the midst of his professional engagements, which doubtless were renewed with increased activity after their long suspension, Shakespeare published his 'Rape of Lucrece.' He had vowed to take advantage of all idle hours till he had honoured Lord Southampton with some graver labour than the first heirs of his invention. The 'Venus and Adonis' was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company on the 18th of April, 1593. The 'Lucrece' appears in the same Registers on the 9th of May, 1594. That this elaborate poem was wholly or in part composed in that interval of leisure which resulted from the shutting of the theatres in 1593 may be reasonably conjectured; but it is evident that during the year which had elapsed between the publication of the first and the second poem, Shakespeare had been brought into more intimate companionship with his noble patron. The language of the first dedication is that of distant respect, the second is that of grateful friendship. At the period when Shakespeare dedicated to him 'Venus and Adonis' Lord Southampton was scarcely twenty years of age. He is supposed to have become intimate with Shakespeare from the circumstance that his mother had married Sir Thomas Heneage, who filled the office of Treasurer of the Chamber, and in the discharge of his official duties would be brought into frequent intercourse with the Lord Chamberlain's players. This is Drake's theory. The more natural belief appears to be that he had a strong attachment to literature, and, with the generous impetuousness of his character, did not regard the distinctions of rank to the extent with which they were regarded by men of colder temperaments and more worldly minds. Shakespeare appears to have been the first amongst the writers of his day that offered a public tribute to the merits of the young nobleman. Both the dedications, and especially that of 'Lucrece,' are conceived in a modest and a manly spirit, entirely different from the ordinary language of literary adulation. There is evidence in the second dedication of a higher sort of intercourse between the two minds than consists with any forced adulation of any kind, and especially with any extravagant compliments to the learning and to the abilities of a superior in rank. Such testimonies are always suspicious; and probably honest old Florio, when he dedicated his 'World of Words' to the Earl in 1598, shows pretty correctly what the race of panegyrist expected in return for their compliments: 'In truth, I acknowledge an entire debt, not only of my best knowledge, but of all; yea of more than I know, or can, to your bounteous lordship, in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years; to whom I owe and vow the years I have to live. But, as to me, and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honour hath infused light and life.' There is an extraordinary anecdote told by Rowe of Lord Southampton's munificence to Shakespeare, which seems to bring the poet somewhat near to Florio's plain-speaking association of pay and patronage:—'What grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of 'Venus and Adonis.' There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers.' This is one of the many instances in which we are not warranted in rejecting a tradition, however we may look suspiciously upon the accuracy of its details. D'Avenant could scarcely be very well acquainted with Shakespeare's affairs, for he was only ten years old when Shakespeare died. The sum mentioned as the gift of the young nobleman to the poet is so large, looking at the value of money in those days, that it could scarcely consist with the independence of a generous spirit to bear the load of such a prodigality of bounty. The notions of those days were, however, different from ours. Examples will readily suggest themselves of the most lavish rewards bestowed by princes and nobles upon great paladiers. They received such gifts without any compromise of their intellectual dignity. It was the same then with poets. According to the habits of the time Shakespeare might have received a large gift from Lord Southampton, without any forfeit of his self-respect. Nevertheless, Rowe's story must still appear sufficiently apocryphal: 'My Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to.' It is not necessary to account for the
gradual acquisition of property by Shakespeare that we should yield our assent to this tradition, without some qualification. In 1589, when Lord Southampton was a lad at College, Shakespeare had already acquired that property which was to be the foundation of his future fortune. He was then a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. That the adventure was a prosperous one, not only to himself but to his brother shareholders, may be inferred from the fact that four years afterwards they began the building of another theatre. The Globe was commenced in December, 1598; and being constructed for the most part of wood, was ready to be opened, we should imagine, in the summer of 1599. In 1596 the same prosperous company were prepared to expend considerable sums upon the repair and extension of their original theatre, the Blackfriars. The name of Shakespeare occupies a prominent position in the document from which we collect this fact: it is a petition to the Lords of the Privy Council from 'Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, Augustine Philips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain to her Majestye:' and it sets forth that they are 'the owners and players of the private theatre in the Blackfriars; that it hath fallen into decay; and that it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereunto.' It then states what is important to the present question: 'To this end your petitioners have all and each of them put down sums of money according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their quality of stage-players.'

It then alleges that certain inhabitants of the precinct had besought the Council not to allow the said private house to remain open, 'but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injury of your petitioners, who have no other means whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their quality as they have heretofore done.' The common proprietorship of the company in the Globe and Blackfriars is also noticed: 'In the summer season your petitioners are able to play at their newly-built house on the Bankside, called the Globe, but in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars.' If the winter theatre be shut up, they say they will be 'unable to practise themselves in any plays or interludes when called upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Majesty and her honourable Court, as they have been heretofore accustomed.'

Though the Registers of the Council and the Office-Books of the Treasurer of the Chamber are wanting for this exact period, we have here the distinct evidence of the intimate relation between Shakespeare's com-

pany and the Court. The petitioners, in concluding by the prayer that their 'honourable Lordships will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun,' add as a reason for this favour that they 'have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour and just in their dealings.' The performances at the Blackfriars went on without interruption. Shakespeare, in 1597, bought 'all that capital messuage or tenement in Stratford called the New Place.' This appears to have been his first investment in property distinct from his theatrical speculations. The purchase of the best house in his native town, at a period of his life when his professional occupations could have allowed him little leisure to reside in it, would appear to have had in view an early retirement from a pursuit which probably was little agreeable to him. His powers as a dramatic writer might be profitably exercised with out being associated with the actor's vocation.

We know from other circumstances that at this period Stratford was nearest to his heart. On the 24th of January, 1598, Mr. Abraham Storley, an alderman of Stratford, writes to his brother-in-law, Richard Quincey, then in London:—'I would write nothing unto you now—but come home. I pray God send you comfortably home. This is one special remembrance, from your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman Mr. Shakspere is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard land or other at Shottery, or near about us. He thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained, would advance him indeed, and would do us much good.'

We thus see that in a year after the purchase of New Place, Shakespeare's accumulation of money was going on. The worthy alderman and his connexions appear to look confidently to their countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, to assist them in their needs. On the 4th of November, in the same year, Storley again writes a very long letter 'to his most loving brother Mr. Richard Quincey, at the Bell, in Carter Lane, in London,' In which he says of a letter written by Quincey to him on the 21st of October, that it imported, amongst other matters, 'that our countryman Mr. W. Shakspere would procure us money, which I well like of, as I shall hear when, and where, and how; and I pray let not go that occasion, if it may sort to any indifferent conditions.' Quincey himself at this very time writes the following characteristic letter to his 'loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakspere':—

'Loving countryman, I am bold of you as of a friend, craving your help with thirty pounds upon Mr. Bushell and my security, or Mr. Myttens with me. Mr. Bose-
well is not come to London as yet, and I have especial cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet to my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court in hope your answer for the dispatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing; and now but persuade yourself so as I hope, and you shall not need to fear but with all hearty thankfulness I will hold my time, and content your friend, and if we bargain farther, you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me to hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste. The Lord be with you and with us all. Amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane, the 26th October, 1598. Yours in all kindness, Rye. Quiney." The anxious dependence which these honest men appear to have upon the good offices of their townsmen is more satisfactory even than the evidence which their letters afford of his worldly condition.

In the midst of this prosperity the registers of the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon present to us an event which must have thrown a shade over the brightest prospects. The burial of the only son of the poet is recorded in 1596. Hamnet was born on the 2nd of February, 1585; so that at his death he was eleven years and six months old. He was a twin child; and it is not unlikely that he was constitutionally weak. Some such cause interfered probably with the education of the twin-sister Judith; for whilst Susanna, the elder, is recorded to have been "witty above her sex," and wrote a firm and vigorous hand, as we may judge from her signature to a deed in 1630, the mark of Judith appears as an attesting witness to a conveyance in 1611.

With the exception of this inevitable calamity, the present period may probably be regarded as a happy epoch in Shakespeare’s life. He had conquered any adverse circumstances by which his earlier career might have been impeded. He had taken his rank among the first minds of his age; and, above all, his pursuits were so engrossing as to demand a constant exercise of his faculties, and to demand that exercise in the cultivation of the highest and the most pleasurable thoughts. This was the period to which belong the great histories of ‘Richard II.,’ ‘Richard III.,’ and ‘Henry IV.,’ and the delightful comedies of the ‘Merchant of Venice,’ ‘Much Ado about Nothing,’ and ‘Twelfth Night.’ These productions afford the most abundant evidence that the greatest of intellects was in the most healthful possession of its powers. These were not half adaptations for the popular appetite, as we may well believe some of the earlier plays were in their first shape; but highly-wrought performances, to which all the method of his cultivated art had been strenuously applied. It was at this period that the dramatic poet appears not to have been satisfied with the applause of the Globe or the Blackfriars, or even with the gracious encouragements of a refined Court. During three years he gave to the world careful editions of some of these plays, as if to vindicate the drama from the pedantic notion that the Muses of tragedy and comedy did not meet their sisters upon equal ground. ‘Richard II.,’ and ‘Richard III.,’ were published in 1597; ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost, and ‘Henry IV., Part L,’ in 1598; ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ corrected and augmented, in 1599; ‘Henry IV., Part II.,’ the ‘Merchant of Venice,’ ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ and ‘Much Ado about Nothing,’ in 1600. The system of publication then ceased. It no doubt interfered with the interests of his fellows; and Shakespeare was not likely to assert an exclusive interest, or to gratify an exclusive pride, at the expense of his associates. But his reputation was higher than that of any other man, when only four of his plays were accessible to the readers of poetry. In 1588 it was proclaimed, not timidly or questionably, that ‘as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for tragedy and comedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage;’ and ‘As the soul of Euphrosus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare.’ It was certainly not at this period of Shakespeare’s life that he wrote with reference to himself, unlocking his heart to some nameless friend:

‘When in distress with fortune and men’s eyes,
I fall alone here past my outward veil.’

Sonnets of Shakespeare were in existence in 1608, when Marston tells us of ‘his sugared sonnets among his private friends.’ We do not receive these Sonnets altogether as evidences of Shakespeare’s personal history or feelings. We believe that the order in which they were printed is an arbitrary one; that some form a continuous poem or poems, that others are isolated in their subjects and the persons to whom they are addressed; that some may express the poet’s personal feelings, that others are wholly fictitious, dealing with imaginary loves and jealousies, and not attempting to separate the personal identity of the artist from the sentiments which he expressed, and the situations which he delineated. We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the Sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Dryden, of Shakespeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings and be outpourings of the innermost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. Even of those portions of these remarkable lyrics which appear to have an obvious ref-
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To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

But if from his professional occupation his nature was felt by him to be subdued to what it worked in,—if thence his name received a brand,—if vulgar scandal sometimes assailed him,—he had high thoughts to console him, such as were never before imparted to mortal. This was probably written in some period of dejection, when his heart was ill at ease, and he looked upon the world with a slight tinge of indifference, if not of dislike. Every man of high genius has felt something of this. It was reserved for the highest to throw it off, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane."

But the profound self-abasement and dependancy of the 74th Sonnet, exquisite as the diction is, appear to us unreal, as a representation of the mental state of William Shakespeare; written, as it most probably was, at a period of his life when he revels and luxuriates (in the comedies which belong to the close of the sixteenth century) in the spirit of enjoyment, gushing from a heart full of love for his species, at peace with itself and with all the world.

About the close of the year 1599, the Blackfriars Theatre was remarkable for the constant presence of two men of high rank, who were there seeking amusement and instruction as some solace for the bitter neutralities of disappointed ambition. "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the Court; the one doth but very seldom; they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day."* Essex had arrived from Ireland on the 28th of September, 1599—not

"Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,"

not surrounded with swarms of citizens who

"Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in,"

but a fugitive from his army; one who in his desire for peace had treated with rebels, and had brought down upon him the censures of the Court; one who knew that his sovereign was surrounded with his personal enemies, and who in his reckless anger once thought to turn his army homeward to compel justice at their hands; one who at last rushed alone into the Queen's presence, "full of dirt and mire," and found that he was in the toils of his foes. From that Michaelmas till the 20th of August, 1600, Essex was in the custody of the Lord Keeper; in free custody as it was termed, but to all intents a prisoner. It was at this period that Southampton and Rutland passed "away the time in London merely in going to plays every day."* Southampton, in 1598, had married Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of Lord Essex. The marriage was without the

* Letter of Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, in the "Sydney Papers."
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The fruit had been a continuance and a strengthening of that "love" which seven years earlier had been described as "without end." Those ties were now broken by calumny. The accomplished noble, a prisoner looking daily for death, could not know the depth of the love of his "especial friend." He was beyond the reach of any service that his friend could render him. All was gloom and uncertainty. It has been said, and we believe without any intention to depreciate the character of the great poet, that there seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. The genius of Shakespeare was so essentially dramatic, that neither Lear, nor Timon, nor Jubes, nor the Duke in "Measure for Measure," nor Hamlet, whatever censure of mankind they may express, can altogether be held to reflect a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world. That period is referred to the beginning of the seventeenth century, to which the plays belong that are said to exhibit these attributes. But from this period there is certainly a more solemn cast of thought in all the works of the great poet. The influence of time in the formation and direction of the poetical power must yet be taken into account, as well as any temper arising out of passing events. Shakespeare was now thirty-seven years of age. He had attained to the consciousness of his own intellectual strength, and he had acquired by long practice the mastery of his own genius. He had already learnt to direct the stage to higher and nobler purposes than those of mere amusement. It might be carried farther into the teaching of the highest philosophy through the medium of the grandest poetry. The epoch which produced 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth,' has been described as exhibiting the genius of Shakespeare in full possession and habitual exercise of power, "at its very point of culmination." The year 1601 was also a year which brought to Shakespeare a great domestic affliction. His father died on the 8th of September of that year. It is impossible not to feel that Shakespeare's family arrangements, imperfectly as we know them, had especial reference to
the comfort and honour of his parents. When he bought New Place in 1597, his occupations then demanding his presence in London through great part of the year, his wife and children, we may readily imagine, were under the same roof with his father and mother. They had sighed over the declining health of his little Hamnet,—they had watched over the growth of his Susanna and Judith. If restricted means had at any previous period assuaged them, he had provided for the comforts of their advanced age. And now that father, the companion of his boyhood—he who had led him forth into the fields and had taught him to look at nature with a practical eye—was gone. More materials for deep thought in the year 1601. The Register of Stratford attests the death of this earliest friend.

The fourth volume of the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen contains some entries, which are not without their reference to the life of Shakespeare:

"Novo Octobris 1601.

"Ordo by the deod gild.

"The same day The proest Balside and consell ordain the same of thrattu tuns mertis to be givin to the Kings servants presenty in this burcht, quha places comedies and stage playes. Because them they ar recommendit be his majesties special letter and his played som of the comedies in this burrecht and ordain the saith same to be payit to them be the deft of gild quhilk salse allowit in his compit."

"22 Octobris 1601.

"The Quhilk day Sir Francis Hospitall of Hautele Knacht Freesman being recommendit be his majestie to the Proest Balside and Consell of this burccht to be favorable Intereetit with the gentilmen his majesties serwaads after especific quhie war direct to this burccht be his majestie to accompany the said Freesman being a nobleman of France comming only to this burccht to die the tounes and entrie the said Freesman with the knights and gentilmen folowing wer all reassot and admissit Burgesses of Gild of this burccht quha gave their salis in commen form followis the names of thame that war admittit burgesses
Sir Francis Hospitall of hatce knych
Sir Claud Hamilton of Schawfeld knych
Sir John Grahame of orchill knych
Sir John Ramsay of Ester Barone knych
James Hay James Auncertony Robert Kor James Schaw
Thomas foster James Gieghorne David Drummond Sevrotors to his Majestie
Monseur de Sebyrne Monseur la Bar Sevrotors to the said
Sir Francis
James Law
James Hamilton servitor to the said Sir Claud
Archibald Synn Trenpeter
Laurence Fletcher commediano to his majestie
Sir Frand Wool
Jahne Broodentall"

These documents present something more than the facts, that a company of players, specially recommend'd by the King, were paid a gratuity from the Corporation of Aberdeen for their performances in that town, one of them subsequently receiving the freedom of the borough. The provost, bailies, and council ordain that thirty-two marks should be given to the King's servants then in that borough, who played comedies and stage-plays. The circumstance that they are recommended by the King's special letter is so important as the description of them as the King's servants. Thirteen days after the entry of the 9th of October, at which first period these servants of the King had played some of their comedies, Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted a burgess of guild of the borough of Aberdeen—the greatest honour which the Corporation could bestow. He is admitted to this honour in company with a nobleman of France visiting Aberdeen for the gratification of his curiosity, and recommended by the King to be favourably entertained; as well as with three men of rank, and others, who were directed by his Majesty to accompany "the said Frenchman." All the party are described in the document as knights and gentlemen. We have to inquire, then, who was Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty? Assuredly the King had not in his service a company of Scotch players. In 1599 he had licensed a company of English comedians to play at Edinburgh. Fond as James was of theatrical exhibitions, he had not the means of gratifying his taste, except through the visits of English comedians. Scotland had no drama in the proper sense of the word. We may safely conclude that King James would have no Scottish company of players, because Scotland had no dramas to play.

"Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty," was undoubtedly an Englishman; and "the King's servants presently in this borough who play comedies and stage-plays" were as certainly English players. There are not many facts known by which we can trace the history of Lawrence Fletcher. He is not mentioned amongst "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," which list is given in the first folio edition of Shakespeare; but he undoubtedly belonged to Shakespeare's company. Augustine Phillipps, who, by his will, in 1605, bequeathed a thirty-shilling piece of gold to his "fellow" William Shakespeare, also bequeathed twenty shillings to his "fellow" Lawrence Fletcher. But there is more direct evidence than this of the connexion of Fletcher with Shakespeare's company. The patent of James I., dated at Westminster on the nineteenth of May, 1603, in favour of the players acting at the Globe, is headed "Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Williarno Shakespeare et alii," and it licenses and authorises the performances of "Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates." The connexion in 1603 of Fletcher and Shakespeare cannot be more distinctly established than by this document. Chalmers says that Fletcher "was placed before Shakespeare and Richard Burbage in King James's license as much perhaps by accident as by design." The Aberdeen Register is evidence against this
opinion. Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted to honours which are not bestowed upon the other King’s servants who had acted plays in the borough of Aberdeen in 1601. Lawrence Fletcher is first named in the letters patent of 1603. It is evident, we think, that he was admitted a burgess of Aberdeen as the head of the company, and that he was placed first in the royal license for the same reason. But there is a circumstance, we apprehend, set forth in the Aberdeen Registers which is not only important with reference to the question of Shakespeare having visited Scotland, but which explains a remarkable event in the history of the stage. The company rewarded by the Corporation of Aberdeen on the 9th of October, 1601, were not only recommended by his Majesty’s special letter, but they were the King’s servants. Lawrence Fletcher, according to the second entry, was comedian to his Majesty. This English company, then, had received an honour from the Scottish King, which had not been bestowed upon them by the English Queen. They were popularly termed the Queen’s players about 1590; but subsequently, we find them invariably mentioned in the official entries as the Lord Chamberlain’s servants. Mr. Collier, in noticing the license ‘Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare et aliis,’ says that the Lord Chamberlain’s company ‘by virtue of this instrument, in which they are termed “our servants,” became the King’s players, and were so afterwards constantly distinguished.’ But the instrument did not create Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, the King’s servants: it recognises them as the King’s servants already appointed: ‘Know you that we, of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have licensed and authorised, and by these presents do license and authorise, these our servants,’ &c. They are licensed to use and exercise their art and faculty ‘as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them.’ They are ‘to show and exercise publicly to their best commodity when the infection of the plague shall decrease, within their usual house called the Globe,’ as in all other places. The justices, mayors, sheriffs, and others to whom the letters patent are addressed, are called upon to aid and assist them, and to do them courteous; and the instrument thus concludes: ‘And also what further favour you shall show to these our servants for our sake we shall take kindly at your hands.’ The terms of this patent exhibit towards the players of the Globe a favour and countenance, almost an affectionate solicitude for their welfare, which is scarcely reconcilable with a belief that they first became the King’s players by virtue of this instrument. James arrived in London, at the Charter House, on the 7th of May, 1693. He then moved to the Tower, and subsequently to Greenwich on the 15th. The Privy Seal, directing the letters patent to Fletcher, Shakespeare, and others, is dated from Greenwich on the 17th of May; and in that document the exact words of the patent are prescribed. The words of the Privy Seal and of the patent undoubtedly imply some previous appointment of the persons therein named as the King’s servants. It appears scarcely possible that during the three days which elapsed between James taking up his residence at Greenwich, and the day on which the Privy Seal is issued, the Lord Chamberlain’s servants, at the season of the plague, should have performed before the King, and have so satisfied him that he constituted them his own servants. It would at first seem improbable that amidst the press of business consequent upon the accession, the attention of the King should have been directed to the subject of players at all, especially in the selection of a company as his own servants, contrary to the precedent of the former reign. If these players had been the servants of Elizabeth, their appointment as the servants of James might have been asked as a matter of course; but certain players were at once to be placed above all their professional brethren, by the King’s own act, carried into effect within ten days after his arrival within his new metropolis. But all these objections are removed when we refer to the facts opened to us by the council registers of Aberdeen. King James the Sixth of Scotland had recommended his servants to the magistrates of Aberdeen; and Lawrence Fletcher, there can be no doubt, was one of those servants so recommended. The patent of James the First of England directed to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, eighteen months after the performances at Aberdeen, is directed to those persons as ‘our servants.’ It does not appoint them the King’s servants, but recognises the appointment as already existing. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the appointment was originally made by the King in Scotland, and subsisted when the same King ascended the English throne? Lawrence Fletcher was admitted a burgess of Guild of the borough of Aberdeen as comedian to his Majesty, in company with other persons who were servitors to his Majesty. He received that honour, we may conclude, as the head of the company, also the King’s servants. We know not how he attained this distinction amongst his fellows, but it is impossible to imagine that accident so favoured him in two instances. The King’s servant who was most favoured at Aberdeen, and the King’s servant who is first in the patent in 1603, was surely placed in that position by the voice of his fellows, the other King’s servants. William Shakespeare is named with him in a marked manner in the heading of the
patent. Seven of their fellows are also named, as distinguished from "the rest of their associates." There can be no doubt of the identity of the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James VI. of Scotland, and the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James I. of England. Can we doubt that the King's servants who played comedies and stage-plays in Aberdeen, in 1601, were, taken as a company, the King's servants who were licensed to exercise the art and faculty of playing throughout all the realm, in 1603? If these points are evident, what reason have we to doubt that William Shakespeare, the second named in the license of 1603, was amongst the King's servants at Aberdeen in 1601? Every circumstance concurs in the likelihood that he was of that number recommended by the King's special letter; and his position in the license, even before Burbage, was, we may well believe, a compliment to him who in 1601 had taught "our James" something of the power and riches of the English drama. These circumstances give us, we think, warranty to conclude that the story of Macbeth might have been suggested to Shakespeare upon Scottish ground; that the accuracy displayed in the local descriptions and allusions might have been derived from a rapid personal observation; and that some of the peculiarities of his witchcraft imagery might have been found in Scottish superstitions, and more especially in those which were rife at Aberdeen at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In May, 1602, Shakespeare made a large addition to his property at Stratford by the purchase, from William and John Combe, for the sum of three hundred and twenty pounds, of one hundred and seven acres of arable land in the town of Old Stratford. The indenture, which is in the possession of Mr. Wheeler of Stratford, is dated the 1st of May, 1602. The conveyance bears the signatures of the vendors of the property. But although it concludes in the usual form, "The parties to these presents having interchangeably set to their hands and seals," the counterpart (also in the possession of Mr. Wheeler) has not the hand and seal of the purchaser of the property described in the deed as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county aforesaid, Gentleman." The counterpart is not signed, and the piece of wax which is affixed to it is unimpressed with any seal. The acknowledgment of possession is however recorded. The property is delivered to Gilbert Shakespeare by the use of William. Gilbert was two years and a half younger than William, and in all likelihood was the cultivator of the land which the poet thus bought, or assisted their father in the cultivation.

Amongst the few papers rescued from "time's devouring maw" which enable us to trace Shakespeare's career with any exactness, there is another which relates to the acquisition of property in the same year. It is a copy of Court Roll for the Manor of Rowington, dated the 28th of September, 1602, containing the surrender by Walter Getley to the use of William Shakespeare of a house in Stratford, situated in Walker's street. This tenement was opposite Shakespeare's house of New Place. It is now taken down; it was in existence a few years ago. This document, which is in the possession of Mr. Hunt, the town-clerk of Stratford, also shows that at the latter end of September, 1602, William Shakespeare, the purchaser of this property, was not at Stratford. It could not legally pass to him, being a copyhold, till he had done suit and service in the Lord's Court; and the surrender therefore provides that it should remain in the possession of the lord till he, the purchaser, should appear.

In the September of 1602, the Earl of Worcester, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury, says, "We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country-dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith." In the December she was entertained at Sir Robert Cecil's house in the Strand, and some of the usual devices of flattering mummery were exhibited before her. A few months saw a period to the frolic and the flattery. The last entry in the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth, which pertains to Shakespeare, is the following:—melancholy in the contrast between the Candlemas-Day of 1603, the 2nd of February, and the following 24th of March, when Elizabeth died:—"To John Hemynges and the rest of his company, servants to the Lorde Chamberleyne, upon the Counsellers Warrantes, dated at Whitehall the xxth of April, 1603, for their paines and expences in presenting before the late Queenes Ma't two plays, the one upon St. Stephens day at nightes, and another upon Candlemas day at night, for ceb of which they were allowed, by way of her Ma't rewarde, tenne pounds, amounting in all to xxv."
1604, directing the Lord Mayor of London, and Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "to permit and suffer the three companies of players to the King, Queen, and Prince to exercise their plays in their several and usual houses." On the 20th of October, 1603, Joan, the wife of the celebrated Edward Alleyn, writes to her husband from London,—"About us the sickness doth cease, and likely more and more, by God's help, to cease. All the companies he come home, and well, for aught we know." Her husband is hawking in the country, and Henslowe, his partner, is at the Court. Shakespeare is in London. Some one propounded a theory that there was no real man called William Shakespeare, and that the plays which passed with his name were the works of Marlowe and others. This very letter of good Mrs. Alleyn shows that William Shakespeare not only lived, but went about pretty much like other people, calling common things by their common names, giving advice about worldly matters in the way of ordinary folk, and spoken of by the wife of his friend without any wonder or lamentation, just as if he had written no 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or 'Othello':"—"About a week's a goe there came a youth, who said he was Mr. Francis Chaloner, who would have borrowed x\(^2\) to have bought things for . . . . . . and said he was known unto you, and Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, who came . . . . . said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a rogue . . . . . so he was glade we did not lend him the moneny . . . . Richard Johnes [went] to seekes, and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I feare me he gult hym thonghe he gult not us. The youte was a prety youte, and harsome in appayrel: we knowe not what became of hym."* But although Shakespeare was in London on the 20th of October, 1603, it is tolerably clear that the performances at the public theatres were not resumed till after the order of the 9th of April, 1604. In the Office Books of the Treasurer of the Chamber there is an entry of a payment of thirty-two pounds upon the Council's warrant dated at Hampton Court, February 8th, 1604, "by way of his Majesty's free gift" to Richard Burbage, one of his Majesty's comedians, "for the maintenance and relief of himself and the rest of his company, being prohibited to present any plays publicly in or near London, by reason of great peril that might grow through the extraordinary concourse and assembly of people," the King, a few months previous, had sent for his own players to a considerable distance to perform before the Court at Wilton. There is an entry in the same Office Book of a payment of thirty pounds to John Hemings "for the pains and expenses of himself and the rest of his company in coming from Morthake in the county of Surrey unto the Court aforesaid, and there presenting before his Majesty one play on the 2nd of December last, by way of his Majesty's reward." Wilton was the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom it has been held that Shakespeare's Sonnets were addressed. We do not yield our assent to this opinion. But we know from good authority that this nobleman, "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age," (according to Clarendon,) befriended Shakespeare, and that his brother joined him in his acts of kindness. The dedication by John Heminge and Henry Condell, prefixed to the first collected edition of the works of Shakespeare, is addressed "To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery." In the submissive language of poor players to their "singular good lords" they say, "When we value the places your Honours sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their author living, with so much favour: we hope that (they out living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward you them you have done unto their parent." They subsequently speak of their Lordships liking the several parts of the volume when they were acted; but their author was the object of their personal regard and favour. The call to Wilton of Shakespeare's company might probably have arisen from Lord Pembroke's desire to testify this favour. It would appear to be the first theatrical performance before James in England. The favour of the Heriberts towards Shakespeare thus began early. The testimony of the player-editors would imply that it lasted during the poet's life.

At the Christmas of the same year the King had taken up his residence at Hampton Court. It was here, a little before the period when the Conference on Conformity in Religion was begun, that the Queen and eleven ladies of honour were presenting Daniel's Masque; and Shakespeare and his fellows performed six plays before the King and Prince, receiving twenty nobles for each play. * The patronage of the new King

* From the papers in Dulwich College, printed in Mr Collier's Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.
† Cunningham's 'Revels at Court,' p. xxxv.
to his servants, players acting at the Globe, seems to have been constant and liberal. To Shakespeare this must have been a season of prosperity and of honour. The accession of the King gave him something better. His early friend and patron Southampton was released from a long imprisonment. Enjoying the friendship of Southampton and Pembroke, who were constantly about the King, their tastes may have led the monarch to a just preference of the works of Shakespeare before those of any other dramatist. The six plays performed before the King and Prince in the Christmas of 1600–1 at Hampton Court, were followed at the succeeding Christmas by performances "at the Banqueting-House at Whitehall," in which the plays of Shakespeare were preferred above those of every other competitor. There were eleven performances by the King's players, of which eight were plays of Shakespeare. Jonson shared this honour with him in the representation of 'Every One in his Humour,' and 'Every One out of his Humour.' A single play by Heywood, another by Chapman, and a tragedy by an unknown author, completed the list of these revels at Whitehall. It is told, Malone says, "upon authority which there is no reason to doubt, that King James bestowed especial honour upon Shakespeare." The story is told in the Advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's Poems—'That most learned Princely, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Was the honour bestowed as a reward for the compliment to the King in 'Macbeth,' or was the compliment to the King a tribute of gratitude for the honour?

We have seen that in the year 1602 Shakespeare was investing the gains of his profession in the purchase of property at Stratford. It appears from the original Fines of the Court of King's Bench, preserved in the Chapter-house, that a little before the accession of James, in 1603, Shakespeare had also purchased a message at Stratford, with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for the sum of sixty pounds. There can be little doubt that this continued acquisition of property in his native place had reference to the ruling desire of the poet to retire to his quiet fields and the placid intercourse of society at Stratford, out of the turmoil of his professional life and the excitement of the companionship of the gay and the brilliant. And yet it appears highly probable that he was encouraged, at this very period, through the favour of those who rightly estimated his merit, to apply for an office which would have brought him even more closely in connexion with the Court, that of Master of the Queen's Revels, to which office Samuel Daniel was appointed. It is not impossible that Shakespeare looked to this appointment as a compensation for his retirement from the profession of an actor, retaining his interest, however, as a theatrical proprietor. Be that as it may, he still carried forward his ruling purpose of the acquisition of property at Stratford. In 1605 he accomplished a purchase which required a larger outlay than any previous investment. On the 24th of July, in the third year of James, a conveyance was made by Ralph Husbands, Esq., to William Shakespeare, gentleman, of a moiety of a lease of the great and small titles of Stratford, for the remainder of a term of ninety-two years, and the amount of the purchase was four hundred and forty pounds. There can be little doubt that he was the cultivator of his own land, availing himself of the assistance of his brother Gilbert, and, in an earlier period, probably of his father. An account in 1607 of the stock of malt in the borough of Stratford, is said to exhibit ten quarters in the possession of William Shakespeare, of Chapel Street Ward. New Place was situated in Chapel Street. The purchase of a moiety of the titles of so large a parish as Stratford might require extensive arrangements for their collection. Tithes in these days were more frequently collected in kind than by a modus. But even if a modus was taken, it would require a knowledge of the value of agricultural produce to form the tithes with advantage. But before the date of this purchase it is perfectly clear that William Shakespeare was in the exercise of the trading part of a farmer's business. He bought the hundred and seven acres of land of John and William Combe in May, 1662. In 1664 a declaration was entered in the Borough Court of Stratford, on a plea of debt, William Shakespeare against Philip Rogers, for the sum of thirty-five shillings and ten-pence, for corn delivered. The precept was issued in the usual form upon this declaration, the delivery of the corn being stated to have taken place at several times in the first and second years of James. There cannot be more distinct evidence that William Shakespeare, at the very period when his dramas were calling forth the rapturous applause of the new Sovereign and his Court, and when he himself, as it would seem, was ambitious of a courtly office, did not disdain to pursue the humble though honourable occupation of a farmer in Stratford, and to exercise his just rights of property in connexion with that occupation. We must believe that he looked forward to the calm and healthful employment of the evening of his days, as a tiller of the land which his father had tilled before him, at the same time working out noble plans of poetical employment in his comparative leisure as the best scheme of life in his de
lining years. The exact period when he commenced the complete realization of these plans is somewhat doubtful. He had probably ceased to appear as an actor before 1605. If the date 1608 be correctly assigned to a letter held to be written by Lord Southampton, it is clear that Shakespeare was not then an actor, for he is there described as "till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same." His partial freedom from his professional labours certainly preceded his final settlement at Stratford.

In the conveyance by the Combes to Shakespeare in 1602, he is designated as William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon. The same designation holds in subsequent legal documents connected with Stratford; but there is no doubt that, at the period of the conveyance from the Combes, he was an actor in the company performing at the Blackfriars and at the Globe; and in tracing therefore the "whereabout" of Shakespeare, from the imperfect records which remain to us, we have assumed that where the fellows of Shakespeare are to be found, there is he to be also located. But in the belief that before 1608 he had ceased to be an actor, we are not required to assume that he was so constantly with his company as before that partial retirement. His interest would no doubt require his occasional presence with them, for he continued to be a considerable proprietor in their lucrative concerns. That prudence and careful management which could alone have enabled him to realize a large property out of his professional pursuits, and at the same time not to dissipate it by his agricultural occupations, appears to have been founded upon an arrangement by which he secured the assistance of his family, and at the same time made a provision for them. We have seen that in 1602 his brother Gilbert was his representative at Stratford. Richard, who was ten years his junior, and who, dying a year before him, was buried at Stratford, would also appear to have been resident there. His youngest brother Edmund, sixteen years his junior, was, there can be little question, associated with him in the theatre; and he probably looked to him to attend to the management of his property in London, after he retired from any active attention to its conduct. But Edmund died early. He lived in the parish of St. Saviour's, in all probability at his brother's house in the liberty of the Clink; and the register of burials of that parish has the following record:—"1607, December 31st, Edmund Shakespeare, a player, in the church." The death of his brother might probably have had a considerable influence upon the habits of his life, and might have induced him to dispose of all his theatrical property, as there is reason to believe he did, several years before his death. The value of a portion of this property has been ascertained, as far as it can be, upon an estimate for its sale; and by this estimate the amount of his portion, as compared with that of his co-proprietors, is distinctly shown. In 1608 the question of the jurisdiction of the City in the Blackfriars, and especially with reference to the playhouse, was brought before Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor. The proprietors of the theatre remained in undisturbed possession. Out of this attempt a negotiation appears to have arisen for the purchase of the property by the City; for amongst the documents connected with this attempt of the Corporation is found a paper headed, "For avoiding of the playhouse in the precinct of the Blackfriars." The document states, in conclusion, that "in the whole it will cost the Lord Mayor and the citizens at the least 7000l." Richard Burbage claims 1000l. for the fee, and for his four shares 933l. 6s. 8d. Laz. Fletcher owns three shares, which he rates at 700l., that is, at seven years' purchase. "W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500l., and for his four shares the same as his fellows Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933l. 6s. 8d." Haminge and Condell have each two shares, Taylor and Lowin each a share and a half; four more players each a half share; which they all value at the same rate. The hired men of the company also claim recompense for their loss; "and the widows and orphans of players who are paid by the sharers at divers rates and proportions." It thus appears that, next to Richard Burbage, Shakespeare was the largest proprietor in the theatre; that Burbage was the exclusive owner of the real property, and Shakespeare of the personal. If the valuation be correct, Shakespeare's annual income derived from his shares in the Blackfriars alone, was 150l. 6s. 8d. His wardrobe and properties, being perishable matters, were probably valued at five years' purchase, giving him an additional income of 100l. This income was derived from the Blackfriars alone. His property in the Globe Theatre was in all likelihood quite equal. He would, besides, derive additional advantages as the author of new plays. With a professional income, then, of 400l. or 500l. per annum, which may be held to be equal to six times the amount in our present money, it is evident that Shakespeare possessed the means not only of a liberal expenditure at his houses in London and at Stratford, but from the same source was enabled to realize considerable sums, which he invested in real property in his native place. All the records of Shakespeare's professional life, and the results of his success as exhibited in the accession of property, indicate a steady and regular advance. They show us that perseverance and industry were as much the characteristics of the man as the greatness of his genius; that he

* This valuable document was discovered by Mr. Collier, and published by him in his 'New Poets.
held with constancy to the course of life which he had early adopted; that year by year it afforded him increased competence and wealth; and that if he had the rare privilege of pursuing an occupation which called for the highest exercise of his powers, rendering it in every essential a pleasurable occupation, he despised not the means by which he had risen; he lived in a free and genial intercourse with his professional brethren, and to the last they were his friends and fellows.

Aubrey says of Shakespeare, "He was wont to go to his native country once a-year." This statement, which there is no reason to disbelieve, has reference to the period when Shakespeare was engaged as an actor. There is another account of Shakespeare's mode of life, which does not contradict Aubrey, but brings down his information to a later period. In the "Diary of the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon," the manuscript of which was discovered in the library of the Medical Society of London, we find the following curious record of Shakespeare's later years:—"I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all: he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000l. a-year, as I have heard." The Diary of John Ward extends from 1648 to 1679; and it is in many respects interesting, from the circumstance that he united the practice of medicine to the performance of his duties as a parish priest. He was appointed to the vicarage of Stratford in 1662.

It is evident that, although forty-six years had elapsed since the death of Shakespeare, his memory was the leading association with Stratford-upon-Avon. After noticing that Shakespeare had two daughters, we find the entry presented above. It is just possible that the new vicar of Stratford might have seen Shakespeare's younger daughter Judith, who was born in 1593, and, having married Thomas Quiney in 1616, lived to the age of seventy-seven, having been buried on the 9th of February, 1662. The descendants of Shakespeare's family and of his friends surrounded the worthy vicar on every side; and he appears to have thought it absolutely necessary to acquire such a knowledge of the productions of the great poet as might qualify him to speak of them in general society:—"Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be much versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter." The honest vicar was not quite certain whether the fame of Shakespeare was only a provincial one, for he adds—"Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramatick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare?" The good man is not altogether to be blamed for having previously to 1662 been "ignorant" of Shakespeare's plays. He was only thirty-three years of age; and his youth had been passed in the stormy period when the Puritans had well nigh banished all literature, and especially dramatic literature, from the minds of the people, in their intolerant prescription of all pleasure and recreation. At any rate we may accept the statements of the good vicar as founded upon the recollections of those with whom he was associated in 1662. It is wholly consistent with what we otherwise know of Shakespeare's life, that "he frequented the plays all his younger time." It is equally consistent that he "in his elder days lived at Stratford." There is nothing improbable in the belief that he "supplied the stage with two plays every year." The last clause of the sentence is somewhat startling:—"And for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000l. a-year, as I have heard." And yet the assertion must not be considered wholly an exaggeration. "He spent at the rate of 1000l. a-year," must mean the rate of the time when Mr. Ward is writing. During the half-century which had preceded the Restoration there had been a more important decrease in the value of money than had ever taken place in the reign of Elizabeth. During that reign the prices of all commodities were constantly rising; but after the reduction of the legal rate of interest from ten per cent. to eight in 1624, and from eight to six in 1651, the change was still more remarkable. Sir Josias Child, in 1638, says that five hundred pounds with a daughter, sixty years before, was esteemed a larger portion than two thousand pounds now. It would appear, therefore, that the thousand a-year in 1662 was not more than one-third of the amount in 1612; and this sum, from 300l. to 400l., was, as near as may be, the amount which Shakespeare appears to have derived from his theatrical property. In all probability he held that property during the greater part of the period when he "supplied the stage with two plays every year;" and this indirect remuneration for his poetical labours might readily have been mistaken, fifty years afterwards, as "an allowance so large," for authorship that the good vicar records it as a memorable thing.

It is established that "Othello" was performed in 1602; "Hamlet," greatly enlarged, was published in 1601; "Measure for Measure" was acted before the Court on St. Stephen's day in the same year. If we place Shakespeare's partial retirement from his professional duties about this period, and regard the plays whose dates up to this point have not been fixed by any authentic record, or satisfactory combination of circumstances, we have abundant work in reserve for the great poet in the maturity of his intellect. "Lear," "Mac-
beth,' 'Timon of Athens,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Cymbeline,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Tempest,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' eleven of the noblest productions of the human intellect, so varied in their character,—the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history,—what a glorious labour to fill the nine or ten remaining years of the life of the man who had left his native fields twenty years before to seek for advancement in doubtful and perilous paths,—in a profession which was denounced by some and despised by others,—amongst companions full of genius and learning, but who had perished early in their pride and their self-abandonment! And he returns wealthy and honoured to the bosom of those who are dearest to him—his wife and daughters, his mother, his sisters and brothers. The companions of his boyhood are all around him. They have been useful members of society in their native place. He has constantly kept up his intercourse with them. They have looked to him for assistance in their difficulties. He is come to be one of them, to dwell wholly amongst them, to take a deeper interest in their pleasures and in their cares, to receive their sympathy. He is come to walk amidst his own fields, to till them, to sell their produce. His labour will be his recreation. In the activity of his body will the energy of his intellect find its support and its rest. His nature is eminently fitted for action as well as contemplation. Were it otherwise, he would have "had dreams," like his own Hamlet. Morbid thoughts may have come over him "like a passing cloud," but from this time his mind will be eminently healthful. The imagination and the reason henceforth will be wonderfully balanced. Much of this belongs to the progressive character of his understanding; some to his favourable position.

With the exception of a playful piece of ridicule in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' we know not of a single personality which can be alleged against Shakespeare, in an age when his dramatic contemporaries, especially, bespattered their rivals and their enemies as fiercely as any modern paragraph writer. But vulgar opinion, which is too apt most easily to recognise the power of talent in its ability to inflict pain, has assigned to Shakespeare a performance which has the quality, extraordinary as regards himself, of possessing scrupulosity without wit. It is something lower in the moral scale even than the fabricated ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy; for it exhibits a wanton and unprovoked outrage upon an unoffending neighbour, in the hour of civilised intercourse. Rowe tells the story as if he thought he were doing honour to the genius of the man whose good qualities he is at the same moment recording:

"The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be—in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him, and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately, upon which Shakespeare gave him these four lines:

'Ten in the hundred lies here ingraft;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saivd.
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! Oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it. Certainly this is an extraordinary illustration of Shakespeare's "pleasurable wit and good nature"—of those qualities which won for him the name of the "gentle Shakespeare;" which made Jonson, stern enough to most men, proclaim—"He was honest, and of an open and free nature," and that his "mind and manners" were reflected in his "well-turned and true-filed lines." John-a-Combe never forgave the sharpness of the satire! And yet he beseeched by his last will "To Mr. William Shakespeare, five pounds." Aubrey tells the story with a difference:—"One time, as he was at the tavern at Stratford-upon-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried. he makes there this extemporary epitaph;" and then he gives the lines with a variation, in which "vows" rhymes to "allows," instead of "sav'd" to "ingrav'd." Of course, following out this second story, the family of John Combe resented the insult to the memory of their parent, who died in 1614; and yet an intimacy subsisted between them even till the death of Shakespeare, for in his own will he bequeathes to the son of the usurer a remarkable token of personal regard, the bequest of a gentleman:—"To Mr. Thomas Combe my sword." The whole story is a fabrication. Ten in the hundred was the old name of opprobrium for one who lent money. To receive interest at all was called usury. "That ten in the hundred was gone to the devil," was an old joke, that shaped itself into epigrams long before the death of John Combe; and in the 'Remains of Richard Brathwait,' printed in 1618, we have the very epitaph assigned to Shakespeare, with a third set of variations, given as a notable produc
tion of this voluminous writer: "Upon one John Combe, of Stratford-upon-Avon, a notable usurer, fast-
ened upon a Tombe that he had caused to be built in his Lifetime." The lie direct is given by the will of
John Combe to this third version of the lines against him; for it directs that a convenient tomb shall be
erected one year after his decease.

The register of marriages at Stratford-upon-Avon for the
year 1607 contains the entry of the marriage of John Hall, gentleman, and Susanna Shakespeare, on the
5th June. Susanna, the eldest daughter of William
Shakespeare, was now twenty-four years of age. John Hall, gentleman, a physician settled at Stratford,
was in his thirty-second year. This appears in every respec-
to have been part of a propitious alliance. Shakes-
peare received into his family a man of learning and
talent.

The season at which the marriage of Shakespeare's
dearer daughter took place would appear to give some
corroboration to the belief that, at this period, he had
wholly ceased to be an actor. It is not likely that an
event to him so deeply interesting would have taken
place during his absence from Stratford. It was the
season of performances at the Globe. It is at this
period that we can fix the date of 'Lear.' That wonder-
ful tragedy was first published in 1608; and the title-
page recites that "It was played before the King's Ma-
jesty at White-Hall, upon S. Stephen's Night; in
Christmas Hollidays." This most extraordinary pro-
duction might well have been the first fruits of a period
of comparative leisure; when the creative faculty was
wholly untrammelled by petty cares, and the judgment
might be employed in working again and again upon
the first conceptions, so as to produce such a master-
piece of consummate art without after labour. The next
reason of repose gave birth to an effort of genius wholly
different in character; but almost as wonderful in its
profound sagacity and knowledge of the world as 'Lear'
is unequalled for its depth of individual passions.
'Troilus and Cressida' was published in 1609. We
may well believe that the Sonnets were published in
1609, without the consent of their author. That the
appearance of those remarkable lyrics should have an-
noyed him, by exposing, as they now appear in the eyes
of some to do, the frailties of his nature, we do not for
a moment believe. They would be received by his
family and by the world as essentially fictitious; and
ranked with the productions of the same class with
which the age abounded.

The year 1608 brought its domestic joys and ca-
lamities to Shakespeare. In the same font where he had
been baptized, forty-three years before, was baptized,
on the 21st of February, his grand-daughter, "Eliza-
beth, daughter of John Hall." In the same grave
where his father was laid in 1601, was buried his mother.
"Mary Shakespeare, widow," on the 9th of September,
1608. She was the youngest daughter of Robert Arden,
who died in 1556. She was probably, therefore, about
seventy years of age when her sons followed her to the
"house of all living."

There is a memorandum existing, by Thomas Greene,
a contemporary of Shakespeare, residing at Stratford,
which, under the date of November 17th, 1614, has
this record:—"My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did." We cite
this memorandum here, as an indication of Shakespeare's
habit of occasionally visiting London: for Thomas
Greene was then in the capital, with the intent of op-
posing the project of an inclosure at Stratford. The
frequency of Shakespeare's visits to London would essen-
tially depend upon the nature of his connexion with the
theatres. He was a permanent shareholder, as we have
seen, at the Blackfriars; and no doubt at the Globe
also. His interests as a sharer might be diligently
watched over by his fellows; and he might only have
visited London when he had a new play to bring for
ward, the fruit of his leisure in the country. But until
he disposed of his wardrobe and other properties, more
frequent demands might be made upon his personal
attendance than if he were totally free from the respon-
sibilities belonging to the charge of such an embarras-
ing stock in trade. Mr. Collier has printed a memo-
randum in the handwriting of Edward Alleyne, dated
April, 1612, of the payment of various sums "for the
Blackfryers," amounting to 599l. 6s. 8d. Mr. Collier
adds, "To whom the money was paid is nowhere stated;
but, for ought we know, it was to Shakespeare himself,
and just anterior to his departure from Lon-
don." The memorandum is introduced with the obser-
vation, "It seems very likely, from evidence now
for the first time to be adduced, that Alleyne became
the purchaser of our great dramatist's interest in the thea-
tres, properties, wardrobe, and stock of the Blackfriars."
Certainly the document itself says nothing about pro-
erties, wardrobe, and stock. It is simply as follows:—

"1612.
Money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfriers 160l
More for the Blackfryers . . . . 129l
More again for the Lease . . . . 310l
The writings for the same, and other small
charges . . . . 3 l 6s. 8d."

More than half of the entire sum is paid "again for the
lease." If the estimate "For avoiding of the Play-
house" is not rejected as an authority, the conju-
ture of Mr. Collier, that the property purchased by
Alleyne belonged to Shakespeare, is wholly untenable;
for the Foe, valued at a thousand pounds, was the pro-

* See page xlii.
perty of Burbage, and to the owner of the Fee would be paid the sum for the lease. Subsequent memoranda by Alleyn show that he paid rent for the Blackfriars, and expended sums upon the building—collateral proofs that it was not Shakespeare's personal property that he bought in April, 1612. There is distinct evidence furnished by another document that Shakespeare was not a resident in London in 1613; for in an indenture executed by him on the 10th of March in that year, for the purchase of a dwelling-house in the precinct of the Blackfriars, he is described as "William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick gentleman;" whilst his fellow, John Heming, who is a party to the same deed, is described as "of London, gentleman." From the situation of the property it would appear to have been bought either as an appurtenance to the theatre, or for some protection of the interests of the sharers. In the deed of 1602, Shakespeare is also described as of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is natural that he should be so described, in a deed for the purchase of land at Stratford; but upon the same principle, he had been a resident in London in 1613; he would have been described as of London in a deed for the purchase of property in London. Yet we also look upon this conveyance as evidence that Shakespeare had in March, 1613, not wholly severed himself from his interest in the theatre. He is in London at the signing of the deed, attending, probably, to the duties which still devolved upon him as a sharer in the Blackfriars. He is not a resident in London; he has come to town, as Thomas Greene describes in 1614. But we have no evidence that he sold his theatrical property at all. Certainly the evidence that he sold it to Edward Alleyn may be laid aside in any attempt to fix the date of Shakespeare's departure from London.

Every one agrees that during the last three or four years of his life Shakespeare ceased to write. Yet we venture to think that every one is in error. The opinion is founded upon a belief that he only finally left London towards the close of 1613. We have shown, from his purchase of a large house at Stratford, his constant acquisition of landed property there, his active engagements in the business of agriculture, the interest which he took in matters connected with his property in which his neighbours had a common interest, that he must have partially left London before this period. There were no circumstances, as far as we can collect, to have prevented him finally leaving London several years before 1613. But his biographers, having fixed a period for the termination of his connexion with the active business of the theatre, assume that he became wholly unemployed; that he gave himself up, as Rowe has described, to "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His income was enough, they say, to discharge with labour; and therefore he did not labour. But when the days of leisure arrived, it is reasonable to believe that the mere habit of his life would not assert its ordinary control; that the greatest of intellects would suddenly sink to the condition of an everyday man—cherishing no high plans for the future, looking back with no desire to equal and excel the work of the past? At the period of life when Chaucer began to write the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakespeare, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write. We cannot believe it. Is there a parallel case in the career of any great artist who had won for himself competence and fame? Is the mere applause of the world, and a sufficiency of the goods of life, "the end-all and the be-all" of the labours of a mighty mind? These attained, is the voice of his spiritual being to be heard no more? If those who reason thus could present a satisfactory record of the dates of all Shakespeare's works, and especially of his later works, we should still cling to the belief that some fruits of the last years of his literary industry had wholly perished. It is unnecessary, as it appears to us, to adopt any such theory. Without the means of fixing the precise date of many particular dramas, we have indisputable traces, up to this period, of the appearance of at least five-sixths of all Shakespeare's undoubted works. Are there any dramas whose individual appearance is not accounted for by those who have attempted to fix the exact chronology of other plays? There are such dramas, and they form a class. They are the three great Roman plays of 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cesar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

The happy quiet of Shakespeare's retreat was not wholly undisturbed by calamity, domestic and public. His brother Richard, who was ten years his junior, was buried at Stratford on the 4th of February, 1613. Of his father's family, his sister Joan, who had married Mr. William Hart of Stratford, was probably the only other left. There is no record of the death of his brother Gilbert; but as he is not mentioned in the will of William, in all probability he died before him. Oldys, in his manuscript notes upon Langbaine, has a story of "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II." Gilbert was born in 1569; so that if he had lived some years after the restoration of Charles II. it is not surprising that "his memory was weakened," as Oldys reports, and that he could give "the most noted actors" but "little satisfaction in their endeavours to learn something from him of his brother." The story of Oldys is clearly apocryphal, as far as regards any brother of Shakespeare's. They were a short-lived race. His sister, indeed, survived him thirty years. The family at New Place, at
this period, would be composed therefore of his wife only, and his unmarried daughter Judith; unless his elder daughter and his son-in-law formed a part of the same household, with their only child Elizabeth, who was born in 1608. The public calamity to which we have alluded was a great fire, which broke out at Stratford on the 9th of July, 1614. That Shakespeare assisted with all the energy of his character in alleviating the miseries of this calamity, and in the restoration of his town, we cannot doubt. In the same year we find him taking some interest in the project of an inclosure of the common-fields of Stratford. The inclosure would probably have improved his property, and especially have increased the value of the tithes, of the moiety of which he held a lease. The Corporation of Stratford were opposed to the inclosure. They held that it would be injurious to the poorer inhabitants, who were then deeply suffering from the desolation of the fire; and they appear to have been solidious that Shakespeare should take the same view of the matter as themselves. His friend William Combe, then high sheriff of the county, was a principal person engaged in forwarding the inclosure. The Corporation sent their common clerk, Thomas Greene, to London to oppose the project; and a memorandum in his handwriting, which still remains, exhibits the business-like manner in which Shakespeare informed himself of the details of the plan. The first memorandum is dated the 17th of November, 1611, and is as follows:—"My Cosen Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see how he did. He told me that they assured him they went to inclose no further than to Gospel Bush, and so upp straight (leaving out pt. of the Dymgtes to the field) to the gate in Clifton hogg, and take in Salisbury's peece; and that they mean in April to svey the land, and then to gyve satisfaction, and not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think yr. will be nothing done at all." Mr. Greene appears to have returned to Stratford in about a fortnight after the date of this memorandum, and Shakespeare seems to have remained in London; for according to a second memorandum, which is damaged and partly illegible, an official letter was written to Shakespeare by the Corporation, accompanied by a private letter from Mr. Greene, moving him to exert his influence against this plan of the inclosure:—"23 Dec. A. Hall. Las. wrytten, one to Mr. Manyrig—another to Mr. Shakespeare, with almost all the company's hands to cyther. I also wrytte myself to my Csn. Shakespear, the coppyes of all our . . . . . . then also a note of the inconvenientes wold . . . by the inclosure." Arthur Mannerig, to whom one of these letters was written by the Corporation, was officially connected with the Lord Chancellor, and then at his house: and from the letter to him, which has been preserved, "it appears that he was apprised of the injury to be expected from the intended inclosure; reminded of the damage that Stratford, then 'lying in the ashes of desolation,' had sustained from recent fires; and entreated to forbear the inclosure." The letter to Shakespeare has not been discovered. The fact of its having been written leaves no doubt of the importance which was attached to his opinion by his neighbours. Truly in his later years he had

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The younger daughter of Shakespeare was married on the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney, as the register of Stratford shows. Thomas Quiney was the son of Richard Quiney of Stratford, whom we have seen in 1598 soliciting the kind offices of his loving countryman Shakespeare. Thomas, who was born in 1588, was probably a well-educated man. The last will of Shakespeare would appear to have been prepared in some degree with reference to this marriage. It is dated the 25th of March, 1616; but the word "Junniti" seems to have been first written and afterwards struck out, "Martiti" having been written above it. It is not unlikely, and indeed it appears most probable, that the document was prepared before the marriage of Judith; for the elder daughter is mentioned as Susanna Hall,—the younger simply as Judith. To her, one hundred pounds is bequeathed, and fifty pounds conditionally. The life-interest of a further sum of one hundred and fifty pounds is also bequeathed to her, with remainder to her children; but if she died without issue within three years after the date of the will, the hundred and fifty pounds was to be otherwise appropriated. We pass over the various legacies to relations and friends to come to the bequest of the great bulk of the property. All the real estate is devised to his daughter Susanna Hall, and during the term of her natural life. It is then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male; and in default of such issue, to her second son and his heirs male; and so on: in default of such issue, to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall (called in the language of the time his "niece"); and in default of such issue, to his daughter Judith and her heirs male. By this strict entailment it was manifestly the object of Shakespeare to found a family. Like many other such purposes of short-sighted humanity, the object was not accomplished. His elder daughter had no issue but Elizabeth, and she died childless. The heirs male of Judith died before her. The estates were scattered after the second generation, and the descendants of his sister were the only transmitters to posterity of his blood and lineage.

"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture." This is the clause of the will upon which, for half a century, all men believed that
Shakespeare recollected his wife only to mark how little he esteemed her,—to "cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed."* We had the satisfaction of first showing the utter groundlessness of this opinion; and we here briefly repeat the statement which we made in our Postscript to "Twelfth Night," that the wife of Shakespeare was unquestionably provided for by the natural operation of the law of England. Her estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, were freehold. His wife was entitled to dower. She was provided for amply, by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law. Of the houses and gardens which Shakespeare inherited from his father, she was assured of the life-interest, from the moment of the conveyance, provided it was a direct conveyance to her husband. That it was so conveyed we may infer from the terms of the conveyance of the lands in Old Stratford, and other places, which were purchased by Shakespeare in 1602, and were then conveyed "to the onlye proper use and behoofe of the saide William Shakspere, his heires and assigns, for ever." Of a life-interest in a third of these lands also was she assured. The tenement in Blackfriars, purchased in 1614, was conveyed to Shakespeare and three other persons; and after his death was reconveyed by those persons to the use of his will, "for and in performance of the confidence and trust in them repose by William Shakespeare deceased."* In this estate, certainly, the widow of our poet had not dower.

It has been remarked to us that even the express mention of the second-best bed was anything but meekness and insult; that the best bed was in all probability an heirloom: it might have descended to Shakespeare himself from his father as an heirloom, and, as such, was the property of his own heirs. The best bed was considered amongst the most important of those chattels which went to the heir by custom with the house.†

The will of Shakespeare thus commences:—"I, Wil-

* Malone.
† "And note that in some places chattels as heirlooms (as the best bed, table, pot, pan, cart, and other dead chattels moveable) may go to the heir, and the felo in that case may have an action for them at the common law, and shall not sue for them in the eclesiastical court; but the heirloom is due 13 cremons, and not by the common law."—Coke upon Littleton, 18 b.
SHAKESPEARE’S WILL,
FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.


Is the name of God, Amen. I William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of live everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid, and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwellth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,) that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Bussell, esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [Hamnet] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hensyng, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

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Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital message or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that message or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNTE SADLER,
ROBERT WHATCOTT.

Probatus suit testamentum supraejectum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctor, &c. suave
seuendo die versus Ioanni, Anno Domini 1616; Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex eis, &c. de bene, &c. juravit &c.
exeret potestate, &c. Susanna Hall, alt ex. &c. cum sum venerator, &c. petitor, &c.
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The Tempest.

The storm which vanish'd on the neighbour shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.

Dryden.

When the friends and fellow-players of Shakespeare, a few years after his untimely death, collected his works into a folio volume, they commenced with the romantic drama of the Tempest. The reasons which guided them in this arrangement are unknown; but, unless we imagine they followed no particular order, printing the dramas somewhat capriciously after they had once determined on the three grand divisions of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,—we may perhaps conclude the Tempest occupies its prominent position from a superior degree of royal favour bestowed upon it, for it is well known to have been acted before the court, and its peculiar construction would have adapted it to the scenic contrivances of the masques which were produced so elaborately during the reign of the first James and his successor.

Internal evidence, as far as can be judged from the imperfect history of Shakespeare's genius, would lead to the conclusion that the Tempest is one of his late works, or at least written at a somewhat advanced period of life. The external evidence may be stated in a very few words. It appears from the original account-book still preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House, that it was performed before James I. at Whitehall on the first of November, 1611:—"Hallomas nyght was presented at Whithall before the Kinges Majestie a play called the Tempest." A marginal note informs us that it was acted "by the King's players." This is the earliest notice of the play that has yet been discovered, but it proves nothing beyond that it was in existence at that time, the entry of its performance in no way distinguishing it as a new production. It was also played with success at the Blackfriars' Theatre,* and it was again performed at Court early in the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, as appears from the MS. accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., preserved in the Bodleian Library.

This species of negative evidence is extremely valuable, saving us the necessity of producing serious argument to controvert the specious reasoning of Chalmers and others, who would prove that Shakespeare had a real storm in his mind when he wrote the play, and that a great tempest in England in 1612 occasioned the selection of the title. Malone, a far more able critic than Chalmers, was yet prejudiced in favour of the received idea that an actual event was referred to, and wrote a pamphlet to show that the storm which dispersed the fleet of Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates in July, 1609, on their passage with a large supply of provisions and men for the infant colony in Virginia, suggested this ethereal drama; and this opinion, solely grounded on a few trifling similarities which the accounts of

* This interesting fact is obtained from Dryden's preface to the Tempest, 1670. It was escaped the notice of Knight and Collier.
any two shipwrecks might possess, is re-echoed by so recent a writer as Mr. Collier. But even the notice of "the still-voxed Bermoothes," which of itself renders it quite certain that the Bermudas never suggested the scene of the play, might have been derived from many an earlier authority than Jourdain, who wrote an account of Somers' shipwreck published in 1610. Chalmers and Hunter insist upon it that the information was derived from Raleigh's Discoverie of Guiana, 1596; but surely, in an age when maritime adventures of every description were so popularly interesting and so universally read, there can be no necessity for fixing on a particular book, for many others can be found which mention the Bermudas as being surrounded by stormy seas, and inhabited with spirits. Jourdain's account is entitled, "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils," and he says that the "islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gales, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the devil himself." Jourdain does not write as if this were a piece of recondite information, only to be met with in one other work.

The British Museum contains a relic of Shakespeare, the only book with his autograph known to exist, at least the only one of established authenticity, which must ever be quoted in any enquiry relating to the date of the _Tempest_. This precious volume is a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's _Essays_, fol. 1603, and the poet's autograph is written on the fly-leaf opposite the title in clear bold characters. We have inducible proof that this work was read by Shakespeare, for there is contained, at p. 102, Gonzalo's scheme for government in nearly the same words used in the play:—"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of trafficke, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no divinities, no occupation, but idle: no respect of kindred, but common: no apperell, but natural: no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or inctile. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction and pardon, were never heard amongst them." This is undoubtedly more than accidental similarity, Shakespeare having done little more than rewrite the passage in verse: and we may, therefore, conclude with great safety that the play was written in or after 1603, the year this work was published. One critic, and one critic only, without attempting to deny the source of Gonzalo's speech, anxious to establish an early date for the _Tempest_, says that Florio's work might have been seen by Shakespeare in manuscript. But to reason on mere possibilities of this kind without evidence would render most literary discussions nugatory, and facts like the above are too rare with reference to Shakespeare's dramas to be dismissed without the strongest reasons.

Ben Jonson, in the Prologue to Every Man in his Humour, acted in 1598, ridicules the old plays of the sixteenth century in a passage which has been supposed to aim at the _Tempest_,—

He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor cracking thame comes down the boys to please:
Nor nimble squib is seen to make aterd
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunder'd; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come.

But the allusions are not sufficiently minute to mark one particular play, and that only. Even the descent of a throne, the most marked indication, is found in another drama. "Rare Ben," however, has something more definite in his Bartholomew Fair, 1614:—"If there be never a servant monster i

* This mistake has been, however, committed by two or three critics, and I am told it would now be worse than necessary in the Bermudas to doubt that they were not the scene of the play. But the only notice of these islands in the drama is when Ariel tells Prospero he once called him up at midnight to fetch dew "from the still-vox'd Bermoothes;" and the enchanted island, therefore, could not possibly have been the same locality.

1 This fact, unknown to Mr. Knight, is derived from Lovelace's _Lucasta_.

2
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the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antics? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his plays, like those that begat Tales, Tempests, and such like drolleries." We can scarcely doubt that Caliban is intended by the servant-monster, the title by which he is addressed by Stephano in Shakespeare's play; and the whole passage is strikingly applicable to the Tempest, if we suppose it to be judiciously alluded to by Jonson, not necessarily with an ill feeling, as assumed by the commentators. At the same time while expressing this belief, it must be recollected there were no doubt drolleries or puppet-shows exhibited in Jonson's time at Bartholomew Fair of the kind here indicated. In connexion with this subject, I may mention that a curious early original bill describing a "new droll, called the Tempest," is preserved in the British Museum, and as it has never been noticed by any of the critics, a copy of it will probably not be unacceptable to the reader:—

"Never acted before. At Miller's Booth, over against the Cross-daggers near the Crown Tavern, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented an excellent new droll, call'd The Tempest, or the Distressed Lovers, with the English hero, and the Island Princess, with the comical humours of the incantated Scotchman, or Jockey and the three witches: Shewing how a nobleman of England was cast away upon the Indian shore, and in his travel found the princess of the country, with whom he fell in love, and after many dangers and perils, was married to her: and his faithful Scotchman, who was saved with him, travelling thorough woods, fell in among witches, where between 'em is abundance of comical diversion. There in the Tempest is Neptune, with his Tritons, in his chariot drawn with sea-horses, and mermaids singing. With variety of entertainments performed by the best masters: the particulars would be too tedious to be inserted here."

Still more uncertain, as a criterion for establishing a date, must be considered the notice of the "dead Indian" in act ii, sc. 2, for although Shakespeare alludes most probably to some celebrated exhibition of the day, yet as far as our research enables us to judge, there were several shows to which his slight notice might possibly apply. I am induced to quote here at considerable length a remarkable account of the sights of England in the year 1609, written by Henry Pracham, not only because it is an interesting piece and unnoticed by all editors, (even by Gifford, who would have found much in it to illustrate Jonson), but also as possibly containing a notice of the exhibition to which Shakespeare alludes:—

Why doe the rude vulgar so hastily part in a madness,
To gaze at trifies and toyses not worthy the viewing,
And chiefe them happy; when may be show'd for a penny
The Fleet-streete Mandrakes, that heavenly Motion of Etham,
Westminster monuments, and Guild-hall huge Carinas,
That horse of Windsor (of an Uniconie very likely)
The cave of Merlin, the skirts of old Tom a Lincoln
King Johns sword at Linne, with the cup the Fraternity drink in,
The Tombe of Beauchampe, and sword of Sir Guy a Warwick:
The great long Dutchman, and rearing Marget a Barwikes,
The Mummied Prince, and Cesars wine yet i' Dover,
Saint James his Gimny Hens, the Cassawarway moreover,
The Beaver i' the Parke (strange beast as of any man saw)
Downe-shearing willows with teeth as sharpe as a hand-sew.
The Lance of John a Gaunt, and Branches still i' the Tower:
The fall of Ninive, with Norwich built in an howe.
King Henrys slip-shoes, the sword of valiant Edward:
The Convrey Bares-shielid, and fire-works seen but to bedward.
Drakes ship at Dedford, King Richards bed-ested i' Leyster,
The White Hall whale-bones, the silver Bason i' Chester;
The live-caught Dog-fish, the Wolfe and Harry the Lyon,
Hawks of the Beare-garden, to be feared, if he' be nigh on.

In the time of Shakespeare, the knowledge of distant countries and their history was but in its infancy; so that a "mummied prince" might be, or pass for, a "dead Indian" with the sight-seers. At all events, the conjecture is more probable (this is not saying much) than any produced by the commentators. From the records of Lewes, co. Sussex, it appears that a company of vagrant showed
exhibited something of the kind in that town in 1694, but whether dead or alive is not stated: "Expenses in playing the Indian twice, and in cleansing the town where he stands, in all 3s. 6d."

The notice of the "strange fish" is still more vague. Scarcely a year passed without something of the kind being exhibited, and the satire is therefore too general to be reduced to any particular application. In 1568 appeared, "A most true and marvellous strange wonder, the lyke hath seldom been scene, of seventeen monstrous fishes taken in Suffolk at Downham Brydges;" and on the Register of the Stationers' Company, for 1595, is entered an account of "a strange and hughe fishe dryven on the sands at Outhorne in Holderness in Febrarye." Wolfe, also, in 1586, printed a broadside containing an account of a monster fish found in the heart of a horse! The custom of exhibiting strange fishes was afterwards ridiculed by Maine, in his comedy of the City Match, ed. 1639, p. 23; and many other allusions to the practice could no doubt be collected. We do not attempt, then, to draw any conclusion from such notices, and at present must be contented with the certainty that the Tempest was written between the years 1603 and 1611, probably at a period inclining towards the former date.

No one has yet discovered the romance on which the Tempest was founded, although that such a tale exists either in Italian or Spanish can scarcely be doubted. Warton was informed by Collins that it was to be found in an Italian novel, and a similar intimation was made to Boswell, but the name of the work cannot now be ascertained. In the absence of this evidence, Malone has advanced the pretensions of the sixth tragic tale of Turberville, and Greene's comedy of Alphonsus, king of Arragon, as having suggested part of the plot; but the similarities he has pointed out are extremely slender and trivial. I have scarcely any doubt, if, by any fortunate accident, the novel mentioned by Collins should ever be recovered, we should discover in it most of the broad circumstances of the plot of the Tempest, and find that the poet has etherialized an ancient necromantic story. Prospero is a far more virtuous magician than any we read of elsewhere; and Ariel, in the original tale, more likely resembled Mephistophilus than the delicate spirit represented in the play. As, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Shakespeare has made our pretty national fairy mythology more fanciful and more poetical, so in the Tempest he has clothed necromancy with the robes of virtue,* and made us reverence a magician.

A German drama by Ayrer, published in 1618, entitled the 'Beautiful Sidea,'—Sidea corresponding to Shakespeare's Miranda—is founded on a tale containing striking similarities to the Tempest; but we cannot agree with Mr. Thoms, who introduced this subject to English readers, in considering it a version of an earlier drama on which Shakespeare founded his play. It is a well ascertained fact that English actors performed in Germany in Shakespeare's time, and it is not unlikely Ayrer thus borrowed in some measure from the plays they performed.† In addition to this German production, an English ballad, called the 'Enchanted Island,' has also been brought forward as a claimant for the honour of contributing to the tale of the Tempest; but it is now generally acknowledged to be a later production, and founded on the play. In this ballad, the names and localities are changed, and the verbal similarities to Shakespeare are very few. Miranda's smile is transferred from the sea to the island,—

When landed on th' Enchanted Isle,
His little Isla's morning smile
Made him forget his woe,
And thus, within a cavern drear,
They lived for many a year i-fore,
For Heaven had will'd it so.

* It is for this reason we find old treatises on necromancy and magic afford fewer illustrations of this play than might otherwise have been expected.
† Shakespeare was very little known in Germany in the seventeenth century, except in this way; and Eschenburg quotes the earliest notice of him in that country from a book printed in 1682, and the second from Benthom, who, however, merely copies an earlier English writer.
Geraldo, the Prospero of the ballad, burns his book, breaks his “magic wand,” and forswears the art of magic:

From that day forth the idle has been
By wandering sailors never seen—
Some say 'tis buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage rocky shores,
Nor eve is known to sleep.

This account of the fate of Prospero's island is not unpoetical, and may safely be accepted by the readers of Shakespeare. Mr. Hunter, however, tells a very different story. He says that if you take a map (reading the Tempest with a map!), and, tracing the line of Alonso's track, speculate on the island on which Prospero and Miranda may be supposed to have been cast, you will soon be persuaded that island was Lampedusa. Mr. Hunter pursues the argument through many pages, but our space will not permit an extract, and the reader will not require one; for he who reads the 'Tempest' in a congenial spirit will scarcely be willing to have his imagination fettered by realities Lampedusa may very possibly have been the scene of the original novel, but the management of Shakespeare's drama leads us to believe the author himself intended an undefined vagueness inconsistent with the introduction of any particular island.

Soon after the Restoration, Dryden produced an alteration of the Tempest, in which he introduced a man who had never seen a woman, as a contrast to Miranda, who had never seen a man, and furnished Caliban with a sister-monster. He acknowledges to have received the assistance of Davenant in this work, which was extremely successful; but the purity of the original is entirely lost, and the simple but noble-minded Miranda is converted into a character using language which borders on indelicacy.

Like the Midsummer Night's Dream, with which it has been classed, the Tempest is one of those romantic dramas which defy analytical criticism, and would lose in effect by being subjected to a rigid examination of realities. Although the unities are preserved, perhaps accidentally, not by design, no play owes less allegiance to the exact sciences; and the interest is not weakened by trivial incongruities in the author's conduct of time and space. A hump-born monster, a young lady educated by a magician prince in a desolate island, and an attendant spirit, capable of the assumption of any form, who not only treads the ooze of the salt deep, runs on the sharp wind of the North, works in the frosted earth, and rides on the curled clouds, but in his lighter moods, rides on the bat's back or reposes in a cowslip's-bell, are singular materials for a drama, the simplicity of whose construction exhibits in strong outline the boundless skill by which it is made so irresistibly attractive. It required the genius of Shakespeare to reconcile these apparently discordant elements, and construct out of them an harmonious structure. If, however, the reader imagines a defect exists, and agreeing with some critics in the opinion that Ariad was not an "eternal featureless angel," observes an inconsistency in the development of his character, let us entreat him to merge it into the romantic conduct of the plot, and regard the whole drama as a purely imaginative construction formed on the idea of retributive justice, to which no one but Shakespeare has made necromancy subservient without in some degree injuring the cause of virtue.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.; and Epilogue.

ANTONIO, the usurping Duke of Milan, brother to Prospero.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.

ADRIAN, a lord.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCO, a lord.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

A ship-master, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3 Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

IRIS, a spirit.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

CERES, a spirit.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

JUNO, a spirit.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Nymphs.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Reapers.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwa
an Island.
The Tempest.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners! fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: be stär, be stär. [Exit.

Enter Mariniers.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare! Take in the topsail: Tend to the master’s whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

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

Alon. Good boatswain, have a 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 roarers 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 liv’d so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [Exit. Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning 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 hang’d, our case is miserable. [Exit.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast; 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 here? Shall we give o’er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o’ your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown’d than thou art.

Gon. I’ll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and a leaky as an unstanched wench.
Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariner, wet.

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’s assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sch. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely eleated of our lives by drunkards,—

This wide-chapp’d rascal;—’Would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He ’ll be hang’d yet, though every drop of water swear against it, and gape at wist’st 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! ’]

Ant. Let ’s all sink with th’ king. [Exit.

Sch. Let ’s take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Enchanted Island, near the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, but that the sea, mounting to th’ welkin’s cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, who had no doubt some noble creature in her, Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish’d. Had I been any God of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallow’d, and The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected; No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There’s no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day! 

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell. And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. ’T is time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So: 

[Lay down his mantle. Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch’d The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely ordered, that there is no soul— No, not so much perdition as an hair Betid to any creature in the vessel, Which thou heard’st cry, which thou saw’st sink Sit down; for thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp’d, And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding, “Stay; not yet.”

Pro. The hour’s now come; The very minute bids thee close thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person? Of anything the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. ’T is far off; And rather like a dream, than an assurance That my remembrance warrants: Had I not Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hast, and more, Miranda: But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What see’st thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou remember’st aught ere thou cam’st here, How thou cam’st here thou may’st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since Thy father was the duke of Milan, and A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father
**ACT I.**

**THE TEMPEST.**

**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 princess.—no worse issued.  

**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, we were heav'd
thence,
But blessedly holf hither.

**Mira.** O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, 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 thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state—as, at that time,
Through all the signories 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 rapt 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; who 't advance, and who
To trash for overtopping; 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 i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his car; that now he was
The ivy which had bid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

**Mira.** O, good sir, I do!

**Pro.** I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'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 lorded,
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,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o' th' substitution,
And execting th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grow-
ing,—
Dost thou hear?

**Mira.** Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

**Pro.** To have no soren 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 incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with th' king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (ahs, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

**Mira.** O the heavens!

**Pro.** Mark his condition, and th' 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 invertebrate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
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' th' deal of darkness
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

**Mira.** Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

**Pro.** Hear a little further.
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which this
story
Were most impertinent.

**Mira.** Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
ACT I.  

THE TEMPEST.  

SCENE II.  

Pro.  Well demanded, wench; 
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 aboard a bark; 
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar’d 
A rotten carcass of a boat, but rigged’;
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats 
Instinctively have quit it; they there hoist us, 
To cry to the sea that rear’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 fortune from heaven, 
(When I have deck’d the sea with drops full salt; 
Under my burthen ground;) which rais’d me in 
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, 
Out of 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 mine 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 arriv’d; and here 
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit 
Than other princess can, that have more time 
For valuer 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 thus far-forth. 
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune, 
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies 
Brought to this shore: and, by my presence, 
I find my zenith doth depend upon 
A most auspicious 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 canst not chuse. 

[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 flamin’d amazement: Sometime I’d divide, 
And burn in many places; on the topmast, 
The yards and bawspirit, would I flame distinctly, 
Then meet and join.  Jove’s lightnings, the pre-cursors, 
O’ the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary 
And sight-outraining were not. The fire and cracks 
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune 
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble 
Yea, 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 maid, and play’d 
Some tricks of desperation: All but th’ mariners 
Plung’d in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel, 
Then all a-dire with me: the king’s son, Ferdinando, 
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair) 
Was the first man that leap’d; cry’d, ’tis empty, 
And all the devils are here. 
Pro.  Why, that’s my spirit! 
But was not this night shore? 
Ari.  Close by, my master. 
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe? 
Ari.  Not a hair perild’d; 
On their sustaining garments not a blenish,
ACT I.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE 11.

But fresher than before! and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle: The king's son have I banded by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs, In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd, And all the rest of the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dow From the still-ve'd Bermoothes, there she's hid: The mariners all under hatches stowed; Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour, I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet, Which I dispers'd, they all have met again, And are upon the Mediterranean sote, Bound sadly home for Naples:

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd, And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariell, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more told? Since thou dost give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now, moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service, Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakes, serv'd Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise'
To hate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost! and think'st it much to tread the oozc
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? Speak tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O! was she so? I must,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been, Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,

For mischief manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did, They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-e'y'd hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave, As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant: And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand haste, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this

island

(Save for the son that she did liter here,

A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with

A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so,—he, that Caliban,

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st

What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax

Could not again undo; it was mine art,

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master!

11
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spritling gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what,—what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
Thou, every day else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't. Go; hence, with diligence!

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Ner. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Ner. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: "he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thus earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, 's shall be done. [Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked a dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unhorsesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all 'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have

cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; archims
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits,—barren place, and

fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you

stay me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whose stripes may move, not kindness: I have

us'd thee,
Fifth as thou art, with human care; and ledg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou dast seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho! O ho!—would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peoples else
This isle with Caliban.'

Pro. Adored slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each

hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purpose
With words that made them known: but thy

vilest race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservingly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse! the red plague rid you, n
For learning me your language!

Pro. Rag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cat. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vessel of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!  
[Exit Cat.

Re-enter Ariel invisible, playing and singing: 
Ferdinand following him.

Ariel's Song.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take heed:
Courted when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves wild;
Foot it freely here and there;
And, sweet spirits, the larken hear.

Bur. [dispersely.] Hark, hark! Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh, wowgh.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

Pro. Where should this music be? i' the air,
or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet airs: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone!
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fa'ded\ 5 Are thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
These are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Beat then, ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father:\
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yon.

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it cats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, 
[Aside
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll
free thee
Within two days for this.

For. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no: \n
Mira. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

For. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What worth thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, \nas I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy: 

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,
And his brave son,\nbeing twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could convert thee: \nIf now 't were fit to do 't:—At the first sight

[Aside
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong—a
word!

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that c'er I saw; the first
That c'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, 't will make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir! one word more.—
They are both in either's pow'rs; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Ferd. No, as I am a man!

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. Follow me.—

[To Ferd.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, with'er'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Ferd. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He drives, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful."

Pro. What! I say;
My foot my tutor." Put thy sword up, traitor!
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike,—thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,!
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [To Ferd
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdue'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else of the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[To Ferd. and Mira.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. [To Ariel.] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable!

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.

[Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beshoo you, sir, be merry; you have cause (So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: 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. Prithee, 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. Delour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, 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.

Ant. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

Ant. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks
how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed
almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their
freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd,
than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. 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 Claribell
to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such
a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widow? Dido too? good lord, how you take it!
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.70

Sek. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Sek. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. 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.

Ant. And the rarest that are came there.

Sek. Rate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense.71 Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Eum. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him.
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose eminency he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Sbove the contentious waves he kept, and ear'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.72

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-
wise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loudness and obedience, at
Which end the bean should bow.73 We have lost
your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:74
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallow's.

Gon. —and were the king on 't, What would
I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. 'T the commonwealth I would by con-
traries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,—
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth for-
gets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should pro-
duce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, plie, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring
forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,75 all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir, I 'scowl the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir? —

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. 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 laugh'd at.

Gon. 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 full a flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal, 16 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.

Gon. 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., Ser., and Ant.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts; I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: 17 It seldom visits sorrow; 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.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[Alon. sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Dost it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd 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, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Dr. 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 livest thy fortune sleep, — die rather; wink'st

Whilest thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:

There's meaning in thy snores.

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

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish.

Whilest 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.

Seb. Prithee say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes 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 18 Professes to persuade) the king his son 's alive. —

'T is 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  
chins  
Be rough and razorable: she that from whom:  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast  
again,  
(And by that destiny) to perform an act  
Whereof what is past is prologue; 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 ev'ry cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no  
worse  
Than now they are: There be that can rule  
Naples  
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,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.  
Ant. True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me,  
Much fitter than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—  
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a  
kibe,  
'T would put me to my slipper: But I feel not  
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences.  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied 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's like, that's  
dead,  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches  
of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever: whilsts you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for age might put  
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.  
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which they  
pay'st;  
And I the king shall love thee.  
Ant. Draw together:  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.  
Seb. O, but one word.  
[They converse apart.  

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.  
Ari. My master through his art foresees the  
danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,  
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.  
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear  
While you here do smoring lie,  
Open-ey'd Conspiracy  
His time doth take:  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware:  
Awake! awake!  

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.  
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!  
[They awake.  
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are  
you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?  
Gon. What's the matter?
ScENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN with a barthorn of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch, Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid them; but For every tripe are they set upon me: Sometime like apes, that moo66 and chatter at me, And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount Their pricks66 at my footfall; sometime am I All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues, Do hiss 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 flat; Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to hear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul humboldt70 that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fulls.—What have we here,—a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of (not of the newest) Poor John; a strange fish: Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;66 any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Leg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warn, o' my tooth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffred by a thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberline;66 there is no other shelter herabouts Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, Here shall I die ashore;—
This is a very securvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here 's my comfort.

[Drinks and sings.

The master, the swahber, the boatswain, and I, The gunner, and his mate, Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, But none of us care'd for Kate; For she had a tongue with a tang, Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!" She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch, Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch: Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a securvy tune too: But here's my comfort!

[Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: O! Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages,60 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.64

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Sc. Scene down, Stephano, will in this—Thou shall duck;—Mercy I can remove thee, and keep thy heart, thou art not a brute, and have it:—Thou canst swop, thou canst thine own hands, and I will kneel to him!—Thou how dost thou scape? How canst thou nith? swear, by this bottle, how thou camst hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthy.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. 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 ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. 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 afraid of him! a very weak monster:

—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee be my god!

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot: I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!
ACT III.

THE TEMPEST

SCENE I.—Before Prospero’s Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets oft: 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 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 compow’d of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands 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-less when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you

Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burat up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
’T 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 ; before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. 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 lazy by.

Mira. 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 it is against.

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

Mira. You look wearily.

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Act III.
The Tempest.

Scene II.

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

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your host to say so!

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

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-les of; but, by my modesty;
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

For. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
(I would not so!)—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak:—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

For. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this
sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is bode'd me, to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

For. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger it bulk shows. Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

For. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

For. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: And
now, farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

For. A thousand, thousand!

[Execut Fer. and Mir

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[Exit

Scene II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following
with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore
bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink
to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were
a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could 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.
Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.
Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.
Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou best a good moon-calf.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thouliest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou deboosh'd 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 natural!
Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.
Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
Ari. Thouliest!
Cal. Thouliest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[To Caliban.
Proceed.
Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—(for I know thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.—)
Ste. That's most certain.
Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.
Ste. How, now, shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
Ari. Thouliest! thou canst not.
Cal. What a pi'd ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stockfish of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go no further off.
Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thouliest!
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes him
As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle.
This can suck and drinking do!—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife: Remember
First to possess his books; for, without them,
He's but a soot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I: Burn but 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 a woman
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Act III.

The Tempest.

Scene III.

Ste. 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!

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

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour!

Ari. 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
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,

any reason:

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Aside plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody. [Aside

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts; I defy thee.

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I. 

Cal. Be not afeard; 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 sometime 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 cry'd to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

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

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. [Exeunt

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 patience, I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling 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 thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope. [Aside to Sea

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage

Will we take throughly.

Ant. 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.

Seb. 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 it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King and the rest to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, Hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

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

Seb. A living drollery: [Aside Now I will believe That there are unicorns: that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne;[19] one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I 'll be sworn 't is true: Travellers ne'er 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,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)\footnote{Aside,}
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.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. \footnote{Aside.}

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

Pro. Praise in departing. \footnote{Aside.}

Fro. They vanished strangely.

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

Whirl '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 putter-out at five for one\footnote{Each putter-out at 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 to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. \footnote{Enter Ariel like a harpy, He clops his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint 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-surfaced sea Hath caus'd to bech up you,\footnote{And on this island, Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; Seeing them draw their swords.} and on this island,

And even with such-like valour, 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 bemoak'd-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dial;\footnote{That 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths, And will not be uplifted. But, remember, (For that 's my business to you,) that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero: Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, you, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me, Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death Can be at once) shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from (Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow, And a clear life ensuing.}

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and monoves, and carry out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring: Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
In what thou hast to say: so, with good life,\footnote{And observation strange, my meager ministers Their several kinds have done: my high charms work, And these, mine enemies, are all knit up In their distractions: they now are in my power, And in these fits I leave them, while I visit Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,) And his and minelov'd darling.}

And in this strange scare?\footnote{[Exit Pens, from above.}

Gon. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand you

In this strange scare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it; The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd The name of Prosper; it did base my trespass.\footnote{The name of Prosper; it did base my trespass.}
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie muddied. [Exit.

Sub. But one fleed at a time;
I 'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[Exeunt Sub. and Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppurer 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 austerity 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; who 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 halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthy purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union 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 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser 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.

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

Pro. Thou and thy meaner follows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
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?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

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 mowe:
Do you love me, master? no?

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

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.

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

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

_Fer._ I warrant you, sir. The white cold virgin snow upon my heart 
Abates the ardour of my liver.\textsuperscript{129}

_Pro._ Well.—Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,\textsuperscript{130} Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—No tongue, all eyes; be silent.  

[Soft music.]

A Masque. Enter Iris.

_Iris._ Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease; Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover,\textsuperscript{131} them to keep; Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy best betrims, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,\textsuperscript{132}

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, 
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard; 
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky, Whose wan'ry arch, and messenger, am I, 
Bids these leave these, and with her sovereign grace, 

[Juno commences her descent.] Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, 
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

_Enter Ceres._

_Cer._ Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter; Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing show'rs; And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown My bosky\textsuperscript{133} acres, and my unshrub'd down, Rich scarf 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._ Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus, 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 forsworn.

_Iris._ Of her society Be not afraid; I met her deity 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's hot minion is return'd again; Her weaspl-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.

Juno descends.

_Jun._ How does my bounteous sister? Go with me, To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be, And honour'd in their issue.

_SONG._

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

_Cer._ Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and garner never empty; Vines, with clustering bunches growing; Plants with goodly burthen bowing; Spring come to you, at the farthest, In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun you; Ceres' blessing so is on you.

_Fer._ This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly;\textsuperscript{134} May I be bold To think these spirits? 

_Pro._ Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines\textsuperscript{135} call'd, to enact My present fancies.

_Fer._ Let me live here ever; So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,\textsuperscript{136} Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

_Pro._ Sweet now, silence; Juno and Ceres whisper, seriously; There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute Or else our spell is marr'd.\textsuperscript{137}

_Iris._ You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks, With your seg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks, Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land Answer your summons:—Juno does command:  

27
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love—be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.
You sun-burn’d sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join
With the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards
The end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and
speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and
confused noise, they hasty 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!

For. This is 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 mov’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,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, 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.

For., Mira. We wish your peace.

[Exeunt.

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

Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet Caliban.

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

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

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking:
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 beat my tabor,
At which, like unback’d colts, they prick’d their
ears,
Advanc’d their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm’d their ears,
That, call’d like, they my lowing follow’d through
Tooth’d briers, sharp furzes, prickling grass and
thorns,
Which enter’d their frail chins; at last I left them
I’ the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O’erstunk 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 stak’d to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humaneely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!
And as, with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind canker’d: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel, laden with glittering apparel, &c.

Even to raving:—Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Cali-
ban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

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 play’d
the Juck 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 hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All 's bush'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. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See' st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy footlicker.

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 frippery:—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 dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To deal thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,
And do tie murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'l fill our skins with pinches,—
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not 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. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of paste; there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time
And all be turn'd to barnacles, to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hog's head 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 dogs and hounds, hunting 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!

[They are driven out.

Go, charge my goldins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; 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,
Fellow, 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. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till you release.  
The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,
Gonzalo;"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From caves of reeds: your charm so strongly
works them,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall!
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, 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 strook 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, Ariel;
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 printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bides; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, 132 that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's scnt oak
With his own bolt: the strong-ha'sd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs 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 adjure: 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 fadoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel: 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 Pros-
pero had made, and there stand charmed; which
Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemniair, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brain,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves space;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melt ing the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O 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
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh
and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Se-
bastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong.)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:
Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[Exit Ariel.

I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Pro-
spedo.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I; in a cowslip's belt I lie;
There I couch when owls 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 Ariel! I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
swain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.

Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment
Inhabits 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. Wher'e thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted tribe to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And 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.

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

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friend
all:

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Sebas. and Ant.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors;—at this time
I will tell no tales.

Sch. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.

Pro. No:—
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, whom 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 woe 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 supportable
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 oozy 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, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yret of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell'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 Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinando and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, 10
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!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.

I have curs'd them without cause.

[FER. kneels to ALON.]
Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amaz'dly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us! I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land, This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy, That swear'st grace o'board, 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 wary, and bravely rigg'd, as when We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service Have I done since I went. [Aside.]

Pro. My trick'y spirit! [Aside.

Alo. 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 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains, And more variety of sounds, all horrible, We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Carpenter to eye her: on a truce, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free. [Aside.

Alo. This is as strange a maze as ere men trod,

And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct'd of: 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 when, be cheerful, And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; 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 na man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:— Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio! Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cul. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chaste me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, 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 robb'd me: and this demi-devil (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them 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!

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd them?— How can'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will ne'er out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Stt. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Stt. I should have been a sore one then.
**Act V**

**Scene I.**

**Alon.** This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [Pointing to Cal.]

**Pro.** He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handomely. 

**Cal.** Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, 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. 

[Exeunt Cal., Seb., and Tmx.]

**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-belov'd solemnized; 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.

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**Pro.** I'll deliver all; And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail so expeditious, that shall catch Your royal fleet 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.]

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**Epilogue.**

_Spoken by Prospero._

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have 's mine own; Which is most faint: now 'tis true, I must be here confin'd by you, Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got, And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this bare island, by your spell; But release me from my bands, With the help of your good hands. Gentle breath of yours my sails 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 relief'd by prayer; Which pierces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd oe, Let your indulgence set me free.
NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

1 Good, speak to the mariners.

The reader of Shakespeare will find it advantageous to bear in mind that the poet continually employs elliptical expressions. *Good,* in this passage, is elliptical for *good friends.* The master could scarcely tell the boatswain matters were in a favourable condition, though that is the only meaning to be derived from the punctuation adopted by Knight, Collier, and other modern editors. *What cheer* is an expletive, nearly equivalent to *holla* in reply to a summons. *Yarely,* quickly, suddenly.—*Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.* This is said by the boatswain, apostrophizing the storm, and may be explained.—*Blow, till thou burst thyself, if there be enough sea-room.*

Rise, winds! Blow till ye burst the air, and swell the seas,
That they may sink the stars!

*Fletcher's Double Marriage,* 1647.

Mr. Holt, who wrote a tract on this play printed in 1749, says, "the whole dialogue here, consisting of sea-terms and phrases, though not quite perfect, is by much the best of that kind ever introduced on the stage; for unless when Gonzalo mentions the cable, which is of no use but when the ship is at anchor, and here it is plain they are under sail, there is not one improperly used." It should, however, be recollected that Gonzalo is not a sailor. Competent judges have declared the description faulty.

2 Antonio, Ferdinand.

The first folio reads *Antonio* and *Ferdinando.* In the first of these instances, the *h* may perhaps be retained, but of course not admitted into the pronunciation.

3 Play the men.

That is, behave like men. The phrase occurs in the Bible, 2 Samuel, x. 12.

4 Where is the master, boatswain?

Mr. Knight here reads *boom,* from the first folio, but Mr. Dyce has clearly shown this to be a mere variation of form arising from the unsettled state of our early orthography. Besides, had it been a familiar form of the word, it might have been employed by one sailor to another, but scarcely by a person of so exalted a station as Anonio.

5 Of the present.

That is, of the present time.

6 Bring her to try with main course.

A sea-phrase. As the gale is increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to. Smith, in his *Sea Grammar,* 1627, explains it, "to haile the tuncate aboard, the sheane close ait, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboard."

*7 I'll warrant him for drowning.*

The preposition for is here archaic in the absolute sense of *from,* not on account of, as Mr. Knight explains it. There is, therefore, no necessity for adopting Theobald's alteration from drowning.

8 Lay her a-hold, a-hold!

The ship, having driven near the shore, is brought to lie as near the wind as she can, and the main sail is hauled up.

9 Set her two courses.

Holt's punctuation is here followed. He says, "the courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, which are so called, because, as largest, they contribute most to give her way through the water, and consequently enable her to feel her helm, and steer her course better, than when they are not set or spread to the wind."

10 We are merely cheated.

*Merely,* i. e. absolutely; wholly. It is the primitive meaning, from the Latin *merus*.

11 To girt him.

That is, to swallow him. It is scarcely necessary to remark that Gonzalo is referring to the old proverb,—"He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

12 The freighting souls within her.

Messrs. Collier and Knight adopt the orthography *fraughting* from the first folio, which is merely the early form of the word, and can scarcely be considered worth retaining. We must make a wide distinction between different words and different forms of words.

13 I am more better.

The reader must recollect that these double comparatives belonged to the grammar of Shakespeare's period.

14 That there is no soul,—Prospero here, speaking very energytically, breaks the
sentence. Why should I say soul? There is not so much
perdition as a hair betid to any creature in the vessel.
15 Inquisition i. e. enquiry. "Torturing strangers with
inquisition after his grace." Cynthia's Revels.
16 Out three years old.
That is, quite three years old.
17 Backward, the past state. Abyss, abyss, from the
old French abyss.
18 And princes—no worse issued.
I have ventured to arrange this speech differently from
my predecessors. Prospero says his wife asserted Miranda
was his daughter, and his only heir and princess, no worse
descended. The passage, and thy father was Duke of Milan,
is parenthetical, to bring the fact to his daughter’s mind,
not an assertion that the Duchess herself would have con-
sidered it necessary to have added, or Prospero, speaking
for her.
19 Or blessed was‘t we did.
That is, or was it a blessing that we did.
20 The teen that I have turn'd you to.
Teen, sorrow, trouble, grief. This is a pure Anglo-Saxon
word, very common in old English.
21 Who t' advance.
This is no doubt Shakespeare’s diction, being consonant
with the grammatical usage of his time. My text is from
the first folio. Modern editors adopt the later reading, whom
to advance. Knight and Collier frequently depart from the
original, not sufficiently considering that the age of Shake-
speare had a grammar of its own, quite as systematic and
far more genuine than what we now use.
22 To trash for over-topping.
That is, whom to lob in case of over-topping. Trash is
an old gardening term for, too top, and Dryden substitutes
the latter term, evidently understanding it in that sense.
23 Like a good parent.
Alluding to the old saying,—A wise father has often a
foolish son.
24 Who having unto truth, by telling of it, &c.
This sentence is confused, though the meaning is evident
by transposition,—who having unto truth made such a
sinner of his memory, to credit his own lie by telling of it.
This is Mr. Knight’s explanation. The emendation, by telling of,
perhaps renders the line more consistent with sense and metre; but it is not impossible a line may be
universally lost, for the construction appears, under any
explanation, to require some addition. The old edition
reads, into truth, and the passage would be similarly ex-
plicated,—who having, by telling of his own lie, made such
a sinner of his memory, to credit it into truth.
25 To have no screen, &c.
The is, to prevent the necessity of his acting a part.
26 Dry he was for sway.
Dry is now a vulgarism for thirty, and its metaphorical
use here might at first sight perplex the casual reader.

27 In lieu of th’ promises.
That is, in consideration for.
28 A rotten carcase of a boat.
The old editions unfortunately read butt for boat, and
Knight and Collier restore the evident corruption to the
17 text in the sense of a wine-butt! Mrs. Byrce observes that a
butt large enough to contain Prospero and his daughter,
with the articles furnished by Gonzalo, must have been the
Great Two of Heidelberg borrowed for the occasion. The
editors omit the only feasible argument in favour of their
restoration, that butt might possibly be used metaphorically
for a vessel no better than a cask.
29 Instinctively have quit it.
Dryden altered have to had, and his reading was followed
by many editors. There is no necessity for disturbing the
original. Prospero uses the present tense to bring his
narrative more vividly to his hearer’s mind.
30 When I have deck'd the sea.
We may probably use the term deck’d in the original
sense of covered. This seems preferable to the violent
alteration deck’d, sprinkled, which is recommended by some
editors. Tears, to be sure, are called melting pearls in the
Two Gentlemen of Verona, and might thus be metaphor-
ically supposed to adorn the sea, but the image appears too
forced for Prospero to use in speaking of his own. Although
Prospero could raise a Tempest, he could not alay the
storm of Nature, and confuses his weakness by his tears.
31 An undergoing stomach.
Stomach is here used in the old sense of courage. Elyot,
in his Dictionarie, 1556, translates spiritus by this word.

32 By Providence divine.
Mr. Knight places a comma after this sentence, and says
the entire speech is an answer to Miranda’s question. But
this is surely an error. By the aid of divine Providence
they reached the shore. The provisions, garments and
books, furnished by Gonzalo, can scarcely be referred to
the same source, in a reply to the question asked by Miranda.
33 Know thus far-forth.
Far-forth, literally, far in advance. The phrase is here
equivalent to, know thus much.
34 Now my dear lady.
This refers to Fortune, who is now my dear lady, my
insipid mistress.
35 Perform’d to point.
That is, perfectly. A French phrase.
36 Now on the beat, now in the waist.
Beat, the prow of a ship; extremitus prave, Cato’s
Waist, the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.
37 Sustaining garments.
That is, enduring garments, garments which bore the
drenching of the sea.
38 His arms in this sad knot.
Here Ariel of course folds his arms in imitation of
Ferdinand’s position.
The Bermudas were supposed to be inhabited by evil spirits. Dekker, in his *Strange Horse Race*, 1613, mentions them as being "haunted, as all men know, with hogs and hogboblins," and adds, the "Bermudas called the Band of Dives by reason of the grunting of swine heard from hence to the sea."

Greatness to me seem'd ever full of fear,
Which thou found'st false at thy arriving there;
Of the Bermudas the example such.
Where not a ship until this time durst touch,
Kept, as supposed, by hogs infernal dogs.
Our fleet found their most honest courteous hogs.

*Coriolanus*, 1611.

Sir, in Argier.

An old name for Algiers.

We cannot miss him.

We cannot miss him, i.e., we cannot do without him, a phrase, according to Malone, current in the midland counties. Mr. Collier says, "no similar use of it has been pointed out in other writers." Falstaff, however, gives a very similar idiom in his *Table of Verbs*, f. 180—"I can not want my gloves, je ne veu plus passer sans mes gants." So also Cotgrave, in *v. Passer*, "De ceau je ne puis passer, I can by no means want it, I cannot bee without it." This form of expression is common enough in America.

When is a very common expression of great impatience in old plays. So in *Julius Caesar*, "When, Lucius, when?"

Quaint, brisk, dexterous. (Fr. *coitete*.)

As wicked dew.

*Wicked*, i.e., lascivious, pernicious. His mother was a witch, and the raven's feather was an article in her laboratory.

*Urchins* shall, for that vast, &c.

*Urchins* is an archaic, and still used as a provincial, term for hedgehogs, but here may be employed for a kind of spirits or fairies, who perhaps were supposed to assume that shape. The term again occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor. *For that vast of night*, during that depth of night.

But thy wild race.

*Vild* is an old form of *vile*, and being necessary for the verse in other places, should not be altered by the editors. *Race* appears to mean *natural disposition*, a disposition inherited from the mother. The word occurs in a similar case in Measure for Measure,—"now I gave my sensual face the rein."

The red plague rid you.

**Red** you, i.e., destroy you.

**Aches.**

In Shakespeare's time this substantive was always used as a dissyllable. Kemble was, perhaps, correct in his pronunciation, however much we may question his judgment in persisting in the old form on the modern stage.

My dam's god, Setebos.

Setebos was the supreme god of the Patagonians, and although Syssorax was born in Algiers, she might have been descended from them. He is termed a "great devyll" in *Eden's History of Travayle*, 1577, p. 434.

The wild waves what.

I think we must consider this line parenthetical, the wild waves being silent. Mr. Knight suggests the pretty idea, you have kissed the wild waves into silence; but this interpretation scarcely suits the construction of the original.

Dispersedly, in several places. A musick that seem'd to come from all parts of the stage," Capell.

Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

It seems preferable to preserve this version of the strain, as printed in the first folio, to the modern one, it being evidently intended to rhyme with bowgh, wowgh.

Full fathom five thy father lies.

*Fathom*, the old Anglo-Saxon form of *fatheon*. This is a case, I apprehend, where it is not in an editor's discretion to alter the original text. The alliteration in this line, and in the previous song, is worth observation.

That is, owns, possesses. This archaic use of the word is frequent in Shakespeare.

If you be naitd or no.

This is no doubt the correct reading, but it has been differently explained. By some, that Ferdinand's immediate and prenuptial love for Miranda renders his *prince request* the question whether she is unmarried. The only objection I have to this is, that Miranda's reply would in that sense possibly detract somewhat from the extreme purity of her character. Others think the enquiry is merely whether she is a mortal or goddess.

A single thing.

That is, a simple weak person. *My single state o man.* *Single* is used elsewhere by Shakespeare in the same sense.

And his brave son.

This personage is not mentioned elsewhere in the play, a circumstance which may perhaps be attributed to the tule being taken from an early novel.

Could control thee.

That is, disprove or contradict. Colles translates *contra* by, *reductus, contradicio*. "I fear you have done yourself some wrong," that is, says Stevens, I fear that in asserting yourself to be King of Naples, you have uttered a falsehood injurious to your character.

I'll monacle thy neck and feet together.

That is, fasten them together with a manacle, or an iron instrument so formed that when a prisoner was placed in it he could not change his position.

He's gentle and not fearful.

Fearful has the two significations, timorous and formidable. Here Miranda seems to imply he is not to be feared, and therefore that there was no necessity for "too rash a trial."
NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

61 My foot my tutor.
The term foot is apparently employed metaphorically for his child.

62 Come from thy ward.
That is, thy posture of defence.

63 Our hint of woe.
In other words, the woe which our misfortune hints or suggests to us.

64 The masters of some merchant.
That is, of some merchant vessel. The term is used in the same sense by Dryden.

65 The visitor will not give him o'er so.
The visitor is Gonzalo, who is represented as consoler, and therefore so called in allusion to the person who visits and consoles the sick.

66 So, you're paid.
The wager laid was a laughter, and as Sebastian laughs immediately after Adrian commences speaking, he remarks that the wager is paid. In the old copies these words are given to Antonio, but they clearly do not belong to him, as it is he who wins the wager.

67 Delicate temperance.
Stevens says temperance here means temperature, and that the allusion in the next line is to the Punicus custom of christening children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

68 How lush and lusty.
Lush is juicy, succulent. The term is apparently used for moist by Topsell, in his Historie of Beasts, 1607, p. 343. An eye of green, a shade or tint of green.

69 Not since widow Dido's time.
Dr. Johnson supposes this alludes to the widows their wreck had made for a time; but Dido's husband had been murdered before she went to Carthage.

70 More than the miraculous harp.
Alluding to the story of Amphion, who was so incomparable a musician, that when he played upon a lute presented to him by Mercury, the stones which built Thebes followed him to the place where they should be laid.

71 The stomach of my sense.
The stomach or appetite of my sense, i.e. my desire.

72 Who hath cause to set the grief on 't.
This line will be best understood by explaining who to refer to eye. The relatives who or which are frequently used indiscriminately by Shakespeare.

73 Which end the beam should bow.
The old copies read, which end o' th' beam should bow, altered generally to, which end o' the beam she'd bow. Either this reading, or that I have adopted, makes perfect sense.

74 More widows in them of this business' making.
Than we bring men to comfort them.

Sebastian means to say, there are more widows in Milan and Naples than there are men preserved in the island alluding to the others he supposes have perished.

75 Foison i.e. abundance. The word occurs again at p. 27. It is from the Anglo-Norman foison, but Collier and Knight, print foison and foison in this same play, blindly following the unsettled orthography of the time.

76 You are gentlemen of brave metal.
Metal in the original edition, is changed by modern editors to metal, but this latter word conveys a stronger meaning than Shakespeare intended. Metal is used metaphorically for temper or disposition, and brave in the ordinary old sense of fine or arrogant.

77 The heavy offer of it.
Alluding of course to sleep, but the next line has a relative without an antecedent.

78 For he's a spirit of persuasion.
The word who is understood before only, a mode of elision we again meet with in the Two Gentlemen of Verona. The sentence is rather obscure. His entire business is the profession of persuasion.

79 Ten leagues beyond man's life.
We have here one of the vexed questions which have tormented critics for more than a century. Some say it implies a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach; others, that Man's Life is the name of a place. It is perfectly clear Antonio wishes to express and even exaggerate the distance between Naples and Tunis, in order to persuade Sebastian of the possibility of his design.

80 And by that destiny, &c.
This difficult passage receives no explanation at the hands of Collier or Knight, but it surely requires a note. The passage, and by that destiny, I suppose is spoken clinically, and the sense of the whole will be,—though some thrown on shore to perform a deed of which the past is only a prelude; the future depends on what you and I are to perform. The construction of the last line, in you're and my discharge, is somewhat peculiar, but seems preferable to is your's, &c. Theobald reads, because it leaves the question open to Sebastian's desires, whereas the latter would read as if he had quite determined on the course to be adopted.

81 Chough, i. e. a jack-daw. "Choughs and rooks," Macbeth.

82 Morsel, figuratively used for a small person, or perhaps for any individual in familiar language. The term occurs again in Measure for Measure.

83 To keep them living.
Malone's alteration in this line, his project dies, for his project dies, has been adopted. Some emendation must be made, or them is inexplicable, unless, indeed, we refer it to Gonzalo and the project.
NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

84 Why are you drawn? That is, why are your swords drawn?

85 Moe, i.e. make muttons. “To mop, mow, jest, raile,” Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1693.

86 Prick, i.e. prickles. Wound, i.e. wrapped round.

87 A foul bumbard.

A bumbard was a large kind of drinking-cup. “That huge bumbard of eac,” I Henry IV.

88 There would this monster make a man.

That is, make a man’s fortune. The phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare. So in the old ballad of Robin Hood and the Tinker,—

I have a warrant from the king
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.

89 To creep under his gaberdine.

A gaberdine was a kind of coarse cloak or mantle, worn chiefly by peasants and Jews.

90 Salvages, i.e. savages. It was the pronunciation of the time, and should be preserved.

91 While Stephano breathes at nostrils.

I have here followed the original edition in placing a mark of elision after at, which is probably elliptical for at his.

92 I will not take too much for him.

A vulgar kind of ironical speaking, implying he will take as much as he can get.

93 Thou dost me yet but little hurt.

Dr. Grey thinks Caliban always speaks in verse, and arranges this speech as follows.—

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Ass: I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works so on thee.

Notes on Shakespeare, ed. 1754, l. 10. Mr. Knight in add. ii. sc. 2, says Caliban always speaks metrically, though he arranges the above as prose! In fact, if an editor can make blank verse of the present speech, so he could of every article in the Times newspaper with equal facility.

94 I have no long spoon.

“He hath need of a long spoon that eateth with the devil,” Old proverb.

95 The siege of this mowncalf.

Mr. Collier erroneously explains siege by seat, though its meaning (save reverence) is perfectly clear, and needs not a note. A mowncalf is an imperfectly developed facet, here metaphorically applied to a misshapen monster.

96 Young scoters from the rock.

Holt, writing in 1740, says limpets are termed scans in some counties, and I have the authority of Mr. Crofton for asserting that the term is still retained in Ire-

land in that sense. Mr. Croft bears evidence to the same effect, and Waldron, notes to the 3rd Shepherd, p. 126, observes that a vessel called the Scammed is mentioned in the Pennsylvania Journal for July 13th, 1782. Theobald proposes to read stammel, a species of hawk.

97 Nor scraping treacher.

The early editions read treachering, an obvious typographical blunder, which, though corrected by Dryden, in his alteration of this play, and by Theobald, is unaccountably re-introduced by Knight and Collier. This blind adherence to the old copies, in defiance of sense, cannot be judicious. The only supposition on which the old reading can be made partially correct is that Shakespeare wrote trecheren, the old English plural; but this is scarcely probable, and, on the whole, we believe our reading to be the best. In Shakespeare’s time, when treachers were used, they were generally scraped, not washed.

98 Most busy-less when I do it.

The second folio reads, “most busy, least when I do it,” a reading adopted by several critics of the last century, and revived by Mr. Collier as original. The above is Theobald’s correction. Mr. Dyce characterizes Mr. Collier’s reading as “a corruption which outrages language, taste, and common sense.”

99 Iuell keep for having wearied you.

A beautiful allusion to the dewy vapour on green wood when burning.

100 Host, i.e. belost, command.

101 What else, i.e. whatever else, aught else.

102 It seeks, i.e. affection seeks.

103 A thousand, thousand! That is, a thousand, thousand times farewell!

104 Standard, i.e. ensign.

105 Thou deboied’s d fish.

Deboied, lewd and debauched. This is more than a mere variation of orthography, and should of course be preserved; and if the reader refers to Minshew, he may conclude it means rather more than debauched.

106 What a pined ninny’s this?

Trinculo, the jester, was a domestic buffer, and this passage puts it beyond doubt that he should be habited on the stage in a suit of motley.

107 I’ll go no further off.

The word no is taken from the second folio, and seems necessary to the sense. Stephano wishes to get rid of Trinculo’s interruption, but the latter is bent on listening to Caliban, and as Stephano commands him to stand further off twice in a few lines, we may suppose some movement of the hand is here given to the same effect.

108 He’s but a set.

Set is here used in the sense of fool, from the French.
NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

109 Flout 'em, and shout 'em.

The original, by an easy misprint, reads cout for shout, and Mr. Knight follows it, but does not tell us the meaning of the term.

110 The picture of Nobody.

Nobody was once the subject of sign-boards. It was usually represented by a picture of a head upon two legs, with arms; a physical realization.

111 Wilt come?

These words should be added to Stephano's speech, or else they are intended to be addressed to Caliban.

112 By't la'kin, diminutive of By our lady, a very common ancient oath.

113 Through forth-rights and meanders.

That is, through straight and wandering paths. The first term occurs again in Troilus and Cressida.

114 A living drollery.

A drollery or puppet-show represented by living characters.

115 There is one tree, the phenix' throne.

"Phenix is a bird, and there is but one of that kind in all the wide world, but ignorant men wonder thereof; and among the Arabians, there this bird Phenix is bred. He is called singularis, alone." Batman upon Bartholome, fol. Lond. 1684, fol. 183.

116 Muse, i.e. wonder.

117 Each putter out at five for one.

It was the custom in Shakespeare's time, when travelling was not very safe, for persons to put out money before going abroad, on condition of receiving back two, three, four or even five times the amount on their return, according to the supposed danger of the expedition. Sidney makes an incident of this kind conspicuous in his play called the Ball. It appears from Banerley Rich, that three for one was paid for a journey to Rome. Davies in his Epigrams, has one of considerable point on the practice of putting out:

Lycus, which lately is to Venice gone, Shall, if he do return, gain three for one; But, ten to one, his knowledge and his wit Will not be better'd or increase'd a whit.

We shall hear more of men with heads standing above the shoulders in Othello.

118 With a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

This means nothing more, as Mr. Dyce observes, than that the mechanist of the theatre was to do his best to make it seem that the harpy had devoured the banquet.

119 To bech up you.

Mr. Collier omits the last word, but erroneously, for nothing is more common in the Elizabethan drama than the duplication of the pronoun, and we have many instances of it in Shakespeare. That hath to instrument, &c., i.e. that uses all the world as its instrument or design for work. This is one of the finest speeches in the play, and its moral effect should shield the whole from the censure of the opponents of the drama.

120 Dowle, i.e. a feather, or, perhaps, more strongly, a single particle of down.

121 Good life, i.e. good spirit, energy.

122 And his and mine bow'd darling.

Here both Collier and Knight alter the expressive original mine to my, in defiance of the usage of Shakespeare.

123 It did base my trespass.

That is, the thunder pronounced his crime in the deep base sound. Spenser has a similar image in his Faerie Queen,—

The rolling sea, resounding oft, In his big base them fitly answered.

124 Eucatacy, i.e. madness. It is used in the same sense in Hamlet.

125 A third of mine own life.

Although I have very great doubts whether Theobald's alteration thread should not be substituted for third, yet as every old edition concurs in the latter reading, and tolerable sense can be made of it, I have followed the first folio. Mr. Collier adopts the explanation that Prospero has given Ferdinand a third of his own life, a portion of his very existence, in bestowing Miranda upon him. Can we accept it in the sense that Prospero has bestowed a third portion of his life on the care and education of Miranda? Shakespeare elsewhere uses thread of life in its strict classical sense, so that he would probably have written the thread, had he intended to use that word.

126 Aspersion, i.e. sprinkling, the primitive sense of the term.

127 Or Phæbus' steeds.

It is almost unnecessary to observe that the first or is used here for either.

128 The arkour of my liver.

In the physiology of our ancestors, the liver was considered the seat of the passions.

129 Bring a corallory.

Corallory, a surplus number, (Fr.) i.e. bring more than are sufficient rather than want any. Minshew explains it, the addition or advantage over measure.

130 Stover, properly applied to grass fodder for cattle. See my Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 814. Not necessarily coarse grass, as stated by Mr. Collier. Twilled in the next line has occasioned much controversy, and its exact meaning does not appear to be ascertained. A reed is called a twill in the North of England. Loss-born, forsaken by his mistress. Pole-erig't vineyard, alluding to the poles being clipped or embraced by the vines.

131 And thy broome groves.

An old Scotch ballad represents a lover waiting for his mistress in a broom-grove,—

But let them say, or let them do, 'Tis z' aye to me, For he's low down, he's in the broom,— Is waiting for me.

132 Bosky, i. e. shrubby, woody.
Harmonious charmfully.

Shakespeare's construction, not requiring the laboured annotation of the commentators. Coleridge writes, "beautiful exceedingly." In the Missummer Night's Dream we have "miserable most" for "most miserable."

From their confusion.

The second folio reads, all their confines.

A wonder'd father and a wise.

The common phraseology of Shakespeare's time. This is the old reading, adopted by Mr. Collier. Most editors read wise; but we may retain the original reading, though at first sight not so apposite. Ferdinand is enraptur'd with the masque, and pays a merited compliment to Prospero. A wonder'd father, that is, a father able to perform wonders.

Be mute, or else our spell is marr'd.

Silence was indispensably necessary during all magical operations. The witch in Macbeth says of the armed head,—

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

Of the winding brooks.

The old copies corruptly read win'dring, and are absolutely followed by Mr. Knight, although no one can produce such a word in the old English language. See Mr. Dyce's remarks on this editorial absurdity.

Iherit, i.e. possessed.

Leave not a wreck behind.

I will give my reason for preferring wreck to the ordinary reading rock. The latter is never found with the indefinite article. Wreck is sometimes misspelt rock, as in the early editions of Beaumont and Fletcher. See the argument farther discussed in my Dictionary of Archaisms. p. 661. Rock is applied to the thin vapoury clouds. So Fletcher,—

— shall I stay
In the middle air, and stay
The salling rock, or nimble take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night,
For a beam to give thee light?

Meet with, i.e. counteract.

Gorse, a species of furze. Shakespeare here seems to make a distinction between gorse and furze, but we learn from Gerard that in his time, as at present, the former was only a provincial term for the other.

State, i.e. a trap or decoy.

Nurture, i.e. education.

Played the Jack.

A common old proverbial phrase for playing the knave. There is not necessarily an allusion to Jack o' Lantern, as Mr. Collier supposes.

O, King Stephano! O Peer!

The old ballad here referred to is quoted in Othello,—

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His brooches cast him but a crown.

We know what belongs to a frippery.

A frippery was a shop where old clothes were sold and exchanged. Ben Jonson mentions one in the Old Jewry.

Let 't alone.

Theobald reads, let's along, but the old edition has let's alone, and our text, which is adopted by Hamner and Collier, is a less violent alteration. The original reading can scarcely be right, though Steevens explains it,—"Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the trash of dress, behind us," but Stephano was equally enraptur'd with the gown.

Barnacles; the claths or tree-goose is here referred to. Early writers believed that the barnacle-goose was produced from the shell of the fish.

In the line-grower.

Line is the old term for the lime-tree, and should be preserved. Mr. Hunter has ingeniously conjectured that when Prospero, in a previous scene, says to Ariel, who comes in bringing the glittering apparel, "Come, hang them on this line," he means on one of the lime-trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken if the word of the original copies had been allowed to keep its place. I am, however, convinced with Mr. Knight that the poet intended a horse-hair line, and that the players are right in hanging one across the stage, otherwise the "chummy joking" about the line, as Mr. Hunter calls a clever dialogue, though replete with quibbling, would be absolutely unintelligible.

Till you release.

So the later folio. The first reads till your release, which does not appear to be grammatical.

That relish all as sharply passion as they.

That is, that relish or feel passion as deeply as they do. The passage seemingly seems to require explanation, had not Collier and Knight placed a comma in the middle of it, intending, I suppose, that passion should be considered a verb.

Midnight mushrooms.

The old edition has the form mushrummps. Our author probably means toadstools. In Shakespeare's time, the term was applied both to toadstools, what we now term mushrooms, and many kind of fungi.

Weak masters though ye be.

Weak if left to your own guidance, powerful when assisting the designs of one able to direct.

Remorse, i.e. pity.

Nature, i.e. natural affection.

The reasonable shore.

So the old editions, which read ly for lies in the next line. All modern editors read shores.

Where the bee sucks.

This, and the song commencing, Full fitten fire, were originally set to music by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakespeare. See a note by Burney in
NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

the variorum edition, p. 61. Dr. Wilson also set them to music, and his compositions are printed in his *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660. Wilson's music to the present song will also be found in Playford's *Musical Companion*, Second Part, 1672, pp. 174—5. Lock's music to the *Tempest* was published in 1675, 4to.

138 *Thy dukedom I resign.*

Alluding to the duchy of Milan having been made tributary to him by Antonio.

123 *For a score of kingdoms you should wrangle.*

The term *wrangle* appears to be here equivalent to playing falsely. This seems a less forced interpretation than that given by Dr. Johnson.

109 *When no man was his own.*

That is, when no man was himself, or in his right senses.

51 *Trickey,* i.e. quick, clever, elegant.

142 And more diversity.

Here, and in some other places, the early editions read *me*, the old word for *more*.

163 *In all her trim.*

The old editions read, *our trim*, but the expression seems more applicable to the ship than the crew. "The ship is in her trim," *Comedy of Errors*.

164 *Conduct,* i.e. conductor, guide.

165 *A plain fish,* i.e. plainly a fish.

166 *True,* honest.

167 *A strange thing as ere.*

Mr. Knight, in his *Pictorial Edition*, reads, *as strange a thing as e'er*, which is only partially corrected in the *Library Edition*, although the original is referred to! Mr. Collier rightly follows the first folio.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Diana of Jorge de Montemayor was one of the books which had the rare merit of escaping the flames that consumed the greater portion of the library of Don Quixote. "I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems, and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first in that kind." The Diana deserved the praise of Cervantes, and it appears to have been extremely popular in England during the later years of the sixteenth century. It was translated by Bartholomew Yonge somewhere about 1582 or 1583, by Thomas Wilson in 1595 or 1596, and parts of it were rendered into English by Edward Paston and the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney;* but Yonge's version was the only one published, and that did not appear till 1598, the year in which we first hear of the Two Gentlemen of Verona in the pages of Meres.

The fact of the popularity of the Diana in England at this period is of considerable importance, for, although it would seem that Shakespeare could not have read the printed translation by Yonge before he composed the play, there are similarities between a story contained in Montemayor and the drama too minute to be accidental. Mr. Collier says the incident common to the two is only such as might be found in other romances, and limits the resemblance to the assumption of male attire by the lady. But the most striking similitude is contained in the account of the incident of bringing the letter, and the waywardness of Julia; and I subjoin an extract from the Diana, which will exhibit even several of Shakespeare's own expressions, and prove that Mr. Collier's opinion is quite untenable:

* This fact, hitherto unnoticed, is obtained from the later editions of the Arcadia.

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When he had, therefore, by sundry signs, as by tilts and tourneys, and by prancing up and down upon his proud gentil before my windows, made it manifest that he was in love with me, for at the first I did not so well perceive it, he determined in the end to write a letter unto me; and having practised divers times before with a maid of mine, and at length, with many gifts and fair promises, gotten her good will and furtherance, he gave her the letter to deliver to me. But to see the means that Rosina made unto me, for so was she called, the dutiful services and unaverted circumstances before she did deliver it, the oaths that she swore unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and worthy the noting. To whom, nevertheless, with an angry countenance I turned again, saying, If I had not regard of mine own estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shameless face of thing he known ever after for a mark of an impudent and bold minion; but because it is the first time, let this suffice that I have said, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

Methinks I see now the crafty wench, how she held her peace, assembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angry answer, for she feigned a counterfeit smiling, saying, Jesus! mistress, I gave it you, because you might laugh at it, and not to move your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I pray God he may show his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many words more, as she could do well enough, to pacify the feigned anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I
began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love, methought, did put a certain desire into my mind to see the letter, though modesty and shame forbade me to ask it of my maid, especially for the words that had passed between us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day until night in variety of many thoughts; but when Rosina came to help me to bed, God knows how desires I was to have her entreat me again to take the letter, but she would never speak unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once think thereof. Yet to try if by giving her some occasion I might prevail, I said unto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistress, said she demurely to me again, that are commonly incident to love; wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the balls of mine eyes. How cold my heart was at that blow, God knows, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myself to remain that night only with my desire, and with occasion of little sleep. And so it was, indeed, for that, methought, was the angrest and most painful night that ever I passed. But when, with a slower pace than I desired, the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to help me to make me ready, in doing whereof purpose she let the letter closely (secretly) fall, which, when I perceived,—What is that fell down? said I, let me see it. It is nothing, mistress, said she. Come, come, let me see it, said I. What! move me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistress, said she, why will you see it: it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not, said I: wherefore show it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so, but she put it into my hands, saying, God never give me good if it be any other thing; and although I knew it well indeed, yet I said, What? this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lover's letters: I will read it, to see in what need he standeth of thy favour.

It is by no means impossible that the Two Gentlemen of Verona, as we now possess it, has received additions from its author's hands to what was perhaps originally a very meagre production. This conjecture would well agree with what we know to have been the dramatic usage of the time, and it seems difficult to account on any other supposition for the use Shakespeare has made of the tale of Felismena. The absolute origin of the entire plot has possibly to be discovered in some Italian novel. The error in the first folio of Padua for Milan in Act ii. Sc. 5 has perhaps to be referred to some scene in the original novel. Tieck mentions an old German play founded on a tale similar to the Two Gentlemen of Verona, but it has not yet been made accessible to English students, and we have no means of ascertaining how far the resemblance extends.

Should the original novel, supposing one to exist, ever be discovered, it will probably be found to assimilate more to the ancient tales of perfect friendship than might be suspected from Shakespeare's play. In venturing upon this conjecture, I have been guided in a great measure by the romantic generosity of Valentine in the last act, which scarcely looks like a free result of the poet's own invention. It is quite true he might have found similar instances in several old friendship tales but it seems more natural to suppose he transferred it from the same source to which we are indebted for the play, than that the incident was introduced from another copy. That any editor can have a doubt as to Shakespeare's intention to represent Valentine's generosity so great, that, in the excess of his rapture for the repentance of Proteus, he gives up to him all his right in Silvia, would be improbable, had we not two late instances of attempts to explain the scene in a different manner; but any interpretation which destroys the literal meaning of Valentine's gift,—

And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

renders Julia's exclamation,—"O me unhappy!"—which immediately follows, entirely unmeaning. Mr. Collier thinks Valentine suspected Silvia's purity from her position with Proteus in the forest, and is therefore giving his friend a present no longer desirable to himself! It would be difficult to imagine a supposition that would more completely destroy the poetry and romance of Valentine's character.

The commentators have brought much curious learning to illustrate the question of the date at which this play was written; but their arguments are for the most part founded on vague generalities, such as notices of foreign adventure and classical allusions, not by any means sufficiently minute to enable us to conclude any particular circumstances were intended by the author. Meres, in his Wits...
Treasury, 1598, says "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, &c." This is the earliest notice of the play that has come down to us; but most critics believe it to have been written several years before the publication of the Wits Treasury, and Mr. Hudson (Lectures on Shakespeare, i. 220) appears to consider it the poet's earliest dramatic work.

Although probably not quite the "first heir" of Shakespeare's dramatic invention, the Two Gentlemen of Verona exhibits a deficiency of effective situation, and to some extent a crudity of construction, which would most likely have been avoided by a practised writer for the stage. But these defects are unnoticed by the reader in the richness of its poetical beauties and overflowing humour,—its romance and pathos. The tale is based on love and friendship. Valentine is the ideal personification of both, of pure love to Silvia, and romantic attachment to the friend of his youth. Proteus, on the contrary, selfish and sensual, suffers himself to be guided by his passions, and concludes his inconstancy to his love with perfidious treachery to his friend. Valentine, noble and brave, but timid before the mistress of his affections, adoring Silvia's glove, and too diffident even to interpret her stratagem of the letter: Proteus, daring all, and losing his integrity, in the excess of a tumultuous passion. If Shakespeare has painted these elements in an outline something too bold for the extreme refinement of the present day, the error must be ascribed to his era not to himself; and if it be also objected to this play, that the female characters are germs only of more powerful creations in Twelfth Night or Cymbeline, the reader must bear in mind they are perhaps more suitable to the extreme simplicity of the story, that the chief object of the dramatist is directed to the development of the characters of Valentine and Proteus, and, above all, that the play should be judged by itself. There are few, indeed, who would be willing to miss the Two Gentlemen of Verona, for it is, nevertheless, a gem, though it may not shine quite as brilliantly as some others in the Shakesperian cabinet.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, father to Silvia.
Appear, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Valentine.
Appear, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

Proteus.
Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Antonio, father to Proteus.
Appear, Act I. sc. 3.

Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.
Appear, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.
Appear, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

Launce, a clownish servant to Proteus.
Appear, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1
Act IV. sc. 2.

Panthino, servant to Antonio.
Appear, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Host at the inn where Julia lodges.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 2.

Outlaws with Valentine.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3, sc. 4.

Julia, beloved of Proteus.
Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1
sc. 3; sc. 4.

Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.
Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 7.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE,—In Verona, in Milan, and on the Frontiers of Mantua.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus; 
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits; 
Wore '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 dully sluggardiz'd at home, 
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. 
But, since thou lov'st, 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 bondsman, 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 sworn the Hellespont.

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

Val. No, I will 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 hapless gain; 
If lost, why then a grievous labour won; 
However, but a folly bought with wit, 
Or else a wit by folly vanished.

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 he that is so yoked by a fool, 
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud 
The eating canker dwells, so eating love 
Inhabits in 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 counsel thee,
That art a rotary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road?
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Pro. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me bear from thee by letters, Of thy success in love, and what news else Betelwitch here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness befall thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, fare-well.

[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.
Thou, 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

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be 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 sitting 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 followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

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 lac'd mutton? and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a-stray, 't were 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?

Speed. She did "[he nods.]"

Pro. Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, 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 fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Murry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Betwix't me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your show 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 (giving him money): What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from
ACT II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Scene II.

Garden of Julia's House.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now are we alone, Wouldst thou then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind According to my simple shallow skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame, That I, unworthy body as I am, Should ensure such on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closet kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia."—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee.

Luc. Sir Valentine’s page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault. I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is 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 foe than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. [Aside.] That you may ruminate. [Exit

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."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforce'd my heart to smile

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What, ho! Lucetta!

_Re-enter Lucetta._

_Luc._ What would your ladyship?
_Jul._ Is 't near dinner-time?
_Luc._ I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach_20 on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

_Jul._ What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
_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_21 as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."_22

_Luc._ It is too heavy for so light a tune.

_Jul._ Heavy? beliefe it hath some burden then.

_Luc._ Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

_Jul._ And why not you?

_Luc._ I cannot reach so high.

_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; 't is too sharp.

_Jul._ You, minion, are too saucy.

_Luc._ Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descent:_23

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

_Jul._ The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

_Luc._ Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus._24

_Jul._ This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!_[Tears the letter._

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.

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

To be so anger'd with another letter._[Exit._

_Jul._ Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O lovefull lines, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your wings!

I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—unkind Julia
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain!

And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;

And thus I search_24 it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn 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._

_Exit Lucetta._

_Luc._ Madam, dinner is 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._25

_Jul._ I see you have a month's mind_26 to them.

_Luc._ Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

_Jul._ Come, come; will 't please you go?_[Exeunt._

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Antonio's House.

_Enter Antonio and Panthino._

_Ant._ Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk_28 was that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

_Panth._ 'T was of his nephew Proteus: your son.

_Ant._ Why, what of him?

_Panth._ No wonder'd that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,
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 importune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.  
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to  

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 tried 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. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent  

There shall he 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 mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known:  
Even with the speediest expedition,  
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  

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,  
Or seal our happiness with their consents!  
O, Hvenly Julia!  

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading  

There?  
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations 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 grace'd 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 Valentins 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 peremptory.  
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.—  
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition. [Exit Ant. and Pan.  
Pro. Thus have I shunn'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 my love.  
O, how this spring of love resemblth  
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 accords thereto;  
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [Exit
ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. [Picking up a glove.] Sir, your glove?
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then this may be yours; for this is but one.23
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it’s mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. [Calls.] Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
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 learn’d, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A.B.C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;24 to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak pausing, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walk’d, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you lock’d 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 perceiv’d in me?
Speed. They are all perceiv’d without ye.
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 an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.
Val. But tell me dost thou know my lady Silvia?
Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?
Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.
Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.
Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know’st her not?
Speed. Is she not hard-favour’d, sir?
Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour’d.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What dost thou know?
Speed. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favour’d.
Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
Speed. That’s because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How esteem’st thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You never saw her since she was deform’d.
Val. How long hath she been deform’d?
Speed. Ever since you lov’d her.
Val. I have lov’d her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungarter’d!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love cannot see to put on your hose.
**Act II.**

**The Two Gentlemen of Verona.**

**Scene I.**

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing’d me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin’d me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace! here she comes.

*Enter Silvia.*

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-mornings.

Speed. O, ’tis a good even! here’s a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin’d me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, 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 pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stand 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.

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 sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor, 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 rhyming; ’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 deliver’d, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I’ll warrant you ’tis as well: For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or hearing 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 din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameron Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my viectuals, and would fain have meat. 0, be not like your mistress; be moved, we moved.

SCENE II.—Verona. A room in Julia's House.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

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. [Giving her another.]

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

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

[Exit Julia.]

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.

Enter Panthino.

Panth. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—Mas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exit.]

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 receiv'd 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 our 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, wept 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 worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff 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:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; “Father, your blessing;” now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now like an old woman;)—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is: here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the mean she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Panth. Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with ours. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide, if you hurry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ti'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ti'd that ever any man ti'd.

Panth. What 's the unkindest ti'd?

Laun. Why, he that 's ti'd here; Crab, my dog.

Panth. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Panth. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the ti'd, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide!--Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Panth. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou jar'st.

Panth. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exit.]}
Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.  

Sil. Servant!  
Val. Mistress.  

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.  
Val. Ay, boy, it’s for love.  

Speed. Not of you.  
Val. Of my mistress, then.  

Speed. ’Twere good you knock’d him.  
Sil. Servant, you are sad.  
Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.  

Thu. Seem you that you are not?  
Val. Happily I do.  

Thu. So do counterfeit.  
Val. So do you.  

Thu. What seem I that I am not?  
Val. Wise.  

Thu. What instance of the contrary?  
Val. Your folly.  

Thu. And how quote you my folly?  
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.  

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.  

Val. Well, then, I’ll double your folly.  

Thu. How?  
Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?  

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon  

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood,  
than live in your air.  
Val. You have said, sir.  

Thu. 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 liveliness, that they live by your bare words.  

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

Enter the Duke.  

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset  
Sir Valentine, your father is 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 ye 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 convers’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 unmelhewed, but his judgment 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. Bless 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 ’t is no unwelcome news to you.  
Val. Should I have wish’d a thing, it had been he.  

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 will send him hither to 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 books.  
Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised 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
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. [Exit Thurio and Speed.

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. That you are worthless. 43

Re-enter Thurio.

Thur. Madam, my lord's your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. 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.

[Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.

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 thrive your love?

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

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: 
I have done penance for contemning Love, 
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me 
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, 
With nightly tears, and daily heart-some sighs; 
For, in revenge of my contempt of love, 
Love hath clas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty cord; 
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, 
There is no woe to his correction, 
Nor to his service no such 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 fortune in your eye, 
Was this the idol that you worship so? 

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills 
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine, 
Yet let her be a principality. 45

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any; 
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too: 
She shall be dignified with this high honour,— 
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth 
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, 
And, of so great a favour growing proud, 
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower, 
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing 
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing; 
She is alone. 454

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own; 
And I as rich in having such a jewel, 
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, 
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. 
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee, 
Because thou seest me dote upon my love. 
My foolish rival, that her father likes, 
Only for his possessions are so huge, 
Is gone with her along; and I must after, 
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy;

Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pto. Go on before; I shall inquire, you forth:
Must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? [Exit Val.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it to me, or Valentine's praise,49
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont: 0!
but I love his lady too-too much,50
And that's the reason I love him so little
How shall I dot on her with more advice,51
That thus without advice begin to love her!
T is but her picture52 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. A street in Milan.

Enter Speed and Launce.

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

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this, always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, 'Welcome.'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse 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 clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

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

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter 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.53

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and under-stand 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 nothing, 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 notable 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 mistak'st 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 alehouse, so: if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, 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 ale54 with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exit.}
SCENE VI.—Mian.  A Room 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, shall I be much forsworn;  
And ev'n that pow'r, 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 sim'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 heedfully be broken;  
And he who wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—  
Fie, fie, unrev erent tongue! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming 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.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself:  
And Silvia, (witness Heaven, that made her fair!)  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Remembring 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 us'd to Valentine:—  
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder  
To climb 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 enrag'd, will banish Valentine,  
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:  
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
As thou hast lent me wit 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, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee.  
Who 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 loving Proteus.  
Luc. Alas! the way is weariesome and long.  
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly;  
And when the flight is made to one 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?  
Fifty the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the only touch of love,  
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.  
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,  
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.  
Jul. The more thou damnest it up, the more it burns;  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He over taketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he 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 pastime 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 beseech some well-reputed page.  
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must curt 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 breeches?  
Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,  
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

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 on to utter that Which else no worldly good should draw from me. Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend, This night intends to steal away your daughter; Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know you have determin'd to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stol'n away from you, It would be much vexation to your age.

And instances of infinite of love, Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful mean. Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect. But truer stars did govern Proteus's 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 heav'n 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: Only deserve my love, by loving him; And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation; Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence: Come, answer not, but to it presently; I am impatient of my tarryance. [Exit.

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 unprevent'd, to your timeless grave. Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep; And oftentimes have purpos'd 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 shunn'd,) I gave him gentle looks, whereby to find That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me. And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tow'r, 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
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How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a cored ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way is comes he with it presently;
Where, if you please you, you may intercept him
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not known at.
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

_Duke._ Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

_Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming._

[Exit.

_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 a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is 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
Resembling such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

_Duke._ No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,
froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where? I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r,
For me and my possessions she esteem not.

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

_Duke._ There is a lady, of Verona, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteem 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 regard'd 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 sometime scorws what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away?"
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol 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 prompt'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,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

_Val._ What lets but one may enter at her window?

_Duke._ Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

_Val._ Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

_Duke._ Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

_Val._ When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

_Duke._ This very night; for Love is like a child
That longs for everything that he can come by.

_Val._ By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

_Duke._ But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

_Val._ It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
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Exeunt. Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak: I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Silvia?"

And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads,
"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly; And slaves they are to me, that send them flying: O, could their master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying. My herbal thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them; While I, their king, that tither them in honor, Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them, Because myself do want my servants' fortune: I curse myself, for they are sent by me, that They should harbour where their lord should be."]

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!"

T is so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,) Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car, And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? Go, base intruder! overweening slave! Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates; And think my patience, more than thy desert, Is privilege for thy departure hence: Thank me for this, more than for all the favours, Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee. But if thou linger in my territories, Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court, By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter, or thyself. Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse; But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit Duke.

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.

Enter Proteus and Lance.

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

Lau. So-hough!—so-hough!"[15]

Pro. What seest thou?

Lau. Him we go to find:

There's not a hair on her's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike!

Pro. Who would'st thou strike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear!

Lau. 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 hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, unutterable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me! What is your news?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

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 woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit. Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom (Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet 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 woe:
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.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison 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 doleour.

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 staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing 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,
Regard 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!
[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of a 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 't is I love, and yet 't is a
woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself;
and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid,
for she hath had gossips: yet 't is 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 catalog
[pulling out a paper] of her conditions. Imprimis,
"She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do
no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry;
therefore is she better than a jade. Item, "She
can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with
clean hands.

Enter Speed.

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

Laun. 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?

Laun. The black'st news that ever thou hearest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest: I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. 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.

Laun. There; and St Nicholas be thy speed! 18

Speed. Item, "She can milk." 19

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, "She brews good ale." 20

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing
of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, "She can sew."

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, "She can knit."

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a
wrench, when she can knit him a stock? 21

Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour."

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not
be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, "She can spin." 22

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

Speed. Item, "She hath many nameless virtues." 23

Laun. 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.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, "She is not to be fasting, in re-
spect of her breath."
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Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
Speed. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."
Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."
Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
Speed. Item, "She is slow in words."
Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.
Speed. Item, "She is proud."
Laun. Out with that, too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.
Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth."
Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.
Speed. Item, "She is curst."
Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
Speed. Item, "She will often praise her liquor."[83]
Laun. 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."
Laun. 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 cannot I help. Well, proceed.
Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."
Laun. 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,"
Laun. 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."
Laun. That's monstrous; O, that that were out! Speed.—"And more wealth than faults."
Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—
Speed. What then?
Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.
Speed For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.
Speed. And must I go to him?
Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.
Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [Exit
Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter! An unmanly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thur. Since his exile, she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, [84] which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— [Enter Proteus

How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously. [85]
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 prove 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 her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was hero Duke. Ay, and perversely she perservs 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: 'Tis an ill 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 it by your friend. Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it, By aught that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. But say, 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 ravell, 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 dispraise 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 revolt 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, By waifful sonnets, whose composed rhymes Should be full fraught with serviceable vows. Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. Pro. 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 strung with poets' sinews, Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, Make tigers tame, and huge levithans Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. After your dire lamenting elegies, Visit by night your lady's chamber-window With some sweet consort: to their instruments Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence Will well become 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 To sort some gentlemen well skil'd in music: I have a sonnet that will serve the turn, To give the onset to thy good advice. Duke. About it, gentlemen. Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper; And afterward determine our proceedings. Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [Exit.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, near Milan.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you:
if not, we 'll make you sit, and ride you.

Speed. 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 is a proper man.13

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
If 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 stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
1 kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were 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 had been often miserable.
3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,18
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
1 Out. We 'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!
2 Out. Tell us this: Have you anything 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;17
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,19 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 excus'd 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'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We' ll do thee homage, and be rule'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest
2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women,20 or poor passengers.
3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices. Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews, And show thee all the treasure we have got; Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Milan. The court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine, And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. Under the colour of commending him, I have access my own love to prefer; But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts. When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falsehood to my friend: When to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me think how I have been forewarn In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd: And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips, The least whereof would quell a lover's hope, Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love, The more it grows, and frowneth on her still. But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window. And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thur. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thur. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thur. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thur. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia, in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're ally-cholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music! [Music plays.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

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

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

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 heart-strings.

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 fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite!

Host. You would have them always 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 lov'd her out of all nick.

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 please, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thur. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thur. Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and Musicians

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good ev'n 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 would 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's your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours. Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—That presently you lie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conciliant,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
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. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not living. [Aside.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed
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 take it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre shine.

Jul. He heard not that. [Aside.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
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 will I make true love.

Jul. If 't were 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 wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

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

[Exeunt.

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!

Silv. appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not.)
Valiant, wise, mournful, 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
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, 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, Eglamour,
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.
   Exeunt. This evening coming.
   Sil. Where shall I meet you?
   Exeunt. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Enter Launce, with his dog.
Laun. 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 saw'd 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 treacherous, and steals her capon's leg. O,
it is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep 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 take a fault upon me
that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd
for't; sure as I live he had suffer'd 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 ear is that?" 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 fel-
low that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I,
"you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I,"
quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I,1
"t was I did the thing you wot of." He
makes me no more ado,109 but whips me out of
the chamber. How many masters would do this for
his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in
the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he
had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for
goose he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't:
thon think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember
the trick you serv'd 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 heave up
my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's
furthingale? 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'll do what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, thou whore-
son peasant;

Where have you been these two days loitering?
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 currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?
Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?
Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stol'n
from me by the hangman's boys in the market-
place: and then I offer'd 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 ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stayest thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end110 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 lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
 Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well,11 deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her to leave her
token:
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so, I think she lives.
Jul. 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 lov'd 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's home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[Exit Pro.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, 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,
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 refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprised.
I am my master's true confirm'd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I 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.

[The picture is brought.

Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,
One 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 unadvis'd
Deliver'd 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 studied with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends you your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it to me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have 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. Dost 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 she cause a 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 threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tinture 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 trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments
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;
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,—
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholde 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 e'er you
know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If 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 auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.¹³
Her eyes are grey as glass;¹⁵ 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 respective¹⁵ in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd:
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue¹⁷ in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.

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 friar 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,
Out at the postern 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. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thur. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thur. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thur. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. But Love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes. [Aside.

Thur. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

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

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

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thur. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

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

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

Thur. What says she to my valour?

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

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice

Aside.

Thur. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

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

Thur. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ny; and pities them.

Thur. Wherefore?
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

 Jul. That such an ass should owe 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 Eglamour 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 Eglamour is in her company.  
 ’T is true; for friar Laurence met them both,  
 As he in penance 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 confusion  
 At Patrick’s cell this even, and there she was not:  
 Those likelihoods confin’d her flight from hence.  
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discover,  
 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. [Exit.  
 Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl;[12]  
 That flies her fortune when it follows her;  
 I’ll after, more to be reveng’d on Eglamour,  
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.  
 Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia’s love,  
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.  
 Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,  
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.  

 SCENE III.—The Forest.

 Enter Silvia and Outlaws.

 1 Out. Come, come; 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 outrun us,  
 and Moses and Valerius[29] follow him.  
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,  
 There is our captain: we’ll follow. In that’s fled.  
 The thicket is beset, 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 lawlessly.  
 Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [Exit.

 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.[13]  
 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!  
 [A noise outside.  
 What halloeing, 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 nought your servant doth.  
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
 That would have forc’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 full as much (for more there cannot bo)  
 I do detest false perfur’d 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?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd."
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.

Read over 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 didst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have

Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. 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 arm's end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. 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, when one's right hand
Is purg'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
accur'd!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst.
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me."—
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid,
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleas'd;
By penitence 't Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Jul. O me, unhappy!

[Struggles to hide her grief]
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy!

Why, wag! how now? what's the matter? Look
up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deli-
er a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my
neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 't is: 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 mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shews another ring.
Pro. But how can'st thou by this ring? at my
depart, I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julin herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths.
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury deft the root?
O Proteus let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, 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! 't is true; O heav-
en! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
th' 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 bless'd to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish
for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter OUTLAWs, with the DUKE and THURIO.
Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the
duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. 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;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. 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 art 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, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeat thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserve'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
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, whatever it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have keep'd within,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forbave 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 know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

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
NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

1 I will be thy beadsman.
A beadsman was one who offered prayers for another. A long account of the term is given by Douce.

2 Pray for my success.
Mr. Knight places a note of interrogation after this, with the object I am at a loss to discover. The second folio reads "thy success."

3 Give me not the boots.
A common old familiar phrase, meaning, do not ridicule me. It is found in many of our dramatists, and in Cotgrave; but Mr. Knight not only adopts the absurdity of referring it to the ancient species of torture called the boots, but gives us a representation of the punishment, and thinks Proteus means to say—do not torture me to confess those love-delinquencies of which you accuse me! Even the German critics, who are so fond of ingeniously finding meanings for Shakespeare the author could never have intended, will not, I suspect, venture to adopt this explanation. The very magnitude of the absurdity renders it difficult to disprove it in adequate language, and the correction of this, with others of a similar kind for which we are indebted to Mr. Knight, must be left to the increasing knowledge of the language used by Shakespeare. "Il by la baile belle," he hath sold him a bargain, he hath given him the boots, a gleeke or gudgeon," Cotgrave's Die.

4 So, by your circumstance.
We have never a play on the word circumstance. Proteus uses it in the sense of circumstance of words, Valentine in that of circumstance of deeds or conduct. "To use great circumstance of woordes, to goe about the hushe," Barret's Alvearie, 1580.

5 The eating canker dwells.
Mr. Knight displays a good deal of learning, Arabic, Hebrew, and Greek, on this word. It may, therefore, be necessary to observe that the term, in Shakespeare's time, was generally applied to any kind of caterpillar.

6 At the road.
A bay or open harbour for ships. Coke translates it by sinus. The word occurs again in Act ii. Sc. 4.

7 Thither will I bring thee.
That is, thither will I accompany thee. This phrase also occurs in Hall's Chronicle, and, slightly modified, is still in use in the North of England.

8 And I have play'd the sheep.
Sheep was pronounced like ship, and sometimes similarly spelt. I have noted the orthography ship for sheep several times amongst the records of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. So the old proverb, "Lose not the sheep for a ha'porth of tar," has been corrupted into, "spoil not the ship for a ha'porth of tar," and is now usually understood in the latter sense.

9 A lac'd mutton.
This was a common cant term for a courtezan. Speed, in his eagerness to quibble, and remembering his receiving no pay, is not very complimentary. Mr. Knight remarks that the designation is received by Proteus very patiently, and seems to doubt its meaning in the above sense. But the whole scene tends to exhibit Proteus as a mere sensual lover, one bandying coarse allusions. We meet with nothing of the kind in the subsequent dialogue between Valentine and Speed. I fear Mr. Knight, in his reasoning on this play, has not sufficiently borne in mind the different consistencies of the passions of the two lovers.

10 You are a-stray.
Another pun, depending on the adjective a-stray being taken also as a substantive. A stray animal was called a stray.

11 Speed. She did.
Mr. Halliwell, has introduced this and the next line spoken by Proteus, in preference to Theobald's alteration. Some addition to the text is absolutely necessary, and Theobald's does not agree with what Speed says afterwards,—"You mistaken, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.""In telling your mind.
That is, as hard to you when you tell your mind to her i.e. address her.

13 You have testern'd mo.
Given me a testern, a coin which appears to have fluctuated in value, but which was in Shakespeare's time worth sixpence, or thereabouts.
NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

14 I must go send.
Mr. Knight reads, without any authority, "I must go find;" an arbitrary variation from the original quite uncalled for.

15 Such a worthless post.
A post was a messenger who carried a letter, a postman before post-offices were established.

16 Every day with parole.
Parole, speech; used by Shakespeare both as a substantive and verb. It was formerly used instead of parley.

17 Should censure thus.
That is, should pass opinion in this manner. The term censure in this sense should be borne in mind by readers of the old dramatists.

18 A goodly broker.
A broker was a go-between, and sometimes used in a still worse sense.

19 Angerly.

Stomach.
Passion or ill-temper. Lucetta plays upon the double meaning of the word. It is also used for appetite.

21 As little by such toys.
That is, as little by, keep as little account of. Julia takes up the last sentence in a different sense.

22 Light o' love.
A favourite old tune, the music to which is given by Hawkins. It is mentioned more particularly in Much Ado About Nothing, ill. 4.

23 With too harsh a descant.
"Descant signified formerly what we now denominate variations," Malone. Blount defines it, "to run division or variety with the voice upon a musical ground in true measure; to sing off of a ground,"—Glossographia, 1681. The mea is the tenor.

24 I bid the base for Protones.
That is, I challenged him to pursue. The allusion is probably to the old game of prisoners' base, now called Prisoners' Bars, a particular account of which is given by Strutt.

They after both, and boldly bad him base.
Spenso's Faerie Queene.

25 And thus I search it.
Search is here a technical term referring to the wound. "To search wounds, specillo tentare vulnera," Coles.

26 For catching cold.
That is, lest they should catch cold. So in the fifty-second sonnet, for blanting, i.e. for fear of blanting.

27 You have a month's mind to them.
A month's mind, a strong inclination. "I have a month's mind to keep a little too," Don Jonson's Magnetic Lady. "It is perfectly nauseating," says Gifford, "to look at the trash which always accompanies the mention of this word in the notes on our old dramatists."

28 What end talk.
That is, what serious talk. Sad was frequently used in this sense.

29 In good time.
This phrase, equivalent to a propos, is spoken at the sight of Proteus. "In good time, opportune," Barz's Alvaries, 1580.

30 Now will we break with him.
Break the subject to him. "To break talk or communication, incidere sermonem," Barz, ibid. The phrase occurs again in Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1.

31 Exhibition.
Allowance. The phrase is still used in the Universities. "And then, widow, you must settle on your son an exhibition of forty pounds a year," Wycherley's Plain Dealer.

32 This is but one.
A play on words, one being anciently pronounced on or vice versa. Lord Burgley often wrote on for one.

33 Like one that takes diet.
Under the severe regimen formerly required for a disease which need not be particularly mentioned.

34 O excellent motion!
A motion was a puppet-show. Exceeding puppet, a great puppet. "That exceeding gyant,"Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654, p. 23. Speed says that Valentine will be the interpreter of the puppet-show.

35 Sir Valentine and servant.
Servant is here used for suitor or wooer, a common sense of the word in old plays; yet it would seem to be merely used for admirer in act ii. sec. 4.

36 If it please you, so.
The reader will please to bear in mind that the word so constantly occurs in all our old dramatists as a sort of exclamative, nearly or quite equivalent to the modern, very well, let it be so. This note is necessary, because it would appear Mr. Knight is not acquainted with this trite word as so used; yet it should be known to the most casual reader of old English plays.

37 'Tis you that have the reason.
A story is told of a gentleman bringing a foolish tract in manuscript to Sir Thomas More, to obtain his opinion upon it. Sir Thomas strongly advised him to put it into verse, and it appears the author followed his recommendation. "Now it is somewhat like," said More, "now it is rhythm before it was neither rhythm nor reason."
NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

31. And there an end.
   Equivalent to, and there' an end, as, indeed, the second folio reads. Speed likes rhyming.

32. Speak in print.
   With exactness. "To do a thing in print, graphice et a privite agere," Colles. Speed says he is speaking with
   exactness what he has read in print.

40. Nourish'd by my victuals.
   Of the same opinion was a character in Cartwright's comedy of the Siege;—"We're no such subtle feeders as
   to make meals on air, sup on a blast, and think a fresh gale second course."

41. Be moved, be moved.
   That is, be persuaded. "To move, suades," Colles. Malone's explanation can scarcely be correct, for Silvia
   certainly has some consideration for her lover.

42. We'll make exchange.
   The exchange of rings was a solemn mode of private contracts between lovers. The custom is again alluded to
   in Twelfth Night.

43. O, that she could speak now like an old woman!
   The old copies read a would woman, so evidently a corruption we are thrown upon conjecture. Launce is speaking
   here of the shoe, and to make the representation more distinct, wishes it could speak like an old woman. Pope
   is the author of this reading. Theobald conjectures, a wood woman, an emendation he is very fond of, introducing it
   again unnecessarily into the Merry Wives of Windsor, but the subsequent part of the passage appears to agree better
   with Pope's emendation. "Here's my mother's breath up and down," i.e. exactly, in every respect. The same phrase
   occurs in Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 1.

46. Lose the ti'd.
   The original has tide, which must be expressed by &dquo;e, but Colliar and Knight, not marking the elision, have
   rendered the joking more obscure. Mr. Knight here prints tide, but the order would show this to be incorrect.

47. How quote you my folly?
   Quote, observe. The quibble is founded on quote being pronounced cote or coet. It was often so spelt, as in the
   Rope of Lucrece, 1594, Ap. Malone,
   Will cote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

48. I know it well, sir.
   Mr. Knight prints this speech as verse, and his arrangement must for once be exhibited to the reader as a good
   (though by no means remarkable) specimen of that editor's metre-tinkering,—
   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 liversies,
   That they live by your bare words.
   The cadence of the two last lines is admirable! See
   remarks on a similar perversion at p. 39. This has not
   even the excuse of Dr. Johnson's careless verifier,—
   "Lay your knife and your fork across your plate!"

47. Know ye Don Antonio?
   The second folio reads you, a variation which does not
   well deserve a note, but Colliar and Knight for some reason
   have adopted it.

48. Complete in feature.
   Feature is here applied to personal beauty generally, not
   merely to the face. "The feature and fashion, or the propor-
   tion and figure of the whole body," Baret's Alcuarie, 1598.

49. That you are worthless.
   Dr. Johnson reads, "No, that you are worthless," but
   although this emendation may give greater power to the
   reply, we are clearly not warranted in so wide a departure
   from the original without much greater necessity. Douce
   says the measure is not defective, though the harmony is.

50. Madam, my lord.
   This speech is assigned to a servant by Theobald, but is
   rightly restored by Collier and Knight to Thurius, who
   either retires at the entrance of Pyrceus, and now re-enters,
   or steps to the door and receives the message.

51. Whose high imperious thoughts.
   The imperial or commanding thoughts of love. "Im-
   perious, imperious, lordly, stately, full of commandments,"
   Elyot's Dictionarie, 1598.

52. No use to.
   That is, compared to. The idiom is common. So, in an
   old ballad,—
   There is no comfort in the world
   To women that are kind.

53. Let her be a principality.
   "Principalities," says an old writer, "are the second
   order of the second hierarchy of angels." The term here
   appears to be used in a more general sense.

54. She is alone.
   That is, unique in her perfection.

55. Is it her mine, or Valentine's praise.
   The old copy is hopelessly corrupt, reading, "It is mine
   or Valentine's praise;" and the second folio makes the
   matter worse. The above is Blackeby's happy emendation,
   and will be preferred by all readers of any taste to War-
   burton's, "Is it mine eye." Mien was formerly some-
   times printed mine.

56. I love his kaly too-too much.
   This is the original reading, which, necroting to Mr.
   Halliwell, is a genuine compound erism, used both as
   an adjective and adverb, meaning excessive or excessively.
   He was the first to notice this in the Papers of the Shaks-
   peare Society a few years ago, but the truth has been dis-
   puted even against an overwhelming amount of evidence,
   so difficult is it to establish a novelty in these matters.
NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

51 With more advice.
With more consideration, on better knowledge of her.

56 Picture.
Here used figuratively for her person, which he has only yet glanced at.

58 My staff understands me.
This absurd quibble was a favourite in the olden time. The coblars say in the ballad,—
Our work doth th' owners understand;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

60 Go to the ale.
That is, the ale-house, not the rural festival so called, though the latter is the more ordinary meaning. "I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company, when we were drunk together at the ale," Greene's Looking Glass for London and England.

61 To learn his wit.
To learn in the sense of, to teach, is common in old writers, and is still a provincial mode of expression.

62 His competitor.
His confederate or partner; not rival, as stated by Dr. J. Huson. The word is used in the same sense in Twelfth Night, iv. 2.

68 Pretended flight.
Intended flight. Shakespeare generally uses the word in his sense.

66 And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee.
Mr. Knight alters the contracted ev'n of the first folio to ev'n, to obtain the present pronunciation of conjure; but Shakespeare has the accent on the first syllable of this word in passages that decide the pronunciation.

69 Who art the table.
Alluding to the tables or tablets universally used for memorandiums in Shakespeare's time. The poet elsewhere writes, "unclasp the tables of their thoughts."

68 Forthingale.
The farthingale was properly the broad roll used for making the gown ridiculously full about the hips, though the term was sometimes applied to the gown itself when so widened. See a drawing of one in Fairholt's Costume in England, p. 236. Holmes, describing gowns of this fashion, says they were "broad shouldered, narrow wasted, wide breeched, and gathered in plaits and trusses to make it full in the skirt." The coddpieces, that monstrous appendage to the male costume, is fully described by Bulwer.

67 Out, Out, Lucetta!
This is equivalent to, fin, fin! The exclamation is common in Shakespeare and all our old dramatists.

68 Of infinite.
That is, of the infinity. "It is past the infinite of thought," Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 3.

69 Is soon suggested.
That is, tempted. We have just had, "O sweet suggesting Love," ii. 6.

70 Be not aimed at.
Aimed at, i.e., suspected. Jealous aim, in a suspicious manner. "Suspence, design.

71 Where I thought.
Whereas I thought. "Cum nihil percepit posse dicamus, where we affirm that there can be nothing prescrib'd," Phrasesologia Puerilia, 1667.

72 What lets.
What hinders. The verb let, to hinder, is very common in early books, and occurs in Romans, i. 13.

73 For they are sent by me.
For, for that, because. His thoughts rest in Silvia's bosom,—referring to the custom of ladies carrying letters in a pocket in the fore part of their stays. Proteus afterwards promises to deliver Valentine's letters "even in the milk-white bosom of thy love."

As for Mercus, a little below, the reader may be referred to Ovid, Trist. III. iv. 30, Metam. i. 763, ii. 184. "Mercus, maritus Clymeneos, pater putativus Phaeacontis et rex Ethiopius," &c. ad ibid.

74 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom.
I do not escape from Death by flying from his deadly sentence.

75 So-hough! so-hough!
So the old copy, altered by modern editors to so-ho. The original, however, expresses the old hunting cry when the hare was found, and exhibits more clearly Launce's foolish quibble. "So-hove, the hare ye fewnde, boeme, lepus eet inventus," Prompt. Parv.

76 That's all one, if he be but one knave.
The copious notes on this passage in the variorum edition shew it was not understood by the commentators, and Mr. Collier conjectures Launce is thinking of the four knives of a pack of cards, a suggestion of which I cannot observe the use or probability. "Launce is merely as usual punning and says, 'if he be but one knave, that's all one.'"

77 For she hath had posips.
Gossips were sponsors at baptism, and the women who attended confinements. Launce's quibbles are sometimes scarcely worth explanation.

78 Saint Nicholas be thy speed!
Saint Nicholas was a patron saint of scholars, thieves, sailors, and virgins! Brand has a chapter abt him, which may be consulted by those who are curious in such matters.
He is of course here addressed as the patron of scholars.
 "Be thy speed," a pun of Launce's on Speed's name.

79 Item, she can milk.
All editors read imprimis, but the "cats-og" was not intended to blunder, however Launce and Speed might.

77
think my alteration will be considered right, by any one who will carefully read the preceding speeches.

60 She can knit him a stock.

That is, a stocking, or rather, as Mr. Fairholt says, a covering for the leg.

61 O villain.

This, and other speeches of Launee, are set down as verse by Mr. Knight!

62 She will often praise her liquor.

That is, says Johnson, show how well she likes it by drinking often. The same writer explains liberal, licentious and gross in language.

63 The cover of the salt hides the salt.

The salt was a large piece of plate, with a cover to keep the salt clean, and was an important article on the table of our ancestors. In Lady Shirley’s will, 1634, a silver salt "of the value of five pounds" is mentioned. A salt-cellar was a smaller and distinct article, and frequently made of tin.

64 Trenched in ice.

That is, cut or carved in ice.

65 Takes his going grievously.

That is, heavily, with grief. It is worthy of remark that the second folio reads heavily, and Malone says some copies of the first folio have the same reading; but I have some suspicion this is an error, arising perhaps from an imperfect copy having been made up from the second edition. The booksellers have played innumerable tricks with that "triumphantly trading article," the first folio Shakespeare.

66 His very friend.

His true and undoubted friend. Massinger calls one of his plays, A very woman. Perhaps undoubted is the best explanation of the word as it is used in old plays.

67 To bottom it on me.

Alluding to the bottom of thread, or ball of thread wound upon a cylindrical body.

68 You may temper her.

That is, mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please. Malone.

69 That may discover such integrity.

Integrity is here used for sincerity. This explanation will render the passage much clearer.

70 With some sweet consort.

Consort is the old word for concert. It is translated by concentus in Coles’ Tat. Dict. It must not be confused with consort in Act iv. sc. 1, which there merely means a company.

71 A deploring dump.

A dump was a mournful piece of music.

92 Will inherit her.

That is, will obtain possession of her. The word occurs in a similar sense in Titus Andronicus, ii. 3

93 To sort.

To choose or select.

94 I will pardon you.

A conventional phrase. The Duke excuses their further attendance.

95 He is a proper man.

A good-looking or well-proportioned man. "Proper or pretie," Baret’s Alvearie, 1580. According to an old ballad,—

Then said the prentices proper and tall,
For Essex’s sake we will die all.

96 By the bare scalp of Robin Hood’s fat friar.

The fat friar was of course Friar Tuck, one of Robin Hood’s merry companions. Skelton alludes to him in the following lines,—

Another bade shave half my herde,
And boyes to the pyley gun me plucks,
And woldie have made me freer Tucks,
To procure out of the pyley hole.

97 The company of awful men.

Shakespeare in this, and in two other passages, appears to use awful in the sense of lawful. The term occurs in a similar sense in Vittoria Corombona, 1612.

98 When, in my mood.

Mood, without an adjective, generally used in the sense of anger or resentment. For whom read who.

99 On silly wenches.

Silly here means inoffensive, weak, timid. It is still used in the Northern dialects.

100 All her sudden quips.

Quips are taunts, scoffs. This common word was not required a second notice. "Merrie quipps, or taunter wittily spoken," Baret’s Alvearie, 1580. Coles translates quip by scomma.

101 Such grace did lend her.

Lead in this and several other passages is used in the archaic sense, to give. (A. S.)

102 Out of all nick.

Out of all reckoning. Alluding, says Warton, to the ancient mode of reckoning on tallies.

103 That I may compass yours.

Compass, perform. This seems the most natural explanation, and consonant with Silvia’s reply. "He will easily be able to compass that, id autem facile consequtur," Coles. Compass, however, in Act ii. Sc. 4. evidently means, to obtain.
104 By my halidom.
An oath which had become provincial in Shakespeare's time, and only occurs once in his plays. It is the Anglo-Saxon hlig-dom, sacrament.

105 Your ladyship's impose.
Impose, i.e. injunction, command.

106 Remorseful, i.e. pitiful, or compassionate.

107 He steps me to her treacher.
The pronoun me is here redundant. This idiom is very common in all old plays, and occurs frequently in Shakespeare. Keep himself, i.e. restrain himself.

108 He makes me no more ado.
That is, he makes no more ado. This construction is very common in Shakespeare. For his servant; so the old copies, and no doubt Launcelot's phraseology.

109 The other squirrel.
Speaking ironically of Protes's dog, who was only one-tenth the size of Launcle's.

110 Still an end.
That is, continually, perpetually. The phrase is very common in old plays.

111 Deliver'd it to me.
Who is understood before the verb. We have already met a similar construction at p. 58, note 78. To leave, in the next line, i.e. to part with.

112 And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.
Tint or complexion. "The tincture of your neck is not all so pure," Cynthia's Revels. Mr. Knight thinks pinch'd means painted, an absurdity gathered, I suppose, from Beckett's Shakespeare's Himself Agin, ii. 309, a work replete with the most childish conjectures. The word never bore that signification in England, although Mr. Becket pretended to discover it in Chaucer.

113 I made her weep a-good.
A-good, in good earnest, hearty. "This mery ansawer made them all laugh the good," Plutarch by North, 1579.

114 A colour'd periwig.
Periwigs were worn by ladies as well as gentlemen. They were extremely fashionable about the year 1595. See Fairfax's Costume in England, p. 577. Holmes mentions five different kinds of periwigs.

115 Her eyes are grey as glass.
Grey eyes were formerly considered very beautiful, and are frequently mentioned as eminently attractive in the old English metrical romances.

116 I can make respective.
That is, I can make comparison of. Coles translates respective by relations.

117 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
That is, he should have my substance as a statue instead of thee, "thou senseless form," the picture. Mr. Knight seems to think statute is hero used for picture. Would not that explanation create a metaphor? It must, however, be admitted that the term statute was often applied to a picture.

118 They are out by lease.
Lord Hailes says that by Thurio's possessions, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as meaning his mental endowments; and when he says they are out by lease, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another.

119 To be a peevish girl.
Peevish here, and in some other places, means foolish.

120 Moses and Valerius.
The names of two of the outlaws. All editors follow the old copy in reading Moses, which was, however, merely an old method of spelling Moses. The original edition of one of Drayton's poems is entitled, "Moyes in a map of his Miracles," 1604. Valerius is the assumed name of the page in the story of Felismena.

121 And record my woes.
Record, to sing. The word is frequently used in this sense.

122 Who taught the nyghtyngeal to recorde beery
Her strange entamy in sylence of the nyght? Interlude of Nature, ed.

123 Approv'd, i.e. experienced.

124 Approv'd, i.e. experienced.

125 When one's right hand.
The second folio introduces now before this passage, which I fear can scarcely be right, the word having occurred just previously. Hanner reads one's own, but the original text does not necessarily require alteration. One's is probably intended to be a dissyllable.

126 My shame and guilt confound me.
Mr. Knight follows the old copies in reading confound, but if we do so in one instance, we should in all, and he has not hesitated to adopt the modern construction in numerous other passages, where, in the original, the singula, verb is joined with the plural substantive.

127 Cry you mercy.
Equivalent to, I beg your pardon. This reading is more usual than, cry your mercy, adopted by Collier and Knight. My copy of the first folio reads you.

128 Behold her that gave aim to.
To give aim to, to direct, a metaphor taken from archery. Aim is here Julia, the object of all the caiths. Oft the root, an allusion to cleaving the pin, which, says Daven, was breaking the nail which attached the mark to the butt.

129 If shame live, &c.
That is, says Johnson, if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

EARLY in the last century, eighty-six years after the death of Shakespeare, an unsuccessful comedy was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under the title of "The Comical Gallant." This play was heralded forth in the bills of the day as the work of Mr. John Dennis, but it was merely an alteration of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' and a very poor attempt at an improvement of that admirable comedy. The dramatis personae are much the same as in the Merry Wives, except that Dennis had added one new character, the Host of the Bull, who is brother to Mrs. Ford; and Fenton is represented as her nephew. Dennis has rewritten about half the dialogue, and materially changed the conduct of the piece. He was, however, sufficiently well satisfied with its merits to undertake the expense of printing; and it was accordingly published in the year 1702, with a long dedicatory epistle, from which I make the following extract, putting in Italics those portions to which I more particularly wish to direct the reader's attention:—

"When I first communicated the design which I had of altering this comedy of Shakespeare, I found that I should have two sorts of people to deal with, who would equally endeavour to obstruct my success. The one believed it to be so admirable, that nothing ought to be added to it; the others fancied it to be so despicable, that any one's time would be lost upon it. That this comedy was not despicable, I guess'd for several reasons; First, I knew very well that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world, great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama, for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleas'd at the representation. In the second place, in the reign of King Charles the Second, when people had an admirable taste of comedy, all those men of extraordinary parts, who were the ornaments of that court, as the late Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Normandy, my Lord Dorset, my late Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sidney, Dr. Frazer, Mr. Savil, Mr. Buckley were in love with the beauties of this comedy. In the third place, I thought that after so long an acquaintance as I had with the best comic poets, among the ancients and moderns, I might depend in some measure upon my own judgment, and I thought I found here three or four extraordinary characters, that were exactly drawn, and truly comical; and that I saw besides in it some as happy touches as ever were in comedy. Besides I had observed what success the character of Falstaff had had in the First Part of 'Harry the Fourth.' And as the Falstaff in the 'Merry Wives' is certainly superior to that of the Second Part of ' Harry the Fourth,' so it can hardly be said to be inferior to that of the First."

This is the earliest notice we possess of the above curious tradition, and that Dennis has reported it correctly seems to admit of little doubt. The reader will observe he gives no special reason why the Queen commanded the poet to write the comedy, and I suspect it is this point that the subsequent narrators of the tradition have amplified without proper authority. Dennis, in the prologue to his play, again refers to the short space of time in which the Merry Wives was written:—

"But Shakespeare's play in fourteen days was writ,
And in that space to make all just and fit,
Was an attempt surpassing human wit.
Yet our great Shakespeare's matchless muse was such,
None ere in so small a time performed so much."
Rowe, in 1709, gives a somewhat more circumstantial account. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, he says, "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love; this is said to be the occasion of his writing the Merry Wives of Windsor. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof." This evidence is followed by Gildon's account of the same tradition, who, in 1710, jumbled an allusion to the amended play with an anecdote that properly belongs exclusively to the sketch, in the following words.—"The fairies in the fifth act make a handsome compliment to the Queen, in her palace of Windsor, who had obliged him to write a play of Sir John Falstaff in love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion." It will be perceived that, although Gildon is in fact still less precise than Rowe, yet Elizabeth could not very well have commanded Shakespeare to exhibit the celebrated fat knight in love, if she had not been previously introduced to him in another character. Pope, Theobald, and later editors, appear to have taken their versions of the tradition second-hand from Rowe.

The reader will probably be pleased with having the opportunity of consulting the evidence here collected on this interesting subject, for much of the criticism on the external history of Shakespeare's comedy depends upon the degree of credit we may be disposed to give to it. It seems unreasonable, in face of these authorities, to refuse the belief that the first sketch of the play was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, and in a very brief space of time; although it is not improbable that Rowe may have guessed at the reason of the royal command, and given us his gratuitous explanation of the imperfect anecdote related by Dennis. Nothing can be more likely than this supposition; and, to say the least, it would be very unsafe to take Rowe's narrative for granted, and reason upon it in the way in which Malone does. I would rather attempt to explain the tradition, analyze its various parts, and ascertain how far these are in accordance with the internal evidences in the plays in which Falstaff and his companions are introduced, than build a theory upon it. It is on this account I am induced to hazard a conjecture which will satisfy all the authenticated parts of the tradition, by supposing another reason for the play having been produced before the court at a very short notice.

If we enquire what could have led our great dramatist to select Windsor for the scene of the love adventures of Falstaff, believing the tradition that the play was written by command of the Queen, does it appear an improbable conjecture to suppose that Elizabeth may have resided at Windsor at the time, and that either he was induced to select the scene under the impression that his comedy might be more favorably received from its local associations, or that her majesty may have commanded the lord chamberlain's servants to exhibit a new play, the scene of which should be laid in the place where she was then holding her court? The comedy was first published in 1602, but that edition contains merely the author's original sketch. The amended play, as we now have it, and as it is presented to the reader in the following pages, appeared in the first folio in 1623. The title-page of the former tells us that the play "hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants, both before Her Majesty and elsewhere." The Queen, it is well known, had plays and masques exhibited before her at Windsor Castle; and it appears to me that the following incident, which is introduced both in the sketch and in the amended play, is almost sufficient of itself to show that my conjecture of its provincial composition is correct:—

"Doc. Where be my Host de Gartynne?  
Host. O here sir in perplexity.  
Doc. I cannot tell vud be dad,  
But begar I will tell you van ting,  
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,  
Has cossed all de host of Branford,  
And Redding: begar I tell you for good will,  
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I cuen met you.  
[Exit."

* When Mr. Knight says that Rowe adopted the more circumstantial tradition from Gildon, he had probably forgotten that Rowe's account was published some time before Gildon's was written.

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Enter Sir Hugh.

"Sir Ha. Where is mine Host of the gartry?"

Now my Host, I would desire you look upon me,

To have a care of your entertainments,

For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,

Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,

Now you are an honest man, and a sumery beggerly bowse kneue beside:

And can point wrong places,

I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host."  [Ed. 1602, 4to.]

We have a more particular account of the same incident in the amended play. See act iv. sc. 3, and sc. 5. The reader will please to compare the account in those scenes with the above; and if we agree with Mr. Knight in considering the incident as one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience, we shall find it become of great importance in determining the date of the composition of the play. In 1592, a German Duke did visit Windsor, and Mr. Knight was fortunate enough to meet with an account of his visit, printed at Tubingen in 1602. It was the Duke of Wurttemburg, who travelled under the name of the Count Mombellard, accompanied by a considerable retinue. In the curious volume which contains the history of the Duke's progress is printed a sort of passport from Lord Howard, addressed, as usual in such documents, to all justices of the peace, mayors, and bailiffs. Mr. Knight reprints it with the errors of the German transcriber; but the original paper was probably as nearly as possible in the following form:

"Whereas this nobleman, Counte Mombellard, is to passe over certeyne in England, into the Lowe Contryes, this shall be to wil and command you, in his Majesties name (for suche is his pleasure), to see him furnishd with pest horses in his travall to the sea syde, and there to stoke up such shippage as shall be fitt for his transportations, be payinge what is fitt for the same. For which this shall be your sufficient warrants. So see that you faile not hereof, at your perils. From Biflete, the 2 of September, 1592 (91 Eliz.)

"Your friend,"

"C. Howard."

It may, perhaps, be a question whether the "cosen garmombles" of Sir Hugh Evans apply only to the count's retinue, or include himself; but, in either case, there appears to be little doubt that the passages which relate to the German duke have reference to the Duke of Wurttemburg's visit to Windsor in the year 1592,—a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the sketch was written; and not likely to be so particularly alluded to in 1596, the date assigned to it by Chalmers. "His grace and suite," observes Mr. Knight, "must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine host of the Garter had really made 'grand preparation for a duke do Jarmany.' Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the duke's horses, which he was authorised to have free of expense? Did our host know of this privilege, when he said, 'they shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay'?" The count himself would probably not have sanctioned a "cousenage" of this kind, but his attendants would little scruple in availing themselves of the general privilege given to their master by the English government. On the whole, we may conclude, with much safety, that the Merry Wives was composed in the year 1592 or very soon afterwards, and perhaps first acted in 1593, in the January of which year Queen Elizabeth had a series of masques and plays performed before her at Windsor Castle.

Regarding the chronology of the play as settled, a question arises in what point of view the comedy must be considered in connection with the historical plays which possess several of the same characters. A great variety of opinions have been expressed on this subject, and the reader who desires to pursue the argument will find it fully discussed in the preface to an edition of the first sketch of the play which I edited for the Shakespeare Society in 1842, and from which most of the preceding observations have been taken. The analysis of the characters I have there attempted is too diffuse for our limited space; but it may be briefly stated that, after a very minute examination of the subject, I arrived at the conclusion that the two parts of Henry IV., like the Merry Wives of Windsor,
originaly existed in an unfinished state, and that when the first sketch of the latter was written, those plays had not been altered and amended in the form in which they have come down to us. The Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV. was originally termed Oldcastle, and if we associate this circumstance with the tradition recorded by Dennis, it will not be very difficult to suggest the great probability that there was a circumstance in the poet's literary history, the exact nature of which will most likely never be revealed, but which would probably fulfil all the conditions of this, the most perplexing problem in Shakespearian criticism.

Shakespeare's first sketch of the play was published in 1602, under the quaint title of, "A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaff, and the merrie Wives of Windsor: entemixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin, M. Slender: with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistol and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare." As it hath bone divers times acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines servants, both before her Majestic, and elsewhere. London, Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Lence and the Crowne, 1602." This was reprinted in 1619, with a few immaterial additions, the blunders of the early copy being retained. It was most likely piratically published, but it is of great interest, because we find in it, though in an imperfect form, the draught of the great poet's more finished delineation. It is no slight advantage to be thus enabled to trace the progress of his genius: and our readers will not object to have an opportunity of comparing the two copies in the course of former's oak, which, as Mr. Knight justly observes, has no doubt been completely re-written:—

**Quarto of 1602.**

*Quick. You fairies that do haunt these shady groves,*
*Look round about the woof if you can copy*
*A mortal that doth haunt our sacred round:*
*If such a one you can copy, give him his due,*
*And leave not till you pinch him black and blue.*
*Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part away.*

*Sir Hugh.* Come hither, Pecan, go to the country houses,
And when you find a slut that lies asleep,
And all her dishes foul, and room unswept,
With your long nails pinch her till she cry,
And swear to mend her slutish housewifery.

*Fair.* I warrant you, I will perform your will.

*Hy.* Where is Puck? You go and see where drapers sleep,
And fox-eyed serjeants, with their mace,
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the leamy serjeant's face:
Gage none of these when they are a-bed,
But such whose nose looks plump and red.

*Qui.* Away, begone, his mind fulfill,
And look that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amiss.

*Sir Hugh.* I smell a man of middle-earth.

*Foul.* God bless me from that Welch fairy!*

*Quick.* Look every one about this round,
And if that any her be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither leg, arm, head, nor face.

*Sir Hugh.* See I have spied one by good luck,
His body man, his head a buck.

*Foul.* God send me good fortune now, and I care not,
Quick. Go straight, and do as I command,
And take a taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers' ends,
And if you see it him offend,

**Folio of 1623.**

*Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,*
*You moonshine-revellers, and shades of night,*
*You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,*
*Attend your office and your quality.*
*Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes.*

*Pist.* Elves, list your names; siluce, you airy toys.
*Cricket,* to Windsor chimmies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept
There pinch the nails as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates slots and sluttery.

*Foul.* They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die
I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

*Eva.* Where's the Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Kiss up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless 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, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouches, 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 look you scour
With juice of balm, and every précious flow'r:
Each fair instalment, coat, and sov'ral erest,
With loyal blazon evermore he blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expression that it bears green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense,* write.
In ceur'old stuff, flow'rs purple, blue, and white:
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortal, know his name:
If with an 'F it doth begin,
Why then be sure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth
Of this same metamorphosed youth.

Sir Hugh. Give me the tapers, I will try
An' if that he loves venery.

[They put the tapers to his fingers, as he arts.

Sir Hu. It is right indeed; he is full of lecherie and iniquity.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And every one take hand in hand,
And compass him within a ring,
First punch him well, and after sing.

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's binding kneck:
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Horne the Hunter let us not forget.

Ec. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order are.
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.

Ful. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pst. Wild 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 corruptid heart.

Pst. A trial, come.

Ec. Come; will this wood take fire?
[They burn him with their tapers.

Ful. Oh, oh, oh!
Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a sornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Mores does not mention the 'Merry Wives' in his list of Shakespeare's comedies; and the cardies active of the play yet discovered is contained in the books of the Stationers' Company, early in 1602, when the first sketch was published. It was acted at court before King James I. in November, 1604, as appears from an original book of accounts preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House; but as we are not told whether it is the amended play or the sketch, this information is of little value. I believe it, however, to have been the amended play, and that it was then new in that form. There are several allusions in the latter which serve to show that it was written after James' accession to the throne. I shall only allude to Chalmers' reasoning on what he considers to refer to Spenser's Faerie Queene, and his favourite Shakespearean evidence, Lodge's 'Devils Incarnate,' published in 1596, as far too vague and uncertain for any feasible argument. Mrs. Page's remark, "these knights will lack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry," can only allude to the immense number of knights created by James I., who is said on one occasion to have made fifty before breakfast. In the beginning of the year 1663, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights in the course of one month, and the order, in consequence, became so common as to bring it into general ridicule. In July, the same year, the court went to Windsor, and soon afterwards the festival of St. George was celebrated there with great solemnity. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Southampton, who was the poet's great friend and patron, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Marr, were installed Knights of the Garter. Malone very reasonably conjectures that the fine poetical description of the insignia of the garter in the fifth act may allude to this occurrence; and they certainly would have had a peculiar grace, if they referred to such a solemnity.

The text of our edition is taken from the folio of 1623, with a few passages derived from the first sketch, where they appeared necessary to the sense, or were too good to be lost. But these additions have been made with great caution, for it would be disputing the poet's own judgment in his rejections to receive the quarto as an authority for the text, although, in particular instances, we may presume sentences were accidentally omitted by the editors of the first folio. A few corrections have been derived from an early manuscript copy of the play in my possession, entitled, "The Merry Wives of Old Windsor." This volume is one of the two only known early manuscript copies of Shakespeare's plays, and was written during the time of the commonwealth.

The plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is partly taken from the tale of the "Two Lovers of Pisa" in Tarleton's 'News out of Purgatorie.' 1590, which is borrowed from one of the novels of
Straparola. In this tale, a young gallant falls in love with a doctor's wife, and, not being acquainted with his person, consults him as to the best method of proceeding in his suit. The doctor is thus enabled to intercept all his appointments. In the first instance, the lady conceals her lover in a basket of feathers, in the next, between the ceilings of a room, and, lastly, in a box of deeds and valuable papers. The doctor may be compared with Ford in his jealousy, and in the causes of it.

As a specimen of broad domestic comedy, the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is unrivalled. It is replete with humour and incident, and has so little to do with fancy or romance, that the episode of the fairies in Windsor park creeps into luxuriant poetry apparently almost in opposition to the writer's will. We must regard the comedy as a realization of the manners and humours of Shakespeare's own time, notwithstanding the few notices which connect it with the historical plays. Windsor, and the merry company to whom we are there introduced, belong to the reign of Queen Bess, and have no connexion with the days of "the wild Prince and Pointz." Regarding it in this view, the play may be considered one of the most successful delineations of "the humour of the age;" of men in the habits in which they lived and moved in the poet's own time. A spirit of fun pervades the whole; even Ford's jealousy is a subject of pleasantry; Mrs. Page's invitation makes Falstaff forget his misfortunes; and the curtain falls in the midst of merriment and good humour.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

FENTON, a courtier.

ROBERT SHALLOW, ESQUIRE, a justice of Gloucestershire.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

MR. FRANCIS FORD, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MR. GEORGE PAGE, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

HUGH EVANS, a Welsh priest; curate and schoolmaster at Windsor.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

DR. CAIUS, a French physician.
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.

Host of the Garter Inn.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3, 5; sc. 6.

BARDOLPH, a follower of Falstaff.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 5.

NYX, a follower of Falstaff.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.

PISTOL, a follower of Falstaff.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff, afterwards in the service of Mrs. Page.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PIERRE SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1 Act IV. sc. 5.

JOHN RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MRS. FORD.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.

MRS. PAGE.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

ANNE PAGE, daughter to Mrs. Page.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 5.

MRS. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4 sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE,—WINDSOR, and its neighbourhood.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, I 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.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and coram.  

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cust-adorum.  

Slen. Ay, and retolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.  

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; 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.

Ev. 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 laces is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Ev. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Ev. Yes, py'r 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 disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Ev. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Ev. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Ev. It is that fury person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pards of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.
Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?
Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a better penny.
Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.
Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is got gifts.
Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?
Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will beat the door [knocks] for master Page. What, hon, Got pless your house here?
Page. [Within] Who's there?
Eva. Here is Got's plessing and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter Page.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's 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 wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.
Page. Sir, I thank you.
Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.
Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.
Slen. How does your fellow grey-hound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.
Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.
Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.
Shal. That he will not:—t is your fault, 't is your fault:—'t is 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 fine. Is sir John Falstaff here?
Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.
Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.
Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.
Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.
Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?
Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd 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. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.
Eva. Pauca verba, sir John, good worts.
Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, 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 rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.
Bard. You Banbury cheese!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Pist. How now, Mephistophilis?
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that's my humour.
Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?
Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, fideliét, master Page; and there is myself, fideliét, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.
Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.
Eva. Fery goot: 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. Pistol—
Pist. He hears with ears!
Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? Why, it is affectations.
Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?
Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber
ACT I.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE 1.

again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shining and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?
Eva. 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 latten bilbo: Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours;
I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John? 30

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is 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 knaves.

Eva. So God 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; 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.

[Sllt ANNE PAGE.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. 32

Is Kisses 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

[Exit all but SHAL., SLEN., and EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had any book of Songs and Sonnets here:
I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and
dissolutely.

Eca. It is a fary discretion answer; save, the
fault is in the 'art dissolutely: the 'art is, accord-
ing to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is
good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.
Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I
were young for your sake, mistress Anne!
Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father
desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at
the grace. [Exit Shal. and Evaus.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in,
sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am
very well.
Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. 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.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as
much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I
bruis'd my shin th' other day with playing at
sword and dagger with a master of fence, three
vencies for a dish of stow'd prunes; and, by my
trout, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.
Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the
town.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them
talk'd of.

Slen. 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.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I
have seen Jackerson 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 on
they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we
stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and phe, you shall not choose,
sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I
will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than trouble-
some; you do yourself wrong; indeed, la. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The lobby in Page's house.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Eca. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Cains'
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.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eca. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter;
for it is a 'oman 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 Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will
make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and
cheese to come. [Exit.

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-rook? Speak schol-
larly 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
Pheazar. 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 thee froth and lime; 39 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 wither'd servingman a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd; I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! 40 will thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? 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 filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest. 41

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a feo for the phrase! 42

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let knaves ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food. 43

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. 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, 44 I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, 45 she gives the leer of invitation: 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 will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English. 46

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; 47 and, "To her, boy," say I. [Aside.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels. [Aside.

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 cyoliads; 48 sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my porkey belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour. [Aside.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, 49 that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorched me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the parse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and beauty. I will be cheater to them both, 50 and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter! I will keep the behaviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Ros.] bear you these letters tightly; 51

Sail like my pinnace 52 to these golden shores.— Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones! go; Trudgel, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, 53 French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts, 54 for gourd and fullam hold, 55

And high and low beguile the rich and poor; Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall che unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His doom will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine 56 is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the 3rs of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.
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, i’ faith, and find anybody 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 posset for’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 within; 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?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover’s paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprightled, is he not?

Sim. 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 warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. 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 shent: 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, adown-a, &c. [Sings.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like these toys, Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet an better verd,—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 went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[Aside

Caius. Fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud Je m’en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oue: mettre le au mon poach; D’ipèche, quickly:—Vere is dat knife Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rogoby; Come take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. ’T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my troth, I tarry too long;—O’d’s me. Qu’ay j’oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he’ll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Vilhain! larron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shal I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you be not so degmattick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I’ll ne’er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hughes-send-a you?—Rugby, bailliez me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I’ll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor—my master,—I may call him my master, look you for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds and do all myself:—
Sir. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you advis'd o' that? you shall find
it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I vill cut his treat in de park; and I vill teach a scurry jack-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exit Sir.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a vor dat:—do not you tell-a mo dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jurtterre to measure ear weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What the good-jeer!°

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vid me:—
By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exit Caius and Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do: nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Font. [Within.] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page’s House.

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I escap’d love-letters in the holiday 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 me, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of 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 pick’d (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 reveng’d on him? for reveng’d 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 ne’er 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 trilling respect, I could come to such honour!
Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, 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 liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.
Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—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 reproof to all uncomeliness,—that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of ‘Green Sleeves.’ What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun’s 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 tw’n-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, (sure more,) writ with blank space for different names, 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 bored 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 hatchets, I'll never see again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness 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 greasy knight: Come hither. [They retire.

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so. [Aside.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another, Ford; he loves the gally-mawry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, love sir Acteon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.


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 wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter 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 't is true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese.

Adieu. [Exit Nym.


Page. I never heard such a drawling affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well!

Page. I will not believe such a Catalan, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: Well! [Aside.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whether go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I 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 pallet knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford.

Enter Mrs. 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 doth good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

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. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the
knight would offer it: but these that accuse him
in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his
discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of
service.
Ford. Were 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 toward my wife, I would turn her
loose to him; and what he gets more of her than
sharp words, let it lie on my head.
Ford. I do not mislead my wife;—but I would
be loth 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 'rt a gentle-
man: cavallero-justice, I say!
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, cavallero-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 say’st thou, my bully-rook?
[They go aside.
Shal. Will you [to Page] go with us to be-
hold it? My merry host hath had the measuring
of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed
them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear
the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you
what our sport shall be.
Host. Host thou no suit against my knight, my
guest-cavaliar?
Ford. None, I protest: but I will 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 hand, bully; thou shalt have egress
and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be
Brook: It is a merry knight. Will you go on,
sirs?

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
these times you stand on distance, your passes
stoccadoes, 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 tall fellows skip like rats.
Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?
Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them
scold than fight. [Exit Host, Shal. 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. If I find her honest,
I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, ’t is
labour well bestowed. [Exit.

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 retort the sum in equipage.
Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir,
you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have
grated upon my good friends for three reprieves
for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had
look’d through the grate, like a geminy of baboons.
I am dam’d 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 ’t upon mine honour thou hast it not.
Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst 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 me, I am no gibbet for you—go.
—A short knife and a throng;—to your manor
of Pickthatch, go. You ’ll not bear a letter for me,
you rogue!—You stand upon your honour
—Why, thou unconfined 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 heav-
I en on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in
my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to
lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enseconce your rags,
your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases
and your blunderbuss oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

_Ful._ I do relent. What would thou more of man?

_Enter Robin._

_Rob._ Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

_Ful._ Let her approach.

_Enter Mrs. Quickly._

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

_Ful._ Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

_Ful._ Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

_Ful._ Do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

_Ful._ Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius.

_Ful._ Well, one mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

_Ful._ I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

_Ful._ Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

_Ful._ Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; snuffing so sweetly (all music), and so rushing, I warrant you, in silks and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine 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 earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;" but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

_Ful._ But what says she to me? be brief, as good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd 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.

_Ful._ Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot 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 life with him, good heart.

_Ful._ 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;—and let me tell you in your car, she's as farthing a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss yon 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, la; yes, in truth.

_Ful._ Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

_Ful._ 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 woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page: no remedy.

_Ful._ 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 may-word,¹⁰¹ that you may know one
another's mind, and the boy never need to under-
stand anything; for 't is not good that children
should know any wickedness; old folks, you
know, have discretion as they say, and know the
world.

Ful. Faro thee well: commend me to them both:
there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go
along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[Exeunt Quickly and Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:¹⁰²
Clap on more suits; pursue; up with your fights;¹⁰³
Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whom them all!

Exit Pistol.

Ful. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways;
I'll make more of thy old body than I have done.
Will they yet look after thee? wilt thou, after
the expense of so much money, be now a gainer?
Good body, I thank thee! Let them say, 't is
grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below
would fain speak with you, and be acquainted
with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's
draught of sack.¹⁰⁰

Ful. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Ful. Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] Such
Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such
liquor. Ah! ah! mistress Ford and mistress Page,
have I encompass'd you? go to; via!¹⁰⁴

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Ful. And you, sir. Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little prepara-
tion upon you.

Ful. You're welcome. What's your will?
Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent
much; my name is Brook.

Ful. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaint-
ance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours; not to
charge you; for I must let you understand I think
myself in better plight for a lender than you are:
the which hath something embold'ned me to this
unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money go
before, all ways do lie open.

Ful. Money is a good soldier sir and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here
troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John,
take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Ful. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be
your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me
the hearing.

Ful. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad
to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be
brief with you;—and you have been a man long
known to me, though I had never so good means,
as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I
shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very
much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good
sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as
you hear them unfolded, turn another into the
register of your own; that I may pass with a re-
proof the easier, sith¹⁰⁵ you yourself know how
easy it is to be such an offender.

Ful. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her
husband's name is Ford.

Ful. Well, sir!

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to
you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a
doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet
her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but
niggardly 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;¹⁰⁶
brie'ly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued
me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions.
But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind,
or in my means, meed, 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 that flies,¹⁰⁷ and flying what pursues."

Ful. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfac-
tion at her hands

Ford. Never.

Ful. Have you importun'd her to such a pur-
pose?

Ford. Never.

Ful. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's
ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mis-
taking the place where I erected it.

Ful. 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 shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd 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 volupteiny of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd 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 purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other defences, which now are too 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.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. 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 to me, 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 night; you shall know how I spend.

Ford. I am bless'd 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 wittolly knave hath masses o' money; for the which his wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffers; 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 awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor over the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

Ford. What a damn'd 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 fix'd, 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 ransack'd, my reputation gnaw'd at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! —Amaimon sounds well, 119 Lucifer, well; Barba- son, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-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 Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitte bottle, 12 or a thief to walk my ambling 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 praise'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late! 'Tis fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit

SCENE III. — A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rugby. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?
Rog. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh
promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no
com; he has pray his Bible vell, dat he is no
com; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if
he be come.

Rog. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship
would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill
kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you
how I vill kill him.

Rog. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rog. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slenher, 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 foin, 12 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 Ethio-
ipian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What
says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart
of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Shal? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de
world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, 13 king Urinal! Hec-
tor of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, hear witness that me 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 pro-
fessions: 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 now be
old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger
itches 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 show'd 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:—ah, monsicur
Mock-water. 14

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is
valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater
as de Englishman:—Scoury jack-dog priest! by
gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw 15 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 vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him
wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master
justice guest, 16 and master Page, and thee cavalero
Slenher, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in;
and I will bring the doctor about by the fields:
will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exit Page, Shal., and Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he
speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience;
throw cold water on thy choler: go about the
fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring
thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house,
a feasting: and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? 17
said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I
love you; and I shall procure-a you de good
guest, de carl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen
my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary
toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exit
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Era. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for master Cajus, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Petty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Era. I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Era. Pless you my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trembling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—pless my soul!

[Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will we make our pots of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:
Whenas I sat in Babylon—
And a thousand vagram posies,
To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Era. He's welcome:

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Era. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderfull.

Shal. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Era. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you:

Shal. What! the sword and the word; do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Era. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Era. Ferry 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.

Era. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Cajus, the renowned French physician.

Era. Get's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Era. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Shal. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Cajus.

Enter Host, Cajus, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let
then keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a word wit your ear. Verere vil you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diabla!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jar-terre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Wallia; French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say, hear mine host of the Garter. Am I polite? am I subtle? am I a Machiavell? 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 novemburs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. —Boys of art, I have deceiv'd 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!

[Execute Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sol of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vilting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, sournay, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vore is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow.

[Execute.

SCENE II.—The Street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead 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 courier.

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 tother, 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 weathercock?

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 's name—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick till I see her. [Execute 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 mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot pointblank twelve score. He pieces 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 show'r sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation 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 wilful Acteon; 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 Fal
staff: I shall be rather prais’d for this than mock’d; for it is as positive as the earth is firm^129 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 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 murr-a Quickl.y tell me so mush.
Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday;^130 he smells April and May: he will carry ’t, he will carry ’t; ’t is in his buttons; he will carry ’t.
Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having;^131 he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz;^132 he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knot 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.

[Exit Shal. and Slen.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.
[Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.^[129]
[Exit Host.

Ford. [Aside.] I think I shall drink it: pipe-wine first with him; I’ll make him dance. Will you go, gentle?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[Exit

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 buck-basket—
Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

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 brew-house; 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^130 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 ha’ told them over and over: they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call’d.

[Exit Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-masket?^131 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,^132 have you been true to us?
Rob. Ay, I’ll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten’d 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 scercy 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. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit Robin

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, kiss me.
[Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we’ll use this un-
wholesome humidity, this gross wat’ry pumion.
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 liv’d long enough; this is the period of my ambition. ‘O this blessed hour!’

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. 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.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; Thou hast the last arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not. Nature thy friend: Come, thou cannot hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there’s no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there’s something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this end that, like a many of these loping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men’s apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deserves it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou as well as say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reck of a lime kill.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. 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 blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.133

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 sham’d, you’re overthrown, you’re 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 mistook 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. ’T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but’t is 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 fare well 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 a thousand pounds 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; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceiv’d 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 banking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He’s too big to go in there! What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see’t, let me see’t! O let me see’t! I’ll in, I’ll in; follow your friend’s counsel;—I’ll in
Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Ford. I love thee, and none but thee: Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never— [Aside.
[He goes into the basket; they cover him with fool linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John! [Exit Rons. Re-enter Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Dutchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whether bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing. Ford. Buck? I would could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exit Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, and find out; I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—[locks the door]—so now unescape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.]

Caius. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[Exit Evans, Page, and Caius.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, hat my husband be deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a service.
Enter. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de tird.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Enter. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Enter. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [Exit.

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 bars he lays before me,—
My riots 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.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis 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 humblest 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.

Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't;106 slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dissay'd.

Slender. No she shall not dissay 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 vild ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slender. I had 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.

Slender, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slender. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,12 under the degree 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, coz: I'll leave you. [He steps aside.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Shal. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slender. My will? 'Od's heartlings, 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?

Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!108 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. daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mistress Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. 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.

[Exit PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. 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 i' the
earth,
And bow'd to death with turnips. 119

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 else. 120

[Exit MRS. PAGE and ANNE.

Fent. 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.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-
night, 121
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 promis'd, and I'll be
as good as my word; but speciously for master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir
John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a
least am I to slack 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. [Exit Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carried
in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and
to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd
such another trick, I'll have my brains tan'en out,
and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year
gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with
as little remorse 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 ala-
crity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as
hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but
that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that
I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a
thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I
should have been a mountain of mummy. 122

Re-enter Bardolph with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak
with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the
Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had
swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins.
Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give
your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a
pottle of sack 123 finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in
my brewage. 124 [Exit Bardolph. ]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I came to your worship from
mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough! I
was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of
ford!

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not
her fault: she does so take on with her men; they
mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish
woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it
would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband
goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once
more to come to her between eight and nine. I
must carry her word quickly: she'll make you
amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so; and
bid her think what a man is: let her consider his
frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.
Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?
Quick. Eight and nine, sir.
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.
Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.
Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he
sent me word to stay within: I like his money
well. O here he comes.

Enter Ford.
Ford. Bless you, sir!
Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know
what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife.
Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.
Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was
at her house the hour she appointed me.
Ford. And sped you, sir?
Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.
Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determina-
tion?
Fal. No, master Brook; but the pecking cor-
note her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a
continual 'barum of jealousy, comes me in the
instant of our encounter, after we had embraced,
kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the pro-
logue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of
his companions, thither provoked and instigated
by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house
for his wife's love.
Ford. What, while you were there?
Fal. While I was there.
Ford. And did he search for you, and could not
find you?
Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would
have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intel-
ligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention
and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me
into a buck-basket.
Ford. A buck-basket?
Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—cram'd
me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul
stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook,
there was the rankest compound of villainous
smell that ever offended nostril.
Ford. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I
have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your
good. Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple
of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by
their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul
clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their
shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in
the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they
had in their basket: I quik'd for fear, lest the
lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate,
ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.
Well: on went he for a search, and away went I
for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master
Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several
deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected
with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be
compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference
of a peck, hilt to point, heel to heel: and then, to
be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking
clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of
that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that
are as subject to heat as butter; a man of con-
tinual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to
'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath,
when I was more than half stow'd in grease, like
a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and
coold, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse
shoe; think of that,—kissing hot,—think of that,
master Brook.
Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for
my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit ther
is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.
Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Eliza,
as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her
thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-bird-
ing: I have receiv'd from her another ambassay of
meeting; 137 'twixt eight and nine is the hour,
master Brook.
Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.
Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my ap-
pointment. Come to me at your convenient lei-
sure, and you shall know how I speed; and the
conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying
her. Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook;
master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.
Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a
dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake,
master Ford; there's a hole made in your best
coat, master Ford. This 't is to be married! this
't is to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I
will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take
the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape
me, 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep
into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box:
but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him,
I will search impossible places. Though what I
am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not
shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make
me mad, 139 let the proverb go with me,—I'll be
horn mad. [Exit.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns!

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman, I pray you, peace. What is lapis, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is lapis; I pray you remember in your pain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo, big, bag, hog.—pray you mark: genitivo, his: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hunc. 100

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prattles, 'oman. What is the vocative case, William?

Will. O—vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember, William, vocativo is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitivo case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitivo,—horum, horum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words; he teaches him to kick and to kick, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum:—lie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is qui, quae, quod; if you forget your quies, your quae, and your quods, you must be preaches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He's a better scholar than I thought he was.
Mr. Ford. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my patience. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly; — Speak louder.

[Softly.]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffetts himself on the forehead, crying "Peer-out, peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here. Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him; better shame than hurth.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kill hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John; mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [Exit Fal.]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!  

[111]
Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?
Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.
Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.
Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.
Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen 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 swine eat all the draft.
Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.
Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, 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 it be not full of knight again.
1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.
Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caw, and Sir Hecox Evans.
Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say!—Come, come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleeding.
Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.
Eva. Why, this is lunaticks! 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, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool 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.—
Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.
Ford. I shall find you anon.
Eva. 'T is unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.
Ford. Empty the basket, I say.
Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?
Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd 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 a flea's death.
Page. Here's no man here.
Shal. By my fidelity, 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 jealousies.
Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.
Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.
Ford. Help to search my house this one 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. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.
Mrs. Ford. What hoa, 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 Brentford.
Ford. A witch, a queen, an old cozening queen? Have I not forbid her my house? She comes o' 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 bag you; 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 Frat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prit her:—Out of my door, you witch, [beats him.] you rag, you baggage, you pockeat, you roonyon! Out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great beard; I spy a great beard under her muffer.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [Exit Page, Ford, Snal., and Evs.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the edgdel hallow'd, and hung o'er 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. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in feec-simphe, 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 serv'd 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 unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

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. [Exit.}

SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, sir: I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay: I'll sauce them: they have had my horses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. [Exit.

Ford. T is one of the pest 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: Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no 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 publick 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? Fie, fie; he'll never come.

Ford. Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously beaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terror in him that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, 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,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest.
Doth 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; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed old
Receiv’d, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not 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,
Disguis’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 have we 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, urchins, 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 sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinche 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 sound,
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 practis’d well to this, or they’ll ne’er do’t.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn
the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I’ll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy!—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away. [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 properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and very honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I’ll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none 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 werthier come to enure her.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boar? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There’s his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: ’tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he’ll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There’s an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I’ll be so bold as stay, sir till she come down; I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robb’d: I’ll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John; speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.
Fal. [above.] How now, mine host?
Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.
Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?
Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would you with her?
Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.
Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.
Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?
Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.
Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.
Fal. What are they? let us know.
Host. Ay, come; quick.
Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.
Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.
Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.
Fal. 'Tis he, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What, sir?
Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.
Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Ay, sir Tike;¹² who more bold?
Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Sim.
Host. Thou art a clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?
Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage.
Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.
Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon
as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three doctor Faustuses.
Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?
Host. What is the matter, sir?
Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cousin Germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and dulling-stogs; and 't is not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well.

[Exit.

Enter Dr. Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jorterre?
Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmang: by my trot, dare is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:-assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Execute Host and Bard.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washd and endeg'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero,¹⁸ Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence come you?
Quick. From the two parties, tarsouh.
Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.
Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I

¹² Tike: A name used for a clerk in Shakespeare's time.
warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than thy loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far-forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both,—wherein fit Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night, at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen: The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tacking of their minds, And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him; her mother hath intended The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizard,) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar: Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recom pense. [Exeunt
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling:—go. I'll hold:100 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 nativity, 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 weigheth: hold up your head, and mince.154 [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Tie 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 govern'd frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah 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 pluck'd geese, played truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knife Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember son Slender, my daughter.

Shal. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a may-word, how to know one another I come to her in white, and cry mum,162 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 it 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A 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 deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

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 't is no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscure'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters,131 and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak to the oak! [Exeunt.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: pe pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; come, come, trib, trib. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff, disguised with a buck’s head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me;—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan; for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast:—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on ’t, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, in the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, 1st Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scent.—Let the sky rain potatoes; 1st let it thunder to the tune of ‘Green Sleeves;’ hail kissing-comfits, and snow crinoges; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribr’d-buck, 1st each a banch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away!

Mrs. Page. [They run off.

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn’d, lest the oil that’s in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quick, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxy tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white. You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny. Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where flies thou find’st unraok’d, and heartless unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttish.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I’ll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [Dies down upon his face.

Eva. Where’s Dead?—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 careless infancy; But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Finch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

Anne. About, about; Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out: Strew good luck, euphies, on every sacred room; That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome, as in state’s tis fit; Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm, and every precious flower: Each fair instalment, cont, and several crest, With loyal blazon evermore be bless’d! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing, Like to the Garter’s compass, in a ring: Th’ expressure that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see:

And, Honys soit qui mal y pense, write, In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white: Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood’s bending knee: Fairies use flowers for their character.

Away: dispere: But till ’t is one o’clock. Our dance of custom, round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.


**ACT IV.**

**Scene 1.**

**Ford.** 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.

**Fal.** Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

**Pist.** Wild worm, thou wast o'erclock'd even in thy birth.

**Anne.** 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.

**Lett.** A trial, come.

**Ford.** Come, will this wood take fire? [They burn him with their taper.] Oh, oh, oh! Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

**SONG.**

Pie on sinful fantasy!
Pie on lust and luxury! Lust is but a bloody fire, Kindled with unchaste desire, Fed in heart; whose flames aspire, 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 starlight, and moonshine be out.

During this song the fairies pinch Falstaff.

**Doctor Caius** comes one way, and steals a fairy in green; **Slender** another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton 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.]

**Lett. 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 yokes 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 edged, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses 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.

**Fal.** 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 popperty into a receiv'd 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 't is upon ill employment.

**Lett. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you. Ford.** Well said, fair Sir Hugh.

**Lett.** 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 o'vereaching as this? Am I ridden with a Watch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'T is time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

**Lett.** Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

**Fal.** Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand at the taunt 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 the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

**Ford.** What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax

**Mrs. Page.** A puff'd man?

**Page.** Old, cold, wither'd, 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?

**Lett.** And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack, and wine, and methygins, and to drink.
ings, and swearings, and starings, prattles and prattles?

_Ford._ 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 o'er me; 299 use me as you will.

_Ford._ Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

_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 my 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.

_Slen._ Whoo-ho! ho! father Page!

_Page._ Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

_Slen._ Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know of 't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

_Page._ Of what, son?

_Slen._ I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 't is a post-master's boy.

_Page._ Upon my life then you took the wrong.

_Slen._ What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married 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?

_Slen._ I went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cried budget, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy!

_Mrs. Page._ Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

[Aside.

_Caius._ Vere is mistress Page? Be gar. I am cozen'd; I ha' married un parson, a boy: un paizan, be gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: be gar, I am cozened.

_Mrs. Page._ Why, did you take her in green?

_Caius._ Ay, be gar, and 't is a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. 

[Exit Caius.

_Ford._ This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

_Page._ My heart misgives me: Here comes master 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 doctor, maid?

_Fent._ You do amaze 200 her: Hear the truth of it.

You would 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.
Th' offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unfaithful title;
Since therein she doth evade 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.

_Fad._ I am glad, though you have ta'en 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 embrac'd.

_Fad._ When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

_Mrs. Page._ Well, I will muse no further: mas-
ter 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 mistress Ford.

[Exit.
NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

1 Sir Hugh, persuade me not.

Claymen formerly had the title of sir, from the Latin dominus, to which any one is entitled who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts. All priests were, in common parlance, Sir John. The editor of the first sketch of the play, 1602, improperly calls him "Syr Hugh, the Welch knight."

2 Justice of peace and coram.

Slender is generally speaking by book, and here quotes the legal form, coram being a common corruption of quorum. A justice of quorum was so called from the words in the commission, Quorum A. unum esse columnas, and he was of greater dignity than those not of the quorum, who could not proceed without him. The corrupted form coram is found in epitaphs, as in the churches of Lacock, co. Wilts, Tottenham, co. Middlesex, &c. "And of the collections of the matterings, a justice, tom Marti quom Mercurio, of peace and coram." Pierce Penniflesh, 1592. Custos rotulorum, an abbreviation of custos rotulorum, the person who had the care of the rolls and records of the sessions and commission of the peace. Slender, not understanding this, ignorantly says, "and rotulorum too;" and adds that he signs himself armigerous. He had seen an indifferent, "coram Roberto Shallow armigerous et sociis suis custodibus pacis."

3 Any time these three hundred years.

Mr. Knight thinks we are to understand Shallow as saying, we (I and my ancestors) have done so anytime these three hundred years. Is it certain that Shakespeare did not intend to raise a laugh at Shallow’s expense, by representing him as saying this literally in his anxiety to boast of his ancestry? Bishop Montagu mentions a person who, in giving evidence on a question of tythes, swore, in the bishop’s hearing, that he had known the place tythnable for three hundred years! The three hundred years mentioned by Shallow, according to another authority, refer to the antiquity of the Lucy family, whose pedigree is deduced by Dugdale from the reign of Richard I., a period of about four hundred years before the play was written; but the family did not take the name of Lucy until the 34th of Henry III., which exactly corresponds with the period above stated.

4 The dozen white laces.

There is here an evident allusion to the family of the knights of Charlevoix, near Stratford-on-Avon. It was in the park of this seat that Shakespeare is traditionally said to have stolen the deer; and on being persecuted or reprimanded by Sir Thomas Lucy on the occasion, he revenged himself by writing a ballad commencing as follows,—

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscall it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever heall it:
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever heall it."

These lines are as ancient as the time of Othley, but are undoubtedly not the genuine verses written by the poet. The coat of the Lucy family contains three laces, not twelve as blunderingly stated by Slender; though the coat of one of the family, given by Dugdale, is quartered in four divisions, with three fish in each. A lace is a pike, or more properly, a pike when full grown. This is the fresh fish mentioned by Shallow, who is very anxious to explain Evans’ blunder, and therefore tells him the lace is the fresh fish, but in his ancient coat of arms, a sea-water lace was depicted. Shallow will not even have a fresh fish in his coat of arms, and hence the humour of his explanatory observations. This explanation of the passage has not been suggested by any former editor. That there was a salt water lace appears from Stowe’s survey of London, 1598, who mentions "laces of the sea."

5 A familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

The compliment to this insect is not undeserved, being one of the few animals that are eminent for fidelity to man, never deserting, but being still more attached to him in adversity.

6 The council shall hear it.

By the council is only meant the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king’s council sitting in Camera Sicellata, which took cognizance of notorious riots. Sir John Harrington, in his Epigrams, 1618, says,

"No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet
Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryeot."

See also the Magnifico Lady, act iii. sc. 4, and Malone to Shakespeare by Boswell, viii. 8, 13.
NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

12 But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

The commentators think this a burden of some old ballad. Sir Walter Scott gives us a different explanation in his novel of 'Kenilworth':—

"Suzan. By my faith, I wish Will Shakespeare no harm. He is a stout man at quarter-staff, and single faction, though, as I am told, a halting fellow: and he stood, they say, a tough fight with the rangers of old Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, when he broke his deer-park, and kissed his keeper's daughter.

Elizabeth. That matter was heard in council, and we will not have this fellow's offence exaggerated—there was no kissing in the matter, and the defendant put the denial on record.

13 If it were known in council.

Steevens suggests that Falstaff quibbles between council and counsel. In this sense, Falstaff's meaning would be—"T'were better for you if it were known only in secrecy, i.e. among your friends: a more public complaint would subject you to ridicule." Ritson thinks the ordinary interpretation just, but Malone advances the spelling of the words in the old quarto as an argument in favour of Steevens's reading; and, from a MS. mentioned by Malone, it would seem that the equivocal was less strained than it appears to be now.

14 Good wort! good cabbages.

Worts were any kind of pot-herbs, but here and in some other places, the term seems to apply only to cabbages or cabbages. "Worts, all kind of herbares that serve for the potte," Baret, 1680.

15 Your cory-catchings resolved.


16 You Banbury cheese.

Banbury cheese was remarkable for its thinness, and is here very humorously applied to Slender. The older Heywood observes that he "never saw Banbury cheese thick enough." The following receipt for making it, is extracted from MS. Calne 1201, a curious early miscellany preserved in the British Museum:—

"To make Banbury cheese. Take a thin ches-fat, and hote mylk as it comes from the cow, and ryth it forth withal in some tyrne; and kneel your crudz bout one, and kneel them not to smal; but breke them one with your hondes; and in some tyrne, salt the crudz nothing, but let the chesse lyf: ij. dayes unsalted, and then salt them; and lay it upon another, but not to much salt; and so shal they get hit buttor. And in wyntur tyrne in wyke wyse, but then hote your mylk, and salt your crudz, for then it wil get buttor of itself. Take the wringe wythe the same mylk, and let it stand a day or ij. til it have a creame, and it shal make as good buttor as any other."

Mephostophilus, the name of the spirit in the old history of Dr. Faustus. He had been made famous by Marlowe.

17 Seven groats in mill-sixpences.

Douce informs us that these sixpences were coined in 1591, and were the first milled money used in this kingdom.
NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward VI., often used at the game of shovel-board, an amusement in which our poet participated, if we may believe the traditions of Stratford. The commentators are at considerable pains to account for the sum paid by Slender for these shillings; but it requires little sagacity to perceive that the same person who could affirm that he lost seven groats in mal-expenses, would be very likely to commit another error of a similar kind.

Yeast Miller, that is, Edward Miller. Yeald or Yed is still a provincial curt name for Edward.

10 I combat challenge of this latter billso.

Pistol is comparing Slender with the long and thin bilboa blades, made of laten, a hard metal resembling brass in its colour. The comparison is of older date, for in Grange's Garden, 1577, we read,

"Hip husbands wealth shall wasted he,
Upon yer howse boy'se."

It may be mentioned, as some difference of opinion exists among the commentators, that laten metal is thus defined in the *Pomprumuium Pareoluem*, MS. Harl. 321. "Latone metal, aurillumineum." Cotgrave translates *aron*, "a kind of laten or copper, whereof kettles are made."

Lobras, lips. (Spam.) Shakespeare might have met with the word in the tale in Tarlton's Newes out of Furgorie, 1609, on which this comedy is supposed to be partially founded. *Merry troup, perhaps equivalent to, 'By Mary, you are caught;' but I have not met with the phrase elsewhere.

19 If you run the authour's humour on me.

That is, if you call me a thief. The outlook was used by the thief for looking up articles through a window, a practice which is again alluded to by Shakespeare. The word *humour* was very fashionable in our author's time, and used in a variety of ways, applied to every particularity of character. A character in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour' says of another, "Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour." The reply is in the spirit of true comedy. "O bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful."

20 What say you, scarlet and John.

Falstaff here alludes to Bardolph's red face. *Scarlet and John* in the phraseology of the time, would be equivalent to *scarlet John*. The commentators, however, say there is an allusion to Robin Hood's companions, mentioned in the old ballad,—

All this bo-heard three witty young men,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet and John:
With that they esp'd the jolly plunder,
As he sat under a thorn.

Bardolph's face became proverbial. There is a curious passage in Gayton's 'Notes upon Don Quixot.' fol. Lond. 1654, p. 48,—"If you will have names more known and to the life, a Robin Goodfellow's face, a Bardolph's, a Furniful's June face, or a Bradwolfs face, which was the blessedlest that ever I saw."

21 And being fup, &c.

Fup, i.e. intoxicated; a cant term. *Cashier'd*, dismissed sent out of the room. Rare, 1589, explains *carriе*, "the short turning of a nimble horse, now this way, now that way." A drunken man might, therefore, appropriately be said to "pass the carriers."

22 By your leave, good mistress.

Falstaff here kisses her, the stage direction being authorised by the quartos of 1602. Kissing was formerly more in fashion between acquaintances than it is now. In 'Westward for Smelts,' 1629, a gentleman sent on a message to a lady, whom he had never seen, "espied her in the fields, to whom he went and kissed her, a thing no modest woman can deny."

23 The Book of Riddles.

The Book of Riddles was a very popular collection, and was no doubt well known to Shakespeare. It is mentioned by Lancham, 1575, and in the 'English Courtier,' 1586; but the earliest edition now preserved is dated 1629, a copy of which is in the library of the Earl of Essexmore, entitled, "The Books of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and witty Proverbs, to make pleasant pastime; no less usefull then behoeffull for any young man or child, to know if he be quick-witted or no." An extract from this very rare work, which has not been quoted by any former editors, cannot fail to prove acceptable to our readers:

"Here begins the first Riddle."

Two legs sat upon three legs, and had the leg in her hand; then in came four legs, and bare away one leg; then up start two legs, and throw three legs at four legs, and brought againe one leg.

Solution.—That is a woman with two legs sate on a stool with three legs, and had a leg of mutton in her hand; then came a dog that hath four legs, and bare away the leg of mutton; then up start the woman, and threw the stool with three legs at the dog with four legs, and brought againe the leg of mutton.

The second Riddle.

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sate him downe and sought it;
Because he could not finde it,
Home with him he brought it.

Solution.—That is a thorne: for a man went to the wood, and caught a thorne in his hand; and then he sate him down, and sought to have pulled it out, and because he could not find it out, he must needs bring it home.

The iii. Riddle.

What work is that, the faster ye work, longer it is ere ye have done, and the slower ye worke, the sooner ye make an end?

Solution.—That is turning of a spitt: for if ye turn fast, it will be long ere the meat be roasted, but if ye turn slowly, the sooner it is roasted.

The iv. Riddle.

What is that that shineth bright all day, and at night is raked up in its owne diet?

Solution.—That is the fire that burneth bright all the day, and at night is raked up in his ashes.
NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The v. Riddle.

I have a tree of great honor,
Which tree beareth both fruit and flower;
Twelve branches this tree hath made,
Fifty (sic) nests therein he make.
And every nest hath birds seaven;
Thanked be the King of Heaven;
And every bird hath a divers name:
How may all this together frame?

Solution.—The tree is the yew; the twelve branches be the twelve months; the fifty-two nests be the fifty-two weeks; the seven birds be the seven days in the weeks, whereas every one hath a divers name.

Slender's 'book of songs and sonnets' was not necessarily the collection of Lord Surrey's published under that title. It was customary at that time to have common-place books of poetical scraps, and it is not unlikely that Slender may refer to one of these.

"Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas," is, of course, a blunder; but, as it is put into the mouth of Simple, it is probably intentional.

Parrel, i.e., a part or portion.

Upon familiarity will grow more content.

So the first folio, and I am quite at a loss to account for the alteration made by modern editors of contempt for content. Of course, either reading makes perfect sense; but it is more consistent with Slender's phraseology to suppose he mistakes the word, than to regard the sentence as a mere misapplication of a well-known proverb. Heath has well observed that the humour in either case is equally good.

With a master of fence.

A master of defence was properly one who had taken a master's degree in the science of fencing. The phrase was, however, applied to any professor of the art.

Three venies. Slender means to say that the wager for which he played was a dish of stewed prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three 'hids.' See Bullock's 'English Expositor,' 1616.—"Venie, a touch in the body at playing with weapons." Steevens gives several instances of the use of the word, but the above is quite sufficient. Shakespeare uses the word metaphorically in another play.

That 'e meat and drink to me.

A common saying, meaning great fondness for anything. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," uses the same phrase—"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown," and a writer of our own time, Mr. Dickens, introduces it in one of his novels.

I have seen Stuckson loose.

The name of a celebrated bear in the garden at Southwark. He is thus alluded to in the comedy of Sir Giles Gosseycop, 1606:—"I would rather have lost the dearest friend that I ever lay with in my life; by this light, never stir if he fought not with great Seckerson four hours to one, foremost take up hindmost, and took so many leaves from him, that he start'd him presently: so that at last the dog could do no more than a bear could do: and the bear being heavy with hunger ye, know, fell upon the dog, made his head, and the dog never stir'd any more."

By cock and pie.

An oath, comprising a corruption of the name of the Deity, and pie, the sacred book of offices.

Of Doctor Caius' house which is the way.

That is, which is the way to Dr. Caius' house. The particles were often interchanged in this way. I very much doubt whether Shakespeare had the learned founder of an eminent Cambridge College in his mind when he gave a name to this character, who is, of course, intended as a satire on the foreign physicians of the time, who were so fashionable and popular with the English gentry. Farmer, however, says that the doctor was handed down as a sort of Rosicrucian, and I have seen a MS. of his on magic and astrology. In the "Merry Tales of Jack of Dover," 1604, a story told by "the fool of Windsor," begins thus:—"Upon a time there was in Windsor a certain simple outlandish doctor of physick belonging to the dean," &c. The character may then possibly have been drawn from life; and, as Shakespeare would scarcely have introduced the real name into his play, he may have made quite an arbitrary choice.

French doctors were common subjects for satire. Gayton puts the following absurd speech into the mouth of one of them, as an illustration that medicine is not alike to all constitutions:—"If to body be full of grosse humours, and that it operates excessively, all do better for dat; and if the physicks do not stirre the patient, 'tis a good sign that de grosse humours are not in te body, and so all te better for dat too.

Or his laundry.

Laundry for lauer, a washer of clothes.

There's pippins and cheese to come.

It was formerly a common practice to conclude a reast with fruit and cheese, both being placed on the table at the same time. Taylor, the water-poet, thus alludes to the custom:—

Contentions, evolutions, and debate,
Those furnish forth his table in great state.
And then for pickling-meat or dainty bits,
The second course in Actions, cases, writs
Long Suite from Termes to termes, and Fries and firs,
At the last cast comes in for Fruit and cheese.

What says my bully-rook?

Bully-rook was a cant term, applied to a sharper. The Host is not very choice in his language, but it is an odd designation for him to apply to Falstaff, even although the fat knight was chiefly living by his wits. He uses it, again, in act ii. sc. 2, in addressing Shallow and Ford.

I sit at ten pounds a week.

That is, I expend ten pounds a week. This assertion however, appears somewhat inconsistent with the circumstance afterwards recorded, that he shared fifteen pence with Pistol when the later stole the handle of Mistress Bridget's fan.
Cæsar, Keiser, and Fleecear.

Cæsar, the old English word for Cæsar, and generally, an emperor. From the Anglo-Saxon, Ciser. Fleecear is, perhaps, a word of arbitrary composition. Malone thinks it is a made word from fleece, to cheat.

Let me see thee froth and lime.

According to Stevens, beer was frosted by putting scarp into the bottom of the tankard when it was drawn; and such was made to sparkle by mixing lime with it. Falstaff elsewhere complains of limed such. Mr. Knight adopts the reading, 'Let me see thee froth, and live.' But froth was as technical a term as lime.

O base Hungarian weight!

Hungarian was a cant term, generally applied in a contemptuous manner. The quarto of 1602 reads Gongarian, and Stevens quotes the following line from an old play, here inserted by Shakespeare into the mouth of Pistol, who is perpetually quoting "old ends,"—

"O base Gongarian! will thou the distaff wield?"

Is to steal at a minute's rest.

That is, at a particular moment favourable to the operator. The phrase was, perhaps, derived from tournaments. Conway, the technical cant term for, to steal.

A fire for the phrase!

Pistol here, no doubt, is 'made to a fire, or thrust out the thumb between the first and second fingers, a sign indicative of supreme contempt. And when you come unto the wheel or gibbet, Bid fire for the world, and go out martyrs.

Shirley's Sisters, 1652.

Kiles are chilblains.

A similar expression is used by a braggadocio character in the Poetaster, and may possibly be borrowed from Scripture. Pistol's language, according to Gifford, is made up of burlesque scraps from old plays.

But I am now about no waste.

The same play upon words occurs in Heywood's "Epigrams," 1562—

"Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the midst. Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance straightway. Where am I biggest, wife? in the waste, quoth she. For all is waste in you, as far as I see."

And again in Shirley's comedy of "The Wedding," 1629—

"He is a great man indeed: something given to the most, for he lives within no reasonable compass." (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, viii. 38.)

She discourses, she carves.

Mr. Hunter has shown that carre, in Shakespeare's time, was used in the sense of to woo; but I am rather doubtful of its application in this particular instance. It was formerly esteemed a compliment for a lady to carve at table for a gentleman. So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612—

"Your husband is wondrous discontented.—Fir! I did nothing to displease him: I carved to him at supper time."

Out of honesty into English.

The meaning of this speech is, He hath studied her will and translated or explained her will out of her honesty into a confession in plain English. Shakespeare elsewhere uses translate in the sense of, to explain.

The end to is deep. Nymp merely means to say that Falstaff's schemes are deeply hid. He is speaking ironically.

As many devils entertain.

The old quarto reads, "as many devils attend her," which clearly shows the meaning here intended. Coleridge, who, notwithstanding his great philosophical genius, was one of the worst verbal critics that ever lived, proposes to read,—

As many devils enter (or enter'd) a vine; And to her, boy, say I.

and believes it to be a somewhat profane, but not un-Shakespearean, allusion to the legion in the Gospel of St. Luke!

With most judicious elisions.

Eylonds, spelt illods in the first folio. It is, of course, from the French eulodes, a soft glance.

With such a greedy intention.

Intention is here used in the sense of a fixed or earnest gazing. So Jonson,—

Like one that looks on ill-affect'd eyes, Is hurt with more intention on their follies.

I will be cheater to them both.

Cheater, i.e., escheator, an officer appointed by the Lord Treasurer to make inquests of titles by escheat, or tenements that casually fall to a lord within his manor by forfeiture.

Tightly, cleverly quickly.

Said like my pinnace.

A pinnace was a light vessel built for speed, and generally employed as a tender to a larger ship. According to Hall, it was chiefly used as a scout for intelligence, and for guiding of men.

The humour of the age.

The quarto of 1603 reads the humour of this age, and the folio, the humour of the age. Honour was often misprinted humour, as in Shirley's Witty Fair One, i. 6. By French thrift, Falstaff alludes to the practice, which then had recently been adopted, of making a richly-dressed page answer the place of a band of retainers. Ben Jonson deplores the change in one of his plays.

And how are coach-makers and coach-men increased, that fifty years ago were but few in number; but now a coachman and a foot-boy is enough, and more than every knight is able to keep."—Rich's Homelie of this Age, 1614.

Let vultures grip thy guts.

Clifford quotes this passage in one of his attacks on Dryden, and the manner in which he introduces it is so quaint and interesting, I am induced to give a somewhat long extract from his pamphlet—

"To begin with your character of Almanzor, which you now to have taken from the Achilles in Homer; pray hear
what Fannius Strabo says of such talkers as Mr. Dryden; idcirco, eius video homines ab Homeri virtutibus sperant declinantes, si quid vero irrepit viti, id avide arripit. But I might have spared this quotation, and yet avow it; for this character might as well have been borrowed from some of the stalls in Bolsover, or any of your own hare-brained coxcombs, which you call heroes, and persons of honour. I remember just such another fooling Achilles in Shakespeare, one Ancient Pistol, whom he avows to be a man of so fiery a temper, and so impatient of an injury, even from Sir John Falstaff, his captain and a knight, that he not only disobeyed his commands about carrying a letter to Mrs. Page, but returned him an answer as full of contumely, and in as opprobrious terms, as he could imagine:

"Let vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd and fullam holds, And high and low beguiles the rich and poor. Testor I'll have in pech, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!"

"Let's see 'er an Abencerrago fly a higher pitch. Take him at another turn, quarrelling with Corporal Nym, an old Zegr. The difference arose about mine hostess Quickly, (for I would not give a rush for a man unless he be particular in matters of this moment;) they both aimed at her body, but Abencerrago Pistol defies his rival in these words:

Fetch from the powdering-tub of infancy
That lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Trenchart, she by name, and her espouse: I have, and I will hold,
The quondam Quickly for the only she,
And paucat."

There's enough. Does not this quotation sound as well as I?"

"But the four sons of Ammon, the three bold Benchams, the four London Prentises, Tamerlain, the Scythian Shepherd, Muleasses, Amurath, and Bazajet, or any raging Turk at the Red Bull and Fortune, might as well have been urged by you as a pattern of your Almazon, as the Achilles in Homer; but then our laureat had not passed for so learned a man as he desires his unlearned admirers should esteem him."

"But I am strangely mistaken, if I have not seen this very Almazon of yours in some discourse about this town, and passing under another name. Pridoe tell me true, was not this huff-cap once the Indian Emperor, and, at another time, did not he call himself Maximine? Was not Lyndaraux once called Almeria, I mean under Moctezuma the Indian Emperor? I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I can't for my heart distinguish one from the other. You are, therefore, a strange unconscionable thief, that art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too."

53 Gourd and fullam hold.

Gourds and fullams were species of false dice. The omer were not much in fashion in Shakespeare's time being considered too liable to detection. Fullams are described in the 'Manifest Detection of Dice Play' to be "square outward, yet within at the corner with lead or other ponderous matter stopped." Whalley supposes they derived their name from being chiefly manufactured at Fulham.

52 High and low beguile.

The dice were loaded to run high or low, and hence were called high men or low men. These are what Pistol alludes to.

53 I will increase Ford.

Inexcuse, i.e. instigate. "He incenseth their hearts with an exceeding desire of warre, bellandi furor correctenti mulat," Baret, 1580. Yellowness, i.e. jealousy. The latter term is very common.

54 The revolt of mine.

Mien was sometimes spelt mine; but Pistol seems to allude to the sense of the above reading in his reply to Nym. Mr. Knight says the matter is not worth discussing. Is this the reverence to the original text of Shakespeare so much insisted upon in the pages of that editor? The early quarto forms do not contain the passage.

55 Here will be an old abusing.

Old, i.e. famous, great; a familiar term, still retained in the dialect of Warwickshire. "On Sunday, at masse, there was old ringing of bells, and old and young came to church to see the new rods," Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590.

56 Nor no breed-bate.

Breed-bate, or bred debate, a breeder or cause of strife.

57 Something peevish that way.

Peevish, that is, foolish. "Albanarre kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who, indeed, was so naturally peevish, as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity,"—God's Revenge Against Adultery. Malones, however, thinks it is here one of Mrs. Quickly's blunders for preciseness. Either explanation is probable.

58 Like a glove's paring-knife.

A "great round beard" was one of the simplest modes in vogue in those days of fantastic beards. Taylor thus jocularity alludes to the quick-set-beard,—

And some, to set their loves desire on edge,
Are cut and grand'd like to a quick-set-hedge.

59 A Cain-coloured beard.

Cain and Judas were frequently represented in old tapestries and pictures with coloured beards, and hence expressions like the above are supposed to be derived. Middleton alludes to Alban-coloured and Judas-coloured beards. A Judas-beard was red, as appears from Marston's Instrutate Countess, 1613,—"I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas." A Cain-coloured beard was a yellow beard.

60 He is as tall a man of his hands.

A proverbial phrase for a brave or valiant person. Tall men were brave men. "A man of his hands, homo strensus, inguis, maturus promptus," Coles. Warrener, the keeper of a warren.

61 We shall all be shent.

Shent, anciently meant ruined, but in Shakespeare's time it had obtained the sense of seceded. "Ah, sir, that is such a secrete as I list not reveale unto you for doubt lest I be shent," Fulwell's Art of History, 1576.
And you are Jack Rogoly.
I adopt the method of spelling, Rogoly, from the first sketch, repr. p. 25. The doctor seems to intend a pun on his name; otherwise, the speech is almost meaningless.

Dare is no honest man, &c.
This is, of course, a blunder of the doctor's at his own expense, and implies he could not be an honest man.

Do for your master.
The first folio reads you corrected by the second folio to for. Collier and Knight omit the word altogether. Wrings, i.e. wring his clothes.

Are you afraid of that?
A proverbial phrase, equivalent to, Have you found out that? Has that occurred to you? It is of frequent occurrence in old plays.

To meddle or make.
To meddle or make, i.e., to interfere. The phrase is still current in the North of England, and in Scotland, meddle or mak.

What the good-ler?
An exclamation, the precise meaning of which has not been satisfactorily determined. It seems to be sometimes equivalent to, What the devil? Nares would derive it from the French goujere. Goodger is a term for the devil in some parts of Devonshire.

What a gooduy all you, another,

Dat, I detect.
Mrs. Quickly's mistake for pratez. "Given too much to allcholly," i.e. melancholy, a provincial term still in use, and often put into the mouths of uneducated characters in old plays.

I' faith, that I will.
The old editions read, that wo will, an obvious blunder, left unaltered by Knight and Collier. It is corrected in the old manuscript copy of the play in my possession.

Though love use reason for his precisian.
This is an obscure passage. Dr. Johnson explains it, "Though love, when he would submit to regulation, may use reason as his precisian or director in nice cases, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reason for his counsellor." The same writer proposed to read physician, an emendation receiving probability from a line in the Sonnets, "My reason the physician to my love." Mr. Knight gives the word a meaning it never possessed in our language. Puritans were usually termed precisians, but here the term, if genuine, must mean one that limits or restrains.

By day or night.
An old proverbial phrase, equivalent to always. The conclusion of Falsstaff's letter may be compared with the colophon at the end of Caxton's edition of Malory's Morte d'Arthur, 1405, which "was styued the Ix. yere of the regynge of Ryngge Edward the Fourth.—

by Syr Thomas Malore knyght,
As Jhesu helpys hym for his grete myghte,
As he is the servaunt of Jhesu both day and nyghte."

But perhaps Shakespeare was merely ridiculing the Skeuotonial mode of rhythm.

For the putting down of men.
Theobald introduced flat before men, a reading followed by Mr. Collier; but there is no real necessity for an alteration of the original. Mrs. Page merely means to imply a bill for repressing men's impertinence; putting down being frequently used in that sense.

These knights will hawk.
Alluding to the immense number of knights made by the king. See the introduction to this play. A very curious unpublished anecdoté, in connexion with this subject, is preserved in a MS. in the Bodleian Library, entitled, "The character of Sir Martin Barnhun, Knbt, written by his son Sir Francis, who was the father of the Lady Salkeld, in whose closet it was found after her death."—

"About this time, King James came to this crown, to whom Queen Elizabeth, by her constant sparing hand of all sorts of honour, left great power of satisfaction and rewards of that kind; of which, amongst others, knighthood was most pursued, as being that of which so many men were then fally capable. The King, having his very bountiful of that honor in his journey from Scotland to London, most part of the gentlemen in the other parts of the kingdome were desirous to address themselves in that general fashion, and though in some particular men by the king's favour, or mediation of some great men, that honour was freely bestowed; yet generally it was purchased at great rates, as at 3 or 4 or 5 hundred pounds, according to the circumstances of precedence and grace with which it was accompanied. Now Sir John Grey, my noble friend and near allye, finding the way of knighting by favor somewhat slack, and not alwayes certain, out of his affection to me, att the kings first coming to London treated with a Scotchman, an acquaintance of his, that for 80 lb. and some courteys which he should do him, my father and myself should be knighted, and gave me present knowledge thereof that it might be suddenly effected, with which I made my father instantly acquainted, and told him that though I doubted not to procure both our knighthoods without money by the power of some great friends I had in court, yet considering the obligation to them, and the time that would be lost before that could certainly be effected, I thought it would be a better way to make a speedy end of it at se small a charge, rather than to linger it out at uncertainties, att such a time as every man made hast to crowd in att the new play of knighthood. Hereto my father made this answer, that having by God's blessing an estate fit enough for knighthood, and having managed those offices of credit which a countrey gentleman was capable of, he should not be unwilling to take that honor upon him, if he might have it in such a fashion as that himself might hold it an honor, but said he, "If I pay for my knighthood, I shall never be called Sir Martin, but I shall blush for shame to think how I came by it; if therefore it cannot be had freely, I am resolved to content myself with my present condition; and for my wife," said he, merrily, "I will buy her a new gown.
NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

instead of a ladyship; this is my restation for myself, and that which I think fittest for you.' Finding him thus resolved, I gave over that way, and made means to my noble friend, the Lord of Pembroke, to procure my father a free knighthood, which he readily undertook, and appointed him a day to attend for it at Greenwich; but that morning there came some news out of Scotland that put the King so out of humour, as made that time unprofit for it, and instantly after, it was published that the king would make no more knights till the day of his coronation, as resolving to honour that day with a great proportion of that honor; on which day my father, by the favor of my Lord of Pembroke, had the honor of knighthood freely bestowed on him, and was ranked before three fourths parts of that day's numerous knighting."

74 We burn daylight. That is, we waste time. Lilly uses the phrase, to burn time, which would lead us to suppose it meant originally nothing more than destroying time. Liking, constitution of body. "If one be in better plight of body, or better liking," Barret, 1590.

'Should! we burn daylight; they will think, anon, We are afraid to see their glittering swords."

Heywood's Edward IV. First Part.

75 To the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' Green Sleeves was a very popular old song. The words have not come down to us, but it would appear, from several allusions in contemporary writers, they were grossly indecise. A great number of other songs were set to the same tune, which was afterwards long known as the tune of, "which nobody can deny." In the Stationers' Registers, 1589-1, is entered, "A new Northern ditty of the Lady Greene-sleeves;" and, what is more to our purpose, in the same year occurs, "Greene Sleeves moralised to the Scripture, declaring the manifold benefits and blessings of God bestowed on sinful man."

76 A thousand of these letters, sure more. I have ventured to transpose the two last words to their present position. In other editions, they are placed after different names, and are then inexplicable. The composer might easily have transposed them from one line to another by a mistake not unusual in printing. An early MS. correction in a copy in the possession of Mr. Tarno reads, see mine, but the above alteration appears to be less violent.

77 Unless he know some strain in me. Strain, i.e. humour, disposition. It occurs again in this play in the same sense, act iii. sc. 3. It is probably derived from A. S. strýnd, stock, race, breed, tribe. The chariness of our honesty, the caution which belongs to our honesty.

78 Well, I hope it be not so. It was, till lately, the universal practice to omit this dialogue in representation, and even now, it is only seldom retained; but it is necessary to the complete development of this part of the plot. What else is the use of the declaration of Pistol and Nym to be revenged on Falstaff?

79 Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs. A curtail dog is a worthless dog, a dog without a tail good for any service. "A curtail dogg, chien courtaud, c'en à dire chien sans queue ou esquis, bon à tout service." Howell's Lex. Tet. 1669.

80 He loves the gally-mafray. Gally-mafray, the whole hotchpotch of the fair sex. "A gallumfrifre or hotch-potch," Barret, 1580. "Perpend, consider attentively.

81 It shall bite upon my necessity. To bite was an old technical term for cutting with a sword. Pistol says his sword shall eat, he will go to the wars, when it is necessary to do so for his living.

82 Frights English out of his vits. Alluding to Nym's bombastic language. The quart reads humour instead of English.

83 Such a drolling affecting rogue. Affecting is merely the active participle used for the passive, several instances of which occur in Shakespeare and contemporary writers. So we have in the Winter's Tale, "Your discontenting father," for, "Your discontented father." This would scarcely have seemed to require a note, had not Mr. Collier given an entirely erroneous explanation of the line.

84 I will not believe such a Catanian. Catanian, according to Steevens, was an old cant term for a sharper.

85 Cavalleria-Justice.

One of the cant compounds used by mine host, meaning my esquire justice.

86 Good even and twenty. That is, in the language of the time, twenty good evens to you.

87 And tell him my name is Brook. Ford's assumed name is Brook in the quarto edition, and Broom in the folio. Theobald says that we need no better evidence in favour of the reading of the quarto than the pun that Falstaff makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack; but it may be objected that this pun is almost entirely lost in the early edition. In favour of the adopted reading in the amended play, the following lines may be added, which appear to be intended to rhyme—

"Nay, I'll tell him in again of Brome: He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come." These lines do not occur in the sketch of the play.

88 Will you go on, sirs? The folio reads an-heires, a hopeless corruption. Mr. Knight says the parallel passage in the quarto is, "here boys, shall we wag?" but these words are found a little lower down in the folio, and, in truth, the quarto has no corresponding passage. The long s in old writing was sometimes like the h, and if we suppose the author wrote on syrs, and bear in mind the character of punnishment in that day, the corruption to an-heires will not appear impossible.
NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

99 So firmly on his wife's frailty.

*His wife's frailty* is an old mode of expression for his 
*soiled wife*. It is a singular kind of construction, and 
should be carefully observed. What they made there, i.e. 
what they did there.

100 I will retort the sun in equipage.

This line is taken from the quartos, and is perhaps war-
ranted by Falstaff's reply. The term *equipage* appears, in 
Shakespeare's time, to have been applied to any kind of 
goods, and would here be goods that Pistol could pilfer.

101 And your coach-fellow.

*Coach-fellow*, an intimate companion. The term is 
generally employed in a contemptuous sense. Ben Jonson 
has *coach-horse*, applied in a similar manner.

102 A short knife and a throng.

That is, a short knife and a crowd. "The eye of this 
wolf is as quick in his head as a cutpurse in a throng."
*Overbury's* Characters, 1616.

103 To your manner of quick-hatch.

There is great humour in designating this place Pistol's 
manner. *Quick-hatch* was a notorious rendezvous for bad 
characters in the east of London, and is continually alluded 
to by our early writers. *Hodge*, to shift dishonestly. *Lurch*, 
to cheat. *Cat-a-mountain*, from the Spanish *gato-montés*, 
the wild cat. *Red-lattice phrases*, i.e. alc-house phrases. 
The ancient alc-houses were frequently distinguished by red 
lattices, and we have many allusions to them in old plays.

104 And your blunderbuss oats.

The old editions read *bold-beating oats*, an evident 
corruption, though retained by Massar. Collier and Knight 
without any observation. The present correction is 
obtained from the old play-house MS. copy of the play before 
referred to.

105 Well, one Mistress Ford.

The old copies read on, these two words being often 
nstaken for each other. Daven made the correction.

106 Into such a canaries.

*Mrs. Quickly's* error for *quarantiles*.

107 Nay, which is more, pensioners.

Alluding to the gentlemen pensioners attendant on 
the sovereign. They were very splendidly dressed, and perhaps 
on that account, superior to ears in Mrs. Quickly's imagina-

The cowslips tall her pensioners be; 
In their gold coats spots you see. 
According to Holme's *Acad. Arm. III. iii. p. 43*, the 
captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners had 21000 a 
year; but this was probably at a later period.

108 A very frampold life.

*Frampold*, uneasy, troublesome. The term occurs in old 
writers in various shades of meaning. Kennett, MS. 
Land. 1633, says it was used in his time in the sense of, 
nettish, peevish. "Ill-will'd and frailled wasplonkness," 
Bulke and *Silvey's* of the World, 1674.

109 Your little page, of all love.

*Of all love*, a pretty quaint old phrase, equivalent to, *if 
you love, on account of love*, &c. The earliest instance of it 
I have met with occurs in the incoiled romance of *Sir 
Ferumbras*,—

And said to him, she meant go 
To visited the prisoners that daye, 
And said, Sir, *for all love*, 
Let me thy prisoners see.

110 Nay-word, i.e. a watch-word.

111 One of Cupid's carriers.

*Carrier* was applied to any sort of messenger; a page.

112 Up with your fights.

*Fights* are explained by Cotes, in his English Dictionary, 
1767, to be, "coverts, any places where men may stand 
unseen and use their arms in a ship."

Mr. Knight very erroneously interprets it, short sails.

113 A morning's draught of sack.

Morning-draughts of ale or sack were replaced in the 
seventeenth century by coffee. Howel, in noticing Sir 
Henry Oldenburg's *Ornamenti Salutis*, 1659, observes that, 
"This coffee-drink hath caused a great s Strictness among all 
nations: formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take 
their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often 
made them unfit for business. Now they play the good-
fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentle-
man Sir James Munbiford, who introduced the practice 
here first in London, deserves much respect of the whole 
nation."

It was formerly the fashion for persons to introduce 
themselves to strangers with a prophylactic present of a cup 
of wine, which preceded their appearance. A story is told 
of Corbet and Jonson in MS. Harl. 6395, which mentions 
an instance of this practice. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, 
in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next 
room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of raw wine, and 
gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to 
the gentlemen in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice 
my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those terms. 
'Friend,' says Bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love, 
but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacri-
fices are always burnt.' Ben Jonson thus humorously 
alludes to the custom in *Bartholomew Fair*;—

Now, gentle, I take it, here is none of you so stupid. 
But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd Cupid; 
Who, out of Kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her, 
This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer. 
And because he would have their first meeting to be merry, 
He strikes *Hero* in love to him with a pint of sherry; 
Which he tells her from amorous *Leander* is sent her, 
Who after him into the room of *Hero* doth venture.

114 Go to; via! 

A cant phrase of exultation or defiance. It occurs again 
in *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 2.

115 Sith, i.e. since. A common archaism.

116 To know what she would have given.

That is, to know what kind of presents she would prefer 
to be given to her.

129
NOTES TO THE MERPFL WIVES OF WINDSOR.

117 Pursuing that which flies.  
Possibly a misreading for “that which flies, but the original text may be right, and should not, therefore, be disturbed without authority. A similar idea occurs in the Wizard, a MS. written about the year 1649:

Never till now unknown, unknown as Death,  
Still slow and tedious unto those that seek it,  
Flying away from her pursuer’s eye,  
And with all speed pursuing them that lie.

108 Of great admittance.  
That is, says Stevens, admitted into all or the greatest companies. Allowed, approved. Amiable siege, a siege of love. Instance, example. 
The word of her purity, that is, the drive she at present derives from her purity.

109 I will aggravate his style.  
That is, add to his titles. This play is full of allusions to cuckoldism, which are not always worth explanation for readers of the present day.

112 Amainon sounds well.  
Amainon and Barbaron are found in the old lists of devils. "Amainon is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulf," Holme’s Acad. Arm. II. i. 22; "Barblos is like a lion; under him are thirty-six legions," ibid. Witol-cluckeld, one who knows his wife’s falsehood, and does not hinder it.

111 An Irishman with his aqua-vita bottle.  
Heywood, in his “Challenge for Beauty,” 1656, mentions the love of aqua-vita as characteristic of the Irish:—

"And so the Briton he meth'gin quaffs,  
The Irish aqua-vita."

The Irish aqua-vita, says Malone, was not brandy, but wyequaugh, for which Ireland has been long celebrated.

110 To see thee join.  
To join was to make a slight wound on the skin in fencing. This is the old meaning of the word. Fencing is now termed joining. To traverse, to pass thy pate, thy stock, i.e., were all technical phrases in fencing, fully explained in the books of the day on that popular science. The stock appears to denote the scaccito, commonly called in England the shecoco, a species of thrush. Our space will not permit us to enter more fully into the subject.

116 Thou art a Castilian.  
A Castilian was originally a term for a Spaniard, but it was afterwards more generally applied. The Host takes advantage of the doctor’s ignorance of the English language, and applies to him all kinds of inappropriate and ridiculous terms, to the amusement of the by-standing. King Urinal requires no explanation, alluding of course to his profession. Hector, a cant term for a sharper. Against the hair, against the grain.

111 Ah, monsieur mockwater.  
An allusion to the urinals, always used by physicians in former days; or it may be mockwater, a term applied to the drain from dunghills.

112 He will clapper-claw thee.  
That is, beat thee. This word occurs also in "Tox and Tyler and his Wife:—" I would clapper-claw thy bones," and earlier in a curious macaronic poem in MS. Lansd., 762.

116 Master justice guest.  
The word justice is here inserted on the authority of the MS. It is not in the old copies.

117 Cried I aim? Said I well?  
Cried I aim, did I give you encouragement? The phrase is common in our old dramatists, and occurs again in this play in Act ii. sc. 2. The expression is said to be borrowed from archery. All the old editions read, cried game, and the quarto of 1602 has the impossible reading,—“and thou shalt wear his cried game.” Supposing the copy read cry’d I am, the error is very readily accounted for. See Douce, p. 44.

118 The Petty-ward, the Py h-ward.  
These were probably names of localities in Windsor, and a wood near Wimbledon is still called Petty-ward. Numerous streets in England have the prefix of petty.

119 To shallow rivers, to whose falls.  
It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is an extract from the beautiful little ballad, attributed to Marlowe, entitled “The passionate Shepherd to his Love.” There are many copies of it, varying considerably from each other. It is not generally known that Dr. Wilson set it to music, the original being in the Bodleian Library. It was extremely popular in the time of Shakespeare, as may be gathered from the plentiful allusions in contemporary writers. “Do you take me for a woman, that you come upon me with a ballad of Come live with me and be my love,—Choices Change, and Change, or Conceits in Our Colours, 1666, p. 3.

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,  
Woods, or stony mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider’d all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral chaps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love.  
The shepherd-swallows shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

129 Whenas I sat in Babylon.  
Eneas, in his "trembling of mind," mixes the psalms with the ballad. The present line is the commencement of the 137th psalm in the old version, ed. 1638, p. 93,—  
Whenas was safe in Babylon,  
The rivers round about,  
And in remembrance of Zion,  
The tears for griefe burst out.

131 Gallia and Wallia.  
The original edition reads, Gallia and Gaule. The correction is obtained from the early MS. in my possession.

132 Have you woke-a de set.  
Sat, i.e. a fool. (French, Scall, scald, a term of reproach.

133 Carry a letter twenty mile.  
The singular used for the plural, a common practice in Shakespeare's time, especially when speaking of time or distance. Coller and Knight after the original, but, with singular inconsistancy, in the 'Tempest' they retain Prospero's expression, "Twelve years since, Miranda," as in his old text.

134 They are laid.  
That is, contrived or plotted. So seeming, so seemly, comely, or virtuous.

135 As the earth is firm.  
A proverbial phrase, in common use before the doctrines of Cepharicus became popularly adopted.  

136 He speaks holiday.  
That is, he speaks in good language suited to a holiday. Steevens has observed a similar expression in Henry IV,—  
"With many holiday and lady terms," i.e. feem, affected terms. We have, "in the holiday time of my beauty," in act ii. sc. 1.  

He smells April and May, i.e. he smells of April and May. The particle is frequently omitted, and several other instances occur in Shakespeare. 'Tis in his button, equivalent to, "he is the man for it."

137 The gentleman is of no having.  
That is, he has no fortune. "Lie in a water-bearer's house,—a gentleman of his havings!"—Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

138 The wild Prince and Points.  
So Points should be written, as in the old editions. The same was no doubt taken from some individual contemporary with Shakespeare. In Dulwich College is preserved a letter from one Anne Poynet, addressed to Alleyne, the actr, "to request so much loving kindness att your hands to send me v. pounds."

139 And drink Canary with him.  
Venner says, "Canario wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a sack, with this adjunct, sweete."—Vul Recta, 1622.  
Howell says that in his time, 1634, it was much adulterated. "I shall drink in," is, of course, merely equivocall to, "I shall drink." Falstaff will dance to Ford's piping. Canary was also the name of a dance, and hence the double quibble.

140 Among the wisketrs in Dutchet wood.  
Whistlers were blanchers of linen. Bleachers are still termed whipsters in the North of England.

143 How now, my eyas musket?  
An eyas was a young hawk of any kind, before it left the nest. An eyas-musket was, therefore, a young sparrow-hawk, and the term is here jocularly applied to the page.

142 You little Jack-a-Lent.  
A Jack-a-lent was a stuffed puppet which boys used to throw at during Lent. The term is here metaphorically applied to the page. Quarles writes,—  
— How like a Jack-a-Lent  
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,  
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows.

143 Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?  
This is a quotation from a song in Sir P. Sidney's "Arciphel and Stella," first printed in 1591, which commences as follows,—  
Have I caught my heavenly jewel,  
Teaching sleep must fair to be?  
Now will I teach her that she,  
When she wakes, is too-too cruel.

144 I cannot cog.  
"Ballicerner, to cog, fast, lye, talk idle, vainely, or to no purpose," Cotgrave.

145 That becomes the ship-tire.  
The ship-tire is said to be an open flowing head-dress, with scarves or ruffles flowing in the air like streamers. That, and the tire-vallant, if the latter be not a misprint for tire-zelect, refer to fashions of head-dresses in Elizabeth's time.

146 Nature thy friend.  
We must understand being after Nature. This is Rowe's explanation, and is no doubt correct.

147 Like Bucklersbury in simple-time.  
Bucklersbury, a street in London, near Cheapside, was chiefly inhabited in Shakespeare's time by herbalists and druggists.

148 The rock of a lime-hill.  
Lime-hill is the archaic word for lime-kin, and should be preserved. The term is still in use in the North of England. We have kill-hole in act iv. sc. 2.

149 I will enounce me behind the arras.  
The arras, or tapestry, was hung at some little distance from the walls, and was frequently used as a means of concealment.

150 Whiting-time, i.e. bleaching time.
Where's the cow-staff? A pole or staff used for carrying a tub or basket having two handles or ears, held on the shoulders of two persons. A cow-staff, recta, polinga, Coles. Droll'dy, i.e. to slow or alloguish. The term is still in provincial use.

You were best meddle with buck-washing. In the process of bucking clothes, they placed them upon a smooth board or table, and beat them with a flattened pole. A quantity of linen washed at once was called a buck, a tub full of linen in buck. Hence, to wash a buck, to wash a tub full of bucklinen, the phrase punished upon by Ford.

According to Warburton, wench is a term in fox-hunting, signifying, to dig the fox out when earthed. Capell explains it, to turn the dogs off.

What was in the basket. All the old copies read, "who was in the basket," which is evidently incorrect, for had it entered Ford's imagination there was any one in that receptacle, he would of course have discovered the trick. The speech, indeed, is altogether an error, for Ford had not asked the question.

Carrión was a term of contempt, applied to an elderly person. We meet with it again in the Merchant of Venice, in 1.

A-birding, i.e. hawking.

I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. That is, I will make something of it. The phrase was proverbial. A shaft was a proper arrow; a bolt was a thick short one, with a knob at the end of it, only used for shooting birds.

Come cut and long tail. A curious proverbial phrase, equivalent to, let anybody come who likes. So Ben Jonson,—

At Quintin he,
In honour of this brilliate,
Hath challenged either wide counter,
Come cut and long tail.

Happy man be his dole. That is, happy be his dole or portion. The expression was proverbial.

And bow'd to death with turnips. "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bow'd at." Ben Jonson.

Her father will be angry else. The word else is supplied from the manuscript in my possession, and seems necessary to the sense of the passage.

On a fool and a physician. Dr. Johnson suggests or in the place of and, which would certainly be more accurate, but Mrs. Quickly is not very particular in her phraseology. She addressed Page and his wife, one of whom wishes to throw away his daughter on a fool, the other on a physician. "To be a fool or a physician" was a common old proverb.

Once to-night. That is, some time to-night. This meaning of the word is not the common one, even in old writers. Shak, to neglect.

The rogues slighted me. Small, i.e. threw. This is one of the many obsolete words entirely unnoticed in all former editions of Shakespeare. "Slighted, qu. threw me aside!" A mountain of mummy.

Mummy, or what passed for it, was formerly sold by the apothecaries as a medicine. It was esteemed for its aromatic qualities. Blount calls it, "a thing like pitch, sold by apothecaries; it is hot in the second degree, and good against all bruises, spitting of blood, and divers other diseases." There were two kinds of mummy, the one said to have been obtained from real Egyptian mummies, the other being merely a composition chiefly made up of bitumen. Fulstaff here uses the term in a generic sense.

Brew me a bottle of sack. Brew is evidently here used in the sense of draw. Sack was a Spanish white-wine; in fact, all Spanish white-wines were termed sacks. The wine now so called is altogether of a different kind.

By the Lord, a buck-baskett! There evidently requires an ejaculation here, though omitted in the folio, probably on account of the statute of James. The present reading is taken from the early quart.

Another embassy of meeting. Embassy is the old form of embassay, and is very common in old works.

I will then address me. That is, make myself ready.

To make me mad. The old editions read, "To make one mad." The blunder was corrected by Mr. Dyce, in his Remarks, p. 16.

Accusatives, hune. All editions read nine, but the blunder could scarcely be intended, especially as it is repeated by Evans. The boy forget to add, bone, hox, which causes the latter to say, "I pray you, have your remembrance, child." Evans blunders in his language, but not in his Latinity. "Erroneus est caret, for recvente caret. A few lines below, the genitive of the old editions has been altered to genitivus. Latin is generally printed very incorrectly in old plays.

You must be preaches, i.e. you must be preached, or flogged. "Cry like a breach'd boy," Beaumont and Fletcher.

He is a good spray memory. Sprach, mispronounced by Evans spray, is still in use in the West of England in the sense of quick, active, lively Lord Chekeworth says he has often heard in Wiltshire, "He has a good sprack wit;" and a sharp boy is termed a sprack 'un. Roy has, "A sprect hal or wench, apt to learn, ingenuous." North Country Words, 1674, p. 44, no doubt another form of the same word.

Obsequious, serious. The word occurs again in the same sense in Hamlet.
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162 Your husband is in his old lines again.

Lines, or, as it is elsewhere spelt, lanes, is equivalent to, fancies. The sketch reads vein.

Takes on, i.e. rages violently.

163 Watch the door with pistols.

Jackson ingeniously conjectures that we should read, 'watch the door with Pistol," thus getting rid of the anachronism; but the old text is undoubtedly as it came from Shakespeare's pen.

164 Her thrum'd hat, and her maffler too.

A thrummed hat was a hat made of very coarse woolen cloth. The end of a weaver's warp is the thrum. "A thrummed hat, bardeauxlass," Coles. A muffler was made of linen, and usually worn so that it covered part of the face.

The wise woman of Brentford is called in the first sketch Gillian of Brentford, who was rather a celebrated character. A work called, "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was in Captain Core's library, and two copies, I believe, and no more, have descended to modern times—one in the Bodleian Library, and another which passed through the hands of Ritson and Heber. Dame Gillian's legacies, although dispossessed with the utmost liberality, and in some respects with judgment, were not, however, very acceptable. According to the black-letter tract, she was hostess of a respectable inn at Brentford, and, therefore, we may presume, suitable company for Mistress Ford:

At Brentford on the west of London, 
By to a place that called is Syon,
There dwelt a widow of a homly sort, 
Honest in substance and full of sport; 
Daily she cowd with pastin and jestes, 
Among her neigbouris and her guests; 
She kept an inne of right good lodgyng, 
For all estates that thylker was conyng.

This is on the supposition that Robert Copland, the writer of this tract, did not invent the circumstances. The joke of Gillian's legacy continued to a late period, for I find it alluded to in "Harry White his humour," 12mo. Lond. 1660:

The author in a recompencce, 
To them that angry be, 
Berqueathas a gift that's cabbld 
Old Gillian's legacie.

Shakespeare was probably well acquainted with Brentford, its celebrated inn, the 'Three Pigeons,' having dramatic notoriety. It is still standing, but the outside has been much altered. In a little sandy parlour to the left of the entrance is preserved a small painting, dated 1794, of a table with guests seated round it, and the following inscription:

We are new beginners, and thrive we would fain; 
Tis honest Ralf of Redding, my wife Susane by name.

166 A knot, a ging, a pack.

A knot, i.e. a company, generally used in a bad sense. "A knot of rogues, fugitivorum urce," Coles. Ginge, the old form of ging. A pack was a conspired band of persons, usually said when the purpose was dishonest. This passes, this goes beyond bounds.

167 Here's no man here.

The last word is supplied from the early MS. copy of the play in my possession; but I am not sure it is absolutely necessary.

This wrongs you, i.e. this does you wrong, it injures you character.

168 His wife's lewain.

That is, his wife's lover. The word occurs again, and is a common archaism.

Daubery, i.e., deceit, trickery, from daub, an old word, to flatter or deceive.

169 You ragn,—you ragnow!

Both these are terms of great contempt. The first occurs again in 'Timon of Athens,' the second in 'Macbeth.'

170 In the way of waste.

The meaning of the passage is that, if the devil have him not as an estate in fee simple, secured firmly by fine and recovery, and, therefore, possess him as an absolute property, he will not attempt again to ruin us by corrupting our virtues.

171 No period to the jest.

That is, no conclusion or end. "Let me make the period to my curse," Richard III.

172 They must come off.

Come off, i.e. pay; a common phrase in early plays. We still say, come down with the money, a similar expression. Same, to season; here, metaphorically, to give it them.

173 Somecime a keeper here in WIndsor forest.

It has been stated, I know not on what authority, that Herne was a keeper in Windsor Forest some time before the reign of Elizabeth, that he hanged himself on the oak from the dread of being disgraced for some offence that he had committed, and that his ghost was believed to haunt the spot. No mention is made of the oak in the first sketch of the play; in which it is merely introduced as follows,—

Oft have you heard since Herne the hunter died, 
That women, to affright their little children, 
Says that he walks in shape of a great stag.

Where, it will be observed that the hunter's name is Herne; and a MS. of the time of Henry VIII., preserved in the British Museum, mentions a "Rycharde Horn, yeoman," in a list of persons who had hunted illegally in the royal forests. This fact seems to give grounds for believing that the poet alludes to a genuine tale of the period, and that the incident is not one of his own invention.

A variety of papers have been written on the locality of Herne's oak, but none of them with sufficient consideration for the indefinite changes that must have taken place in Windsor Park since Shakespeare's time. The earliest lease notice occurs in a map published by W. Collier in 1712, where "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is marked as being near Queen Elizabeth's Walk. It was removed at the close of the last century, but a new claimant to the honour of being the real Simon Pure is shown to the visitor. The following lament "upon Herne's oak being cut down in the spring of..."
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1720, ' is extracted from a contemporary newspaper, and is worth preserving for its own sake:—

"Within this dell, for many an age,
Herne's oak spread its antique head:—
Oh! most unshadow'd was the sage
Which tore it from its native bed!
The storm that stript the forest bare
Would yet refrain this tree to wrong,
And Time himself appear'd to spare
A fragment he had known so long.

'Twas marked with popular regard,
When fan'd Elizabeth was queen;
And Shakespeare, England's matchless bard,
Made it the subject of a scene.
So honour'd, when in verdure drest,
To me the winder'd trunk was dear;
As, when the warrior is at rest,
His trophial arm man revere.

That nightly Herne walk'd round this oak,
"The superstitious old receiv'd;"—
And what they of his outrage spoke,
The rising age in fear believ'd.
The hunter, in his morning range,
Would not the tree with lightness view;
To him, Herne's legend, passing strange,
In spite of scoffers, still seem'd true.
Oh, where were all the fairy crew
Who rov'd in days remote,
That round the oak no spell they drew,
Before the axe its thorns smote?

Could wishes but ensure the power,
The tree again its head should rear;
Shrubs fence it with a fadeless bower,
And these inscriptive lines appear:—

Here, as will Alon's poet stray'd—
Hold!—let me check this feeble strain—
The spelt by Shakespeare sacred made,
A verse like mine would but profane!!

Mr. Nicholson, the late eminent painter, in an original letter in the possession of Mr. Crofton Croker, gives the undoubted authority of George III. himself, that the remains of the real Herne's oak were removed by his own order, given quite inadvertently. According to Mr. Nicholson, the soil of Windsor does not at all suit the oak; so that a tree which was old in Shakespeare's time could scarcely have been preserved to the present day.

And takes the cattle.

A horse, when paralyz'd, was said to be taken, the usual belief being that he was stricken by a planet or evil spirit.

172 And takes the cattle.

Urchins were fairies that assumed the shape of urchins or hobgoblins. Urchins, cts. Diffused, varied, wild, irregular. To pinch, equivalent to pinch very much: the prefix to anciently annexed to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, implying destruction or deterioration, was used as an intensifier, giving more force to the signification.

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186 Like a bribe-buck.

So the old copies, not bribe-buck, as printed by Knight and Collier. Bribe-buck, i.e. stolen. "Bribe'd signettes" are mentioned in Rot. Park, as quoted by Tyrwhitt, and Palegrave has, "I bribe, I pull, I puly."

A walk was a particular keeper's district. Windsor forest was parcelled out into walks, as appears from Norden's map, 1597.

Woodman, a forester, according to Nares, whose chief occupation was hunting.

187 Fairies, black, grey, green, and white.

With considerable hesitation, I have followed Knight and Collier in giving this and the other speeches to Anne, as Queen of the Fairies. In all the old editions, they are given to Mrs. Quickly. It is contended they are not in character with her language, but neither are the words attributed to Evans and Pistol. To be consistent, we should also alter the attribution of the latter.

188 You orphans heirs of fixed destiny.

This is one of those difficult passages which Messrs. Collier and Knight complacently pass over without remark. I agree with Malone that Shakespeare, with a laxity not unusual to him, uses heirs for children. Fairies were children of fixed destiny, and, according to the usual belief, in one respect of the same family as the White Lady of Avenel,—

"Happier than brief-dated man,
Living ten times o'er his span;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave."

Oyes is evidently a monosyllable. Unrank'd, a term applied to fires, when they were not raked out. It is now used differently in the provinces, but Shakespeare apparently intends the ordinary meaning.

189 As blue as bilberry.

"Whortle berries are called in England, whortes, whortle berries, blacke-berryes, hille-berryes, and bull-berryes, and in some places wincherries." Gerard's Herball, 1231.

The notion of death being the punishment of speaking to fairies is alluded to in the English translation of Histoire de Bourdeaux, 4to, 1601, ch. 21.

190 Raise up the organs of her fantasy.

That is, give her pleasant dreams.

191 In emerald tufts.

Emerald, i.e. emerald. Tufts is an old word for tassels, and I think modern editors are wrong in introducing tufts, another and not quite an equivalent term. Florio translates offitiuofoe, "to betassele, to tuffe, or hang with locks."

Characters, "a writing by characters or by strange marks," English Expositor, 1071.

192 I smell a new of middle-earth.

Middle-earth, an old English term for the world, but nearly obsolete in Shakespeare's time. It is found in the Coventry Mysteries, p. 36,—

Tyl a maydon in mely-erth be borne,
Thou flonde, I warn ye the borned,
Thou wert here thil led xal be to-torn,
On wombe away thou wende.

193 Thou wast o'erlook'd.

That is, overlooked by a witch. The term is still in use in the sense of bewitched in the West of England.

194 Still pinch him to your time.

Pinching was the usual punishment inflicted by the fairies, and especially on those who violated the laws of chastity. So Fletcher, in the 'Faithful Shepherdess,'—

"Then must I watch, if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in last
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone."

195 Luxury, i.e. incontinence. Bloody fire, equivalent to fire in the blood.

196 Do not these fair yokes.

Mrs. Page alludes to Falstaff's horns. It is rather difficult to account for the application of the term, unless it was given to any protonerance. "A yoke, a couple; also the top or ridge of an hill," Baret, 1580.

197 Shall I have a corecomb of frize?

A fool's cap made of frize, a warm coarse kind of cloth.

198 What, a hodge-pudding?

I have not met with this term elsewhere. Is it connected with hog-pudding, or haggis-pudding? All editors pass it over without remark.

199 Ignorance itself is a plument o'er me.

That is, even ignorance is a weight or plummet over me. Which I cannot shake off; or, the sounding-lead or plumb line, when let down into the water, will be found higher than I am. Either interpretation makes sense; but I think the first is what was intended. Any lump of lead was formerly termed a plummet, as well as a plumb-line.

200 Amaze, i.e. confound, confuse.
Measure for Measure.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.

The principal incident in this play, the infamous conduct of Angelo, has been related of a variety of persons in different ages; but the primary source of the plot adopted by Shakespeare is found in the novels of Cinthio, Hecatomithi, 1565, v. 8. In the novel of that writer, Juriste, governor of Inspruck, a man renowned for wisdom and justice, sentenced a youth named Lodovico to death for violation. Epitia, sister of Lodovico, a virgin of exquisite beauty and highly accomplished, deeply loved her brother, and determined to attempt his deliverance. Kneeling in tears before the feet of Juriste, and pleading her brother's cause with pathetic eloquence, her graceful beauty, rendered still more attractive by her position, enraptured the stern judge who had previously laughed to scorn the power of love. In the excess of tumultuous passion, he makes the same proposal to her which Angelo does to Isabella. It is rejected with indignation, but Epitia is not proof against the tears and entreaty of her brother, and reluctantly yields to the wishes of Juriste under the solemn promise of marriage. What was her agony, then, to find that his vows were forgotten, and that Lodovico was executed, notwithstanding the sacrifice she had made. She appeals to the emperor of the Romans, before whom Juriste is convicted, compelled to marry her, and then sentenced to death. Epitia now sues for her husband's life; forgets her wrongs in her character as a wife; and, having obtained her prayer, continues the faithful partner of Juriste, who, on his part, is supposed to be reformed by her unexemplified virtue and generosity.

It may readily be supposed that a tale like this, though not well suited to a very refined age, would be likely to attract the attention of our early dramatists as containing the material for much effective situation. We accordingly find that as early as 1578, George Whetstone published a drama founded on Cinthio's tale, under the quaint title of, "The right excellent and famous History of Promos and Cassandra, divided into Comical Discourses: In the first Parte is shewne the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate, the vertuous behaviours of a chaste Ladye, the uncontrollowed lewdness of a favoured Curtisan, and the undeserved Estimation of a pernicious Parasyte: In the second Parte is discoursed the perfect Magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking Vice and favouringe Vertue: Wherein is shewne the Ruine and Overthrowe of dishonest Practises, with the Advancement of upright Dealing." The following argument prefixed to this play will enable the reader to discover how far Shakespeare has deviated from Whetstone's plot:

In the Cystic of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungarie and Boemie) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disfigured apparel, during her life, to make her infamous note. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull Magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos authority: who, convicting a young Gentleman named Andrugio,
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meant inency, condemned both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beautiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge his brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promus: Promus regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and dasying good, that evil might come thereof, for a time he repried her brother: but, wicked man, turning his liking unto unlawful lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour ransome for his Brothers life: chaste Cassandra, agharring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this ransome. But in fine, wone with the importunity of his Brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to Promus First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promus as farces in promise, as carelesse in performance, with solenne vowe, syning her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his authorty, unsipted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamors, he commanded the Gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The Gayler, [touched] with the outeryes of Andrugio, abhorring Promos lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head newly executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agh exceed at this trecherye, that at the pointe to ky lokely herselfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos And, devisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne unto the kynges. She (executing this resolution) was to highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promus: whose judgment was, to marry Cassandra, to repair her crased honour: which done, for his bainous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinges (tendrigne the general benefitt of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not grant her sute. Andrugio (disguised amongst the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safeties, and craved pardon. The kinges, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promus. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvolye folweth.

Whetstone gave a prose version of the story in his "Heptameron," 1582, in a marginal note to which he informs us that the play above-mentioned had not then been "presented upon stage." The drama of "Promos and Cassandra" is unquestionably the immediate source of Shakespeare's play, the deviations of Whetstone from Cinthio's having been adopted by the great dramatist. The youth is not condemned for the greater crime, but for incontinency after solemn alliance; and the culprit is saved from execution by the substitution of another head. Shakespeare's grand improvement is the introduction of Mariana, whose part in the scene so infinitely purifies the tale. Some of the minor portions of the bye-play in "Measure for Measure," and those the most distasteful to modern ears, were suggested by scenes in "Promos and Cassandra." I will give an extract from the latter play, the scene corresponding to the affecting interview between Isabella and Claudio, which will suffice to show the nature of the slender materials worked into beauty by the hand of Shakespeare:

Andrugio. My Cassandra what news, good sister shews.
Cassandra. All things conclude thy death, Andrugio: Prepare thyselfe, to hope it ware in vain.
Andrugio. My death, alas, what raysed this new dismay?
Andrugio. Sweete, shew the cause I must this doome endure.
Cassandra. If thou dost live, I must thy honor lose.
Thy ransom is, to Promos fleshly wyll.
That I yeilde: than which I rather chose
With tortments sharpe myselfe he first should kyll.
Thus am I bitt: thou sect thy death at hand:
O would my life would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then would cancel soone thy hand!
Andrugio. And may it be a judge of his account
Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust?
But morr, may he doome any fault with death,
When in such fande he fudges himselfe unjust?
Sister, that wise men love we often see,
And where love rules, gainst throughes doth reason spurne:
But who so loves, if he rejcted be,
His passing love to peevish hate will turne

Deare sister then note how my fortune stands

That Promos love, the like is oft in use;
And sith he crave this kindnessse at your hands,
Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse.
I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing Pecurize.
Here are two eyes, the best kars to digest;
But whereas things are driven unto necessity,
There we kyd, of both eyes choose the least.
Cassandra. And of these evills the least, I held, is death.
To shun whose dart we can no meane devise;
Yet honor lives when death hath done his worst;
Thus fame then lyfe is of farse more compaire.
Andrugio. Nay, Cassandra, if thon thy selfe subyny.
To save my life, to Promos fleshly wyll,
Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,
For in first faultes is no intent of yll.
Cassandra. How so th' intent is construeld in offence,
The Proverbs saies that tune good turns ye dyde,
And one yll deede tune tymes beyond pretence
By envious tongues, report abrode doth spread.
Andrugio, so my fame shall vallevay bee;
Dispute will blame my crime, but not the cause;
And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,
Poor wench, I fear the grype of slander's paves.

Andrugio. Nay sweete sister, more slander would infame
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Your scapes lyfe to save your brother's breath,
When you have power for to enlarge the same;
Once in your hands doth lyce my life and death.

Way that I am the selfe same flesh you are;
Thinks, I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
Knowe, forced faultes for slander neede not care:
Looke you for blame, if I guile through your lack.
Consider well my great extremity;
If otherwise this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare for any jeardye
To free thee wench, from this same heavy yoke:
But ah, I see else no way saves my life,
And yet his hope may further thy consent;
He says, he maye peruse make thee his wyfe,
And 'tis like he cannot be content
With one night's joye: if love he after seeks;

And I dischard, if thou abludg then be,
Before he lose thy selfe that so he lookes,
No doubt but he to marryse wyll agree.

Cassandra. And shall I sticke to stope to Promos wyll,
Since my brother injuyeth lyfe thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
See that he should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My Andrugo, take comfort in distress;
Cassandra is worne thy name some great to paye;
Such care she hath thy thrallhome to releas;
As she consentes her honor for to shay.
Farewell, I must my virgins weeks forsake,
And lyke a Page to Promos kewe repayes. [Exe

Andrugo. My good mynde, to God 1 thee betake,
To whom I pray that comforte change thy care.

Mr. Skottowe has pointed out several similarities of sentiment in the old play and "Measure for
Measure." They are not, perhaps, extremely striking, but they show at all events the extent of the poet's obligations, which are about as great as those a sculptor owes to his block of marble. Mrs. Collier considers that Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling, and employment of language. But this opinion, is, I think, put somewhat too strongly.

We first hear of "Measure for Measure" as having been performed at court on December 26th, 1604. On the evening of that day, his Majesty's players acted it at Whitehall. The original account-book preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House, edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, records that Mr. Shaker (or for another essay on the orthography of Shakespeare!) was "the poet which mayd the plaine." The entry is as follows:—"On St. Stevens night in the hall a play called Measur for Mesur." It was first printed in the folio of 1623, but with many errors. In the preparation of our text, I have had th advantage of comparing a copy with curious early MS. notes in the library of E. R. Tunno, Esq., purchased by him at the sale of Mr. Dent's library, ii. 1270, for £65 5s. This valuable volume has supplied several important corrections, which have every appearance of genuineness. Sir W. Davenant, who wrote an alteration of the play entitled, "Law against Lovers," 1673, also made some useful emendations. The alterations, however, in our text are not numerans; and it will generally be found to be a faithful copy of the first edition.

In the year 1700, an alteration of this comedy by Charles Gildon was published, under the title of, "Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate, as it is Acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields: written originally by Mr. Shakespeare, and now very much alter'd, with additions of several entertainments of Musick," 4to. This performance is of very questionable merit, and the author has unfortunately not recorded any traditions relating to the original drama that might have been then current. In the course of the prologue, he says:—

Let neither dance nor musick be forgot,
Nor scenes, no matter for the sense or plot:
Such things we own in Shakespear's days might do,
But then his audience did not judge like you.

Malone was of opinion that in the speech of the Duke in Act i. Sc. 1,—

--- I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and open vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.
there is an allusion to the great dislike of James I. to popular applause. Knowing that the play was acted before that sovereign soon after his accession to the throne, it certainly is not impossible that an apology of this kind for a reserve which does not appear to have well pleased the English public, would have been highly relished by the king. It might have been one of those

--- flights upon the river Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James.

James had exhibited early in life a fondness for the "life removed." As early as the year 1686, he is thus described by a contemporary.---"Generally, he seemed desirous of peace, as appeareth by his disposition and exercises; viz., his great delight in hunting, his private delight in. emitting poesies, and in one or both of these commonly he spendeth the day, when he hath no public thing to do; his desire to withdraw himself from places of most access and company, to places of more solitude and repose, with very small retinue." A similar taste pervaded his movements after he had ascended the throne of Great Britain. "In his publick appearance," observes Wilson, "especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with curses." We have something still more definite in the account which Sir Simonds D'Ewes gives of the king's conduct in his progress to Parliament in the year 1621,---"In the King's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable: First, that he spake often and lovelingly to the people, standing thick and three-fold on all sides to behold him, 'God bless ye! God bless ye!' contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a plague on such as fl悉ed to see him: Secondly, that though the windows were filled with many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them but to the Marquis of Buckingham's mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland: Thirdly, that he spake particularly and bowed to the Count of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador; and fourthly that looking up to one window as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies in yellow burdes, he cried out aloud, 'A --- take ye, are ye there?' at which being much ashamed, they all withdrew them selves suddenly from the window." This graphic account certainly confirms the possibility of Malone's conjecture, which, however, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is not founded on evidence. If it be admitted, another passage may be produced which also tends to the same conclusion,—

--- and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

The other circumstances produced by Malone in support of his chronological argument are either too trifling to be repeated, or are rendered valueless by the discovery that the play was acted at court in 1604.® It is now generally believed to have been composed at the close of the year 1603, or early in 1604.

Mr. Hudson, in his very interesting and valuable "Lectures on Shakespeare," a work which exhibits how carefully and philosophically the plays of the great dramatist are studied in America, observes that "Measure for Measure is among the least attractive, yet most instructive, of Shakespeare's plays." Coleridge terms it "the only painful part of his genuine works." Hazlitt observes "an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents our taking a cordial interest in it." And nearly every critic has his say against this remarkable comedy.

Taking a view of the subject somewhat opposed to the opinion of Coleridge, it is necessary to state the grounds on which I venture to differ from so eminent a psychological critic; and I think it will be found, at the very commencement of the argument, a serious error has been committed by nearly all

* It is amusing to observe how very confident Ulrici is that it was not written before 1609. The internal evidence is of little avail.
who have treated on the play in estimating the extent of the crime for which Claudio was condemned. Uriel says he had "seduced his mistress before marriage." This is, however, erroneous. In Shakespeare's time, the ceremony of betrothment was usually supposed to confer the power of matrimonial union. Claudio obtained possession of Julietta on "a true contract;" and provided marriage was celebrated within a reasonable time afterwards, no criminality could be alleged after the contract had been formally made. So, likewise, the Duke tells Mariana it was no sin to meet Angelo, for he was her "husband on a pre-contract." The story would be more properly analyzed by representing Claudio's error as venial, and Angelo's strictness so much the more severe, thus involving a greater antithesis in his fall. The only painful scene in the play is the subject of the argument between Angelo and Isabella; but Shakespeare is not to be blamed for the direction it takes. On the contrary, he has infinitely purified a barbarous tale which the taste of the age authorized as a subject of dramatic representation. The scenes between the lower characters would have been readily tolerated by a female audience in the time of the first James, and although they must now be passed over, we can hardly censure the poet for not foreseeing the extreme delicacy of a later age. The offences chiefly consist of a few gross words, which no one but literary antiquaries will comprehend, and are purposely left without explanation in the notes.

Bearing in mind that the improprieties of language above alluded to are faults of the age, not of the poet's judgment, and that a similar apology may be advanced for the choice of subject, the moral conveyed by "Measure for Measure" is of a deeply religious character. It exhibits in an outline of wonderful power, how ineffective are the strongest resolutions of men against the insidious temptation of beauty, when they are not firmly strengthened and guarded by religion. The prayers of Angelo came from his lips, not from his heart, and he fell. Isabella, on the contrary, is preserved by virtue grounded on religious faith. Her character is presented as nearly approaching perfection as is consistent with possible reality; and we rejoice that such a being should be snatched from the gloomy cloister to exercise her mild influence in a more useful station. The minor characters complete the picture of one of the chief phases of human life, the conflict of incontinence and chastity.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENT, the Duke.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

ANGELO, the deputy [in the Duke’s absence].
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV.
sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

ESCALES, an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the
deputation].
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
Act V. sc. 1.

LEO, a fantastic.
Appears Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

Two other like Gentlemen.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PROVOST.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

THOMAS, a friar.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

PETER, a friar.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

A Justice.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

VARRIUS.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

ELBOW, a simple constable.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

CLOWN.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

ABHORSON, an executioner.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCA, a nun.
Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

MISTRESS OVEEDOX, a bawd.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

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,—
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold, Would seem in me 't affect speech and discourse; Since I am put to know that your own science Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you. Then no more re- mains, Put 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, y' are as pregnant 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; Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love; And given his deputation all the organs Of our own pow'r: What think you of it? Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. 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 th' observer, doth thy history Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper, as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do; Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finch; touch'd But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech To one that can my part in him advertise; Hold, therefore, Angelo: [Giving him the commission In our remove, be thou at full ourself: Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus, Though first in question, is thy secondary: Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal, Before so noble and so great a figure Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven’d and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion’d
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To th’ hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I’ll privately away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:13
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and aces vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens 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 pow’r I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
Ang. ’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.[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street in Vienna.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king 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 conclu’st like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments,
but scrap’d or; out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shall not steal?
Lucio. Ay, that he raz’d.
1 Gent. Why, ’t was 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,14 doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.
Lucio. I believe thee; 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,16 despite of all controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went 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 ’rt a three-pil’d piece,17 I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil’d, as thou art pil’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 tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchase’d as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?
Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars19 a year.
1 Gent. Ay, and more.
Lucio. A French crown 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: impiety has made a feast of thee

Enter Mistress Overdone.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?
Enter. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signor Claudio. 1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Over. 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 chop'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this feeling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Over. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promises'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise 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.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Over. 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.

Over. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Over. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Over. 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?

Over. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pull'd down.

Over. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but a wise burgler put in for them.

Over. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Over. 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.

Over. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signor Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Julietta.

[Exeunt.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers—Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. 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. 19—

The word of heaven—on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? 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 ravin down their proper ounce) 20

A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the poverty of freedom as the mortality of imprisonment.

—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What! is 't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; 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.

—is 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,

Save that we do the demurrition lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dowry 21

Remaining in the coffers 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;22
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 unsecur’d armour, hung by th’ 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:—’t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle23 on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he’s not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation;
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 prime and speechless dialect.24
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

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’rack.25 I ’ll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Monastery

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love26
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 removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep.28
I have deliver’d to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture29 and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travel’d to Poland:
For so I have strew’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 to headstrong steeds,)Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;29
Even like an o’ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond father—
Having bound up the threatening twigs of bird—
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 ’t was my fault to give the people scope.
’T would be my tyranny to strike and gall 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 on Angelo impos’d the office;
Who may, in th’ anbush of my name, strike home
And yet my nature never in the flight,
To do in slander.30 And to behold his sway,
I will, as ’t were a brother of your order,
Visit both, prince and people: therefore, I prithee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action.
At our more leisure shall I render you;

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H. C.
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
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. Fewness and truth,
't is thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time;
That from the seedness the bare follow brings.
To teeming poison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth 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. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

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-out was of an infinite distance
From his true-mean design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Govern's 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 Rons) 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. Doth he so
Seek his life?

Lucio. If he be censur'd him already,
And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For 's 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—
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo’s House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law, Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, And let it keep one shape, till custom make it Their perch, and not their terror. Escalus. 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 straight in virtue,) 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 th’ 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. ’T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,— Another thing to fall. I do not deny, The jury passing on the prisoner’s life, Sparing, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two Galter’d than they try. What’s open made To justice, that justice seizes: what know the laws?

That thieves do pass on thieves? ’T is very pregnant, The jewel that we find, we stoop and take ’t, 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. Escalus. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Proc. 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.

[Exit Prov

Escalus. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all; “Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:” Some run thro’ brakes of vice, and answer none; And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elbow. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do 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?

Elbow. 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; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elbow. 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 profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escalus. 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?
Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at givow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now he professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,——

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Dost thou detest her therefore

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been wound in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spat in his face, so she def'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [To Ang.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and lowering (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being very belled, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.
Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or iniquity? — Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box or th' car, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou rest, thou wicked varlet now, what 's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To Clo.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will 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.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: fare well. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bom, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bawm 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.

Escal. 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.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. 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 to fear the bawds.

Escal. 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 year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise 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 whipp'd: 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 carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade. [Exit.
Measure for Measure

Scene II

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?
Elb. Seven years and a half, sir.
Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?
Elb. And a half, sir.
Escal. 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?
Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: 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.
Elb. To your worship's house, sir?
Escal. To my house: Fare you well.
[Exit Elbow.

What's o'clock, think you?
Just. Eleven, sir.
Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Just. I humbly thank you.
Escal. It grieves me for the death 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 is no remedy. Come, sir.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.
Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas, he hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages, smack of his vice; and he To die for 't—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repealed 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.

Re-enter 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. [Exit Serv.
See you, the fornictress he remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [Offering to retire.
Ang. Stay a little while.—[To Isab.] Y'are welcome: What's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful 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;
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. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.
Why, every fault 'a condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine 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.] Give't not o'er so; to hire
again, entreat him;
Knell down before him, nang 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.  
Isab. Must he needs die?  
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.  
Isab. 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; 't is too late.  
Lucio. You are too cold.  
[To Isab.  
Isab. Too late? why no; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed 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 he, you would have slipp'd like him,  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.  
Ang. Pray you, begone.  
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isac! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.  
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.  
[Aside.  
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.  
Isab. Alas! alas!  
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 breathe 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;  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, I think  
you:  
Who is it that hath dild for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.  
Lucio. Ay, well said.  
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though I  
lath slept:  
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If the first that did th'o decent infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed: now 't is awake;  
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils  
(Either now, or by remissness new conceived,  
And so 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 show it most of all, when I show justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right, that, answearing one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.  
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this  
sentence,  
And he 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.  
Isab. Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but  
thunder.  
Merciful heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split'st the unweary'd and guar'd oak,  
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glossy 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.  
Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!  
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with your- 
selves:  
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;  
But in the less foul profanation.
Measure for Measure

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put those sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others, Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, That skins 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 guiltiness, such as is his, Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue Against my brother's life.
Ang. [Aside.] She speaks, and 'tis such sense, that my sense breeds with it.59—Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will betheath me:—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shoks of the tested gold,41
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. Go to: 't is well; away.
[Aside to Isab.
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation, [Aside.
Where prayers cross.42
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[Execut Lucio, Isab., and Prov.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtu—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?50 O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fouldy, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy,51 that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost but thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good as on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With her all double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how

Scene III.—A Room in a Prison.
Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.
Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.
Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,65
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentence'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.
[To Juliet.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry!
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently
Duke. I'll teach you now you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or bowdly 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 offenceful 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 sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear:
Juliet. I do repent me, 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 with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respires me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. '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, hearing 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 scar'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherewith (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, 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 art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?
Ser. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
[Exit Serv.

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish thronges with one that swounds;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obscureous fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaight 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 't is. 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 1: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When? I beseech you, that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze 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 uncleanness,
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 your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompl.' They
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I' ll not 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. Pleas'd you to do 't, 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 morn prayer.
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer. 75
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so crafty;76 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 wishes to appear most bright,
When it does tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an ensheiled beauty;77 ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received 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.78
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the case of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'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 mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to 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,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That long I have been sick for,79 ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have shak'd so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom,80 and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A torment, than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
To have what we would 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 fee-dary,81 but only he
Owe, and succeed thy 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 by them.82 Nay, call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complusions 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 destin'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't.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,
ACT III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine, 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 afflic: merely, thou art Death’s fool; for him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun, And yet rum’st toward him still. Thou art not noble, for all th’ accommodations that thou bear’st are nurs’d by baseness. Thou’rt by no means valiant,

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, my words express my purpose.

Isab. Hail! little honour so 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 outstretch’d throat, I’ll tell the world aloud,

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoil’d name, th’ austere and meek,

My vouch, against you, and my place in the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,

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 appetite;

Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;

Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To lingering sufferance: 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.

[Exit]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? 0 perils months,

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,

Either of condemnation or approb’—

Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;

Hooking both right and wrong to th’ appetite,

To follow as it draws! I’ll to my brother:

Though he hath fall’n by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,

That, had he twenty 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]

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;

For what thou hast not still thou striv’st to get,

And what thou hast, forget’st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou’rt poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none

For thine own burdens, which do call thee sirs,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, scurvy, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast not 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 the alms
Of palsied old; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
I've bid 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 me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt Duke and Prov.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leisig; 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 clave 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 fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastility you had,
I'm a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark 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,
Lost thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'est 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?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From low'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spoke my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy.—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth 't the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning liver of hell,
The damnedest body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't 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 frankly 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 bite the law by th' 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 he for the momentary trick
Be perjurably blind?—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 clot; and the delighted spirit
To batho in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd 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, aching, 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 beast,
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd—
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you; the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own credit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay

must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claud. aside.] Son, I have ever heard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fullible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.


[Exit Claud.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no less shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness: but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, that frailty hath examples for his failing, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

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 advisings; 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 anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Marianna, 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. She 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 wreck’d at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of 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 the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeing Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow’d 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 avail?

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, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your ap-

pointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Marianna advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry 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 you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke’s; there, at the mounted grange, resides this dejected Marianna. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. ’T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow’d by order of law a furri’d gown to keep him warm; and furri’d with fox and lambkins too to signify that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facings.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou canst to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What ’t is to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life, 
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend. 
Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—
Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, 
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer. 
Correction and instruction must both work, 
Ere this rude beast will profit. 
Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has 
given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a 
whoremonger: if he be a whoremonger, and comes 
before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand. 
Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to 
be, 
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist; a cord, 
sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here 's a gentleman, 
and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at 
the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? 
What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly 
made woman, to be had now, for putting the 
hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? 
What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, 
matter, and method? Is 't not drown'd i' the last 
cin? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the 
world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it 
sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it? 
Duke. Still thus and thus! still worse !

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? 
Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, 
and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it 
must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your 
powder'd bawd: an unsound'd consequence; it 
must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, 
Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: 
Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. 
Farewell, good Pompey: Command 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 wear. 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, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news 
abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go: 
[Exeunt Elbrow, Clowns, 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; others, he is in Rome: But where is he, 
think you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereasover, I 
wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to 
steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was 
ever born to. Lord Angelo duked 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 crabbed that way, 
friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must 
eure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great 
kinded; it is well allied: but it is impossible to 
extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be 
put 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:— 
Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes: 
—But it is certain, that when he makes water his 
urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true 
and he is a motion generative: that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in 
him, for the rebellion of a cadpiece 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 
paid for the nursing a thousand! He had some
feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; it was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. "Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of filly—and his use was to put a duet in her back-dish: the duke had erotes 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 prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can tell you understand.—The greater filo of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; 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 testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your madice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks 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 opposer. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceiv'd 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 tundish. I would the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitor'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said 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, Mistress Overdone, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Over. 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.

Over. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keepdown 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 licence; let him be call'd 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 furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pitty, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for 'th entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.
ACT III.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

SCENE II.  

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!  

Escal. 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 sea,  
In special business from his holiness.  

Escal. What news abroad in the world?  

Duke. None, but there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous to be aged 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 assured: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?  

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.  

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?  

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But cave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.  

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure 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 resolv'd to die.  

Escal. You have paid the heavens your fonnation, and the prisoner the very debt of your call ing. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.  

Duke. If his own life answer the strictness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.  

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner! Fare you well.  

Duke. Peace be with you!  

[Exit Escal. and Prov.  

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 times,  

To draw with idle spiders' strings  

Most ponderous and substantial things:  

Craft against vice I must apply:  

With Angelo to-night shall lie  

His old betrothed, but despised;  

So disguise shall, by the disguised,  

Pay with falsehood false exacting,  

And perform an old contracting.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

take, oh take those lips away, 
That so sweetly were forsworn; 
And those eyes, the break of day, 
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, 
Bring again, 
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, 
Seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away; 
If ere comes a man of comfort, whose advice 
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. —

[Exit Boy.

Duke. My mind is good: though music oft hath such a charm, 
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm, 
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquir'd for me here to-day: much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd 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, or some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Most well met, and welcome: 
What is the news from this good deputy? 
Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick, 
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; 
And to that vineyard is a planched 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 upon the heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have taken a due and wary note upon it; 
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 possess'd him, my most stay 
Can be but brief: for I have made him know 
I have a servant comes with me along; 
That stays 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.

Duke. 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? 

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes 
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of repart 
Run with these false and most contrarious quips. 
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit.
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And buck 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.

Issb. Little have you to say,  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
"Remember now my brother."

Mori. 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 that the justice of your title to him  
Both flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;  
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow.  

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but  
if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and  
I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your matches, and  
yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning  
are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our  
prison a common executioner, who in his office  
lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist  
it, shall redeem you from your gyves; if not,  
you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and  
your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for  
you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time  
out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a  
lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some  
instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorrion! Where 's Abhorrion,  
there?

Enter Abhorrion.

Abhorrion. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to  
morrow in your execution. If you think it meet,  
compound with him by the year, and let him  
abide here with you; if not, use him for the  
present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his  
estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhorrion. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will dis-  
credit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather  
will turn the scale.

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely,  
sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a  
hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation  
a mystery?

Abhorrion. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a  
mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of  
my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupa-  
tion a mystery: but what mystery there should  
be in hanging, if I should be hang'd I can't  
imagine.

Abhorrion. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof:

Abhorrion. Every true man's apparel fits your  
thief—

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true  
man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your  
thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every  
true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your  
hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd;  
he doth offer ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your  
axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhorrion. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in  
my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, i.  
you have occasion to use me for your own turn,  
you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for your  
kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[Exit Clown and Abhorrion.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other.  
Being a murthaller, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:  
"T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claudio. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless  
labour  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:

He will not wake.
Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. Jut hark, what noise?
[Knocking within.
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claud. By and by:
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call’d here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then, ere ’t be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There’s some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel’d
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow’r
To qualify in others; were he mean’d with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he’s just.—Now are they come.—

[Knocking within.—Provost goes out.
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steaded gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? What noise? That spirit’s possess’d
with haste,
That wounds th’ resisting postern with these strokes.

[Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.
Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arisé to let him in; he is call’d up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess’d the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lord’s man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio’s pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by
me this further charge, that you swerve not from
the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter,
or nor circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I
take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Mess.
Duke. This is his pardon purchas’d by such in,

[Aside.
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy’s so extended,
That for the fault’s love is th’offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking
me as I was in mine office, awakens me with
this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely;
fors he hath not us’d it before.

Duke. Pray you, let’s hear.

Prov. [Reads.] “Whatsoever you may hear to the
contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;
and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfac-
tion, let me have Claudio’s head sent me by five. Let this
be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on
it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your
office, 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 th’ afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs’d 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 still wrought reprieves for
him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the govern-
ment of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful
proof.

Duke. It is now apparent.

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by him-
self.

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; insensible of mortality, and desperately
mortal.

Duke. He was his advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath overmore had
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape
hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, it

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not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have 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 and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?
Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and sea. of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the lake; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure:

where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd. But not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[Execut.

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 mistress Overdone'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, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money marly, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vew, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright, the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie, the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pete, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abraham.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir, the hangmen. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.
ACT IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir; he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; 621 for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for to he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exit Abhorson and Clowns.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepare'd, unmeet for death; and to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,

A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides Despatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done, And sent according to command: whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:— Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To your generation, 628 you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—

The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home; And that by great injunctions I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated font,

A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know, If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the
world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so!
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close
patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power: If you can, pace
your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wendi 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, friar: where 's the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O, pretty Isabel, I am pale at mine
heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be
patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water
and bran; 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 of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isab

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little be-
holden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not
in them. 16

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so
well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou
tak'st 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
already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none
wore enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a
wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to for-
swear it; they would else have married me to the
rotten medlar.

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.

[Exeunt

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd
other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.
His actions show much like to madness: pray
heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why
meet him at the gates, and deliver our authori-
ties there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an
hour before his ent'ring, that, if any grave redres-
sof injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in
the street?

Escal. No shows his reason for that: to have
a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from
devices hereafter, which shall then have no power
to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit.
As are to meet him.
ACT IV.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

SCENE V.—VI.  

EscoL.  I shall, sir: fare you well.  

Ang. Good night.—[Exit Escal.  

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,  
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!  
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd  
The law against it!—But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dores her  
no;  

For my authority bears of a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch,  
But it confounds the breather. He should have  

Liv'd,  

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had  

Liv'd!  

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.  

[Exit.  

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 your special drift;  
Though sometimes you do blench from this to  

that,  

As cease doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' louse,  
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.  

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.  

[Exit Friar  

Enter Varrius.  

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.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.  

Enter Isabella and Mariana.  

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am both;  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;  
He says, to veil full purpose.  

Mari. 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 't is a physic  
That 's bitter to sweet end.  

Mari. 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 bent the gates, and very near upon  
The Duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away.  

[Exeunt  

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SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

Mariana (replied), Isabella, and Peter, at a distance. Enter at opposite sides Duke, Varrius, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and 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, Forrunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And nature of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and
Kneed before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me 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 believ'd,
Or wring 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 it not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning. 113

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O, prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
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 impossible
But one, the wickedest caffiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
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 oddest 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.¹¹

_Duke._ Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would ye say?

_Isab._ I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio,
As then the messenger;—

_Lucio._ That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

_Isab._ That's he indeed.

_Duke._ You were not bid to speak.

_Lucio._ No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

_Duke._ I wish you now then;
Pray 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't.

_Isab._ This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

_Lucio._ Right.

_Duke._ It may be right; but you are 't the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

_Isab._ I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

_Duke._ That's somewhat madly spoken.

_Isab._ Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

_Duke._ Mend'd again: the matter:—Proceed.

_Isab._ In brief,—to set the needless process by
How I persuad'd, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd,
(For this was of much length); the wild 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 debate,
My sisterly remorse 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 speak'st,

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 weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

_Isab._ And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

_Duke._ I know you 'd fain 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.¹²

Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

_Isab._ One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

_Duke._ A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?

_Lucio._ My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar.

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

_Duke._ Words against me? This's a good friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

_Lucio._ But yesternight, 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 abuse'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

_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.¹³

¹¹ ACT V.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

SCENE I.

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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 villainously; believe it.  
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear  
himself;  

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
(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 converted. First, for this  
woman;  

(To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accused),  
Her shall you hear 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.  

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my  
face,  

Until my husband bid me.  

Duke. What, are you married?  

Mari. No, my lord.  

Duke. Are you a maid?  

Mari. No, my lord.  

Duke. A widow then?  

Mari. 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 fellow: I would he had some  
cause  
To prattle for himself.  

Lucio. Well, my lord.  

Mari. 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 drunk then, my lord; it can be  
no better

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou went  
so too!  

Lucio. Well, my lord.  

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.  

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord;  
She, that accuses him of fornication,  
In self-same 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 th' effect of love  

Ang. Charges she more than me?  

Mari. Not that I know.  

Duke. No? you say, your husband.  

Mari. 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: 195—Let 's see thy  
face.  

Mari. My husband bids me: now I will unmask.  

[Unveiling.  

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:  
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house, 196  
In her imagin'd person.  

Duke. Know you this woman  

Lucio. Carnally, 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 promis'd proportions  
Came short of composition; 198 but, in chief  
For that her reputation was disvalued  
In levity: since which time of five years,  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from  
her,  
Upon my faith and honour.  

Mari. Noble prince,  

As there comes light from heaven, and words from  
breath,  

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue.  
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly  
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord  
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act V.

Or else for ever be confixed 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 informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. —Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that’s gone! think’st thou they

caths,

Though they would down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That’s seal’d in approbation? —You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence ’t is 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,
Whom it concerns 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 determin’d upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we’ll do it thoroughly. — [Exit Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you
knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Causibus non facit monachum: honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath
spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he 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 gentlewoman deniers 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.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour’d for his burning throne!

Where is the duke? ’t is 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 redress. Is 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 unreverend and unhallowed friar!

Is ’t 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 his’ duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to th’ rack with him:—We ’ll

touch you

Joint by joint, but we will know his 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,

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Till it o’errun the stew: laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenance’d, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber’s shop;  
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th’ state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?

Lucio. Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Ang. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: 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.

Escal. 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 fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report; you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hack! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable 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 giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.


Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.


Lucio. Come, come; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you baldpated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave’s visage, with a pox to you! show your sheepbating face, and be hang’d an hour! Will’t not off?

[Pulls off the Friar’s hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e’er mad’st a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—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—

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 undiscoverable,  
When I perceive your grace, like pow’r divine  
Hath look’d upon my passes. Then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—  
Say, was thou e’er contracted to this woman  
Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her in stantly.—  
Do you the office, friar; which, consummate,  
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Ang., MARIANA, Peer, 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 vassal, have employ’d and pain’d  
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother’s death, I know, sits at your heart.  
And you may marvel why I obscur’d myself,  
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden pow’r,  
Than let him so to lost: O most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain’d my purpose: But peace be with him  
That 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, Mariana, Peer, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose sull imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjug'd your
brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, 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 death quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested:
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!
\[Duke.\] 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:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And chuse 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.
\[Marl.\] O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
\[Duke.\] Never crave him; we are definitive.
\[Mari.\] Gentle my liege, — \[Kneeling.\]
\[Duke.\] You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, \[to Lucco\] 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 governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake 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 beheaded
At an unusual hour?
\[Prov.\] It was commanded so.
\[Duke.\] Had you a special warrant for the deed?
\[Prov.\] 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 me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
\[Duke.\] What's he?
\[Prov.\] His name is Barnardine.
\[Duke.\] I would thou hast done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
\[Exit Provost.\]

\[Escal.\] I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
\[Ang.\] I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Juliet.

\[Duke.\] Which is that Barnardine?
\[Prov.\] This, my lord.
\[Duke.\] There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar's; thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muddied fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I say'd,
That should have di'd when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[Unmuffles Claudio.
Duke. If he be like your brother, [to Isabella.]
for his sake
Is he 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 quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angeli, your evil quits 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 wrang'd 't this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child,), let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.
Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I
made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense
me in making me a cuckold.
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
to death, whipping, and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good
ness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Where'so if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours and what is yours is
mine:
So, bring us to our palace, where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should
know. [Exeunt.
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

1 Since I am put to know.

That is, since I am informed. It is exactly equivalent to the similar phrase, I am given to understand. "To put gently into one's mind, instilliare aliquid alienum," Baret, 1580. Lists limits.

2 Put that to your sufficiency.

The original reads "But that to your sufficiency." The line, however, is there evidently corrupted, and the passage is confessed to be one of the most obscure in Shakespeare's works. The best conjectural emendation yet offered seems to be that of Rowe, which is here adopted. An old manuscript correction on a copy of the play belonging to Mr. Tunno, gives, "But task to our sufficiency.

3 The terms.

Terms of the law are explained by Jacob to be, "artificial or technical words, and terms of art particularly used in and adapted to the profession of the law." *Pregnant*, ready, well informed.

4 With special soul.

That is, with special mind, or thought. He was the choice of his heart.

5 Thy belongings are not thine own so proper.

Thy belongings or natural endowments are not thine own property.

6 But to fine issues.

That is, for great ends or purposes.

7 Both thanks and use.

The passage ending with these words is one of the finest in the play, expressing man's responsibility in unequaled language. *Use* is, interest of money. "Use or commoditie of a thing in the meantime, or usirge that riseth in the meantime," Baret's *Alcove*, 1580. The double negative is common in Shakespeare.

8 That can my part in him advertise.

That is, that is conversant with my duty, which I now depute to him.

9 Hold, therefore, Angelo.

*Hold* is here, as elsewhere, equivalent to, *take it, take this,* &c. The duke is offering the commission to Angelo. Falstaff says, "Hold, sirrah," when he gives the letters to Robin. This trite word is altogether misunderstood by Mr. Knight.

10 Mortality and mercy.

That is, the power of sentencing to death and the power of exercising mercy.

11 First in question.

That is, says Dr. Johnson, first called for; first appointed.

12 With a leavened and prepared choice.

"Leavened bread, panis fermentatus," Baret's *Alcove*, 1580. Here, fermented, a choice that has been left to ferment, not hastily formed. *Bring you something on the very, accompanying you part of the way; a phrase we have already had in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1.*

13 To urge me to their eyes.

To show myself, as if I were on a stage or scaffold. *Though it do well, even though it may be politically useful.*

14 In the thanksgiving before meat.

Is this an error for after meat? The following is one old grace before meat, but perhaps not the one here alluded to:—"Good Lord, bless us, bless all thy creatures, send down thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, so to direct us, that we may look for the spiritual food of our souls, and finally everlasting peace, through thy sonne, Jesus Christ Amen."

15 Grace is grace.

The discussion is whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. He replies, a dozen times at least. The first then asks, if he heard it in metre. Lucio gives him a wider scope, and says, in any proportion (measure), or in any language; and the first gentleman, still more liberal, adds, "in any religion." Lucio approves of this, and says, Grace is grace in all religions, notwithstanding religious controversy. *There went but a pair of sheers between us, there was little difference between us. This phrase is very common.*
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE

10 Thou art a three-pil’d piece.

Three-piled velvet was the finest kind of velvet. The quibble here is on the word pil’d, bilded. The passage will not bear further explanation; and the allusions afterwards refer to the disease here hinted at.

17 To three thousand dollars a-year.

There is a quibble here upon dollars and ducours, similar to one in the Tempest, ii. 1. The first folio reads doulours. The joking about the French crown and hollow-bones is not fit to be explained.

18 What with the sweat.

Alluding, perhaps, to the sweating sickness, a species of plague; or, possibly, to the disease before mentioned. The old sense of peculiar is private. Malone’s explanation is certainly erroneous. Houses, used in a peculiar sense, applied to those of bad character, the same with “houses of resort.” Thomas Tapster is merely a generic name, applied to a tapster; as we now term a boorman, ‘John Plush.’ All houses in the suburbs, alluding only to the bad houses.

19 Pay down for our offence by weight.

That is, pay the full penalty, a metaphr taken from bartering by weight, which is or ought to be exact. In the next line, I have ventured to change the plural words to the singular, thus clearing up a most obscure passage. Compare Romans, ix. 15, 18.

20 Like rats that ravin down their proper bane.

Ravin, i.e. devour. “A ravener, a reveller, a glutton, or devourer,” Baret. We still use ravenous.

21 Only for propagation of a now’r.

That is, the obtaining of a dower; a peculiar sense, if the reading be correct. Sir W. Davenant alters the line to,—

Only for the assurance of a dowry.

22 The fault and glimpse of newness.

The fault and glimpse, as Malone has correctly observed, is equivalent to the faulty glimpse. We have several instances of this mode of construction in Shakespeare.

23 Tick’d, i.e. ticklish. Approbation, probation or novitiate.

24 There is a prone and speechless dialect.

Prone, quick, ready. “Prone, prone, readie, nimble, quick, whencome, easily moving,” Coggrave. “For use of war so prone and fit,” Gorges’ Lucan, vi. “Prone or apt,” Howells’ Lex. Tet. 1669. “A prone and speechless dialect,” is equivalent to, a ready dumb-moving style or manner. Mr. Knight thinks prone means humble; but this interpretation is inconsistent with the future conduct of Isabella.

25 Lost at a game of tick-tack.

Tick-tack was a complicated sort of backgammon, played both with men and pegs. The term is here used in another sense, which need not be explained.

26 The dribbling dart of love.

Dribbling, small; weak. Complete bosom, a bosom completely armed, impervious to shafts. Remov’d, retired.

27 And witless bravery keep.

Bravery, fine dress. Former editors read keeps, but the use of the plural substantive with the singular verb is so common in the early editions of Shakespeare, it could not be retained without offending the taste of modern readers. Keep, i.e. reside. We again have, “this habitat where thou keep’st.” It is still in provincial use, and in America. Where do you keep now? i.e. where is your place of business? Bartlett’s Dictionary of Americanisms, p. 183.

28 A man of stricture, and firm abstinence.

Stricture, i.e. strictness.

29 We have but sleep.

The folio reads slip, and Davenant made the correction which is confirmed by another line where Angelo says,—

The law hath not been dead, tho’ it hath slept.

30 To do in slander.

That is, to work in slander, or to work surrounded by slander. Malone justly observes the old reading fight is confirmed by the words ambush and strike.

31 Stands at a guard with envy.

That is, stands on his defence against the assaults of envy.

32 Make me not your story.

That is, make not your story. Few constructions are more common than placing the objective pronoun after the verb redundantly. So Escalus says, “Come me to what was done to her.” Mr. Collier’s explanation is altogether erroneous.

33 With masts to seem the bip wing.

Alluding to the practice of this bird, “who crieth most where her nest is not,” Lingua, 1607. This is what is meant by “tongue far from heart.” Compare Lilly’s ‘Alexander and Campaspe,’ 1584,—“Not with Timoclea you mean, wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not, and so to lead me from copies your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.”

34 Fawnness and truth.

That is, in a few true words. Lover was formerly applied to either sex.

35 As blossoming time.

As blossoming time, that from the bare fallow brings the seed to tumming plenty; so &c. “The fallowe field, or that is tilled roly to be sownen,” Baret’s Alvearie, 1584. Till’d is tilled.

36 Here many gentlemen in hand.

Here in hand, persuaded. The phrase is very common in early writers. Full line, full extent.

37 Has causs’d him.

That is, he has passed sentence on him. The suppression of the personal pronoun is common.
30. To give the mother. That is, the abbes of the nunnery.

30. Provost, Officers, &c. The provost in this play appears to be the governor of the prison. The keeper of the Savoy was called the Provost.

40. To fear the birds of prey. To fear, i.e. to make afraid. A few lines lower, to fall, the active sense, to make to fall, to fall. So, in 'Jane Shore,'--

"... Our new-fangled gentry Have fall'n their haughty crests."

41. The resolute acting of your blood. Mr. Knight reads our blood, a slavish adherence to the old copies. Censurate him, i.e. judge him for.

42. What knows the laws. The whole passage may thus be paraphrased. Justice seizes that which is made open or accessible to justice. How do the laws know that thieves pass judgment on thieves? Provost, plain. For I have had, because I have had.

43. Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall. There is a peculiarity in this line in the first folio, it being printed entirely in Italic, as if it were a quotation, and I have so marked it. The line may, perhaps, be found in some contemporary poem.

44. Some run thro’ brakes of vice. The original reads "from brakes of ice," which is inexplicable. Brakes are thickets, and the meaning of the speech is--Some rise by sin, and some fall by virtue: some go through thickets of vice, and are not called to account for it; and some are condemned for a fault alone, i.e. a single fault. The explanations given by Knight and Collier do not maintain the antithesis.

"Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through."

Henry VIII., act i. sc. 2.

I am, however, doubtful whether we should not read, "from brakes of vice," taking brakes in the sense of instruments of torture so called. The sense will then be: Some run from instruments of torture, and answer no questions.

45. Parcel bawd. Partly a tapster, partly a bawd.

46. She professes a hot-house. A hot-house was a loggia, a house where people had vapoour-baths and their skin rubbed. Bad houses were kept under the specious name of hot-houses. See a notice of them in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.'

47. At that very distant time. The second folio reads instant time, which destroys the humour of the clown's blunder.

48. China dishes. China dishes are frequently mentioned in inventories of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Minshew, in his "Dialogues in Spanish," 1599, explains China wares to be "the fine dishes of earth painted, such as are brought from Venice." He adds, "that which is broken thereof costs more in a yeare then the fashion of the plate." The term may possibly be derived from the Italian china, translated by Florio, "Venus bason."

49. In the Bunch of Grapes. It was usual in Shakespeare's time to distinguish rooms by separate names. Thus Henry Harte of Andover, whose will, proved in 1386, is in the Prerogative Office, gives "to William Harte one bedd with all the furniture in the chamber called the Hallifie Moone." An open room merely means a light, airy room, "good for winter." So Bare, 1580, "a lightsome and open place, illustris et explicatus locus."

50. Justice or iniquity. That is, the prosecutor or the criminal. There is no need of referring to the old moralities for the character of Justice and Iniquity, as the commentators do. Hundred, the constable's error for caninid or animal? Batt'ry, a law term for what is now termed an assault. Flibber, of course, should have said slander.

51. The greatest thing about you. Alluding to the "monstrous hose" or breeches, formerly worn.

52. After three-pence a bay. A bay was a principal division in the architectural arrangement of a building. It seems out of its place here, and I half suspect the poet wrote day.

53. Let that be mine. That is, let that be my affair.

54. To fix the faults. That is, says Malone, to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law.

55. Touch'd with that remorse. Remove, i.e. pity.

56. Like man new made. That is, like a new made man. Mercy will breathe within your lips, like as you wore a newly formed man, so different will your nature and feelings be afterwards.

57. The fowl of season. The fowl that is in season.

58. But, where they live, to end. The old copies corruptly read, here they live. Malone made the correction.

59. Every pelting petty officer. Pelting is equivalent to paltry. "Have every pelting river made so proud," Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2.

60. Gnarled, i.e. knotty.
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

61 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd.

This refers to his "glassy essence," his brittle and uncertain being. Were not man constantly forgetful of this truth, pride would not be found when he is "dress'd in a little brief authority."

62 With our spleens.

With our humour, not necessarily in a bad sense. "Abridged, the adjective used adverbially. The angels, with our dispositions, would all of them laugh like mortals. Sir W. Davenant writes, "if they were mortal, and had spleens like us." We cannot weigh our brother with yourself, a reading which is confirmed by a similar line in act v. sc. 1.

63 My sense breeds with it.

The word sense, in the second place, seems to be used for feeling. Shakespeare is marvellously fond of these juggling epigrams.

64 Fond skelents of the tested gold.

Fond, foolish. The folio reads sicles, an old form of skelents. "Tested gold," pure refined gold. Preserved souls, the nuns whose souls are preserved from the impure contact with the world.

66 Where prayers cross.

Tyrwhitt explains this by quoting a passage from the Merchant of Venice:—"Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer."

65 And pitch our evils there.

The meaning of Angelo scarcely requires explanation, but as Mr. Knight says the word evils has here a "peculiar signification," alluding, I suppose, to Dr. Grey's foolish conjecture that it stands for forier, it may be as well to relieve our poet from the charge. He merely says, Having spare ground enough (alluding to light women), why desire to invade the sanctuary of purity with our evil actions. Here we have a sense congenial with the whole speech. The explanation adopted by Mr. Knight is improbable and disgusting.

67 O cunning enemy.

Lavvy is an old appellation of the devil. "The common enemy of man," Macbeth, iii. 1.

68 In the flames of her own youth.

The old copy reads flares. The correction is made on the authority of Sir W. Davenant.

69 Whilst my invention.

That is, imagination. "To invent, to imagine," Baret, 680.

70 Great scarr'd and teclious.

Most copies of the folio read fear'd, but although the state may be feared when studied with reluctance, the term scarcely applies to "a good thing, being often read." Scarr'd is, old and withered. The Earl of Illesmore's copy of the first folio confirms this reading.

71 'Tis not the devil's crest.

"Good angel" can never be the real motto of the devil, though we may choose to write it on his horn. My name is Angelo, but that does not make me more like a good angel.

72 With one that sows wind.

Soweds, i.e. sowses; the old word, which should not be altered. Mr. Knight prints sowses here, and yet retains sowned in Titus Andronicus, v. 1. It is extremely difficult for an editor to be consistent in all these minute forms, modern critics having corrected the text so capriciously. The general, i.e. the populace.

73 As to put mettle in restrained means.

The crime of murder is not more difficult than that for which Claudio is condemned. Isabella replies that although this construction may be warranted by the divine law, the first is always considered more heinous on earth.

74 Stand more for number than for accomplish.

The sins that are forced upon us, although they incense the catalogue, are not accounted as great crimes

75 And nothing of your answer.

That is, and nothing for you to answer or be accountable for.

76 Or seem so, crafty.

Generally altered to craftily, but without necessity Shakespeare frequently uses the adjective adverbially. We have voluntary for voluntarily in Troilus and Cressida.

77 Proclaim an enblished beauty.

A beauty covered as with a shield. Tyrwhitt supposes these black masks to allude to the masks worn by some of the audience.

78 Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Pun, i.e. punishment or penalty. Subscribe, agree to. Question, conversation. In the loss of question is, perhaps, equivalent to, For the sake of argument. To this supposed, to this suppositional person.

79 That long I have been sick for.

The old copies read, "that longing have been sick for." Davenant omits the passage. Treacher is misprinted treflcher in the Tempest, ii. 2.

80 Ignomy in rassos.

Ignomy, an old form of ignomy. So in the Weakest goes to the Wall, 1618,—

Oh, wherefore stainne you vertue and renowne
With such foule tearmes of ignomy and shame.

81 If not a feobydy.

Feobydy is an old law term, metaphorically used by Shakespeare in the sense of a participator or confederate. The sense of the speech which is somewhat elliptical, in this. Angelo says, "We are all frail." Isabella answers, "Let my brother die else; if he have no associate, but he only (of all men) owe (own or possess) and succeed (follow) thy weakness." In Lord Ellesmore's copy of the first folio, a MS. note reads this weakness; a very poor conjecture.
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

82 In profiting by them.

Men war the ordination of women in taking advantage of them. Credulous to false prints, accessible to false impressions.

83 To pluck on others.

Your virtue hath a license in it, and seems more licentious than it is, to try others.

84 My soul against you.

That is, my assertion against yours. Sensual race, i.e. disposition. Plodious, delaying, reluctant. Prompture, temptation. A mind of honour, an honourable mind.

85 Be absolute for death.

That is, be determined for death.

86 Thou art Death's fool.

Douce saw a play at a fair more than half a century ago, in which skeleton Death was introduced, attended by a clown or fool. The person who represented Death was habited in a close black vest, painted over with bones in imitation of a skeleton. Douce possessed an early woodcut, belonging to the series of the Dance of Death, in which the Fool is engaged in combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. Steevens also informs us that about a century ago, a friend of his at Salisbury, during the time of some public meeting, happened to call on a surgeon at the very instant that the representative of Death was brought in to let blood on account of a fall he had had on the stage, while in pursuit of his antagonist, a Merry Andrew, who very anxiously attended him (dressed also in character) to the phlebotomist's house. A few days afterwards, the gentleman's curiosity on the subject being aroused, he attended the performance, and described it to consist entirely of Death's contrivances to surprise the Merry Andrew, and of the efforts of the latter to elude the stratagems of Death, by whom he was at last overpowered.

87 All the accomodations that thou hast.

All the conveniences of civilized life are supplied by mean labour.

88 Thy complexion shifts to strange effects.

Thy disposition shifts to strange acts. The moon was considered to have great influence on the changeable nature of man.

89 Eld, i.e. old age.

90 More thousand deaths.

The original reads, mo, the old English word for more; and it should, I think, both here and in other places be retained: except that it would sound generally so harsh to those who are familiarized with the modern form.

91 An everlasting liger.

Liger, a resident or ambassador at a foreign court; here nearly equivalent to a resident ambassador.

92 To a determin'd scope.

A restraint which would confine you to one particular collection, though you had all the world.

93 The poor beetle that we tread upon.

The sense of the passage is this. The pain of death to man is chiefly contained in the apprehension of it: the mere corporal suffering from a violent death, even if the sufferer be a giant, gives no more pain than a beetle feels when we crush the insect by treading upon it. The construction of the last line, "As when a giant dies," is not grammatically perfect. The meaning intended to be conveyed is, "as a giant does when he dies." Often as this speech is quoted, it is almost always construed in a sense that will not suit the context of the whole. Shakespeare is expressing the slight and evanescent pain of the mere act of death, not the inculcation of humanity to insects by exaggerating the pain of their death. Naturalists must excuse our contending the meaning of the poet is precisely the reverse of the latter, and generally received, explanation.

94 From flowery tenderness.

Think you it is necessary to fortify my resolution by arguments of the gentleness of my suffering? Linnæus, to restrain, a metaphor taken from botany. Cast, thrown out.

95 The princeely Angelo.

The first folio reads prenzio Angel, and three lines lower prenzio guards. The obvious corruption is altered to princeely in the edition of 1633. Tieck suggests precise, or which he is followed by Mr. Knight; and that epitaph is applied to Angel's in act i. sc. 4. It cannot, however, be Shakespeare's word, as it does not suit the rhythm in the second instance. The ear will not admit of any substitute where the accent is not on the first syllable. Princeely guards, badges of royalty, lace, bordered, ornamented robes. "A gard of a garment out, a benna, a fringe," Barcet, 1580. Sir W. Daventant adopts the reading of the second folio.

96 From this rank offence.

On account of this rank offence, which you might repeat. Or, perhaps, this offence, in which I have the liberty to offend.

97 Has he affections in him.

Has he passions in him.

98 Perduurably, i.e. everlastingly. "Perduurato, long lasting," Cockermah's English Dictionarie, 1628.

99 To lie in cold obstruction.

"Obstruction, a stopping or shutting up," Cockermah's English Dictionarie, 1628.

 Cicero represents Scipio as saying that the spirits of men and women were driven round the world, and not admitted into heaven till after the unceasing motion of many ages:—

"Nec coram animis, qui se corporis volatipationibus dedicerant, curauque se quos ministros praebuere, impaurosque loquela volatipationibus abcederant, Deorum e hominum juris violaverunt, corporibus lapsi eorum terram ipsum volucrant, nec hanc in locum, nisi multis evagianti saeclis, rerum addant.

And Chaucer has something of the same kind in his

"Assemblie of Fowles,"—

181
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

breakers of the law, thet to save,
And lenore folk, after that they been deed.
Shall whirl about the world, alway in mine,
Till many a world be passed.

The numerous explanations which have been given of the passage, "and the delighted spirits," prove how very little attention has been paid by editors to the grammatical construction employed by the writers of Shakespeare's time. The long note by Mr. Knight shows that the word delighted was entirely misunderstood by that editor. It is merely the passive participle used for the active, of which we have numerous examples in the pages of the great dramatist. Delighted is here of course equivalent to delighting, delightful, sweet, pleasant. So, in Othello, i. 3,—

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

109 In thrilling region.

So the old copies. Mr. Knight retains the regions of the modern editors, but the original appears to me to be more forcible, and it is, unquestionably, Shakespeare's dictum. Useless, unseen, invisible.

108 Wilderness, i.e. wilderness. Defiance, refusal. Trade, a custom, practice, or habit.

107 In good time.

A familiar phrase, equivalent to, So be it, very well. He made trial of you only, he will assert that he only made trial of you. Limit of the solemnity, the time appointed for the solemnity. Combine, affiliated, betrothed.

106 Only refer yourself to this advantage.

That is, only betake yourself to this advantage. Scowled is used in Holinshed in the sense of scattered, dispersed; it may mean here, put to flight.

105 At the moated grange.

"A grange or forme, colonia," Baret, 1589. A grange was a large farm-house, the chief one of a wealthy proprietor. The religious houses, observes Mr. Hunter, had granges on most of their estates. The officer who resided there, called the Grangarius, superintended the farm, and the produce was laid up at the grange. The grange in the play was moated, therefore of some importance. This was occasionally done for defence. They were well-built stone-houses, often of considerable extent and height, and being frequently at a distance from the monastery or town, were generally solitary. In Lincolnshire, any lone farm-house is termed a grange. "Grange, a lone house in the country." Cockeram's English Dictionaries, 1626. Mariana's solitude is well idealized in Mr. Tennyson's beautiful poem—

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain to and fro
She saw the gusty shadow away.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am a weary, a weary,
I would that I were dead."

106 Brown and white bastard.

Bastard was a kind of sweet Spanish wine, approaching the muscadel wine in flavour, and perhaps made from a bastard species of muscadine grape; but the term, in more ancient times, appears to have been applied to all mixed and sweetened wines.

106 From our faults, as faults from seeming, free.

That is, as free from faults, as from seeming to have faults.

107 Pygmalion's images, newly-made woman.

The commentators have misunderstood this. It refers to the common custom of the day of passing off women of bad character as new arrivals from the country. Pygmalion's image was a virgin.

106 Is 't not drown'd 't: the last rain?

A proverbial phrase, equivalent to, 'Is 't not lost,' referring to the reply which is not forthcoming. Troil, a term of contempt, generally applied to an old woman, but here said to Pompey on account of his profession.

107 It is not the wear.

That is, it is not the fashion.

106 Much detected for women.

Detected, suspected or charged. The word is frequently used in this sense by old writers. "So that he smelt of all other kings in his time, was most detected with this vice of hæcricie," North's Plutarch, 1579.

111 Cluck-dish.

A dish, or rather box, with a moveable lid, carried by beggars in former times, to attract notice by the noise it made, and to bring people to their doors. It was also called a clap-dish, and Forby mentions a phrase still in use, "his tongue moves like a beggar's clap-dish." Insward, an intimate friend. The greater, the larger number. Unweighing, inconsiderate. Helmed, steered through.

110 Too unحرف on opposite.

That is, too harmless an enemy.

12 She smelt brown bread and garlic.

That is, she smelt of brown bread and garlic. A common idiom.

113 Still forfeit in the same kind.

That is, still transgress in the same way. This would make Merry swear, this would overcome even Merry's mild temper. "To make a saint swear," is still a common proverbial phrase.

112 As it is as dangerous.

We have here one of the numerous instances of redundant articles to be met with in Shakespeare. It is somewhat singular that, having been omitted for two centuries, this article should have been restored by Mr. Collier, but with an erroneous explanation. Security, legal security; surety.
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

116 Grace to stand, and virtue go.

To is understood before go. He should know a pattern or example in himself, he should have grace to stand and virtue to go.

117 How may likeness made in crimes.

The original reads made in crimes, and the four lines are unintelligible. I only give the above conjectural emendation, because some change seems to be absolutely necessary. The poet's true language has yet to be ascertained. Likeness alludes to the outward likeness of an angel, and the sentence may be paraphrased thus,—How greatly may specious appearance made in crimes, working deceitfully on the agy, to draw substantial actions with its idle web.

119 Take, oh take those lips away.

This song, with another stanza, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bloody Brother,' or 'Eliot,' 1640; but both stanzas are imputed to Shakespeare in the 1640 edition of his Poems, a work, however, of little authority. The song is scarcely applicable to either of the plays in which it is introduced, and, whatever we may think of the first stanza, the second is hardly worthy of the great poet. There were other writers of the time capable of producing the poem, and from its appearing by itself in an anonymous collection, with no author's name, in a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, No. 47, I am inclined to believe the real author of it has not been discovered. Dr. Wilson was the composer of the old music to it, which is preserved in his MS. in the Bodleian Library. The second stanza is as follows:—

Hide, oh hide those bills of snow, Which thy frozen bosom bears, On whose tops the pinka that grow Are of those that April wears: But first set my poor heart free, Round in those icy chains by thee.

I believe it is usually the custom, in representing this play, to commence the fourth act at the speech beginning, 4 Very well met;' a most injudicious arrangement, for the lone situation of Mariana at the moated grange is one of the finest softenings of the drama. The short scene between the Duke and Friar Peter, act iv. sc. 5, has also been improperly omitted, rendering the subsequent conduct of the latter quite inexplicable to the audiences.

119 My sight it much displeasa.

That is, it took away any disposition I might have for ninth, but soothed my ear. Constantly, certainly, always, Circumvented, walled around. Planced, wooden.

120 In action all of precept.

That is, his teaching was accomplished entirely by action, or by mute signs. Possesd him, informed him. Stays, waits.

121 Most contrarious quests.

Quests, enquiries. Scapes, escapes, sallies.

122 For get our title's to sore.

Johnson believes title to be right, and thinks that the expression is proverbial, in which title is taken, by an easy acrostomy, for harvest.

123 Leave me your snatches.

That is, leave off your sharp answers. Gyes are fetters

124 An unpitied whipping.

Unpitied is generally used by our old dramatists for unmerciful. According to Douce, it means here a whipping that none shall pity, for the reason that immediately follows.

125 A good favour.

That is, a good countenance.

126 Every true man's apparel.

A true man is, an honest man. The clown proved the occupation of the ladies to belong to the mystery or trade of painters. Abhorson begins his proof, and the clown follows it up that his craft belongs to the mystery of tailors. He doth often ask forgiveness, alluding to the ancient custom of executioners asking pardon of the condemned before they filled their axe. Yare, nimble, quick.

127 When it lies starkly.

Starkly, i.e. stiffly. So in an old manuscript in the Bodleian Library,—

Nay, gospe Josepho, con nere and behold, This bludy lames body is starkc and cold.

128 To qualify in others.

That is, to temper or moderate.

129 Were he meald.

Meal'd, sprinkled. Here metaphorically used for defiled. We meet with the term in the sense of smeard in Gayton's Notes on Don Quixote, 1654, p. 56.

130 Th' resisting postern.

The original has resisting, which is probably a corruption. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 gives this very acceptable correction of the error. Siege, a seat, a different word from that which has occurred in the Tempest.

131 This is his lord's man.

So the original folio. Mr. Knight gives this speech to the Provost, and the next to the Duke; but surely the Duke would be likely to know the messenger, who may be supposed to belong to his court, and the Provost, after what he had heard, might naturally think the missive was a pardon. I follow the original. Putting on, spur, incitement. One that is a prisoner nine years old, one that has been a prisoner nine years. Fact, deed, crime.

132 It is now apparent?

This method of asking a question was common. Mr. Knight here again alters the original to 'is it now apparent?'

133 Desperately mortal.

This apparently means, excessively attached to the affairs of this world. Cunning, knowledge, sagacity.

134 This shall absolutely resolve you.

This shall perfectly convince you. 183
In a commodity of brown paper.

Our old dramatists have many, I may say, allusions to the heterogeneous articles the usurers compelled spendthrifts to take as part of money advanced on security. The practices of the money-lenders of Shakespeare's time are thus minutely described by Nash, in a pamphlet entitled Christian's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594: 'He [a usurer] falls acquainted with gentle, frequent ordinances and disingenuous daily, where, when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chains and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them half the value.'

Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the isle and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world grows hard, and wee all are mortal; let him make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds per consequent in silks and vellets. The third time if they come, they shall have baser commodities: the fourth time, wуще-strings and grey paper."

The practice is by no means obsolete in England at the present day. I have heard of advances on bills being partly made of bad wine, and in one instance of a load of paving stones, which the hapless borrower was glad to give away for the expense of removal.

Are now for the Lord's sake.

That is, are now beggars. "Pardioseros, men that ask for God's sake, beggars." Minscher's Dictionary in Spanish, 1599. Or there may be an allusion to the ancient custom of poor prisoners begging. Even within the present century, the Fleet prison had a sort of iron cage, in which one of the debtors on the poor side rattled a money-box, exclaiming, 'Pray remember the poor debtors.' In Shakespeare's time, the cry was, "For the Lord's sake; for the Lord's sake," as appears from an early epigram quoted by Malone.

To clap into your prayers.

That is, to enter into immediately, to commence your prayers at once.

To good generation.

It is now very early in the morning, and we may suppose the Duke here points to the stars. "Ere twice the sun hath made his daily greeting to the stars of night." Yeal is altered by Mr. Knight to yonder, but I scarcely think the emendation necessary.

Your benison on this work.

That is, your heart's desire. Johnson.

I am combined by a sacred vow.

This is the newer verb combine, answering to the Latin conjurare. I am engaged or bound down by a sacred vow. Wend, to go.

He lives not in them.

Steevens explains this, "His character depends not on them."
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

152 At thy garden-house.

Garden-houses were summer-houses. They are frequently mentioned by our old dramatists as celebrated places for intrigues.

153 Came short of composition.

Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, fell short of the composition, that is, contract or bargain. Johnson.

154 These poor informal women.

Informal, out of their senses.

155 To your height of pleasure.

So the old copies, to being equivalent to unto.

156 We'll do it thoroughly.

Thoughly, for thoroughly, and in many other instances, is the language of the original. "Avenger, to furnish thoroughly, to bear the whole charge of;" Cog. Cucullus non facit monachum, the cow does not make the monk; a common old Latin proverb, which occurs again in Twelfth Night, i. 6.

157 To retort your manifest appeal.

To refer back your open or public appeal.

158 Nor here provincial.

Does this mean, not belonging to this province?

159 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop.

The barber was a far more important person in former days than he is now. Not only were trimming the hair, arranging the love-locks, and keeping the fantastic beard in order, important occupations, but he often joined the practice of bleeding and chirurgery to his other profession. We may readily suppose, many of his customers had to exert their patience in waiting for their turns, and forfeits originally necessary for keeping them in order, though they afterwards became disregarded. About the year 1730, Dr. Kereck saw a metrical list of barber's forfeits in a shop in Yorkshire, and the following is a copy of what the author quoted from memory some years afterwards. They were entitled "Rules for scented Behaviour,"—

First come, first serve; then come not late; And, when arrived, keep your state: For he, who from these rules shall swerve, Must pay the forfeits, So, observe:—

Who enters here with boots and spurs, Must keep his neck; for if he strays, And gives with armed heel a kick, A plait he pays for every prick.

Who rudely takes another's turn, A forfeit may men manners learn. Who reverendless shall swear or curse, Must lay seven farthings from his purse.

Who checks the barber in his task, Must pay for each a pot of ale.

Who will or can not meet his hat, While trimming, pays a plait for that.

And he who can or will not pay, Shall hence be sent half-trim'd away;

For, will be, will he, if in fault, He forfeit must in meal or malt. But, mark,—who is already in drink, The cunning must never drink.

The late Major Moor, an eminent Oriental scholar, bears witness to having seen forfeits similar to the above during the present century. See his Suffolk Words, 8vo, 1823, p. 133. He said, however, that he had only seen them in one shop. Forby says, barber's forfeits exist to this day. They are, according to that writer, penalties for handling the razors, &c. off-noses very likely to be committed by bumping clowns waiting for their turn to be scraped on a Saturday night. They are still, as of old, "more in mock than mark." Steevens ill-naturally pronounced the above to be a forgery.

The late Mr. Croft of York, in a very scarce pamphlet privately printed, Annotations on Plays of Shakespeare, 8vo, 1810, gives us the following curious information on this subject—"The custom still prevails, and the table-board of the articles hangs behind the door, and are, viz.—to talk of cutting throats; to weave a piece of hair; to call powder flour; or to meddle with anything on the shop-board, are held as forfeits." Tenney says he once saw a list of barber's forfeits in Devonshire, "printed like King Charles's Rules, though I cannot recollect the contents."

This is a sort of subject which is very difficult to illustrate, when the custom has passed away. It was no doubt a most common practice to institute forfeits for all infringements of rules not sufficiently important to obtain legal sanction, and on the wall of the belly in St. John's at Chester are painted the forfeits in verse of the bell-ringers of that ancient city, some of the lines of which correspond with the above. The country people are fond of forfeits to the present day, and in a stable in Oxfordshire the following lines are recorded,—

All you who come into this place, To smoke among the straw, Must pay a quart of ale at least, Because it is the law.

The subject deserves a long note, the rather because the reader will find no intelligible account in any previous edition.

160 Would close now.

A MS. note in a copy of the play which I have seen, reads glaze, to flatter.

161 Away with those gilgots too.

Giglotes are women of light character. So in MS. Sleane 1210, xxv. cent.—

Tho smaller bees, the mo to the pest; Tho fairest woman, the more gyglett.

162 And be hang'd an hour.

An hour is merely a vulgar expletive. The passage is equivalent to, and be hang'd.


164 Thy other forfeits.

The Comedy of Errors.

The members of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn celebrated their Christmas revels in the Year 1594 with unusual spirit. Their hall was the abode of mock sovereignty, and the sports which anciently accompanied the Lord of Misrule; and the transactions of the revels were recorded by a member of the society in a manuscript which was afterwards published in 1688, under the title of *Gesta Grayorum.* The author of this account, in concluding the annals of one day's proceedings, says, p. 22,—"After such sports, a 'Comedy of Errors,' like to *Plautus his Menechmus,* was played by the players: so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors whereupon it was ever afterwards called the 'Night of Errors.'"

This notice of the play, which is not alluded to by either Collier or Knight, is extremely curious, proving that the 'Comedy of Errors,' in some form or other, was in existence in December, 1594. An older play, called the 'Historie of Error,' was acted at Hampton Court on Jan. 1st, 1576-7, 'enacted by the children of Powles,' and has been conjectured to be the foundation of Shakespeare's drama, which is alluded to by Meres in 1598 under the simple title of "Errors." It may also be mentioned that when the 'Comedy of Errors,' was performed before James I. on December 28th, 1604, it is called 'the Plea of Errors,' and the author's name 'Shakespeare' is written in the margin of the account. If we add to these circumstances the strong internal evidence that this is an early play, we shall be disposed to arrive at the conclusion that Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors' was written in or before 1594, and that, in all probability, he was indebted for his materials to the older play, entitled the 'History of Error.'

The *Menechmi* of Plautus was not translated into English, or rather no English translation of it was printed, before 1595; but there are allusions in the 'Comedy of Errors,' which, if not taken from the older play, appear to show the poet's familiarity with some of the Latin classics, not an improbable supposition, it might be argued, in what Mr. Knight calls 'an age of grammar schools;' but it happens somehow or other, that when we really approach the sources used by Shakespeare, most of the learning is generally to be traced to the older compositions, or, at least, to contemporary popular works. Be this as it may, there are no similarities of sufficient weight to enable us to decide that Shakespeare borrowed direct from Plautus; and, I think, several circumstances to show that he did not. Among the latter may be reckoned there being no reason assigned for the presence of *Amilizia,* or for the curious fact of the two Dromios having the same name; oversights which are probably to be ascribed to the earlier play, and unlikely to have been committed by a poet who was chiefly using invented materials. The incidents which are common to the 'Comedy of Errors' and the *Menechmi* are, principally, the

* It appears from the dedication to this work, that it was printed in full from the original. The editor says, "It was thought necessary not to clip anything, which, though it may seem odd, yet naturally begets a veneration upon account of its antiquity."
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

separation of the twin sons; their perfect similarity in speech, countenance, and name; and the accidents happening to Menechmus and Antipholus of Syracuse, who both are troubled with jealous wives, and meet with similar adventures. The chief addition in Shakespeare is the introduction of the two Dromios, opening, as Skottowe observes, a new source of error and confusion, where most readers will be inclined to believe enough existed before. And this opinion would probably have been right, had these materials of error fallen into any other hands than those of Shakespeare.

The translator of the Menechmi, 1593, says, in his preface, that he had "diverso of this poetical comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them." This was not an unusual practice, and we may hence conjecture that Shakespeare might have had an opportunity of perusing a translation, although none had been actually given to the public. On this account, it may be worth while to give the reader a specimen of the old English translation, selecting the second act of Plautus as a portion of the play which will, perhaps, serve to exhibit the striking deviations made by Shakespeare from the Latin original:—

_Enter Menechmus Servius, Messenio his servant, and some Saylers._

_Men._ Surely, Messenio, I think Sen-saires never take so comfortable a joy in anything, as when they have been long lost and tumyld in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

_Mess._ No he sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a right. But I pray, wherefore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see erodie town that we hear of?

_Men._ Till I finde my brother, all townes are a like to me: I must trie in all places.

_Mess._ Why, then, let's even as long as we live seek your brother: sixe years now have we remoude about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylica, Tyria, all the upper sea, all high Groves, all holles townes in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it here above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

_Men._ Yen, could I but once find any man that could certainly enferme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherweise I can never desist seeking: Little knowest thou, Messenio, how near my heart it goes.

_Mess._ This was washing of a Blackamore. Faith, let's goe home, unless ye meane we shuld write a storie of our travaile.

_Men._ Sirra, no more of these sawdie speeches; I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

_Mess._ 1, sa; now it appears what it is to be a servant. WcI, I must spoake my conscience. Do ye hear, sir? Faith, I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisably of your decaying stecke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we looke lose ourselves. For this assure yourself, this towne Epidamnum is a place of outragious expenses, exceeding in all royt and lascivious-nesse: and (I hear) as full of Rikards, Parasites, Drunkiards, Catapolies, Corry-catchers, and Syeplants, as it can hold. Then for curiosites, why here's the curantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not think here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie same shews the nature; no man cometh hither sine damnac.

_Men._ Yee say very well indeed: give mee my pors into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, sine damnac.

_Mess._ Why, sir?

_Men._ Because I hear you will be basie amonge the cur-i-tanz, and so be censed of it: then shoule I take great pains in belabouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, He keep it myselfe.

_Mess._ I pray do so, sir: all the better

_Enter Cylindrus._

_Cyl._ I have tickling gear here, yfaith, for their dinners. It grieues me to the heart to think how that cornman knave Peniculus must have his share in these damnable mea-sels. But what? Is Menechmus come alreadie, before I could come from the market? Menechmus, how do ye, sir! how hap it ye come so soone?

_Men._ God a mercy, my good friend, dost thou know mee?

_Cyl._ Know ye? no, not I. Where's a muddichappes that must dine with ye? A marris on his manners!

_Men._ Whom meanest thou, good fellow?

_Cyl._ Why Peniculus, worship, that lick-trencher, your parasiticall attendant.


_Mess._ Did I not tell ye what corry-catching villanous you shoule finde here?

_Cyl._ Menechmus, harke ye, sir; ye come too soone backe againe to dinner; I am but returned from the market.

_Men._ Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me; gett the Priest to sacrificke for thee. I know thou art mad els thou wouldst never use a stranger thus.

_Cyl._ Ahas, sir, Cylindrus was to be no stranger to you. Know ye not Cylindrus?

_Cyl._ Cylindrus, or Callidrus, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

_Cyl._ I know you to be Menechmus.

_Men._ Thou shouldest be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right; but, tell me, where hast thou known me?

_Cyl._ Where? even here, where ye first fell in love with my mistress Eritian.

_Men._ I neither have lover, neither knowe I whe thou art.

_Cyl._ Know ye not wh o I am? who fills thy cup and dresses your meat at our house?
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Men. What a slave is this? That I had somewhat to
make the ravals pate wild!

Men. At your house! when I never came in Epidamnum
'till this day.

Cyl. Oh, that's true! Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

Men. Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for
my part.

Cyl. Questionless, he is mad indeed, to curse himselfe
too. Harke ye, Menechmus.

Men. What saist thou?

Cyl. If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money
which ye offered me upon a sacrifice for yourselves: for out
of doubt, you are mad that curse yourselves.

Mess. What a verdict art thou to trouble us thus?

Cyl. Tush, he will many times jest with me thus. Yet
when his wife is not by, 'tis a ridiculous jest.

Men. What's that?

Cyl. This I say. Thinke ye I have brought meete
enough for three of you? If not, Ile fetch more for you
and your werech, and Sathanather, your Parasite.

Men. What wenches? what Parasites?

Mess. Villaine, He make thee tell me whan thou measte
my all this talk.

Cyl. Away, Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I
know thee not; I speake to him that I know.

Men. Out! drunken foole; without doubt art out of
thy wits.

Cyl. That you shall see by the dressing of your meat.
Go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do
there, whiles your dinner is making ready. He tell me
thy wife ye be here.

Men. Is he gone? Messenio, I thinke upon thy words
already.

Mess. Tush; marko, I pray. He has fortie pound here
dwells some curtiains to whom this fellow belongs.

Men. But I wonder how he knowes my name.

Mess. Oh, He tell yee. These curtiains, as soone as
aue strange shippe arriveth at the haven, they sende a boye
or a wench to enquire what they be, what are their names be,
whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can
by any means strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to
their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle
place, maister; its best to be circumspect.

Men. I mislike not thy counsell, Messenio.

Mess. I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebody
forth. Here, sirs, marriannes, keep this same amongst you.

Enter Erotia.

Er. Let the doore stand so. Away! it shall not be shut.
Make haste within there. hoo: Maydes, looke that all things
be ready. Cover the board, put fire under the perfuming
pomes: let all things be very handsome. Where is hee
that Cylindrus stood without here? Oh! what means
you, sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke
yourselves more welcome to this house then to your owne,
and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and
all things are ready as you will. Will ye go sit downe?

Men. Whom doth this woman speak to?

Er. Even to you, sir; to whom else should I speake?

Men. Gentlewoman, ye are a stranger to me, and I
marry at your speeches.

Er. Yes, sir, but such a stranger, as I acknowledge y,
for my best and dearest friend, and will you have dis-
erved it.

Men. Surely, Messenio, this woman is also mad or
drunke, that useth all this kindness to me upon so small
acquaintance.

Mess. Tush, did not I tell ye right? those be but leaves
that fall upon you now, in comparison of the tree that will
umble on your necke shortly. I told you, here were silver
tongue hastees. But let me talk with her a little. Gent-
lewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man?
where have you see him?

Er. Where he save me, here in Epidamnum.

Mess. In Epidamnum? who never till this day set his
foote within the towne?

Er. Go, go, flowing Jack! Menechmus, what need all
this? I pray go in.

Men. She also calls me by my name.

Mess. She smacks your purses.

Men. Messenio, come hither: here, take my purses. I
know whether she aime at me or my purses, ere I go.

Er. Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

Men. A good motion; yes, and thanks with all my heart.

Er. Never thank me for that which you commanded
to be provided for yourselves.

Men. That I commanded?

Er. Yes, for you and your Parasite.

Men. My Parasite?

Er. Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when
you brought me the choake which you gave from your wife?

Mess. A choake that I brought you, which I got from my
wife?

Er. Tush, what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off!

Men. Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never
had wife, neither have I; nor never was in this place til
this instant; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake
my fast in the ship.

Er. What ship do ye tell me of?

Mess. Marry, He tell ye: an old rotten weather-beaten
ship, that we have sailed up and downe in these sixe
years. Yet not time to be going homewards, think ye?

Er. Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting
and go in.

Men. Well, gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my
person; it is some other you look for.

Er. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus,
the sonne of Messenio, and have yeard ye say, ye were
borne at Siraesus where Juthodice did reigne; then
Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero.

Men. All this is true.

Mess. Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt
there and knew ye there.

Men. He go in with her, Messenio; He see farther of
this matter.

Er. Ye are cast away then.

Men. Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing,
something I shall gains; perhaps a good lodging during my
abode here. He dissemble with her another while. Nowe,
when you please, let us go in. I made strange with you,
because of this fellow here, lest he should tell my wife of
the choake which I gave you.
It is supposed by most of the critics that the allusion to France by Dromio of Syracuse, "in her forehead, arm'd and reverent, making war against her heir," refers to King Henry IV., the heir of France, concerning whose succession to the throne there was a civil war in that country which did not conclude till the year 1593. There appears to be no reason for doubting the correctness of this opinion. In 1591, Lord Essex was sent with four thousand troops to the French King's assistance, and his brother Walter was killed before Rouen in Normandy. From that period, till Henry was firmly settled on the throne, Elizabeth sent several bodies of troops to his assistance; so that the war must have been sufficiently notorious for the allusion to be at once perceived by the audience.

The title of the play was either a common proverb or furnished the subject of one. Anton, in his Philosophical Satires, 1616, p. 31, exclaims, "What Comedies of Errors swell the stage!" So, also, Decker, in his Knights Conjuring, 1607,—"his ignorance, arising from his blindness, is the only cause of this Comedie of Errors: " and, previously, in his Suitromastix, 1602, he seems to allude to the play itself:—"Instead of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amiss, for him that will read, first to behold this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them, instead of kisse, a gentle correction." Again, also, in the Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary, 1604,—"This was a prettie Comedie of Errors, my round host."

We learn from Drummond that Ben Jonson "had one intention to have made a play like Plautus' Amphitruia, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persaud the spectators they were one." This difficulty is over-stated, for it suits the dramatic action of the piece, and the "rue with a difference." It is not necessary, or even desirable, that the audience should be wholly deceived in the matter, and I suspect, in the present play at least, much of the ludicrous would be lost in representation were that the case. It is sufficient that the two similar couples should be habited in simple Greek costume, which can be made alike in each case without adding to their violation of probability.

The materials of which the 'Comedy of Errors' is constructed, chiefly belong to the cycle of farce, but they have been worked into a comedy by a wonderful effort of dramatic power; the lighter character, however, remaining prominent in particular scenes. Comedy would allow the two Antipholuses with a license similar to that which sanctions the resemblance between Sebastian and Viola; but the two Dromios in conjunction with the former certainly belong to farce. The admirable manner in which the mistakes arising from these identities are conducted, and the dignity given to the whole by the introduction of fine poetry most artistically interwoven, are indicative of that high dramatic genius which belongs almost exclusively to Shakespeare. The poetical conversation between Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse reminds us forcibly of the 'Sonnets,' and the similar ideas in the former are strengthened in power by being associated with a dramatic narrative; for had Shakespeare not been a dramatist, he would scarcely have ranked as so great a poet. No play of Shakespeare's, when either effectively read or acted, affords so many subjects for broad merriment as this; and it rays little for the taste of the present day, that so many worthless pieces should be produced, while a regular drama, containing all the best qualities of farce, being its general character subdued by poetical taste, should be suffered to remain entirely neglected.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, twin-brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, twin-brother to Antipholus of Ephesus, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.

DRIMO OF EPHESUS, twin-brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and an attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus.

DRIMO OF SYRACUSE, twin-brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and an attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

A Merchant of Syracuse.

PINCH, a schoolmaster and conjuror.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LUCIANA, sister to Adriana.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LUCY, her servant.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Courtesan.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Ephesus.
The Comedy of Errors.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Egeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Duke. 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 gliders to redeem their lives, Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods— Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. For, since the mortal and intestine jars Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us, It hath in solemn synods been decreed, Both by the Syracusans and ourselves, To admit no traffic to our adverse towns: Nay, more,—if any, born at Ephesus, Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,— Again, if any Syracusan born, Come to the lay of Ephesus,—he dies,— His goods confiscate to the duke's disposo, 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 condemn'd to die.

Ege. 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 departed'st from thy native home; And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd, Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable. 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 Syracuse was I born; and wed Unto a woman, happy but for me, And by me,² had not our hap been bad. With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd, By prosperous voyages I often made To Ephesus, 'till my factor's death, And the great care of goods at random left, Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse; From whom my absence was not six months old, Before herself (almost at fainting under The pleasing punishment that women bear) Had made provision for her following me, And soon and safe arrived where I was. There had she not been long, but she became A joyful mother of two goodly sons; And, which was strange, the one so like the other As could not be distinguish'd but by names. That very hour, and in the self-same town, A poor mean woman was delivered Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike: Those, for their parents were exceeding poor, I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
ACT I.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE 1.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon! We came
aboard;
A league from Epidamnum had we sail’d,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac’d,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn’d for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Fore’d me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter born,
Had fasten’d him unto a small spare-mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whiles I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos’d, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix’d,
Fasten’d ourselves at either end the mast;
And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazying upon the earth,
Dispens’d those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax’d calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term’d them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter’d by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitt’d in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;

And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz’d on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck’d guests;
And would have left the fishermen of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever’d from my wife;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong’d,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befal’n of them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest son
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun’d me
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Left of his brother, but retain’d his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Who, whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazard’d the loss of whom I lov’d.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Helpless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark’d
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity
Which princes, would they, may not dissuad,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudg’d to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall’d
But to our honour’s great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I’ll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom’d to die;—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaoler. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

Exit.
SCENE II. — A public Place.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum, lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusean merchant is apprehended for arrival here; And, not being able to buy out his life, According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[Exit Dro. S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit; I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock, Cause you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterward consort you till bedtime;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Mer.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water, That in the ocean sinks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth, Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself: So I, to find a mother and a brother, In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
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.

Ant.  S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout 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 heels

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device of other,
The villain is o'er-ruaged' of all my money;
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body
Disguised cheaters, 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 I.—A Hall in the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, 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:
Tune is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go, 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 woe.

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, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas
Indue with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence that fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he came home again, I would forbear

Adr. Patience unmov'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 thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'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 nigh

Enter Dr. Mio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me and
that my two ears can witness.

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ACT II.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene II.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Deshrew his hand! 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 feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? 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 he is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, He ask'd 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?" 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;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistresses!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress!"

So that my arrant, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders; For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That like a football you do spurn me thus? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatiently lour'st in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look!

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took From my poor check? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bate?

That 's not my fault, he 's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeaters: My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his slave.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense!

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain:—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty, yet the gold holds still,

That others touch; and often touching will

Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame!

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Street in Ephesus, near the house of Antipholus.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. Sir, the gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation and mine host's report, I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoens? Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence.

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold’s receipt,

And told’st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt’st I was displeas’d.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think’st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Douging him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God’s sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours. 19

When the sun shines, let foolish gaitts make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanaour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce. 20

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first—for doting me; and then,

wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir: for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I’ll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinnertime?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what’s that?

Dro. S. Bastings.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then’t will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry bastings.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time.

There’s a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

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. There’s no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a wigging 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 scanted men in hair, he 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 plainer dealer, the sooner lost.

Yet he loses 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 falling

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; 21 the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov’d there is no time for all things.
Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in 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 't would be a bald conclusion: But, soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unwor'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spoke, or look'd, or 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, un dividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's 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 breaking 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,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By rufian lust should be 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, 2

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorc'd 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 strumpted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live unsaint'd, thou, unhonour'd.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, 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 scan'd,

Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fri, 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,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

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 spoke 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, 22

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

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 error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the forced fallacy.

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 sprites!

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites; 23

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
ACT III.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.—A public place opposite the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet, and that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down:
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And chang'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to shew:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear.

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear,
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persever so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[Exit.

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. Y' are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest;

But though my eates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!
ACT III

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene 1.

Dro. S. [Within.] Mone,5 malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on his feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O, villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my stuff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—

When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou sluggard, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Aug. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Dro. S. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.58

Ant. E. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, cut upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather: master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
ACT III.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE II.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband’s office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
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, though your heart be tainted
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted
What simple thief brags of his own attain’d?
’T is double wrong to truant with thy 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 your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her ‘wife’:
’T is 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 of mine,) lower,
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 earthy gross conceit,
Smother’d in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words’ 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, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will do;
Spread o’er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I’ll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim. 33
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[Exit Luc.

Enter, from the house of Antipholus of Ephesus,
Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio; thou art my man;
thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
Ant. S. What is she?
Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one

As a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence! I have but lean luck in the match and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage.
Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?
Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.
Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?
Dro. S. Nell, sir,—but her name is three quarters, that 's, an ell; 35 and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?
Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bags.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?
Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?
Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies? 36
Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks 37 to be lashed at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?
Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or diviner laid claim to me:
Enter Angelo, with the chain in his hand.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here's the chain I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke 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 ye, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you never 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.—A Street in Ephesus.

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,

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To Persia, and want gilders 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 bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus.

Off. That labour you may 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 pounds a year! I buy a rope! [Exit Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you.

I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me: bid me, 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 both amount to three 'od ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman: I pray you, see him presently discharg'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 signor, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

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 I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

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, whe'er you'll 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 have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum.
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, 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 own, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriano, villain, hire thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd over with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street.
SCENE II.—Another street.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Luc. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Luc. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sore;

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! 'tis I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away;

All heart prays for him, though my tongue doth curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse; sweet, now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow at in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A bound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is rested on the ease.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at.

Luc. That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two o'clock I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes

more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?
Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[Exit.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy;
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
What have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparel'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam cost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise,
but that Adam that keeps the prison: 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, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-violi, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests 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! then mean'st thou an officer.

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your folly.
Is there any ship sets 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 hind'ed by the sergeant, to

Enter a Courtisan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd 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 wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as much to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches 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 to 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 thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

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 devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
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; an' if you give it her,
The 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.

Ant. S. Avant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress that you know.

[Exit Ant. S. and Dro. S.
ACT IV.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE 11.

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 promis’d me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a 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 shuts the doors against his way.
My way is now to his home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush’d into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and a Gaoler.

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, ’t will sound harshly 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.\(^1\)

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 hie 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.

Gaol. Good sir, be patient.
Dro. E. Nay, ’t is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Gaol. Good, now, hold thy tongue.
Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

\(^1\) Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

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 served him from the hour of my 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 wak’d with it. when I sleep; rais’d with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcome home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar want her brat; and, I think, when he hath lani’d me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtezan, with Pinch, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, respicere finem, respect your end;
or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, “Beware the rope’s end.”\(^2\)

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hons’d within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?\(^3\)

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din’d home.

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Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what
sayst thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at
home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I
shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you
shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,
and scorn me?

Dro. E. Cortes, she did; the kitchen-vestal
scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
there?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear
witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to
arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will
you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me
witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are
possess'd:
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
but I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speakest false in
both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes.
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter Attendants, who bind Ant. E. and Dro. E
after a slight struggle.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company; the fiend is strong
within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he
looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou
gooner, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
to make a rescue?

Gaol. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Gaol. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for
you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be
mad, good master; cry, the devil.

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister go you with
me.—

[Exeunt Pinch and Attendants, with
Ant. E. and Dro. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Gaol. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know
him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he
owes?

Gaol. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Gaol. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did beg a chain for me, but had
it not.
**ACT V.**

**COMEDY OF ERRORS.**

**SCENE I.**—A public place in Ephesus.

*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 reverent reputation, sir, of credit infinite, highly 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 forswore, 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 without some scandal to yourself, with circumstance and oaths so to deny this chain, which now you wear so openly: beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, you have done wrong to this my honest friend; who, but for staying on our controversy, had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

**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 mud 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. [Exit.

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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 forswore it too.

**Ant. S.** Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

**Mer.** These ears of mine, thou know’st, did hear thee;

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv’st
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, Courtezan, and others.*

**Adr.** Hold, hurt him not, for God’s sake; he is mad;

Some get within him, and take his 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 priory.—In, or we are spoild. [Exit Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.

**Enter the Abbess.**

**Abb.** Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
ACT V.  COMEDY OF ERRORS    SCENE 1.

Adr. To fetch my poor 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 wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And 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
of sea?
Buried 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 o'er 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.

Adr. 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 wild and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou sayest his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned 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,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth becase your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have
him.

[Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet.
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—
The place of depth and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracuse merchant,
Who put unhappily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.
Enter Duke, attended; Ephes, bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, If any friend will pay the sum for him, He shall not die, so much we tender him. 

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess! 

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady; It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong. 

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,— Who I made lord of me and all I had, At your important letters,—this ill day A most outrageous fit of madness took him; That desperately he hurried through the street, (With him his bondsman, all as mad as he,) Doing displeasure to the citizens By rushing in their houses, bearing thence Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like. Once did I get him bound, and sent him home; Whilst to take order3 for the wrongs I went, That here and there his fury had committed. Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, He broke from those that had the guard of him; And, with his mad attendant and himself, Each one with irreful passion, with drawn swords, Met us again; and, madly bent on us, Chas’d us away; till, raising of more aid, We came again to bind them: then they fled Into this abbey, whither we pursu’d them; And here the abbess shuts the gates on us, And will not suffer us to fetch him out, Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help. 

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv’d me in my wars; And to thee engag’d a prince’s word, When thou didst make him master of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate, And bid the lady abbess come to me; I will determine this before I stir. 

Enter a Servant. 

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself! My master and his man are both broke loose. Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have sing’d off with brands of fire; And ever as it blaz’d, they threw on him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair: My master preaches patience to him, and the while His man with scissors nicks him like a fool, And, sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer. 

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here; And that is false thou dost report to us. 

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; I have not breath’d almost since I did see it. He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you, To scourch your face, and to disfigure you: 

[Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus. 

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice! Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I bespridd thee in the wars, and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice. 

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you That he is borne about invisible: Even now we hous’d him in the abbey here; And now he’s there, past thought of human reason! 

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there. She whom thou gav’st to be my wife; That hath abused and dishonour’d me, Even in the strength and height of injury! Beyond imagination is the wrong That she this day hath shameless thrown on me. 

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just. 

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me, While she with harlots4 feast on my house, 

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so? 

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he and my sister, To-day did dine together: So befall my soul, As this is false he burdens me withal! 

Luc. Ne’er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, But she tells to your highness simple truth! 

Ang. O perjur’d woman! they are both forsworn: In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;  
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who pacted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where Balthazar 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 he knows, I saw not: for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey; and sent my pleasant head  
For certain duents: He with none return'd.  
Then fairily I bespok the officer,  
To go in person with me to his house.  
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a  
rabble more  
Of wild confederates, ⁶⁶ along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank.  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;  
A needly, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 't were, outwitting me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till gnawing 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 din'd 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  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first foreswore it on the mor,  
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.  
Ant. E. 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,  
As this is false you burden me withal!  
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think you all have drunk of Circé's cup.  
If here you hons'd him, here he would have been  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:  
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?  
Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there at the  
Porpentine.  
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatched  
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.  
Duke. Why this is strange:—Go call the abbess  
hither.  
I think you are all mated,⁶⁹ or stark mad.  
[Exit Attend.  
Æge. Most mighty duke, touchsafe me speak a word;  
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.  
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?  
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.  
Æge. 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 Pinch's patient, are you, sir?  
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.  
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.  
Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last;  
And careful hours,⁷⁰ with Time's deformed hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?  
Ant. E. Neither.  
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?  
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.  
Æge. I am sure thou dost.  
Dro. E. I, sir? but I am sure I do not; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to  
believe him.
ACT V.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.

"Age. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity! Hast thou so crack'd? and splitt'd my poor tongue, In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? Though now this grained face of mine'n be hid in sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My wasting lamps 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.

"Age. 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 with me that it is not so; I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusean, 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 of Syracuse, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [All gather to see him.

Adv. 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 deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Aegeon, 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, And gain a husband by his liberty: Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man That hadst a wife once call'd Emilia, That bore thee at a burden two fair sons O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak, And speak unto the same Emilia!

"Age. If I dream not, thou art Emilia: If thou art she, tell me, where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I, And the twin Dromio, all were taken up: But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnum: What then became of them I cannot tell; I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These two Antipholus', these two so like, And these two Dromios, one in semblance,— Besides her urging of her wrench at sea,— These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together. Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior, Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adv. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adv. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say no to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother:—What I told you then I hope I shall have leisure to make good, If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Adv. That is the chain, sir, which ye had to-day.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me

Adv. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adv. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail. By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you And Dromio my man did bring them me: I see, we still did meet each other's man, And I was taken for him, and he for me; And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Corr. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains To go with us into the abbey here, And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

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And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both.
And you, the calendars of their nativity,"
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

_Luke._ With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt Duke, Abb., Ege., Cour., Mer.,
Ang., and Attend.]

_Dro. S._ Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

_Ant. E._ Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

_Dro. S._ Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and E., Abb., and Luc.]

_Dro. E._ There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

_Dro. E._ Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

_Dro. S._ Not I, sir; you are my elder.

_Dro. E._ That's a question: how shall we try it?

_Dro. S._ We'll draw lots for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

_Dro. E._ Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exeunt.]
Henry and Chlo? Placide as The Two Dromios.
NOTES TO THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

1 Wanting gilders to redeem their lives. A gilder was a coin, according to Steevens, which varied in value from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings. Dispose, disposal.

2 Was wrought by nature. Not by any criminal act, but by natural affection, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus. Malone.

3 And by me. The word too was added after this sentence by the editor of the second folio, and, at first sight, appears very apposite; but our is here to be read as a dissyllable.

4 Gave healthful welcome. That is, a kind welcome, wishing health to their guests. This is Boswell's explanation. "So his case was like," his case was so similar. He is understood before "retain'd." Clear, quite. "To seek thy help by beneficial help," i.e. to seek help from charitable assistance. If no, if not. No is often used for not in old plays. Wend, go. Lifeless, lifeless. To buy out, to ransom.

5 A trusty villain, sir. A villain, i.e. a slave, the villiuanus of the old Latin dramatists. The best and most luminous paper on the term is due by Mr. Wright, in a recent volume of the Archzoologists. "Soon at five o'clock," about five o'clock. Consort, to keep company with. Consorted, associated, occurs in the Acts, xvii. 4.—"and some of them believed, and consorted with Paul and Silas."

6 Here comes the almanac of my true date. Dromio, having been born in the same hour, is an almanac that can always give his master's age. Penitent, the adjective used for the active participle. Dromio has fasted like a penitent in missing his dinner.

7 I shall be post indeed. According to Steevens, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop was kept by chalk or notches on a post, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. Milk-scores were, till lately, made on door-posts in London; and the custom may, indeed, still prevail in some places. "Should be your cost;" so the old copies, altered by

Pope to clock; but, as Mr. Collier observes, it was formerly the custom for cooks to strike on the dresser, to signify that dinner was ready. Bestow'd, stowed, lodged. "There will I bestow all my fruits and my goods," Luke, xii. 18.

8 Is o'er-rought. That is, over-reached. The term is used by Spenser, and occurs again in Shakespeare.

9 Such like liberties of sin. This phraseology is unquestionably equivalent to, sinful liberties, or, sinful actions. The passage appears somewhat harsh, persons and things being included without system, but there are several instances of the same kind of license in Shakespeare.

10 Head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe. Mr. Knight explains lash'd, bound together; and perhaps rightly. A thing for fastening cattle to stalls was called a lash. "Some otherwheres," i.e. somewhere else. No other cause, no cause to be otherwise.

11 With like weight of pain. The same thought occurs several times in Shakespeare. Compare Ferreux and Purrex, 1571,—

Many can yield right sage and grave advice Of patient spirits to others wrapp'd in wo;
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods.

12 With urging helpless patience. Helpless, without help, affording no help.

13 This fool-beg'd patience. Dr. Johnson explains this phrase as "that patience which is so near to idiotical simplicity, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a fool, and beg the guardianship of your fortune." Does it not rather mean, This idiotic patience, which you have begged, and by that means obtained the control of, will be forsaken? The sovereign was formerly the legal guardian of idiots, and it was the practice to give the wardship to some favourite, who thus obtained the management of their property. The practice was scarcely so inhuman as has generally been represented, the guardian having only the
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idiot's life interest in the estate, would naturally endeavor to prolong his existence by a liberal treatment. The following curious anecdote, illustrating the custom, has been frequently quoted. Bladwell was of a Norfolk family. It is preserved in Mr. Harl. 6393:—

"The Lord North begged old Bladwell for a fool (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custody as a lunatic, he carried him to a gentleman's house one day, that was a neighbour. The Lord North and the gentleman retired a while to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-room, which was hung with a fair hanging; Bladwell walked up and down, and viewing the hangery, spied a fool at last in the hanging, and without delay draws his knife, flies at the fool, cuts him clean out, and lays him on the door; my Lord and the gentleman coming again, and finding the tapestry thus defaced, he asks Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivil act; he answered,—Sir, be content; I have rather done you a courtesy than a wrong, for if ever my Lord North had seen the fool there, he would have begged him, and so you might have lost your whole suit."

14 I scarce could understand it.

This absurd quibble between understand and stand under, has already occurred in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. "Horn-mail, excessively mad. Will you come, generally read, but without necessity, will you come home, an alteration suggested by Hammer. Arrant, errand, a form of the word still used in the provinces. "Am I so round with you," am I so candid or plain with you. Dromio here plays upon the word. A football is cased in leather, to which he alludes when he carries on the quibble.

15 The ground of my defeatures.

See note 70. Fair, beauty. "Fair of all fours," Tom a Linole, p. 7. Shakespeare again quibbles on deed and dear in Venus and Adonis, and in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

16 Poor I am but his state.

The word state had anciently numerous meanings. I have collected no less than thirteen of them in my "Dictionary of Archaisms," p. 794. It seems in this passage to be equivalent to laughing-stock, the subject of laughter. 'A subject fit to be the state of laughter," Ford's Love's Sacrifice, ii. 1.

17 Would that alone alone he would detain.

Would that alone the chain was the only circumstance that detained him! Jewel is here applied to a trinket or ornament, not merely to a gem, as the term is now limited in its application. The sense of the passage seems to be this. "I see that even the ornament that is best enamelled will lose its beauty yet the gold remains though touched by others; and often touching will wear even gold (i.e. too many provocations will prove too much for the most dura-

18 And make a common of my serious hours.

And use my serious hours, as if they were a common for your amusements. Know my aspect, regard my countenance.

19 In your scorne.

Scone, an old term for the head, generally used contemptuously. "Clipo, a head, a pate, a nolle, a scone," Florio's World of Words, 1611. Dromio afterwards plays upon the word, a scone being also a blockhouse or small fort.

Except thy head, which, like a scone or fort, is barricaded by strong, long wires erect.

Taylor's Works, fol. Lond. 1630.

His beard's not stanch, he has no subtle scent, Nor Janus-like looks he ten waives at once.

Brutus's "Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

20 That he spends in trimming.

The old copies read trying, the consonant, or perhaps the mark of contraction, having been accidentally omitted. All modern editors read taring for attire, but the one reason that he loses his hair is to save the expense of a barber, not that of a tailor. Just previously, the faking of the old editions is altered to failing, which is Ithi's judicious excudation. "In no time, allowing to the substitution of a wig, which restores hair instantaneously. Wigs, bonnets.

21 The stain'd skin off my harlot brow.

Mr. Dyce, with laborious learning, and at the cost of nearly a page of examples, has proved what all tyros in these matters know, that off was constantly interchanged with of in old English books. Off is evidently the true reading in this passage, being determined by the elision in the verb. Had of been intended, we should of course have read stained. In the same speech, I follow Mr. Dyce in reading unstain'd for disstain'd, as it stands in the old copies.

22 You are from me exempt.

Mr. M. Mason thinks Adriana means to say, that, as he was her husband, she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. Idle, useless, sterile, barren. Forced fidelity; the old copies read, freed fidelity.

23 Godius, oxen, and cloish sprites.

The commentators send Shakespeare to Ovid for the ancient superstition that the screech-owl, or strix, sucked the blood of infants; but the information might probably have been contained in any many popular book of the day. In the translation of a work on ghosts and spirits, by Lewis Lavater, 4to. Lond. 1572, we are told, "Lamia are things that make children atrafe. Lamia are also called striges. Striges, as they say, are nudekie birds, which sucke out the blood of infants lying in their erades." Elyot, 1559, translates strix, "a shrioke-oule, a witche that changeth the favour of children." "Sunt avida volucres; non quae Pliniae mensis Guttiua fraudabant; sed genus inde trahant. Grande caput; stantes oceli; rostra apta rapinae; Candites penis, unmagnus hami inst. Noeto volant, puerosque petant nutrices agentes, Et vittant enim corpora rapta suis. Carpere dicuntur luctianta viscera rostris, Et plenum poto sanguine gutter habent. Est ills strigibus donnam. — Fast. Iii. vi.
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Comparo Pliny,—"Fabulosam yuto de strigibus, ubera infinitum cas bruis inmulgere." Homann, in his Vulgaris, 1819, makes strix synonymous with lamba and fairy. "And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks," i.e. and make you confess them.

24 And persevere so.

Perserver, to persevere, the accent being laid on the second syllable. At all adventures,—"To buy at all adventure, or to buy a pigge in a poke, emere aleam, hoc est inexactum rerum inventum," Baret's Alvarie, 1580.

22 To see the making of her carkanet.

A carkanet was a necklace. Sometimes a bracelet was so called; but the term is here evidently applied to a chain or necklace around the neck, as appears from the context. "Carkanet, a small chain," Cockernam's English Diccionarire, 1626. "Carcan, a carканet, or collar of gold, &c., worse about the neck," Cotgrave. Harrington in a translation of an epigram of Januus I. on Sir Philip Sidney's death, mentions Venus' "rings and karcanet cloene;" and Randolph,—

I'll clasp thy neck, where should be set
A rich and orient carcanet.

26 Though my cates be mean.


27 Horse, mait-horse, capon.

These are all terms of contempt. Mome, a fool, said to be from the Greek. Malt-horse, a slow heavy horse; hence, a dull person. Patch, a fool. "Why, destitute patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?" Menachmi, 395. Oce, own, possess. Coil, tumult. Port with, depart with. And if that she do take me from home, My bones, alas! shee wyll make to crackell, And me, her husbande, as a starkie none, With knocke-ng and mucke-ng she wyll handell. The Disobedient Child, 1500.

28 To be so bought and sold.

That is, to be so deluded or defrauded. The phrase occurs in Richard III.—

Jocky of Norfolke, be not so bold;
Dieson, thy master, is bought and sold.

Break any breaking, a common kind of repetition, similar to, "Grace me no grace," in Richard II. "Tinkers, quod you, take me no take, I'll meddle with them no more," Common Conditions, 1570. "Vuck a crow, to complain or quarrel with any one. This proverbial phrase is still in use.

29 Within the compass of suspect.

Suspect, suspicion. "They enjoyed each other's company without suspect of any, only two of her trusty servants knowing of it," Westward for Smelts, 1629. Once this, once for all, it is this. "The doors are made against you," i.e. they are fastened. The phrase is still in use in the North of England.

30 In despight of Mirth.

I intend to be merry, whether Mirth will permit me or not.

31 Shall low, in building, grow so ruinous.

Our poet meant no more than this—"Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? Shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? Theobald. Love-springs are the young shoots of love. Become disloyally, make inconstancy becoming. Attaining, tall.

32 Being compact of credit.

Compact of, i.e. entirely composed of. "Love is a spirit, all compact of fire," Ven. Adon. "To compacte, to set and joyn certayne things haphomely together one to another; to make fast together," Baret's Alvarie, 1580. Vain, according to Johnson, is light of tongue, not venous. Decline, incline or lower. Mutel, amazed; a quibble between this and our ordinary sense of the word.

33 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

My sole heaven on earth, and all that I claim from heaven. Aim, aim at.

34 Without be say, sir-reverence.

Sir-reverence is a corruption of the phrase, save reverence, which was said as a kind of apology before the utterance of anything that might be considered objectionable, but often simply as an apology in speaking to a superior. "Save reverence, salua reverentia, saving regard or respect; an usual word, but miscalled sir-reverence by the vulgar," Blount's Glossographia, 1681, p. 572. If to a froule discourse thou hast pretence, Before thy foule words name Sir Reverence.

Works of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.

35 That 's an ell.

A Flemish ell is three quarters of a yard. This speech is generally altered from the original, but has been properly restored by Mr. Collier. In the palm of her hand, alluding to a dry hand being anciently considered a sign of barrenness. The allusion to France, "arm'd and reverted, making war against her her," will be found explained in the Introduction.

36 Whale armadoes of carracks.

Carracks, Spanish galleons. Sometimes English vessels of great size and value were so called. Ballast, for ballasted, explained in Baret's Alvarie, 1580. "Loded with gravel or other like earth." Assured, affianced.

37 Made me turn i' the wheel.

Dogs called turnspits, now extinct, were employed to work machinery for roasting meat, which they effected by running in a wheel like a squirrel in his cage. Mr. Morgan says that instances of the practice have been met with in Wales within the last few years. Trench, in his Historie of Four-footed Beasts, 1607, says,—"There is comprehension, under the curres of the closest kindes, a certaine dog in kitchen service excellently; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they, turning round
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about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feats more cunningly: whom the popular sort hereupon call turnpikes."

35 At the Porpentine.
Porpentine, i.e. porcupine. This is an archaic form of the word, and should be preserved. So in a collection of epigrams, entitled the "Mous-trap," 1606,—

Gallus, that greatest roost-cock in the rout,
Swoleth as big as Bacchus did with wine:
Like to a bulke he bears himself about,
And bristles as a boar or porpentine.

31 Growing, i.e. accruing. So, afterwards, "knowing now the debt grows."

40 You use this dailliness.
Dalliance, i.e. hesitation, trifling. Gifford notes its use in the sense of delay in Massinger, i. 81. "Send me by some token," give some token to me by which it may appear I am sent by you. This practice was formerly very common.

41 Thou peevish sheep.
Peevish, an old word for foolish, as has been before remarked. The play on the words sheep and ship has already occurred in the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

12 Where Douesabel did claim me.
Douesabel is a compound name, derived from douce et belle. This generic name is frequently used by our old pastoral poets. So Drayton,—

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter claped Douesabel.

42 He denied you had in him no righting.
A double negative, strengthening instead of neutralizing it, is common in old books.

44 Old and sere.
Old and sere, i.e. old and withered. Stigmatical in wording, i.e. deformed in body.

44 In an everlasting garment.
Alluding to the bailiff, who wore buff, a robe of durance, an everlasting garment. Narrow lands is apparently equivalent to, narrow lanes. A shoulder-clapper is a bailiff.

45 And yet draws dry-foot well.
That is, to follow by the scent of the foot. "Nay, if he smell nothing but papers, I care not for his dry-foot hunting," Dumb Knight, 1608. Harrison, in his 'Description of England,' p. 230, mentions "a bloodhound, whose office is to follow the fierce, and now and then to pursue a theefe or beast by his drie foot." Hounds were said to run counter, when they mistook the direction of their game. The bell was a common cant term for a dark or obscure dungeon in a prison, and most prisons formerly had a particular one so called.

47 Arrested on a band.
Arrested on a legal bond. There is, of course, a play upon words. A bond was formerly spelt band. Bankrupt, a bankrupt.

49 The picture of old Adam.
Mr. Collier says, "What have you got!" is still a vulgar phrase for, "What have you done with?" The "picture of old Adam new apparel'd," is, of course, the man in buff.

45 Gives them a fob.
The old copies read sob, which is unintelligible; but I scarcely think sob suits the context. Can it be sop? A MS. note in Mr. Tunno's copy reads bob. "Suits of durance," a play upon words. There was a kind of durable stuff, made with thread or silk, called durance.

Not in a durance suit remain I here,
Yet in a suite like durance herant'd be fair.
Brathwait's Strappado for the Dwell, 1615.

50 Than a morris-pike.
Sets up his rest, i.e. determines, a proverbial phrase. The morris-pike was a large pike, a formidable weapon.

51 Will pay them all.
Another quibble. Pay, to beat.

52 Beware the rope's end.
It was formerly the custom to teach parrots to say important words, for the rather coarse joke of their applying them on ludicrous occasions. So Ralpho, in 'Hudibras,' was so learned that he,

Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry 'rope,' and 'walk, knave, walk.'

Compare Lilly's Minst. 1592,—"Tush, it is not for thee blackness, but for the babbling, for every hour she will cry, 'walk, knife, walk.'—Pet. Then will I mutter, 'a rope for parrot, a rope.'"

52 Are these your Customers?
Customers, i.e. friends, sometimes, but not always, used in a bad sense. Companion was formerly a term of contempt, equivalent to the modern fellow.

54 Both man and master are possess'd.
That is, possessed with a spirit; mad. Mad people were formerly confined in a dark room. Malvolio, in Twelfth Night, is shut up in a "dark house."

55 Whenas your husband.
Whenas, formed in a similar manner to whereas, is equivalent to when.

50 Stuff, i.e. baggage.

51 Some get within him.
That is, close with him. Take a house, go into a house.

56 The copy of our conference.
Copy, theme. So, as Steevens observes, we still talk of
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setting copies for boys. Ben Jonson uses the term in a sense derived from the Latin copia, but this meaning would scarcely suit the construction of the present passage.

A formal man again.

*formal, in his right senses and character. "Like a fury crow'd with snakes, not like a formal man." Anth. Chlop.

The place of depth.

So the original, usually altered to death. If the old reading is correct, it refers most probably to a θηναίας, similar to that at Athens, a deep cavern into which criminals capitaly condemned were precipitated. The story belongs to Grecian customs and manners. Sorry, dismal. So, in an old romance of the fourteenth century,—

It was done at the kinge commande;
His soul was fet to helie,
To draine in that sory lande,
With deedes that wer ful elle.

Headsmen, i.e. executioner.

At your important letters.

Mr. Hunter says there is an allusion here to the custom of royal letters being sometimes addressed to ladies with great fortunes in behalf of certain persons who had the means of obtaining them. The writer of a letter of the time of Henry VIII. says, "Sir William Compton showed unto me my Lord Cardinal wrote unto Mrs. Vernon, if she would attain the king's favour, to bear her good mind unto his servant Tyrwhit."

To take order.

That is, to take measures. Steevens explains strong escape, "an escape effected by strength or violence."

Beaten the maid's a-row.

A-row, successively, one after another. "For thre vyghtes a-rowe he sayghe that same syght," Chron. Villotan. p. 68.

Nick him like a fool.

Malone quotes the following passage from the "Choice of Change," 1598,—"Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies, 1. They are shaven and notched on the head, like fools." The following extract from the romance of 'Ipomydon' may explain this passage still further,—

Righte unseemly, on quenete manere,
He hym dight, as ye shal her.
A harbcr he calleth, withal noten mere,
And she (shaved) hym bothe lythynd and before,
Quenete endemyd oate and is;
And also he shevhe halfe his chynne:
He semyd a hole, that quenete syre,
Both by hede and by atyre.

When I bestrid thee in the war.

Saved you by placing myself before you, and receiving the wounds that would otherwise have been inflicted on you. So in 1 Henry IV.—"Thal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so: it is an act of friendship."

While she with harlots feasted.

The term harlot was originally applied to a low depraved class of society, the ribalds, and having no relation to sex. In Shakespeare's time, the term was frequently one of mere contempt, applied either to men or women.

He was unhappily that harlot,
And hidde hym in Inferno.

Fiers Houghman, ed. Wright, p. 351.

Chaucer translates reg des ribaldes, by king of harlots. In the Coventry Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery, the young man who is detected with her is called a harlot. See Mr. Wright's Gloss. ad. i. 104.

Of wild confederates.

So the old copies; wild, as I have before remarked, being the ancient form of wyle. It should be retained, sometimes it is occasionally required for the metre. Collier and Knight sometimes use the old word, and sometimes alter it. It is as well to follow an uniform rule. Anatomy, a skeleton. Danish, damp. As this is false, an emendation made by Mr. Dyce. The same critic's conjecture, ne'er delivere'd, a very good emendation, has also been adopted.

I think you are all mated.

Mated, i.e. puzzled, confounded. So Skelton, in 'Who come ye nat to Courto,'—

The Frenchmen he lathe so mated.
And their courage abate.
That they are but halfe men.

And careful hours.

That is, hours full of care. "Thou art careful and troubled about many things," Iam. x. 41. Deformed for deforming, the passive participle used for the active.

Strange defeatures in my face.

Defeatures, a common old word for defects, discomfitures. The word occurs in act ii. sc. 1, and in Venus and Adonis. Mr. Knight explains it, "want of beauty, defect of features;" but although Gifford has ridiculed this interpretation, I am not prepared to deny that Shakespeare does not use the word in a peculiar sense, certainly in an allegorical one.

This grained face of mine.

Grained, says Steevens, is furrowed, like the grain of wood. A traditional tale relating to Shakespeare was current at Stratford about a century ago, and was related to Malone by Macklin. A blacksmith accosted the poet, as he was leaning over a mason's door, with the following lines,—

Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man.
To which Shakespeare is said to have replied,—
Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple.

If I dream not, thou art Eunica.

Thomas Hull wrote an alteration of this play which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1779, and printed in 1791. In a MS. of his in my possession, he says,—

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have always thought that some part of the original play has been lost: neither Egeon nor Emilia express the smallest surprize or joy at such an unexpected meeting, after a separation of twenty-five years. My opinion has been sufficiently proved by the alteration I presumed to make of this comedy, from which I claim no merit, but that of having reproduced a neglected piece of our great bard, after it had lain hid for a number of years, to frequent exhibition and universal approbation. Hull forgets the presumption of by-play so necessary in almost every one of Shakespeare's dramas.

73 Her urging of her wreck at sea.

The celebrated Blackstone says, "Emilia may be supposed, at her first coming to Ephesus, to have urged her wreck at sea, in order to move compassion: the Duke (comparing this, Egeon's morning story and the likeness of the twins together) pronounced, these plainly are the parents of these children, which how she has proved herself to be, unless by some former story, is difficult to say." Mr. Collier appears to adopt this explanation; but surely the Duke merely means to say, "Besides her mentioning or introducing her wreck at sea," which is an additional proof of the correctness of his conjecture. Mason says the abbess does not hint at her shipwreck; but, what amounts to the same thing, she confesses to have been saved on the raft.

74 And you the calendars of their nativity.

A similar allusion to that we have had previously, "Here comes the almanac of my true date." See note 6.

75 Go to a gossips' feast.

The gossips' feast was formerly celebrated with great hospitality. Cotgrave mentions it under the word connivare.

76 We'll draw cuts.

Cuts, lots. Cuts were generally drawn in the following manner. Slips of unequal length were held in the hand of one of the party, with the ends peeping out, and he who drew the longest one was the winner.
Much Ado about Nothing.

The serious incidents of this admirable comedy are to be traced in a novel of Bandello; thus analyzed by Mr. Skottowe. Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbroe de Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbroe that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber window. Timbroe accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder, and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbroe, the next morning, accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds, and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence. The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely woman, strikes Girondo with horror. In the agony of remorse, he confesses his villainy to Timbroe, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbroe is merely imposed the penance of espousing a lady, whose face he should not see previous to his marriage; but instead of a new bride, he is presented at the nuptial altar with his injured and beloved Fenicia.

This simple love-tale is, as far as we know at present, the sole origin of the comedy. A story of a similar character, but not containing so many incidents used by Shakespeare, is related in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioso, which was translated into English by Harrington in 1591, containing the tale of Genevra and Ariodant. Ariosto's story was also versified in English by Beverley, and published in 1565; and we learn from Mr. Collier the curious information that a play on the subject, entitled a 'History of Ariodante and Genevra,' was exhibited by 'Mulcaster's children' in 1582-3. No English translation of Bandello's tale has yet been discovered.

Ariosto's tale was regarded by Pope, but I think erroneously, as the real source of Shakespeare's play. It will be seen, from the following analysis, that it has far inferior claims to Bandello for that honour. Rinaldo, sailing to England, was driven by a violent storm on the coast of Scotland; and, journeying by himself in that country, was entertained at an abbey, where he heard that Genevra, the king's daughter, was accused of incontinence by Lureanio, the brother of Ariodant. It was the law that they who were charged with that crime, notwithstanding their rank, should be burned to death, unless a champion undertook their defence in combat against the accuser within the space of a month. Rinaldo

* It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, 1565-6, to Henry Wekes, under the corrupted title, "A boke intituled tragacall and pleasant history Arrounde Genever, the daughter unto the kyng of Skottes, by Ixter Beverley;" and republished in 1600. The late Duke of Roxburghe had a copy printed by Thomas East. It is of extreme rarity, and a copy sold at the Gordonstoun sale for £31 10s.
undertakes the combat; and finds by accident the servant by whose connivance Genevra's guilt had been established, to the satisfaction of Ariodant, by the ascent of a silken ladder. The remainder of the tale has nothing in common with the play. The ladder, and nothing but the ladder, is Shakespearean; unless, perhaps, we except the incident of the maid personating the mistress at the window, which also occurs in a variation of the tale in Spenser; and if borrowed, an unnecessary supposition, was probably derived from the latter source. Harrington, at the end of the translation of the fifth book, seems to think the story of Genevra had an historical origin. "Some others affirm," he says, "that this very matter, though set down here by other names, happened in Ferrara to a kinwoman of the Dukes, which is here figured under the name of Genevra, and that indeed such a practise was used against her by a great lord, and discovered by a damsel, as is here set down: howsoever it was, sure the tale is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in English verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turkervil." The translation here alluded to, is not now known to exist.

We have no certain information respecting the date of the composition of 'Much Ado about Nothing;' but as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and was published in 1600, the probability is that it was written in or between those years. The first edition is entitled, "Much Adoe about Nothing, as it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, written by William Shakespeare: London, Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600," 4to. It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on August 23rd, and was not republished till it appeared in the folio of 1623. Both editions appear to have been printed from one manuscript, for, in one place, the same error, Keeper for Kemp, is repeated in both copies; but the folio was not reprinted from the quarto, for "Jack Wilson," the singer, is introduced in a stage direction, a peculiarity not found in the latter. This being the case, there can be little hesitation in accepting both copies as of equal authority, and adopting the readings in either which appear most likely to be the genuine language used by the poet. Adopting this view of the state of the text, it was considered scarcely necessary to perplex the reader by mentioning in the notes the numerous differences between the quarto and folio. In cases of doubt, where both copies have plausible readings, the longer one has usually been adopted, old printers having generally erred in omissions rather than in additions.

This play was performed at Court in May, 1613, as we learn from the accounts of Lord Harrington, a manuscript in the Bodleian Library; and in the same volume is also noticed a play entitled 'Benedicte and Bettrice,' acted in the same year, and probably Shakespeare's drama. It was, in all probability, a popular play; and in Heywood's 'Fair Maid of the Exchange,' 1607, several sentences are imitated from it, apparently as familiar to the writer as "household words." Middleton is open to a similar imputation. Some critics suppose that Ben Jonson also alludes to 'Much Ado about Nothing,' in the induction to 'Bartholomew Fair,'—"and then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken them away with mistaking words, as the fashion is in stage practice." But blundering constables were familiar to the stage before Shakespeare's comedy was written. According to the excellent authority of Gifford, the guardians of the night had been proverbial for their blundering simplicity before Shakespeare was born; and it is scarcely possible to look into an old play without seeing how deeply this opinion was rooted in the minds of the people. We have already had, in 'Measure for Measure,' a character bearing some general similarity to Dogberry.

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his 'Law against Lovers,' 1673, introduced a small portion of the present comedy, interwoven with 'Measure for Measure,' forming a play of the two dramas very inferior to either of the great originals. There is nothing in it worthy a quotation.

The characters of Benedick and Beatrice attract the principal attention both of the reader and spectator of 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The portion of the comedy devoted to them may be considered as an elaborate representation of the recognized principle that affection is often engendered by the discovery of mutual esteem; but the moral foundation of the play is probably from a nolder

* It was entered to the publishers Wise and Aspley, the same who published the quarto; and it would seem from an obscure notice in the registers, in which it is entered as amongst other plays "to be staled," that a piratical edition had been attempted to be licensed for publication.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

... One of the worst phases of society in Shakespeare's time was the prevalence of conjugal infidelity, to which the general want of faith in female virtue greatly contributed. No writer of the day combated this unreasonable tendency so powerfully as our great dramatist. His pages are replete with the discovery of futile suspicion, and the ridicule or disgrace of those who were tormented by jealousy. Benedick has improperly been described as a woman-hater; but if we examine his character closely, we shall find that his objection to matrimony chiefly arises from another source. "Because," says he, talking of women, "I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none." We receive a powerful lesson of the wickedness of this inclination to mistrust in the story of Hero. The comical scenes are beyond all praise; the blunders of the constables are irresistible; and all are interwoven with infinite dramatic skill: but the moral of the tale, to which these are artistic accessories, teaches us that suspicion of woman's virtue, founded on circumstantial evidence, very frequently realizes the title of the comedy, and is, indeed, 'Much Ado about Nothing.'
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

DON JOHN, bastard brother to Don Pedro.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favourite of Don Pedro.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

BENEDEK, a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

ANTONIO, brother to Leonato.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

BALTHAZAR, attendant to Don Pedro.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BORACHIO, follower of Don John.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

CONRAD, follower of Don John.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1.

DOOBERRY, the chief constable.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

VERGES, the headborough, or petty constable.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sexton.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Friar.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

A Boy, attendant on Benedick.
Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

INNOKEN, wife to Leonato.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1, sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1, sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

MARGARET, a gentlewoman attending on Hero.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

Ursula, a gentlewoman attending on Hero.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Messina.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Street in Messina.

Enter LEONATO, N N O G E N, 1 Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon 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 deserv’d 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 wash’d. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto return’d from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort. 2

Inf. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Her. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he’s return’d, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng’d Cupid at the flight: and my uncle’s fool, reading the challenge, subscrib’d for Cupid, and challeng’d him at the word-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill’d and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill’d? for, indeed, I promis’d to eat all of his killing.

Inf. 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’s a very valiant trencherman; 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; stuff’d with all honourable virtues. 6

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Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff’d 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’s 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 govern’d 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’t 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 squarer 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 the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur’d.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Inf. You’ll ne’er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach’d.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthazar and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and 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.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you ask’d her?

Leon. Signior 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.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, 'tis you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women! they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog howl at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch’d face!

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an ’t were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuator: But keep your way, ’tis 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,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?
D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIUS.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I look’d on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, ’tis faith, methinks she’s too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise; and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think’st I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik’st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into! But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the shouting Jack,11 to tell us Cupid is a good harelip,12 and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look’d on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there’s her cousin, an she were not possess’d with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero were my wife.

Bene. Is’t come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?13 Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, I’ faith! an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath hold you here, that you followed not to Leonato’s?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secure as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace’s part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato’s short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: “it is not so, nor ‘twas not so: but indeed, God forbid it should be so.”14

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You 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 divest it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate hart in the despite 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 will have a redheat15 winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle 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 the 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,16 and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and call’d Adam.

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ACT I.

MUCH ADIO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE 14.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."10
Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this
sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns
and set them in my forehead: and let me be
viv'dly 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
Benedick, the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst
be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his
quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. Look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the
hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick,
repair to Leonato's; commend 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,
(if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July,

Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of
your discourse is sometime guarded with frag-
ments, and the guards are but slightly hasted on
neither: ere you float old ends any further,11
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
heir:

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,

Thick-pleached alley24 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 appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter
withal, that she may be the better prepared for an
answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you,
and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.]
SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-jer, my lord! why are you 
dus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion 
that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what bles-
sing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient 
sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou 
say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to 
apply a mortal medicine to a mortifying mischief.24 
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 stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; 
sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's 
business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no 
man in his humour.

Con. Yca, 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 he hath ta'en you newly into his 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.

D. John. I had rather be a canker25 in a hedge 
than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my 
blood to be disdain'd 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 but I am a plain-dealing 
villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfran-
chised with a dog; 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.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.26 
Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. 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.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build 
mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths 
himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? 
Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of 
Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How 
came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I 
was smoking a musty room,28 comes me the prince 
and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I 
whipt me behind the arms;29 and there heard it 
agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for 
himself, and having obtained her, give her to count 
Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us us thither; this may 
prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up 
lath 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?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer 
is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the 
cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's 
to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Innogen, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?
Ant. I saw him not.
Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heartburn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-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 signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior 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.

Ant. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.
Ant. In faith, she's too curt.
Beat. Too curt is more than curt: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curt 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 sit in the woollen.

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 bear-herd," and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?
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 to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so 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 court, and say, "As it please you:"—but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another court," and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. 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-mast'ried with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clo'd of wayward marr? No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. 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 wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there's measure in everything, 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 lusty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.
Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a
curch by day-light.
Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make
good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar;
Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and
others, masked. They converse in groups.

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, espe-
cially, 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 defend
the late should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philamon’s roof; within
the house is love.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatash’d.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[ Takes her aside.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Mary. So would not I, for your own sake, for I
have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mary. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may
er. Amen!

Mary. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen!

Mary. And God keep him out of my sight when
the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

[They part different ways.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior
Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling 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 virtue hide itself?
Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and
there’s an end.

[Mixing with the company.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had
my good wit out of the ‘Hundred Merry Tales’;—
Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What’s he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he’s the prince’s jester,—a very
dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible
slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and
the commendation is not in his wit, but in his vil-
lainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them,
and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am
sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boar’d me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I’ll tell
him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he’ll but break a comparison or
two on me; which, peradventure not marked, or
not laugh’d at, strikes him into melancholy; and
then there’s a partridge’ wing saved, for the fool
will eat no supper that night. [Music within.
We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave
them at the next turning. [Dance. Then execut
all but Don John, Bora, and Claudio.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero
and hath withdrawn her father to break with him
about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor
remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his
bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother
in his love: he is enamour’d on Hero. I pray
you dissease him from her; she is no equal for
his birth; you may do the part of an honest man
in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would
marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Bora.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
’Tis certain so,—the prince woes for himself;
Friendship is constant in all other things.

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Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.24
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business. Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of?25 About your neck, like an usurer's chain,26 or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scar? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover. So they sell bullocks! But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; t was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed. It is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a ledge in a warren;27 I told him, and I think told him true, that your grace had got the 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 a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! what 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod has been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod is might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it have stolen 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, oy 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 wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd 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, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs! 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 transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have clapt his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infallible Ath in good apparel.28 I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary: and people sin upon purpose, because they would get thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

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 arrang to now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard;29 do you any embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words conference with this harpy. You have no employ meat 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 it me awhile; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a 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, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, 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 blazon be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit 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 can.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburn'd, 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 getting. 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 me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence 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 cried; 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 Beat.

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 over sad then, for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and walk'd herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear told of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, 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, Claudio, the time shall not go daily by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior 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.
ACT IV.  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  
SCENE II.—III.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me
ken nights’ watchings.

Claw. 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 unhope-
fullest husband that I know. Thus far can I
praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved
valour, and confirm’d honesty. I will teach you
how to honour your cousin, that she shall fall in
love with Benedick:—and I, with my two helps,
will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of
his quick wit and his queasy 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.—A Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry
the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment
will be medicinal to me. I am sick in dis-
pleasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart
his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How
canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly,
that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since,
how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the
waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.


Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the
night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s
chamber-window.

D. John. What life is it in that, to be the death
of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper.
Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to
tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in
marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation
do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale,
such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to mislead the prince, to
rash Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato.
Look you for any other issue

D. John. Only to despite them I will endea-
avour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw
don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them
that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of
zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as in a love of
your brother’s honour, who hath made this match,
and his friend’s reputation, who is thus like to be
cozen’d with the semblance of a maid,—that you
have discover’d 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 no Claudio; 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 truths of Hero’s dis-
loyalty, 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.

Bora. Be thou 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
follicies 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 the fife; and now
had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have
known when he would have walked ten mile
abroad, to see a good armour; and now will he lie
ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new
doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the
purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and
now he is turn’d orthographer; 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 on it, till he hath made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not make me in my grace. 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 hear me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monarch Love! I will like me in the arbours. [Withdraws.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

we 'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth. 45

Enter Balthazar, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we 'll hear that song again.

Balth. 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.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:

Since many a wiser doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;

Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,

There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, farceous, and nothing! 46 [Music.

Bene. Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts

should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. [Sings.]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;

Men were deceivers ever;

One hot in sea, and one on shore,—

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woo Into, "Hey sonny, sonny."

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo

Of dumbs so dull and heavy; 47

The frauds of men were ever so,

Since summer first was heavy

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, 48 come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yen, marry; [to Claudio.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit Balth.] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: 49 the fowl sits. [Aside to D. 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 signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever te abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits 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 in an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought. 50

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion one so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.
D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you, —you heard my daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gall, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd 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, I remember 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 halfpence; she'd at 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 write to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries; —"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the cestray hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would not make sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alma 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 everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combuming 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 he, guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have dall'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn 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.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels, you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a 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 do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek 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 will hear farther of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would
muchs would were make fair; hear "am did and say, marry Shall SCTNE Pedro. '11 if JExit. The Exit. should warrant am I By can must "and but daw man Lot of tions, proud. the will the must affections Hero. sadly Proposing I Wiiisper WiiWhere WiiU.HL V'iU honeyssuckles, ripened by the sun, examine his himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady. 

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [Aside.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same not spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's doage, and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Aside. [Exeunt D. Pedro, Claud., and Leon.

Benedick advances from the arbour.

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 requited. I hear how I am censor'd: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the 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 hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth I can bear them witness: and virtuous — 'tis so, I cannot reproove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, — nor no 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 rail'd 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 peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were 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. 34

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, then, in the message: —

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife'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 in 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.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; there shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice. Proposing with the prince and Claudio? 53 Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Urania walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; and bid her steal into the pleached bower where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter, — like favorites, made proud by princes, that advance their pride against that power that bred it: — there will she hide her, to listen our propose. This is thy office; bear thee well in it, and leave us alone. Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.

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 must be, how Benedick is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter...
is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsey. 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.—

[They advance to the hower.

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock. 

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? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full 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 man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were 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 featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair fa'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a fault blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very wildly cut:

If speaking, why, a raine blown with all winds
If silent, why, a block mov'd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simplicity and merit purchaseth.

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 would 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:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest shandiers
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may enpoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, madam
Speaking my fancy. Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, in a day;—to-morrow: Come go in
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Enter Hero and Ursula

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;
Miss Julia Dean as Beatrice.
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.

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and
Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be
consummated, and then do I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
touchsafe 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 bowstring, and the little hangman dare 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 are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; 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. Draw it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it
afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but
he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in
him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange
disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a French-
man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries
at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all
slopes; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no
doubt. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as:
he appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as
you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs: ‘a brushes his hat
up 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, ‘a rubs himself with civet:
Can 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 lustrestring, and now govern’d by
stops.

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.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—
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.

[Exeunt Bene. and Leon.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about
Beatrice.

Claud. ’Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have
by this played their parts 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 serv’d, I would speak
with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet Count Claudie
may hear; for what I would speak of concern’d
him.

D. Pedro. What’s the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-
morrow?

[To Claudie.

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 hereafter, 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 short'ned, (for she 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 was worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, 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 wooted for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarted!

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.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. 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.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Sea coal: for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd 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,—

Dogb. 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 vagabond men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. 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 hidden, 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. Wo 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 stol'n: 8—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them 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 a 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?
Dogh. 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 been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogh. 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?

Dogh. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogh. 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, 'a cannot.

Dogh. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, 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.

Dogh. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, 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.

Dogh. 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 coil to-night: Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. [Exeunt Dogh. and Verg.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Comrade.

Watch. Peace, stir not. [Aside

Bora. Comrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow. [Aside

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pente-house, for it drieth 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 earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. 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; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name. [Aside

Bora. Dost thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reedy painting; sometime, like Gold's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see 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 to-night woo'd Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at 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, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?
ICESE’s I Watch. gold, not beggar faith. but good U
[Exeunt.

God Watch. is liit but fine, you and I Is hut night-gown thiulc, here Is ‘11 being u
I know Milan’s the warrant better.™

SCENE desine desire partly slander what wih’th

By pray bid wears his m’

And come thees, Meg, to five o’clock, cousin; ’t is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. T is almost five o’clock, cousin; ’t is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Mary. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H. Mary. Well, an you be not turn’d Turk, there’s no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Mary. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart’s desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell. Mary. A maid, and stuffed! there’s goody catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Mary. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?
Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Mary. Get thee some of this distill'd Cardus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a quaid.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus?

Mary. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning: I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perhance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedict was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mary. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt; as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odious: palatras, neighbour Verges. [Exeunt.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah!

Dogb. Yea, and 't were a thousand pound more than 't is: for I hear as good explanation on your worship, as of 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, I'm faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God 's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, faith, sir,—by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: 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 aspicious 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 sufficiencé.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give you: daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt Leon. and Mess.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Scacal; 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 non sot: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunciation, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.

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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 conjoined, 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.


Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, sa? 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. Petro. 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 vanquish’d the resistance of her youth,
Have 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

Rashful sincerity, and comely love.

Leon. 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?28

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Petro. 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.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? 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 entangling call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

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 talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. 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 griev'd 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,
Confess'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 spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart:
But, fare thee well! most foul, most fair, farewell!
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity;
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[Hero swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin Hero?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.


Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand?
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea. Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not opè thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die?
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one;
Cud I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who, smirched thus, and mir'd with infancy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
VIsing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is beh'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hatch appear'd a fire,
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 tenour 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 not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd 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 misled in this,
The practice it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

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 rett 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 awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile 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 maintaine'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and accus'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 rack 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 sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, 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 accus'd her;
No, though he 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 aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
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. "T is well consented; presently away"
Act IV.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Scene II.

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Prome, holy, die to live: this wedding-day,

Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leon.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. Do I love nothing in the world so well as you: Is not that strange?

Beat. 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 lov'st me.

Beat. 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.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What I bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, 2B unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice:—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice:—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count—Count Confect! A sweet gallant, 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 curies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules 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.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, 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 so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account! As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Prison

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrad and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissemble appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, 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 Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.

—Masters, do you serve God?

Con., Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but 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.—Fore 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 are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that’s the effect way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince’s name, accuse 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 holy Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed! Very. Yea, by the mass! that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

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 condemn’d 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 accus’d, in this very manner refus’d, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.— Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion’d.

Very. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God’s my life! where’s the sexton? let him write down, the prince’s officer, coxcomb.

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 prov’d 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 pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass!

[Exeunt.
Mr. John Gilbert as Dogberry.
ACT V.

SCENE i.—Before Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And ‘t is not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father that so lov’d his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm’d like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain,— As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; And, sorrowing, cry ‘hem’ when he should groan;” Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters;” bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience:— But there is no such man:—For, brother, men Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm achi with air, and agony with words: No, no; ‘t is all men’s office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow; But no man’s virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein domen from children nothing differ. Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fresh and blood; For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the tooth-ache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a push” at atance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak’st reason: nay, I will do so: My soul doth tell me Hero is belied; And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here come the prince and Claudio, hastily.

Don Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hark you, my lords,—

Don 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.

Don Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling. Some of us would lie low.

Claudio. Who wrongs him?

Don Pedro. Thee, thou dost wrong me; thou dissemblest, thou:

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Claudio. Marry, beshrew my hand, If it should give your age such cause of fear: In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Don Pedro. Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at 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. Know, Claudio, to thy head. Thou hast so wrong’d my innocent child and me. That I am forc’d to lay my reverence by; And, with grey hairs, and bruises of many days. Do challenge thee to trial of a man. I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child; Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart, And she lies buried with her ancestors:
Cl. in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of hers, fram’d by thy villainy.  
Cl. My villainy!  
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.  
D. Pedro. Ye’er 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 lusthool.  
Cl. Away; I will not have to do with you.  
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast  
killed 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 me first;—  
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—  
Come follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come follow me:  
Sir boy, I’ll whip you from your foaming fence;  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.  
Leon. Brother,—  
Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov’d my  
nice;  
And she is dead, slander’d to death by villains,  
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:  
Boys, apes, braggars, Jacks, milk-sops!—  
Leon. Brother Antony,—  
Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know  
them, yea,  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:  
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongering boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,  
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a-dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,  
And this is all!  
Leon. But, Brother Antony,—  
Ant. Come, ’t is 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:  
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard!  
Ant. And shall,  
Or some of us will smart for it.  

Enter Benedick.  
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we  
went to seek.  
Cl. Now, signior! what news?  
Bene. Good day, my lord.  
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost  
come to part almost a fray.  
Cl. We had lik’d to have had our two noses  
napp’d 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.  
Cl. We have been up and down to seek thee;  
for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain  
have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?  
Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?  
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?  
Cl. Never any did so, though very many  
have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw,  
as we do the minstrels; draw, to please us.  
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:  
—Art thou sick, or angry?  
Cl. What! courage, man! What though  
care’st thou; thou hast mettle enough in thee  
to care.  
Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,  
an you charge it against me:—I pray you choose  
another subject.  
Cl. Nay, then give him another staff; this  
last was broke cross.  
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and  
more: I think he be angry indeed.  
Cl. If he be, he knows how to turn his  
girdle.  
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?  
Cl. 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! Do me right, or I will pro-  
test your cowardice. You have kill’d a sweet lady  
and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me  
hear from you.  
Cl. Well, I will meet you, so I may have  
good cheer.  
D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?  
Cl. I’ faith, I think him; he hath bid me  
to a calf’s head and a cupon, the which if I do not  
earn most curiously, say my knife’s nought.—  
Shall I not find a woodcock too?
Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after 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 slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, 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 lay you to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What 's your offence?

Bora. 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 wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing 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 disgrace'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my 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. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whilsts he utter'd it

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villainy.
**Act V.**

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

**Scene II.**

**Claud.** Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

**Dogb.** Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this
time, our sexton hath reformed sinner Leonato of
the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

**Vex.** Here, here comes master sinner 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?

**Bora.** If you would know your wronger, look
on me.

**Leon.** Art thou,—thou, the slave that with thy
breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

**Bora.** Yea, even I alone.

**Leon.** No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
T was 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;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

**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 pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labour aught 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 giv'n her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

**Claud.** O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

**Leon.** To-morrow, then, I will expect you.

To-night 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.:
Hir'd to it by your brother.

**Bora.** 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 anything that I do know by her.

**Dogb.** Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass:—I beseech you, let it
be rememb'red in his punishment. And, also, the
watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they
say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hang-
ing by it; and borrows money in God's name;
the which he hath us'd 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.** Your worship speaks like a most thank-
ful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

**Leon.** There's for thy pains.

**Dogb.** God save the foundation! 100

**Leon.** Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
I thank thee.

**Dogb.** I leave an arrant knife with your worship;
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself,
or 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 wish'd, God prohibit
it.—Come, neighbour.

[**Exeunt D. Dogb., Vex., and Watch.**]

**Leon.** Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

**Ant.** Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-
morrow.

**D. Pedro.** We will not fail.

**Claud.** To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[**Exeunt D. Pedro and Claud.**]

**Leon.** Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk
with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this honest fellow

[**Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.**]

**Bene.** Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, de-
serve 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, thou deservest it.
Marg. To have no man come over me? why, I shall 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. 101
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 I come.  
The god of love, 102  
[Singing.  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve,—  
I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, 103 whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love.  
Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to "lady," but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme; very ominous 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 call'd thee?
Beat. Yea, 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 path pass'd 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 unkissed.
Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forebode is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes 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 maintain'd 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 spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.
Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.
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 liv'd in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb, ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.
Beat. And how long is that, think you?
Bene. Question? 104—Why, an hour in damour, and a quarter in rhym. Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if don Worn, 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, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, how doth your cousin?
Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old colt 105 at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd; the prince and Claudio mightly abused; and Don John is the
author of all, who is fled and gone, will you come presently?

But. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Don. 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.

[Execunt.

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and lapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Att. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll.]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guardian of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
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; 106
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our song;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly I will do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey’d: and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy cast with spots of gray:
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 speeds
Than this, for whom we render’d up this woe!

[Execunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDETTA, BEATRICE, URSULA, FRANCIS, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who means’d 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.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort as well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforce’d
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask’d:
The prince and Claudio promise by this hour
To visit me:—you know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother’s daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [Execunt Ladies. Ant. Which I will do with confirm’d countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think
Friar. To do what, signior?

Leon. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: ’T is most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what’s you will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical: but,
And your will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoint’d
In the estate of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO with Attendants

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow Claudio;
We here attend you. Are you yet determin’d
To-day to marry with my brother’s daughter?

Claud. I’ll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here’s the friar ready.

[F]Exit Ant.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what’s the matter, that you have such a February face, so full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—

Tuell, fear not, man, we’ll tip thy horns with gold, and all Europa shall rejoice at thee; or As once Europa did at lusty Jove, when he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable love and some such strange bull leap’d your father’s cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his beat.

Re-enter Antonio, with the ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other rock’nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she’s mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take your hand before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv’d, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.

And when you lov’d, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil’d; but I do live, and, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv’d.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify when, after that the holy rites are ended, I’ll tell you largely of fair Hero’s death: Meantime, let wonder seem familiar, and to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [unmasking] what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no,—no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudia, have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Truth, no,—no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, are much deceiv’d; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.

Bene. ‘Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Hero. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I’ll be sworn upon ’t, that he loves her,

For here’s a paper, written in his hand, a halting sonnet of his own pure train, fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here’s another,

Writ in my cousin’s hand, stole’n from her pocket, containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here’s our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity!

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

[Kissing her.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I’ll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, ‘a shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout me at me for what I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudia, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop’d thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgel’d thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers! [Done. Exeunt]
NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

1 Enter Leonato, Imogen.

Imogen, wife of Leonato, is introduced in the original in the stage direction here and in the second act, but, as no speeches are assigned to her, her name has hitherto been omitted. It seems, however, unlikely that Imogen should be thus twice introduced, had she not been intended by the poet for one of the characters. I have, therefore, ventured to select a few unimportant speeches, hitherto assigned to Leonato, as her portion.

2 Without a badge of bitterness.

Badge, a mark or token, from the badges worn by servants of distinguished people. The innates of the Hospital at Warwick still wear the silver badges of the founder, the Earl of Leicester. In great measure, abundantly. Truer, more honest.

3 Is Signior Montanto returned.

Warburton refers to the Spanish montanto, a two-handed sword. Montanto was an old fencing term, here ludicrously applied to Benedick.

4 Of any sort.

That is, of any rank. "Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort," Every Man out of his Humour. Mr. Knight complains that the word is sometimes explained one way, and severally another. In a case like this, we can only judge by the context. Shakespeare undoubtedly used the word in both senses in the course of his plays.

5 He set up his bills here in Messina.

It was usual for fences, archers, and others, to post their bills or challenges on the posts. "These jolly mountebanks clapt up their bills upon every post, like a fencer's challenge," Dekker's Wonderfull Years, 1603. Dahorne, the actor, says in a letter, "I pray, sir, let the boy giv order this night to the stage-keeper to set up bills against Monday for Eastward Ho." A flight was a light arrow, formed for very long and straight shots; the bird-bolt, on the contrary, was a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used for killing small birds, without piercing, by the mere force of the blow. The satire of course consists in the antithesis, the flight being the swiftest arrow, and the bird-bolt the worst in archery, used by fools and children. He'll be meet with you, even with you; he'll be a match for you. Help, helped; the oldpreterite. Trencherman, feeder; eater. "His doublet is of cost satten out sometime upon taffeta, but that the bumbast hath eaten through it, and spotted it here and there with pure fat to testify that he is a good trencherman," Lodge's Wits Miserie, 1596, p. 63.

6 Stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Stuffed, furnished, not in a ridiculous sense. Meco, 1672, mentions Adam as being "stuffed with so many excellent qualities."

7 Four of his wise wits.

The five senses were formerly termed the five wits, but Shakespeare seems to consider them distinct. A character in the old interlude of the Five Elements, says,—

I am called Sensual Apetyte,
All creatures in me delyte,
I comforte the weary fire:
The tasteing, smellynge, and heurage,
I refresh the syghte and felynge
To all creatures alwaye.

8 If he have wit enough to keep himself warm.

That is, if he has sense enough to take care of his own interests. This proverbial expression was formerly very common. "Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise, for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm," Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels. "A wise man, He warrant him, for he can keep himselfe warme," Man in the Moon. 1609. Sworn brother, one who swore perpetual disinterested friendship, and shared his fortune. The block, a mould on which a hat is formed. Hence it is used for the hat itself, or for the shape of it. "I have scene sixe or seven fashion-hunting gallants together sit scowling and dervising a better man then themselves, onely because either his hat was of the old blocke, or that his ruffe was not so richly laced," Taylor's Workes, 1639. The fashions of hats varied very much in Shakespeare's time, and Fynes Moryson, Itin. 1617, tells us, "the taylours and shopkeepers daily invent fantastical fashions for hats, and like new fashion and names for stuffes."

9 Is not in your books.

That is, is not in your favour. We still say "in your good books." Various explanations of the origin of the phrase have been given, but none are very satisfactory. It is, in fact, difficult to assign really good derivations for most.
of these vernacular idioms. *Sauvage*, a quarreler or roaring boy.

That wench is modest: oh! she's *in my books*; I only love her for her modest looks.

*Heywood's Great Britain* *Troy*, 1609.

"I was so much *in his books*, that, at his decease, he left me the lamp by which he used to write his levurations."— *Addison.*

12 The lady fathers herself.

According to Stevens, this phrase is common in Dorsetshire. Jack fathers himself, i.e. is like his father.

11 *Courtesy itself must consort to disdain.*

*Concert*, turn. So, in the old translation of the Bible,—

"Howbeit after this, Jeroboam *concerted* not from his wicked way."

12 *Do you play the floating Jack.*

Jack was a term of contempt, perhaps derived from apes being usually so termed. The reader will find the expression, *floating Jack*, in an extract from an old play given in the preface to the Comedy of Errors.

13 *Capitl is a good hare-finder.*

*Hare* is metaphorically used for a licentious person, as plainly appears from a passage in Ford's play of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, v. 5. *Hare-hunters* is used in a similar manner by Decker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, 1669. Tollett, however, has a reasonable explanation:—"Do you know and mock in telling us that Capitl, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eyesight; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter?" To find a hare was the sporting term to seek one out with dogs for coursing. So Harrington, in his *Epigrams*, 1633, —

A gallant, full of life and void of care,

Asked his friend if he would find a hare:

He that for sleep more then such sports did care:

Said, Go your ways, and leave me here alone;

Let them find hares that lost them: I lost none.

*To go in the song*, to join with you in the song.

11 *He will wear his cap with suspicion.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. *Sigh away Sundays* probably alludes, says Stevens, to the strict manner in which the Sabbath was observed by the Puritans, who usually spent that day in sighs and groanings. It is more likely a proverbial phrase, the meaning of which has not been yet ascertained.

10 *Like the old tale, my lord.*

The following curious traditional tale, illustrating this passage, was contributed to the variouis edition by Mr. W. J. Hulke:—

"Once up on a time there was a young lady called Lady Mary, who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country seat of theirs which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day, when her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it as went in, and over the portal of the door was written:—

"Be bold, be bold, but not too bold."

She advanced, and found the same inscription over the staircase; again at the entrance of a gallery; and lastly, a the door of a chamber, with the addition of a line:

"Be bold, be bold, but not too bold."

"Lest that your heart's blood should run cold!"

She opened it, and what was her terror and astonishment to find the floor covered with bones and blood. She retreated in haste, and coming downstairs, she saw from a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by the hair of her head. Lady Mary had just time to slip down, and hide herself under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the bannisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got safe home to her brother's house.

"A few days afterwards, Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual. After dinner, the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, and Lady Mary said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. I dreamt, said she, that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked at the door, but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall I saw written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.' But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, 'It is not so, nor it was not so.' Then she pursued the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, 'It is not so, nor it was not so,' till she came to the discovery of the room full of bones, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said:—

"It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so!"

which he continued to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual,

"It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so!

Lady Mary retorts by saying:

"But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show!"

at the same moment producing the hand and bracelet from her lap. Whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

Mr. Knight appears to doubt the authenticity of this curious story; he does not, at least, express an opinion that it is really the tale alluded to by Shakespeare. On this account, I copy a legend recently communicated to the "Notes and Queries," the writer being evidently unacquainted with the above, the genuineness of which it seems to establish:—"
On a day was looking over the different monuments in Cranbrook Church in Kent, when in the chancel my attention was arrested by one erected to the memory of Sir Richard Baker. The gauntlet, gloves, helmet, and spurs were as is often the case in monumenal e감ures of Elizabethan date) suspended over the tomb. What chiefly attracted my attention was the colour of the gloves, which was red. The old woman who acted as my cicerone, seeing me look at them, said, 'Aye, miss, those are Bloody Baker's gloves; their red colour comes from the blood he shed.' This speech awakened my curiosity to hear more, and with very little pressing I induced my old guide to tell me the following strange tale.

The Baker family had formerly large possessions in Cranbrook, but in the reign of Edward VI. great misfortunes fell on them; by extravagance and dissipation they gradually lost all their lands, until an old house in the village (now used as the poor-house) was all that remained to them. The sole representative of the family remaining at the accession of Queen Mary, was Sir Richard Baker. He had spent some years abroad in consequence of a duel; but when, said my informant, Bloody Queen Mary reigned, he thought he might safely return, as he was a Papist. When he came to Cranbrook, he took up his abode in his old house; he only brought one foreign servant with him, and these two lived alone. Very soon strange stories began to be whispered respecting unaccountable shrieks having been heard frequently to issue at midnight from his house. Many people of importance were stopped and robbed in the Glastonbury woods, and many unfortunate travellers were missed and never heard of more. Richard Baker still continued to live in seclusion, but he grudgingly repurchased his alienated property, although he was known to have spent all he possessed before he left England. But wickedness was not always to prosper. He formed an apparent attachment to a young lady in the neighbourhood, remarkable for always wearing a great many jewels. He often pressed her to come and see his old house, telling her he had many curious things he wished to show her. She had always resisted fixing a day for her visit, but happening to walk within a short distance of his house, she determined to surprise him with a visit; her companion, a lady older than herself, endeavoured to dissuade her from doing so, but she would not be turned from her purpose. They knocked at the door, but no one answered them; they, however, discovered it was not locked, and determined to enter. At the head of the stairs hung a purse, on which their passing cried out:

'Peep! pretty lady, be not too bold, Or your red blood will soon run cold.'

And cold did run the blood of the adventurous damsel when, on opening one of the room doors, she found it filled with the dead bodies of murdered persons, chiefly women. Just then, they heard a noise, and on looking out of the window saw Bloody Baker and his servant bringing in the murdered body of a lady. Nearly dead with fear, they concealed themselves in a recess under the staircase.

'As the murderers with their dead burden passed by them, the hand of the unfortunate murdered lady hung in the baluster of the stairs, with an oath Bloody Baker chipped it off, and it fell into the lap of one of the concealed ladies. As soon as the murd bers had passed by the ladies ran away, having the presence of mind to carry with them the dead hand, on one of the fingers of which was a ring. On reaching home they told their story, and in confirmation of it displayed the ring. All the families who had lost relatives mysteriously were then told of what had been found out; and they determined to ask Baker to a large party, apparently in a friendly manner, but to have constables concealed ready to take him into custody. He came, suspecting nothing, and then the lady told him all she had seen, pretending it was a dream. 'Fair lady,' said he, 'dreams are nothing: they are but fables.' 'They may be fables,' said she, 'but is this a fable?' and she produced the hand and ring. Upon this the constables rushed in and took him; and the tradition further says, he was burnt, notwithstanding Queen Mary tried to save him, on account of the religion he professed.'

A rochet wrought in my forehead.

A rochet was a particular blowing on the horn, properly used to call the hounds back from a wrong scent. There were several kinds of rochets, and the term was more generally applied in later times. Baldric, a belt, girdle, or sash. There are several instances of the word where it would seem to have been merely a collar or strap round the neck, though it was more generally passed round one side of the neck, and under the opposite arm. It is unnecessary to explain the particular allusions.

Fine, i.e. end, conclusion. The meaning of Benedick's next speech will not bear explanation. Notable argument, a good subject for ridicule.

Hang me in a bottle like a cat.

We have several early allusions to shooting at cats in a basket, but none have been produced in which a bottle is mentioned. It may be presumed it was a similar amusement. Bottles were often formerly made of leather, but here a wooden bottle is probably intended.

When loe, a glorious post you might behold
Fairer then any stake in Grayes-Inne field,
Or the large pastures of Saint George's hold,
Or Finsbury, or Islington can yield;
Which in a cart, as thieves to hanging ride,
Are thither brought by archers in great pride,
Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
Of bowmen bold, which at a cat doe shoot.

Pasquil's Night-Cap, 1612.

Adam is generally believed to refer to Adam Bell, the celebrated archer, of whom there is an old ballad commencing:

Mery it was in the grene forest
Amonge the leves grene,
Whereas men bust east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes keen;
To raise the dere out of thyre denne;
Suche sightes hath othere bene seen;
As by thre yemen of the North country,
By them it is mane.

The one of them bight Adam Bel,
The other Cynia of the Chough,
The thryd was William of Cloudesy,
An archer good noyough.

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NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

18 In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

This line, slightly altered, occurs in Watson's Centurie of Love, 1581, and is adopted in the Spanish Tragedy, 1599. 

Quoted with fragments, i.e. bordered or faced with fragments. Basle, 1. sewn, stitched.

19 Ere you float old ends any further.

"Old ends" are merely familiar scraps, and often applied to quotations from books or plays. "Nor haste you in a gull old ends vomiting," Ben Jonson's Fox. "Apply old ends of comfort to her griefs, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her words are but dead comforts," Chapman's Widdowes Teares, 1612. "Lilies old ends he hath got by heart," Scot's Philomythie, 1616.

20 And I will break with her.

That is, I will open the subject to her. "Tell me but this, did you ever break betwixt my mistress and your sister here, and a certain lad i' th' court?"—Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, 1606. Grant, gift, concession. The fairest grant is the necessity, i.e. the best gift is that which confines itself to the real necessities of the case.

21 'Tis once, thou livest.

Once, i.e. once for all. We have already had the word used in this way in the Comedy of Errors.

22 In a thick-pleached alley.

Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven. The term plash has till continued in use for plashing hedges, lowering and narrowing a broad-spread hedge by partially cutting off the branches, and entwining them with those left upright. Accordant, agreeing. Take the present time by the top, take advantage of the moment. What the goal-ner; see notes to the Merry Wives of Windsor, No. 67.

23 A mortal medicine to a mortifying mischief.

The first edition reads mortal, an error corrected in the second folio, but not noticed by the editors. Chaw, to flatter.

24 I had rather be a canker in a hedge.

The canker, according to Steevens, is the dog-rose, but I do not find the term in Gerard. "Whether she be a white rose or a canker is the question," Maid in the Mill, v. 2. The common red poppy is called a canker in the Eastern counties, but that is evidently not the meaning here. Shakespeare says in the Sonnets—

The canker blooms as well as deep a die
As the perfumed tincture of the rose.

25 I use it only.

is, I use it by itself, without any adjunct. What is a fool, what a fool he is.

26 As I was smoking a misty room.

filthy habits of our ancestors rendered smokings and es constantly necessary. Sad, serious.

27 I whipst me behind the arras.

The objective pronoun me is here taken from the edition of 1630. He has just said, "comes me the prince and Claudio." This use of the pronoun has been previously noticed. Sure, to be depended upon.

26 In sorest of the bear-hard.

Bear-hard for bear-ward, the bear keeper. Allusions to the apes of Paris Garden are not uncommon. A person who was unmarried was said to "lead apes in hell."

29 Else make another cursy.

Cursy, the old word for courtsey, and should not be altered. "I must straine cursie with you," Lilly's Mother Bombie, 1632. Important, important. Beaufrere after wards plays on the meaning of measure, a slow dance so called. Cinque-pose, a dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five. "He seemed the trimmetest damner that ever trode a cinque-pose after such musicke," Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1596. It is an almost unnecessary to observe there is here a quibille between the words cinque and sink. Friend, lover. Farewell, feature, coquenience.

30 For God defend.

Defend, i.e. forbid, prohibit. "And that paynt to his aposties purly defended," Pars Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 485. "In this kinde you might voster foure of your elbowes, yet God defende your coste should have so many," Marston's Malcontent, 1604. The next line refers to the story of Philemon, the countryman who entertained Jupiter and Mercury in his cottage. His visor is the thatched roof. Within it is a divinity.

31 Here 's his dry hand.

A dry hand was formerly considered the mark of a cold constitution. Up and down, completely, exactly.

32 The Hundred Merry Tales.

The Hundred Merry Tales was a very popular jest-book of the sixteenth century, but only one copy, and that somewhat mutilated, has yet been recovered. It has the following colophon.—"Here endeth the book of a merry Tales, Imprinted at London at the sygne of the meresmysl at Powlys gate neste to Chepsyhce." It is not, as has been supposed, either a translation of the Decameron or the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles. A specimen may amuse the reader:—

"Of him that said that a woman's tongue was lightest of digestion. A certain artificer in London there was, whyche was sore seke, and couthe not well, dyest his meal, to whom a physsicman cam to give hym cunsel, and sayd that he must use to cte metis that be light of digestyon and smale hryuel, as sparowes, swalowes, and spesially that byrd which is called a wagtyl, whose flesh is sour uypglyn of dysestyon, because that byrd is ever merryng and styring. The seke man, beraunge the physician say so, answered hym and sayde, 'Syr, ye that be the cause that those byrdes be lyptyt of dysestyon, than I knowe a merte mooch lyghter of dysestyon then other sparow, swallow, or wagtyl, and that is my wyves tong, for it is never in rest, but ever menning and styring.'"
and two sumptuaries upon my subjesty tales, and I shall paye the for thy labour. ' The cober, because he understood hym nat halfe, answered shortly, and sayd,—'Syr, your eloquence passeth myne intelligencye, but I promise you, ye ye meddylly with me, the clowtynge of youre shoom full cost you threper.' By this tale men may learne that it is foly to study to speke eloquently before them that be rude and unlearned.'

33 There's a partridge wing saved.

The wing seems to have been consider'd the delicate part of this bird. The following tale is extracted from Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614:—"Old Master Palmer of Agmerime was a pleasant Gentleman, and being one day at dinner with the Duke of Sommerset, no sooner was a dainty consell of meaty carv'd him, but straight the servingmen were ready for cleane trenchers to receave it from him. At last a Lady carv'd him a Partridge-wing, and a serving man forthwith with cleane trenchers'd him, and went cleane away with it. Which the merry Gentleman perceiving, said aloud unto all the honourable company: A faire flight, sire; marke it well: oh, the faire flight!"

34 Faith melteth into blood.

That is, fertility is dissolved in the senses by the charms of love.

35 What fashion will you wear the garland of?

It was the custom for those who were disappointed in love to wear willow garlands. See further in Othello.

A month I spent in waiting of my pillow, And then besought me of a garland pillow.

Guyton's Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654.

36 Like an usurer's chain.

Reed observes that chains of gold, of considerable value, were, in our author's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens.

37 As melancholy as an old horse in a warren.

Several similes of a parallel nature to this may be quoted. "By the solitaryness of the house, I judged it a warren in a forest, but there was no bawling of dogs thitherabout," Man in the Moone, 1609.

38 Ate in good apparel.

Ate, the Goddess of Revenge, was generally represented in a dress of wild character.

39 A hair off the great Cham's beard.

One of the charges to the hero in the romance of Huon of Bordeaux was to "goe to the citie of Babylon to the admiral Gaudisse, to bring me thy hand full of the heart of the beard, and foure of his greatest teeth." Prester John was a name formerly given to the king of India. He obtained the name, under the impression that he was a Christian. Use, interest or money.

40 Civil as an orange.

An old pun on the Seville orange. "For the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange," Nash's Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters, 4to, 1592. Cetgrave translates *aire-de-dame,* "a civile orange, or orange that is between sweet and sourer."

41 Good Lord, for alacrity.

Good Lord, how alliances are forming!

42 But I am sunburned.

To go to the world was an old phrase for getting married. Sunburned is more difficult of explanation. Mr. Hunter says it expresses the state of being without family connexions, destitute of the comforts of domestic life. I can scarcely think the term is used in the ordinary sense, which would introduce Beatrice disparaging her personal attractions.

43 And his queasy stomach.

Queasy, i.e. squeamish, nice, delicate. "Queasy, fastidious, dainty," Colies. *Stale,* a woman of base character. The term occurs again in another scene of this play. Intent, pretend.

A queasy lover may import What mistress 'ds that please his hart.

Wits Recreations, 1610.

Of Jupiter, and his deceitfull stale, Who seem'd so like a virgin.

Heywood's Great Britaines Troy, 1609.

44 Bring it keith to me in the orchard.

The boy goes out, Benedick missing till he returns. He does so very quickly, and Benedick then dismisses him. This arrangement is not understood in representation.

45 We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

A kid-fox, as Ritten observes, was a young fox or cub.

46 Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

Don Pedro, according to Mr. Collier, means to play upon the similarity of sound between noting and nothing, to indicate his opinion of Balthazar's music. For my money, a common proverbial phrase, equivalent to, to my taste, &c. So in Wits Recreations, 1610,—

Bagpiper, good luck on you, Th' art the man for my money.

47 Of dumps so dull and heavy.

A dump was a melancholy strain in either vocal or instrumental music.

48 I had as lief have heard the night-raven.

The night-raven, according to some authorities, is the owl; according to others, the bittern. This bird is mentioned by Milton in L'Allegro. It was considered one of bad omen.

49 Stalk on, stalk on; the foul site.

Alluding to the stalking-horse, a real or factitious horse under which the sportsman shelters himself from the sight of the game. A long account of the stalking-horse is given in the Gentleman's Recreation, fo. 1586. "Flattery is the stalking-horse of pollicy," Maida Revenge, 1639.

50 It is past the infinite of thought.

That is, it is beyond the utmost power of thought to imagine it. "Why, 'tis past thought, 'E'ery Man out of
NOTES TO MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.

51 Into a thousand halfoence.
Halfoence, here metaphorically used for small pieces, pieces no larger than halfoence. The halfoence of Elizabeth's time were small silver coins.
52 It were an alms to hang him.
Equivalent to the modern phrase, it were a charity or good deed. So, in the interlude of the 'Disobedient Child,'—It were alms, by my troth, thou were well beaten, Because so longe thou hast made me tary.
53 I would have daff'd all other respects.
Daff'd, daff'd, put aside. Contemplative spirit, i.e. contemplous spirit; an unusual sense of the word, but found in Drayton and some other writers. Proper, handsome. Sadly borne, seriously conducted.
54 Bid you come in to dinner.
There is a slight oversight here, the scene being in the evening, as appears from a speech of Claudio's.
55 Proposing with the prince and Claudio.
Proposing, conversing. So, below, "to listen our propose," to listen to our conversation. From the French tropes.
56 As haggards of the rock.
A haggard was a wild hawk; technically, one that had preyed for herself before being captured. The haggard was considered very difficult to tame. To wish him, i.e. to recommend or desire him. See Measure for Measure, v. 1. As full as fortunate, quite as fortunate. The commentators make sad work of this simple sentence; and Collier and Knight improperly place a comma after full. Misprising, undervaluing.
57 An agate very wildly cut.
Agate is here metaphorically used for a little man, as in 2 Henry IV. The ante previously mentioned alludes to a drawing of grotesque figures, such as still remain in some of our old churches.
And cast to make a charter for the king.
Painted with antiques and ridiculous toys.
Drayton's Poems, p. 43.
58 Than die with mocks.
So the quarto of 1600, the folio reading "to die with mocks." Mr. Collier erroneously says the latter reads, "than to die with mocks." Empoison, to poison or destroy. Swift, ready. Lined, caught as a bird is by bird-line; the folio reading ta'en. What fire is in mine ears, is said to be an allusion to the belief that the ears burn when people talk of you. So, in Yates' Castell of Courtesy, 4to. Lond. 1582,—
That I doe credite give
Unto the saying old,
Which is, whens the ears doe burne,
Some thing on thoe is told.
"When our cheek burns," says Sir Thomas Browne, "or
car tinges, we usually say somebody is talking of us, a conceit of great antiquity, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny. He supposes it to have proceeded from the notion of a signifying genius, or universal Mercury that conducted sounds to their distant subjects, and taught to hear by touch."
59 The little hangman were not shot at him.
Hangman, odd as it may appear, was formerly a term of endearment. "How doth Ned? quoth he; that honest merry hangman, how doth he?"—Heywood's Edward IV., 1600.
60 No appearance of fancy.
Don Pedro here plays upon the double meaning of fancy, which meant love as well as humour or inclination.
61 A German from the waist downward.
Compare the following passage in Lodge's 'With Miserie,' 1596, p. 35,—"Who is this with the Spanish hat, the Italian ruffe, the French doublet, the Muffs cloak, the Toledo rapier, the German hose, the English stocking, and the Flemish shoe?"
62 The old ornament of his cheek.
Allowing to his beard. Tennis balls were formerly stuffed with human hair. "Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls by which I get me heat at tennis," Rana Alley, 1611. Hobby-horses, used here as a term of contempt. "Her honest husband is her hobby-horse at home, and, abroad, his fool," Man in the Moon, 1609.
63 Good den, good evening, or good night; a salutation formerly used after noon was past, or, generally, after dinner. It is said to be a corruption of good e'en, good evening.
Is 't god morn or god den? what seta, Will? I think you have not din'd; here's a good smell.
The Praise of Yorkshire Ale, 1607, p. 62.
64 Dogberry and Verges.
According to Stevens, these names are adopted from the dog-berry, the female cornel, and vergive, Verges being a corruption. I find, however, that Dogberry occurs as a surname as early as the time of Richard II., in a charter preserved in the British Museum, (Harl. 76 c. 13).
The stupidity of the constables in former days was so familiar a theme, that no useful purpose would be answered by any extended notice of contemporary accounts. The following letter, however, from Lord Burghley, contains so graphic a description of their ineffectiveness, it may be quoted as an illustration. It was printed by Mr. Collier in the 'Papers' of the Shakespeare Society, from the original preserved in the State Paper office:—
"Sir,—As I cam from London homeward, in my coach, I saw at every townes end the number of x or xii, standing, with long staves, and until I cam to Enfield I thought no other of them, but that they had stayd for averaying of the rayne, or to drykyn at some aitches, for so they did stand under pentyes [penthouses] at ale howses. But at Enfield fyndynge a dosen in a plump, when ther was no rayne, I bethought my selfe that they war appointed as watchmen, for the apprehending of such as are mislyeys; and therupon..."
I called some of them to me apart, and asked them wherefor they stood there? and one of them answered, 'To take 3 young men.' And demanding how they should know the persons, one answered with these words: 'Marry, my Lord, by intelligence of their favor.' 'What meanes you by that?' quoth I. 'Marry,' says they, 'one of the parties hath a hooked nose.'—And have you,' quoth I, 'no other mark?'—'No,' saith they. And then I asked who apprized them; and they answered one Bankes, a Head Constable, whom I wasl to be sent to me. Surely, sir, who so ever had the charge from your hab after the matter neglectfully; for these watchmen stand so openly in plumes, as an suspected person will come near them; and if they be no better instructed but to fynd 3 persons by one of them havg a hooked nose, they may miss thereof. And thus I thought good to advertise you, that the Justicemen that had the charge, as I think, may use the matter more circumspectly. From Theobald, 10 Aug., 1586. Your's, assuredly,

W. BURGHELEY.'

65 That your bills be not stolen.

Bills were a kind of pipe and halbert, anciently carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen. True men, an honest man.

68 Be vigilant, I beseech you.

So the old copies, altered by Mr. Knight to vigilant. Mr. Knight says Dogberry does not coin words, like Mrs. Malaprop. Very true; but is vigilant for vigilant a worse slander than statutes for statures, senseless for sensible, &c.?

67 There would a scoff follow.

A play upon words, a scoff being a term of great contempt. "Such poor sculls as I must not come neere her," Taylor's Works, 1639. A pent-house is an open shed or projection over a door or shop, forming a protection against the weather. Within the last few years, an old fishmonger's shop on the North side of the Strand, adjoining Temple bar, retained the ancient pent-house, reminding me of the times before plate-glass, when painstaking shop-keepers attracted the attention of passers-by with their, "What d' ye lack?" Unconfirmed is, says Warburton, unpractised in the ways of the world.

68 Pharaoh's soldiers in the receechy painting.

Reecho, smoky, discoloured by smoke. Bol's priests were in some absurd subject on glass taken from the Apocalypse; and Hercules was shaven when in the service of Omphale. Snarled, soiled, dabbled. The term is still in use in Herefordshire.

69 We are like to prove a goody commodity.

Bonchito plays on the words, taken up on bills being a commercial phrase for obtaining goods or commodities on credit. West, in his Syllogeography, 1601, explains a bill or obligation to be, "a deed whereby the obligor doth knowledge himself to owe unto the obligee a certaine summe of money or other thing; in which, besides the partes names, are to be considere the summe or thing due, and the time, place, and manner of payment or delivery thereof." A commercial bill was, in fact, formerly a bond under the hand and seal of the debtor, without a clause of forfeiture for non-payment; and it was not unusual for these bills to be entered at full length in the creditor's ledger.

70 Your other rabatos were better.

A rabato, generally spelt rebate, was a kind of plaited ruff which turned back and lay on the shoulders. "I pray you, sir, what say you to these great ruffes, which are borne up with supporters and rabatos, as it were with pole and rule?" Don't's Pathway to Heaven, p. 42. Compare, also, Decker's Gulls Horn-Book, 1660,—"Your treble-quadruple desolation ruffs, nor your stiffnecked rabatos, that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges."

71 Down sleeves, side sleeves.

Side sleeves were long hanging sleeves. The term was in use till very lately in the North of England. They are thus humorously alluded to by an old poet,—

Now hath this land little neede of broomes, To swepe away the filth out of the streete, Sen side sleeves of pennisiele grooms Will it up fikes, be it drie or weete.

72 Barns, bairns, children. We have here a quibble on the two meanings of the word.

73 For the letter that beginneth them all, H.

The previous line was proverbial, and the whole be more readily understood from the following epigram in 'Wit's Recreations,' 1614, entitled, 'dolor inanum.—

Nor hawk, nor hound, nor horse, those letters h. k. h., But ache itself, 'is Brutus' bones attaches. The quibble between H and ache was a very favourite one. The elder Heywood, in his 'Epigrammes,' says,—

H. is worst among letters in the cross-row, For if thou finde him, other in thyne elbow, In thyne arm, or leg, in any degree, In thy heale or teeth, in thy toe or knee, Into what place soever H. may pike him, Where-ever thou find ache, thou shall not like him.

74 To turn Turke, says Gifford, was a figurative expression for a change of condition or opinion. 'Turk, an exclamation of enquiry.

But if the god of warre abroad should range, And catch these men that long to see a change, You then should see them all within one day, For very fear of death to turne Turke way.

King's Half-Pennyworth of Wit, 1613.

75 They are an excellent perfume.

Perfumed gloves were formerly much in fashion. The following "excellent way to perfume gloves" is taken from the 'Closet of Rarities,' 12mo. 1796,—"Take of storax and calamin, each an ounce; of benjamin two ounces, the first and the last being to be beaten by themselves; add to them an ounce of the weaker cinnamon-water, and four ounces of the oil of sweet-almonds, mingle them with a mullet on a stone; and having first wetted your gloves with hyssop-water, gently anoint them with the perfume, and it will smell beyond expectation."
NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

76 This distilled Carduus Benedictus.

The “blessed thistle,” says Gerard, is usually known by the Latin name Carduus Benedictus. The same writer occupies half a folio page with its virtues. The broad bright leaves of this plant are marked with white spots, and the popular legend is that the Virgin Mary, having once been at a loss for a vessel for holding milk, used one of its leaves for a cup, which have ever since retained the marks of its useful application.

77 Pulsbras, neighbour Verges.

Dogberry would have said pocus pallabras, the Spanish for few words. It was proverbial in England, and occurs in several old plays.

78 It is a world to see.

That is, it is wonderful to see, it is worth seeing. The phrase was a very common one. “It is a world to hear, or it is a thing worth the hearing,” Bore's Alverio, 1589. “It is a world to see howe demeanly and sully some sit beholding them that daunee,” Northbrooke’s Treatise against Dicing, 1577.

79 God’s a good man.

An old homely proverb, signifying the goodness of God’s providence. It would now, perhaps, he considered impious, but in Shakespeare’s time the tendency of it was exactly the reverse. “They asked him where hee was borne.” At my mother’s lacke, says hee. In what country? quoth they. In the country, quoth hee, where God is a good man,” Armin’s Nest of Nunnys, 1608.

80 Now see, Dogberry’s blunder for non plus.

81 He doth speak so wide.

That is, so wide of the mark, so far from the purpose. “No, no; no such matter; you are wide,” Troil. Cress. “Our speculative make many difficulties, as if this young lady was a likely match for the King of Spain; others, that the same business is now treating for the Reine Blanche in France; but I think they are both ways wide, the one as far as the other.”—Letter dated 1611. “True! O God!” says Hero, emphatically repeating the last word of Don John’s speech in dire astonishment. Mr. Collier contemns for a note of interrogation after true; but that arrangement would, I think, weaken the force of the speech.

82 Kindly power, i.e. natural power. Liberal, open, free of longuy. Conjecture, suspicion.

83 We rack the value.

That is, we place the utmost value on it that it will bear. Upon his words, by his words. The Liver, as has been previously noticed, was considered the seat of love. Inwardness intimacy.

84 I am gone, though I am here.

The difficulty experienced by the commentators in explaining this passage, is severely felt in the representation, where the disjointed language of Beatrice, accompanied by the necessary action, produces high dramatic effect.

85 Uncovered slander.

That is, unmasked or discovered slander. “I must uncover myself unto him,” Ben Jonson’s Bartholomew Fair: Princes and counties; ears and counts were formerly termed counties. So we have ‘County Paris’ in Romeo and Juliet.

86 That’s the easiest way.

Eiest, i.e., quickest, readiest.

87 And, sorrowing, cry ‘hem’ when he should grow.

The old editions read, “And sorrow, wagge, eerie hem,” which must be a corruption. Heath’s emendation, here adopted, seems the best that has been suggested. To cry hem implied good spirits, courage; it was a jovial exclamation, and occurs again in 1 Henry IV., ii. 4. So, in an old song—

There dwelt an old fellow at Waltham cross,

Who merrily sung, though he lived by the loss.

He cleared up his heart when his goods went to wrack.

With a “hem, boys, hem,” and a cup of old sack.

88 With candle-wasters.

Candle-wasters, a contemptuous appellation for hard students. Whalley explains the whole passage thus,—“If such a one will push grief with provoca, case or cover the wounds of his grief, with proverbial sayings; make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters, stupefy misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the consolation or lamenations of scholars.” Advertisement admonition.

89 Made a push at chance and sufferance.

The interjection push was often spot; push in the pages of our old dramatists. “Push! they are Tarmagants,” Change-ling, 4to. 1653, sig. II.

90 Canst thou so daff me?

That is, cast thou so put me off? So in the second act of this play, “I would have daff’d all other respects.”

91 Scambling.

Scamble, to scramble, to shift. “Scamblingly, catch that catch may,” Cotgrave. “Such scrambling, such shift for to cata,” Marston’s Parasitaster, 1606. It seems to be equivalent to stealing small things in Ford’s Fancies, 1638, “scambling half a ducat now and then.” Fashion-mongering, corrected in the second folio from fashion-monging.

92 We will not wake your patience.

That is, we will not keep your patience awake by any further provocation. “Care killed a cat” was a common old proverbial phrase.

* If he inclines to scholarship, they be these: First, to abandon melancholy, for care, hee saith, kils a cat: then to avoid mischievous thoughts, for hee that drinks well, sleepes well, and hee that sleepes well thinkes no harmes.” — Stephens’ Essays, 1619, p. 273.

I take great care how I might care avoyd

And to that end I have my care employ’d

For long ago I doe remember that
NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

There was a proverb, "Care will kill a cat;
And it is said a cat 's a wondrous beast,
And that she hath in her nine lives at least.

Works of John Taylor, 1630.

102 This last was broke eross.

An allusion to tilting, in which it was considered a mark of disgrace to have the lance broken across the breast of the adversary.

103 He knows how to turn his girdle.

This phrase, indicating defiance, is not uncommon, although it only occurs once in Shakespeare. According to Holt White, "Largo belts were worn with the buckle before, but, for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a firmer grasp at the girdle: to turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge."

104 Shall I not find a woodcock too.

A woodcock was a term applied to a foolish fellow, that bird being supposed to have no brains. Ford alludes to this belief in his Lover's Melancholy, ii. 1.

105 There 's one meaning well suited.

That is, there is one idea put into a number of suits or forms. Inconsc, instigated. Posses, inform.

106 Pack'd is all this wrong.

Pack'd, combined as an accomplice. Gifford explains packing, an insidious contrivance.

107 He wears a key in his ear.

Dogberry is, as usual, blundering, and here alludes to the custom of wearing a lock of hair under the ear. Maryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, ii. 45, describing Lord Mountjoy, says "he was of stature tall, and of very comely proportion, his skin faire, with little hair on his body, which hair was of colour blackish, or inclining to blacke, and thinne on his head, where he wore it short, except a locke under his left ear, which he nourished the time of this warre, and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe."

108 And borrows money in God 's name.

Alluding to the former practice of beggars, who always tried to solicit charity "for the Lord's sake."

109 God save the foundation.

Such, says Steevens, was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

110 I give thee the bucklers.

That is, I yield.

102 The god of love.

The original ballad here quoted does not appear to be extant. It was very popular, and a moralization of it by one W. Birch, printed about 1566, commences,—

The god of love,
That sits above,
Doth know us, doth know us,
How sinful that we be.

Several songs commence with the first two lines. A character in the 'Faire Mayde of the Exchange,' 1607, is introduced singing,—

Ye gods of love, that sit above,
And pity lovers' pain,
Look from your thrones, upon the means,
That I do now sustain.

103 Carpet-monger, a phrase similar to carpet-knight, a term of contempt for an effeminate man.

104 Question?

That is, that's the question.

105 Yond 's old coil at home.

Old, has occurred before in the sense of great. It was formerly a common augmentative. "If you shall refuse to marry, then will he lay all the fault upon you, and then will bee olde stirre and hurlyburly," Terence in English, 4to. 1614. Coil, bustle, tumult. Guerdon, reward.

106 Those that slew thy virgin knight.

Perhaps, thy virgin here. Malone says, Diana's knight, or virgin knight, was the common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time.

107 And all Europa shall rejoice at thee.

A double meaning, alluding to the daughter of Agenor and the continent of Europe. There is no necessity for the emendation of Steevens. The "savage bull" has continued a joke throughout the play.

108 I would not deny you.

This answers to Benedict's, "I will have thee," in the preceding speech. Theobald unnecessarily changes not to yet.

109 More reverend than one tipped with horn.

Douce seems to think it "possible" that the walking-sticks or staves used by elderly people might be intended, which were often headed or tipped with a cross piece of horn, or sometimes amber. A friar in Chaucer is described as having "a staff tipped with horn." There is, of course, a double meaning.

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Love's Labour's Lost.

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.

The composition and structure of Love's Labour's Lost unquestionably lead to a supposition that the main incidents were taken from some romance not yet discovered; and that the tale, whenever it may be found, will probably have been rightly conjectured to belong to the cycle of the lighter romances of chivalry. The story is partially founded on history, as appears from the following passage in the Chronicles of Monstrelet:—"Charles, king of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the king. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the king the castle of Cherburg, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims and profits in them to the king and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord." It will be seen from this passage, which was first pointed out by Mr. Hunter, that the link of connexion between history and the play is of a very slight kind; but it is curious as showing us that the story used by Shakespeare was grounded in some degree on a real occurrence, although the main action of Love's Labour's Lost is of course fictitious. The king of Navarre died in 1425, and the time of the play may, therefore, be fixed shortly after that period.

The internal evidence of Love's Labour's Lost points to its being a very early play, and it was, perhaps, in its original form, the first drama that Shakespeare composed. The earliest known edition appeared in the year 1598, under the title of, "A pleasant conceited Comedie called Loves Labors Lost, as it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas, newly corrected and augmented by W' Shakespeare;" the last sentence undoubtedly implying that this edition contained the author's last improvements. Coleridge has well observed that "the characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multifariously by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a schoolboy's observation might supply." The latter opinion is unquestionably the true one, no play of Shakespeare's containing so many allusions to what was probably his school-boy literature—I mean by this his literature in school and out of school—or, let me add, so much vernacular provincial phraseology. Mr. Knight has combated the unnecessary supposition that Florio was reflected in the character of Holofernes, and I am inclined to assign the date of composition earlier than 1591, the year when Florio is alleged to have provoked the satire. There is merely portrayed in Holofernes the character of a pedantic schoolmaster, such an one as was Master Rombus in Sidney's masque of the
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Lady of May; and an extract from which may serve to exhibit to the reader of how general a description is the satire of hard words in Love's Labour's Lost:—

Herewith the woman-smiter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confused noysa, and forthwith there came out six shepherds, with as many fowces, bailing and pulling to whether side they should draw the Lady of May, who seemed to enuine neither to the one nor other side. Among them was Maister Rombus, a schoolemaister of a villago thereby, wh: being fully perswaded of his owne learned wisdom, came thither, with his authority, to part their fray; where, for answer, hee received many unlearned blowes. But the Queene conning to the place where she was scene o them, though they knew not her estate, yet something there was which made them startle aside and gaze upon her, till all father Lucius stepped forth (one of the substantialist shepherds) and making a logge or two, said these few words:— "May it please your bountie to give a little superfluous intelligence to that which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliver unto you. So it is, right worshipfull audience, that a certaine sheepe creature, which we sheepheards call a woman, of a mischicks maintenance, but, by my white Lambe, not three quarters so beauteous as yourselfe, hath dissamulled the brains-pan of two of our fairest young men. And will you not how? by my mother Kit's soule, with a certaine fransicall malady they call Love: when I was a young man, they called it flat foly. But here is a substantiall schoole-maister can better discourse the whole foundation of the matter, although, in sooth, for all his loquency, our young men were nothing dutious to his clarke-schip; come on, come on, Maister schoole-maister: be not so bashfull: we say that the fairest are ever the gentilest: toll the whole case, far you can much better the points of it then I."

Then came forward Maister Rombus, and with many speciall graces, made this learned oration:— "Now the thunder-thumping Jove transfused his dotes into your excel lent formest, which have, with your resplendent beames, thus segregated the comitie of those rural animals. I am Potentissimo Dominia, a schoole-maister, that is to say, a Pedagogue one not a little versed in the dissimulating of the juvecentul sire, wherein (to my laud I say it) I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanted mansuets nor correction, for so it is described, Parare subjectos et delebitur superbos. Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of these plebeians; for comming salutem to have parted their sanguineolent fray, they yielded me no more reverence then if I had bin some Pecorius Asinus. I, even I, that am, who am I? Dixi verbus suplicato satan est. But what say that Troj'an Eneas, when he sojourned in the surging sulks of the simiculous sea, Hoc olim memovasse putebit. Well, well, ad propostos recertos, the puritie of the verite is, that a certaine Pedagoga puella projecta, elected and constituted by the integrated topographia of all this topographeal region, and as the sovereign Lady of this Dame Maris mouth, hath been quodammodo hunted, as ye would say, pursued by two, a bruce, a couple, a cast of young men, to whom the crafty coward Cupid had, in quum, delivered his dire-dolorous dart."

But here the May Lady interrupted his speeche, saying to him,— "Away, away, you tedious foole; your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princesse sight, much lesse your foolish tongue to trouble her wise cares."

At which Maister Rombus in a grcat chafe cried out,— "O Tempori, o Moribus! in profession a child, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Lady, in modestia a maid, should thus turpiifie the reputation of my doctrine with the superscription of a foole; o Tempori, o Moribus!"

But here againe the May Ladie saying to him, "Leave off, good Latine foole, and let me satisfie the long desire I have had to feede mine eyes with the only sight this age hath granted to the world."

That Love's Labour's Lost was not a new play in 1598 may be gathered from a very curious notice of it in Taffe's 'Alba, the Mouths Minde of a Melancholy Lover,' 8vo. 1598, who says he had seen it acted, and from the way in which he alludes to it, probably several years before the publication of that work:—

Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
Ye-cleped so, so called to my paine,
Which I to hearse to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance on my forward dame:
My misgiving minde presasing to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will.
This play no play, but plague, was unto me,
For there I lost the love I liked most;
And what to others seeming a jest to be,
I that in earnest found untily my cost,
To every one, save me, 't was comical,
While tragick-like to me it did befall.

* Compare Armado's letter in act 1. sc. 1, "a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman." The Latin is intentionally wrong, the whole being satirical upon the schoolmaister.

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Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
   But chiefly those entrap in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was fainde, 'twas not from the hart,
   They seeme to griewe, but yet they felt no care;
'Twas I that griewe indeed did bear in brest;
   The others did but make a shew in jest.

The exact date at which the comedy was written, will perhaps never be ascertained. The question is rendered exceedingly intricate by the probability that it received additions from its author shortly before the year 1598. I place little or no reliance on the mention of the dancing-horse, the allusion to that animal in Tarlton's Jests being no evidence whatever that it was exhibited before the death of that clown. In fact, the horse was fourteen years old in 1601, and Tarlton died in 1588; so that the probability is of the very slightest kind that it could have been exhibited in his lifetime. The jest, which is not worth quoting entire, commences thus—"There was one Bankes, in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earl of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities; and being at the Cross Keyes in Gracious-streete, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to, Tarlton then with his fellows playing at the Bell by, came into the Cross Keyes amongst many people to see fashions: which Bankes perceiving, to make the people laugh, says, 'Signior, to his horse, 'go fetch me the veriest fool in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth draws Tarlton forth." I have little doubt that the anecdote is an invention.

A similarity has been pointed out by Chalmers between what Dr. Johnson calls the "finished representation of colloquial excellence" at the commencement of the fifth act, and a passage in Sidney's Arcadia, where he says, speaking of Parthenia, "that which made her faireness much the fairer was that it was but a faire ambassador of a most faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itself then to show itself: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullenesse; her modestie without affectation; her shamefastnesse without ignorance: in summe, one that to praise well, one must first set downe with himselfe what it is to be excellent; for so she is." Sidney's Arcadia was first published in 1590, but the similarity here pointed out is scarcely formidable enough to prove that there was any plagiarism. The coincidence was very likely quite accidental.

Our text is chiefly taken from the first edition of 1598, some of the readings of the quarto of 1623 being adopted. The latter was evidently printed from the quarto, or from the same manuscript from which the quarto was printed; but there are variations in the folio, which show that it is not a mere copy of the first edition. Another quarto edition appeared in 1631. It was also entered at Stationers' Hall early in 1607, but no copy bearing that date has yet been discovered.

Love's Labour's Lost is not a favourite play with the general reader, but I apprehend that the cause of its modern unpopularity is to be sought for in the circumstance of its satire having been principally directed to fashions of language that have long passed away, and consequently little understood, rather than in any great deficiency of dramatic invention. When it has been well studied, there are few satirical plays that will afford more gratification; it abounds with touches of the highest humour; and the playful tricks and discoveries are conducted with so much dexterity, that, when we arrive at the conclusion, the chief wonder is how the interest could have been preserved in the development of so extremely meagre a plot. The real key to the appreciation of this drama is to be found in the remark that there is throughout a vein of good-humoured ridicule and satire.
PERSONS REPRESENTED

Ferdinand, King of Navarre.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.

Biron (pronounced Beroon) a lord attending on the King.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Longaville, a lord attending on the King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.

Dumain, a lord attending on the King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.

Boyet, a lord attending on the Princess of France.

Mercade, a lord attending on the Princess of France.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Sir Nathaniel, a curate.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Holofernes, a schoolmaster.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Dull, a constable.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V

Costard, a clown.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Moth, page to Armado.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A Forester.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Princess of France.

Rosaline, a lady attending on the Princess of France.

Maria, a lady attending on the Princess of France.

Katharine, a lady attending on the Princess of France.

Jaquenetta, a country wench.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Officers, Attendants, and others.

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, Th' endeavour 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 Academe; Still 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 pass'd, 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 oaths, and keep them too. Long. I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years' fast The mind shall banquet, though the body pine Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits Make rich the ribs, 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 baser 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 these. Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please; I only swore 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 godlike 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 truth.
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 never say, no.
King. These be the steps that hinder study quite
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchase'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:¹
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.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his head,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's 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 not what they are.
Too much to know is, to know nought 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 goes are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaking frost,²
That bites the first-born infants 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 any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
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, fit 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 sworn,
And hide the pencile of each three years' day
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron. [Reads.]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.]

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dreadful penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.³ [Reads.] 

Item, If any man be 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 Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th’ admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;
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 forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years’ space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master’d, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,—
I am forsworn 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 attainder 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 recreation granted?
King. Ayo, that there is: our court, you know,
is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world’s new fashion plaited,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Hath chose as uprime of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interiour to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight.
From tawny Spain, lost in the world’s debate.12
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.11

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-now 12 words, fashion’s own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, 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?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace’s tharborough; but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arne—commends you.
There’s villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts 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 heaven: 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 merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken
with the manner.15
Biron. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all
those three: I was seen with her in the manor-
house, sitting with 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 wealsm vicegerent, and sole domi-
nator of Navarre, my soul’s earth’s God, and body’s foster-
ing patron,—

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.

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieg'd with sable-coloured melancholy, I did command the black-pressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself 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 y-stip'd thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscur and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the sable-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where—It standeth north-north-east and by cast from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy kinth,

Cost. Me?

King. —that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me?

King. —that shallow vessel,

Cost. Still me?

King. —which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King. —sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, 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 hear.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah what say you 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 a damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed a virgin.

Cost. If it were, 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 muttered 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.—

[Execute King, Love, and Don.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any 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 until then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [Execute.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Park, near 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 juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?
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 appertinent 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 connivance praise.
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.  
Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?
Moth. That an eel is quick.
Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: 
Phou heat'st my blood.
Moth. I am answer'd, sir.  
Arm. I love not to be crossed.
Moth. He speaks the more contrary; crossness love not him.  
[Aside. 
Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.
Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.  
Arm. Impossible.
Moth. How many is one thricc told?  
Arm. I am ill at reck'ning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.  
Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.  
Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.  
Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of dene-ace amounts to.
Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.
Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, cre you'll threc winc: 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 cipher.  
[Aside. 
Arm. I will hereby 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 humour of 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 devil's curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outwear 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 carri'd the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.
Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do exed thee in my rapier, 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 is most immaculate white and red.
Moth. Most maculate  thoughts, master, are mask'd 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 pathetic!
Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er 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 owe.
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 that 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 whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

[Aside.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows 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 penance; but a must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. 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.

[Exit Dull and Jaq.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shall be heavily punished

Cost. I am more bound to you than you follow 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 desolation 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.

[Exeunt Moth and Cost.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft 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, valet! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal 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 Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, 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 Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did stave 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 chapmen'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 task the tasker,—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's secret meth 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,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'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 vow-fellows with this virtuous duke:

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast.
Between lord Perigord and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in 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 still
wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humour's
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 hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win 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 begets 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 exponent)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

27
That aged ears play truant at his tales, 
And younger hearers are quite ravished, 
So sweet and valuable 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? 

Lord. 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 oath29 
Were all address’d to meet you, gentle lady, 
Before I came. Marry, thus 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, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and 
Attendants.

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 
to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too 
too of mine. 

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court. 

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me 
that thither. 

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath. 

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he’ll be for-
sworn. 

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my 
will. 

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and 
nothing else. 

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. 

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, 
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. 
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping: 
’T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, 
And sin to break it: 
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold; 
To teach a teacher ill beseech me. 
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, 
And sufferly resolve me in my suit. 

[Give a paper. 

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. 

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away; 

For you’ll prove porjur’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 ques-
tion! 

Biron. You must not be so quick. 

Ros. ’T is long of you that spur me with such 
questions. 

Biron. Your wit’s too hot, it speeds too fast 
’t will tire. 

Ros. Not till it leave 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 send you 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 the one half of an entire sum, 
Disbursed by my father in his wars. 
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) 
Receive’d 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 purposeth, 
For here he doth demand to have repaid 
An 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,28 
And have the money by our father lent, 
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is. 
Dear princes, were not his requests so far 
From reason’s yielding, your fair self should make 
A yielding, ‘gainst some reason, in my breast, 
And go well satisfied to France again. 

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong 
And wrong the reputation of your name, 
In so unseeming to confess receipt. 
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid. 

King. I do protest I never heard of it; 
And, if you prove it, I will repay it back; 
Or yield up Aquitain.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquaintances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. 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.
Meantime receive such 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 received,
As you shall deem yourself ladj'd in my heart,
Though so den'y'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exit 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 sec it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dun. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dun. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your heart!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katherine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir! adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron. — Ladies unmask.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry make up lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheep, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: Shall that
finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.30

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree:

This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom
lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle,
affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours do make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—[Singing.

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 your love with a French brawl? [22

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penhouse-like, [26 o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arras crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snap and rwayne: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, 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. [27

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, 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 these 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 sympathiz'd; a horse to be 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.
Act III.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Scene 1.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. Minions, 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 tir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reposes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [Exit.
Arm. A most acute juvenile; voluble 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.3
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy
Envoy:—begin.
Cost. No exum, no riddle, no Envoy; no salve
in them all, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
no Envoy, no Envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!
Arm. By virtue, thou enforces laughter; thy
silly thought, my spleen; the hearing of my huggs
provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me,
my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for
Envoy, and the word Envoy for a salve?
Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not
Envoy a salve?
Arm. No page: it is an epitogue or discourse,
to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the Envoy.
Moth. I will add the Envoy; 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 Envoy:
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 Envoy, ending in the goose; would
you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,39 a goose
that's flat:
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be
fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and
loose:
Let me see a fat Envoy; 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 Envoy.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came
your argument in;
Then the boy's fat Envoy, 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 Envoy.
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 there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell
some Envoy, some goose in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee
at liberty, enfredoming thy person; thou wert
immured, 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
durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee
nothing but this: Bear this significant to the
country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration;
giving him money] for the best ward of mine
honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow
[Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.40—Signor Costard
adieu.
Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconnu
Jew!41 [Exit Moth.
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 remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown.\(^2\) I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter 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, halfpenny 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 knave, 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 guerdon; go. [Gives him a shilling.

Cost. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence shilling better: \(^6\) Most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [Exit.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh; \(^14\) A critic; may, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This whimpaled, \(^4\) whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Lieve of all biterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, \(^6\) king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors. O my little heart!—And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop. \(^6\)
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock, \(^16\)
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going right, 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 whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deal,
Though Argus were her cunning 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, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spur’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 e’er he was, he show’d a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
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. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot, 10

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And therewith thou speakest, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What! what! first praise me, and then again say no?
O short-liv’d pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, 10 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.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav’d by merit.

O heresy, 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 outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:

As 1, 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 e’er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest

That have no heads.

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.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o’ these maids’ 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. 14

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 infulable; true,

That thou art beautiful, truth itself, that thou art lovely.

More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than

Truth itself, have commissiation on ‘thy herculean vassal!

The magnanimous and most illustre king Cophetua set

Eye upon the perricous and indubitate beggar Penelope

And he it was that might rightly say, "veni, vidi, vici"; which
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shotter.

Boyet. And who is your dear?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. 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?

Ros. [Singing.]—

Then canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Then canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did it 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 meet 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 daint.

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 bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [Exeunt Boyet and Maria.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O, my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

---

to annotate in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!) evidelent, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come to see? Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's the captive is enriched; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a triumph: 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 thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shall thou exchange for rags? 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 dearest design of industry,

DOn ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

"Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standst as his prey;

Submissive fall 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 indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Dye your memory is bad, going o'er it crewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarch, and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he calleth Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day. [Exeunt Princess and Train.

Boyet. Who is the shotter? who is the shotter? 23

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado 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 a' will swear!—
And his page at other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sol, sol! [A noise raised after shooting is heard within.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Park.

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, sanguinis,—in blood; ripe as a pomematae, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of cœlo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, or the face of terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. True, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 57

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'T was not a hand credo; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were in via, in way, of explication; fucere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpollished, uneducated, unpenned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a hand credo; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, bis coetus!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties 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 fructify 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, omne 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. Dictyna, good man Dull; Dictyna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictyna?

Nath. A title to Phæbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear 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 scrupillity.

Hol. I will something effect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praisefull princess pierc'd and pricket'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then Sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else Sorel; the people fall a howling
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L.
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, 59 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, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered 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. Merely, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, eir sapit qui panea loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Later Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person. 80

Hol. Master person,—quasi persona. An if one should be pier'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he is like to a hog's head.

Hol. Of piercing a hog's head! a good lustre of conceit in a turp 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 Armado; I beseech you, read it.  

Hol. 

Pausa, precor gelida quando pocus amnes sub umbra
Reminor—
And so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

——Vinegia, Vinegia,
Chi non te vede, non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.—Under parson, 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 stuff, a stanza, a verse; Lege, dione.

Nath. [Reads.] 

If love make me forsworn how shall I sweet to love?  
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;  
These thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oaks how'd.  
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all these pleasures live that art would comprehend.  

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learnt is that tongue that well can thee commend.  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)  
Thy eye love's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.  
Celestial as their 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 ratified; but, for the elegance, facility and golden cadence of poetry, carat. Ovidius Nasso was the man: and why, indeed, Nasso, but for swelling out the coloriferous flower of fancy, the jocks of invention? Isidori is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tire'd horse his rider. But, damosella virgina, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overcharge 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 sequent of the stranger queen, 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.

[Exeunt Cost, and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable words. 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's of a certain pupil of mine; where it, 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 foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, [to Dull.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca rebus. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt.
SCENE III. — Another part of the same.

Enter Biron with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courting myself: they have pitched a toil;[40] I am tilling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a fool word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again of my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; I'll faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye. I would not love 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 one of my 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 green.

[Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; then hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.[44]—In 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 smot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver moon one halfo bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rid'st thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show.
But do not lose thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
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?

[Steeps aside.

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear.

[Aside.

Long. Ah me! I am forsown.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing papers.[45]

[Aside.

King. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame.

[Aside.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[Aside.

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 triumvir, the corner cap of society.
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up sim-
plicity.

Long. I fear those stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
Those numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose;

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—[He reads the sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
(Causing whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a godlike, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, than a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, doves all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth doth shine.
Exhal'd this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter Dumain, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Stopping aside.

Biron. [Aside.] All-hid, all-hid, an old infant play:

Like a demi god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-cry.
More sucks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [Aside.
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal: there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for soul have amber eoted. 69
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.
Dum. Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine! [Aside.
King. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [Aside.
Dum. I would forget her; but, a fever, she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: Sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. On a day, (shock the day!)
Love, whose mouth is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wis'd him self the heavens' breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, shock, my hand is sworn,
'Neer to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, shock, for youth annoint;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet,
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Damein?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not by you, but, I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or gorg for Joan? or spend a minute's time
in prunning me? When shall you hear that
I Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

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 mislaments it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[Giving him the letter.

Where hast thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hast thou it?
Cost. Of aun Adriamado, dun Adriamadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost
thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his

name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggreenhead, you were
born to do me shame.—

[To Cost.
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fools to
make up the mess;^

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I.
Are pickepurses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the
traitors stay. [Exit 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 doth not obey an old decree;
We cannot cross the cause why we are 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, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
now!

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!

Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;
Fie, 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, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crust 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's fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dangerous, and the scroll of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourning that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doter's 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 dispraise,
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. 'T were good, yours did: for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [showing his shoe.] Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward ties
The street should see, as she walk'd overhead.
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.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; —some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the ear
Dum. Some solace for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason against the king's state of youth.
Say, can you fast! your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look:
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Prometheus fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the cause of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as prompt the eye
Of beauty's tutors, have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practitioners,
Scarcely show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
ACT V.  

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 

SCENE I. — Another part of the same.

Enter Holofemem, 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 sourness, witty without affectation; audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quodam day with a companion of the king, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adrian de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tamquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue flew, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasional.

He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Take out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insipid and pointless companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt: — u, e, b, t; not d, o, t: — he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, haue neighbour, poserur, nebeur; neighe abbreviated, ne.

This is abominable (which he would call admirable); it insinuateth me of insanie; Ne intelligis domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Deus Deo! bone intelligo.

[Exeunt]
**Act V.**

**Love's Labour's Lost.**

**Scene 1.**

_Hol._ Go!—bene: Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

**Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.**

**Moth.** Vix'; quis venit?**

**Hol.** Video et scepeo.

**Arm.** Chirra! [To Moth.

**Hol.** Quare Chirra, act sirrah?

**Arm.** Men of peace, well encountered.

**Hol.** Most military sir, caution.

**Moth.** They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [To Cost. aside.

**Cost.** O, they have it; 'd long on 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 *honorificabilitudinitatis*; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

**Moth.** Peace! the peal begins.

**Arm.** Monsieur, [to Hol.] are you not later'd?

**Moth.** Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:

What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

**Hol.** _Baepueritia_, with a horn added.

**Moth.** Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

**Hol.** _Quis, quis_, thou consonant?

**Moth.** The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

**Hol.** I will repeat them, _a, e, i._

**Moth.** The sheep; the other two conclude it; _o, u._

**Arm.** Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venel of wit; snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth 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.** Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infancy *circum circi*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

**Cost.** An I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyous father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad *unghill*, at thy fingers' ends, as they say.

_Hol._ O, I smell false Latin! dunghill for *unquam._

**Arm.** Arts-man *prævaeluit_; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

_Hol._ Or, mens 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 posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose; sweet and apt, sir, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

**Arm.** Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember not thy courtesy:—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other inopportune and most serious _doves_, and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, 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 princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antics, 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 withal, it the end to crave your assistance.

**Hol.** Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

**Moth.** Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?  

_Hol._ Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judæus Macabæus; 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 hiss, 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 fadge is not, an antic.
I beseech you, follow.

_Hol._ _Via!_ Goodman 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 lutor to the Worthies, and let them
dance the lay.48

_Hol._ Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Before the
Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and
Maria.

_Pin._ Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we
depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady will 'bout with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the lovely lang.

_Ros._ Madam, came nothing else along with that?

_Pin._ Nothing but this; yes, as much love in
rhyme,
As would be cram'mid up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fair to seal on Cupid's name.

_Ros._ That was the way to make his godhead wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

_Kath._ Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

_Ros._ You'll never 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 a' been a grandmother ere she died:
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

_Ros._ What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word?

_Kath._ A light condition in a beauty dark.

_Ros._ We need more light to find your meaning
out.

_Kath._ You'll mar the light, by taking it in
snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

_Ros._ Look, what you do, you do it still i' the
dark.

_Kath._ So do not you, for you are a light wench.

_Ros._ Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore
light.

_Kath._ You weigh me not,—O, that's you care
not for me.

_Ros._ Great reason; for, Past care is still past
cure.

_Pin._ Well handied both; a set of wit well
play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

_Ros._ 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 Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the num'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

_Pin._ Anything like?

_Ros._ Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

_Pin._ Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

_Kath._ Fair as a text B in a copy-hook.

_Ros._ 'Ward pencils! How? let me not die your
debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.49
O that your face were not so full of O's!

_Kath._ A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all
shrews!

_Pin._ But, Katharine, what was sent to you
from fair Dumnain?

_Kath._ Madam, this glove.

_Pin._ Did he not send you twain?

_Kath._ Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hyperboly,
Wildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

_Mar._ This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-
ville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

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Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in
heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never
part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So potently would I oversway his state,
That he should be my fool, 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,
Hath wisdom's warrant, 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 fool'ry 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,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; 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, by! to interrupt my purpose rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thickset by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prio. No; to the death we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:

But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prio. 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 o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our 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, Longaville, and Dumain,
in Russian habit, and masked; Moth, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffia."

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, heavenly spirits,

vouchsafe Not to behold."

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes."

"With your sun-beamed eyes"

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet,

You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 't is 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.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles,

To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many miles,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches

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 account.

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

[These clouds remov'd] upon our watery eye.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:

Thou biddest me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.

[Music plays.

Not yet;—no dance;—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
### ACT V.  
#### LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  
#### SCENE II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ros.</th>
<th>Our ears vouchsafe it.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>But your legs should do it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ros.</td>
<td>Since you are strangers, and come here by chance, We'll not be nice: take hands,—we will not dance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>Why take we hands, then?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ros.</td>
<td>Only to part friends:—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>More measure of this measure: be not nice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ros.</td>
<td>We can afford no more at such a price.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ros.</td>
<td>Your absence only.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>That can never be.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ros.</td>
<td>Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu; twice to your visor, and half once to you!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ros.</td>
<td>In private then.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King.</td>
<td>I am best pleas'd with that.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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| 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. | Venl, quoth the Dutchman?—Is not veal 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 ox. |
| Long. | Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks! |
| Kath. | Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so. |
| King. | 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 hears 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 of 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. |
| Boyet. | Twenty adiems, my frozen Muscovites,— Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at? |
| Prin. | Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out. |
| Ros. | Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat! |
| Prin. | O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! |
| Kath. | What, was your visor made without a tongue? |
| Long. | I know the reason, lady, why you ask. |

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LOVES LABOUR'S LOST.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statuets;
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. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are made with blows;
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.


Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet cominixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avow, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
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 gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue wildly penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roses run over land.

[Enter Prin., Ros., Kath., and Mar.]

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[Apart.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeon peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know
Hath not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant puts the wench's on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy.
This is the apé of form, Monsieur the Nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most merrily; and, in uttering,
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 whales' 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 rood heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet: Rosaline,
Marie, Katharine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this mad man show'd thee? and what art thou
Now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nob God, nor I, delight in perjur'd man.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
ACT V.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Scene II.

A world of tornments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-curse to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here; and pleasant games;
A guess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady (to the manner of the days),
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. Oh, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That bid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are desir'd: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amanz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
ACT V.  LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  SCENE II.

Prin.  The fairest is confession.
Wor.  Were you not here, but even now, disguise?  
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 die, respect her.  
Prin.  When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King.  Upon mine honour, no.
Prin.  Peace!  Peace!  forbear;  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
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?  
Rosal.  Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight: and did value me  
Above this world: asking theereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin.  God give thee joy of him!  the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King.  What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Rosal.  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.  Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—  
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?  
Biron.  Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent,  
(Knowing beforehand of our remittance,)  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
Some nimbler news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—  
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd—  
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,  
The ladies did change favours; and then we,  
Following the signs, wou'd but the sign of she.  
Now, to our perjury to sac're 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 her back, sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You put our page out.  Go, you are allow'd;  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud  
You hear 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 play.
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 warn fine,  
For every one pursuets three.
Biron.  And three times three 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 three, sir,—  
Biron.  Is not nine.
Cost.  Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil  
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 reck'ning, sir.
Biron.  How much is it?  
Cost.  O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount:  
for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perlect one man in one poor man; Pompion the Great, sir.  
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 Worthy; 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 Cost.
King.  Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

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ACT V.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ScENE II.

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:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
The 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 Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [Armado converses with the King, and delivers a paper to him.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. 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 schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain; too-too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal compliment! [Exit Arm.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus.

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 deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-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.
[Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c. Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter Costard, armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"

Boyet. With ribbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir; "Pompey surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my toe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel, armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By cast, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
My 'sentecheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [To Nath.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scared out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a mar-
velous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alexander, alas! you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted! But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prim. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, armed, for Judas, and Morn, armed, for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis; And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus; Quoniam, he seemeth in minority; Ergo, I come with this apology."—
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Morn.

"Judas, I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas, I am, y-clipped Maccabens."

Dum. Judas Maccabens clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.109

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this? [Pointing to his face.

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The plummet of Caesar's falchion.

Dum. The curb'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.110

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

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 adieu, sweet Jude! say, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him;—Jud-as away!

Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark; he may stumble.

Prim. Alas, poor Maccabens, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, armed, 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?

King. I think Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best endued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.111

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium:
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight,
yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, reign thy tongue
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for 't runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, 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.

[Byron whispers Costard.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.\(^{112}\)

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"

Cost. The party is gone; 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 poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou inflammonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta 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 moved;—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if 'a 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 bow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole tower.\(^{113}\) Do you not see, Pompey is uncering 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 Woodward for penance.\(^{111}\)

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined 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.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade; But that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, 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.

[Exit Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will 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

In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If ever-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleness

Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord,

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue: Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtained.

King. The extreme parts of Time extreme form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose,\(^{14}\) decides

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forgo the smiling courtesy of love,

The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wait friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are dull.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ears of grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd soul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbecitting strains;
All wonton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, habits, of and 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 yours, 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 bon-bon, and as living 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 cote 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 aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forborn and naked hermitage,
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 ices, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
ACT V.  

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST.  

SCENE II.  

(Without the which, I am not to be won.)  
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.  

Biron. To move 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 gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give 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 dear 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,  
Rightjoyful of your reformation.  

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.  

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.  

To the King.  

King. 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.  

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.  

Biron. That's too long for a play.  

Enter Armado.  

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—  

Prin. Was not that Hector?  

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.  

Arm. He will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaconetta 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 Holofernes, Nathaniel, Morth, Costard, and others.  

This side is Ilincus, winter: this Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.  

SONG.  

I.  

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-huds of yellow hue, 

Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he —  
Cuckoo;  

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!  

II.  

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 nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  

To who;  

Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  

III.  

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  

To who;  

Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.  

[Exeunt.
NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

In the disgrace of death,

Disgrace seems to be here used for obscurity. "To disgrace, to obscure and make darker a thing," Barret's Alvaries, 1580.

Our court shall be a little academe.

Nor hath fair Europ her vast bounds throughout An academe of note I found not out. Howell's Familiar Letters, 1650.

Fat paunches have lean pates.

This couplet was proverbial. It is quoted, with slight variations, in Head's Proteus Rereditus, 1675, p. 55, in illustration of the remark,—"a fat belly bespeaks a little"—because the subtle spirits are affected with gross and turbulent fumes, which darkens the understanding." Bankroft's Life, ed. 1688; the folio reading bankrupted.

With all those living in philosophy.

That is, living in philosophy, which includes all the love, wealth, and pomp, he is anxious for.

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

Dr. Johnson makes a curious observation on this tautological passage. "The whole sense," he says, "of this glistening declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words."

An envious snapping frost.

Snapping, i.e. nipping. "Snaped, checked, nipped with cold," Craven Glos. ii. 142. "Fit you out, prepare for your journey.

A dangerous law against gentility.

Gentility here corresponds to the French gentillesse, politeness, urbanity. Theobald explains the passage thus,—"Such a law for banishing women from the court is dangerous, or injurious, to politeness, urbanity, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal and savage in their manners and behaviour."

She must be here.

That is, she must reside here. Sir H. Wotton, perfectly innocent of any equivocation, thus defines an ambassador—"an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." After, loves, affections. Suggestions, temptations. Quick, lively, spirited.

A man of complements.

Complements are well explained by Minsheu, "complements, accomplishments, making that perfect which was wanting." The king means to say that Armado was a person of such exquisite accomplishments, that he was the umpire in all questions of elegant etiquette. Bright, is called.

Lost in the world's debate.

"Our author, in his humble judgment, meant no more than that stories of chivalry were unattended to by persons who lived in the bustle of cities, but would be admirable recreations occasionally in a life of seclusion from the world, to which he and his lords were about, for a certain period, to devote themselves," MS. note by Thomas Hall, circa 1778.

I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Donne explains this, "I will make a minstrel of him whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories."

A man of fire-new words.

Fire-new, new from the forge, quite new. "Or fire-new fashion in a sleeve or slop," Du Bartas, p. 316. Thirdrough, thirdorough or constable. A high hope for a low house, alluding to Armado's lofty words being far too high for the low heaven of his meaning.

I was taken with the manner.

A technical legal phrase for being taken in the commission of the deed, with the stolen property on the person.

It is y-clipped thy park.

Y-clipped, called; from the Anglo-Saxon eclopian, to call. The letter y or i was very commonly used in early English as an augment or prefix to the imperfects and participles of verbs, being merely a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon ge but it was an antiquated form even in Shakespeare's time.

Dear imp.

Imp is properly the shoot, cutting, or bud of a tree; but the term is frequently metaphorically applied to a child or young person. "An imp, or a yong slip of a tree," Barret's Alvaries, 1580. Juvenc, youth.
NOTES TO LOVES LABOURED'S LOST.

18 Pretty and apt.
That is, in Armado's phraseology, pretty apt. Moth perverts the meaning, and is humoured by Armado.
Hor. How do you feel yourself?
Cris. Pretty well, I thank you.
Ben Jonson's Poetaster, 1602.

19 Crosses love not him.

18 The dancing horse will tell you.
An allusion to a celebrated horse which was brought up by a person named Banks, who taught it to perform such extraordinary feats, that it is said he was taken and burnt for a conjurer, after he had exhibited the animal at Rome. According to Sir Kenelm Digby, the horse "would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master, &c." Decker mentions the horse, who was called Morocco, as having walked to the top of St Paul's in the year 1660. In a note to his Dead Tarsus, 1664; an exploit also alluded to in the Blacke Booke, 1604; and the author of Fede's Jests, 1627, seems to imply that he had been taught to play on the lute! Banks was encouraged by Prince Henry, in whose book of payments, preserved at the Rolls House, is the following entry under Jan. 1st, 1604-5:
"To Banks for teaching of a little naug to want, he his higines command, 2 li."
Banks narrowly escaped in France, as we learn from Bishop Morton's answer to Theophilus Higgins, 1662; "Which bringeth me to my remembrance a storie which Banks told me at Francetford, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magicke, because of the strange fumes which his horse Morocco placed (as I take it) at Orleance; where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse than a divell. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the pressue of the people, who had a tracelace on his hat; which done, he had him kneele downe unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up againe and to kiss it. And now, gentleman, (quoth he) I thinke my horse hath acquainted both me and myself; and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come near the cross."

But amongst these Tiberts, who do you think there was? Old Banks the judger, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both where,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.
Ben Jonson's Epigrams, Works, viii. 216.

17 Most mancualate thoughts.

19 A ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar.
This ballad is more particularly alluded to in Armado's letter in the fourth act; and as it is also mentioned by Shakespeare in other plays, a copy of it may appropriately find a place here:

I read that once in Africa,
A pricely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets did name him.
From natures favours he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-faine,
But did them all disdain.
But, markes, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar sit in gray,
The which did cause his paine.
The blinded boy, that shoteth so trim,
From heaven downe did his,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did dye:
Which some did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricks,
Which in his tender heart did sicken,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie.

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed;
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head;
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to prove
How he her fancie might remove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Capid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care;
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her company,
That so did 'mance his eyes.
In thce, quoth he, doth rest my life;
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his paliss gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knowes,
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
The beggers all gone cry:
That so did 'mance his eyes.
In thce, quoth he, doth rest my life;
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
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For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queen;
With thee I mean to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seen:
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And everything in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Then shall go shift thee chance.
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.
Penelope, O king, quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtely,
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Into the king's palace:
The king with courteous comedy talke
This begger doth embrase;
The begger blushed scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, O king, I doe rejoices
That you will take me for your choyce,
And my degree a so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queen to wait.
And she behawed herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way:
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did wear of late.
The provrbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knoweth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fanie-fol
Compel'd by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed;
He that did lovers looke disdain,
To do the same was glad and saine,
Or else he would himselfe have shaine,
In storie as we read.
Disdain no wht, O lady deere,
But pity now thy servant here,
Least that it hap to thee this year,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raigne;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers siceth sayne:
The lords they took it grievously,
The ladies took it heavily,
The commons cried pitifully,
Their death to them was paine,
Their shine did sound so passingly
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And through out all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

Yet a better love than my master.
That is, yet she deserves a better lover than my master Armado.

With that face.

This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time;
and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fidling had; who putting it into the mouth of
Beau Dilapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note)
for its want of sense, by adding—"that it was taken ver-
hatin from very polite conversation." Stevens.

Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club.
The butt-shaft is explained by Nares to be a kind of arrow, used for shooting at butts, formed without a barb, so as to stick into the butts, and yet to be easily extracted.

Uter'd by base sale of Chapman's tongues.
She means to say that beauty is not liable to the decaying
sale effected by the praises of the seller. The itinerant
hawker is still called a chapman in some of the provinces.
Bold of your worthines, confident in it.

And much too little of that good I saw.
This is well explained by Heath,—"And my report of
that good I saw is much too little compared to his great
worthines." Competitors in oath.

Deport is here used for, part with. "I can hardly depart
with ready money," Ben Jonson. This sense of the word
also occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher, but it is usually
followed by the preposition.

No point, with my knife.
No point, not in the least; a negotiation borrowed from the
French. "Pudo pronu, never a whit; no point, as the
Frenchmen say," Florio, 1611.

My lips are no common, though several they be.
A play upon the words, several meaning both separate;
as in Ben Jonson's Pountaster, ed. Gifford, ii. 506, and,
according to Mr. Hunter, a portion of common a-sign'd for a term
to a particular proprietor, the other commoners waiving for a
time their right of common over it. Malone, however,
explains several to be, in uninclosed lands, a certain portion
of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining
the common field.

All impatient to speak and not see.
That is, according to an anonymous critic, his tongue
envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as
rapid in its utterance as they in their perception. Margent, margin.

Boyet is disposed.
Dispos'd, inclined to be merry. See Nares's Glossary,
and the examples quoted by him. Boyet pretends to accept
it in its literal sense, and follows the speech of the princess.
"Wend thee from mee, Venus, I am not disposed," En-
land's Hecuba, 1600. Mr. Dyce says disposed means, in

Footnotes:
[22] She is allowed for the day-woman.

A day woman was a dairy-woman, one who had the
charge of the dairy. A dairy is still called a day-house in
the West of England. "Coseale, a day-house where cheese
is made," Elyot's Dictionarie, 1558.

[23] Boyet is disposed.'
this play, wanting only merry, inclined to wanton mirth: but
suredly this is exceeding the meaning intended by the poet.
Boyet is merely expressing his strong opinion of the extent
of the king's affection. It is the king's eye who is supposed
to say—
I'll give you a pot, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Adopting this view, we have the expression of a fine
poetical idea completely in unison with what precedes
and what follows. Why should Boyet say, "for my sake," if
this were not the case? Conceivably, apparently is the
name or commencement of a song now lost. Fortunately,
heavily.

Win your love with a French braid.

Cotgrave translates braisele, "a brawle or dance, wherein
many men and women, holding by the hands, sometimes
in a ring, and otherwise at length, move altogether." It
is thus described by Marston,—"The brace! why 'tis
but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles
forward, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three
doubles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure
of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two
doubles, fall back, and then humour."

With your hat pewthou-leike.

The characteristics of the "complete" man, so well
ricollected in this speech, are noticed by several of our
early dramatists. "I do not despair, gentlemen; you
see I do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms,"
Shirley's Bird in a Cage, 1593.

The hobby-horse is forgot.

This expression, probably borrowed from an old ballad,
became proverbial. The hobby-horse consisted of a light
frame of wicker-work, fastened to the body of the person
who performed the character, whose legs were concealed
by a housing, which, with a false head and neck, gave
the appearance of a horse. Thus equipped, he performed all
sorts of antics, imitating the movements of a horse, and
executing juggling tricks of various kinds. A ladie was
sometimes suspended from the horse's mouth for the
purpose of collecting money from the spectators. The Puritans
waged a violent crusade against the morris dance, and the
hobby-horse, which properly belonged to it, was frequently
eritted.

With hey ho, through thick and thin,
The hobby-horse quite forgotten,
I follow'd, as I did begin,
Although the way were rotten.

Kemp's New Dives Wonder, 1600.

The hobby-horse is but a volt.

A volt, says Dr. Johnson, is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken
young fellow. A hackney was a cant term for a woman of
bad character.

Costard broken in a shin.

A costard was a cant term for the head, and hence the
"wonder."

Come,—thy Penoy.

Cotgrave explains Penoy, the "conclusion of a ballet or
sonnet in a short stanza by itself, and serving, oftentimes,
as a dedication of the whole." No sente in them all is
Typhrill's emendation; but the old reading, no sente in
the male, or budget, will make sense. The meaning is the
same, whichever we adopt. Costard, not understanding
the word Penoy, cries out against any salve but the plan-
tain leaf which was supposed to be of great efficacy. I
doubt whether the Latin salve is intended in Moth's next
speech, the pronunciation not justifying an approach to
a quibble. Salis, said, It is properly argy, being the present
tense; but is put here evidently for the perfect.

The boy hath sold him a bargain.

That is, has made a fool of him. It was a common pro-
verbial phrase. "Buille foîn en corne, to give one the
boys, to sell him a barricine," Cotgrave.

Like the sequel, I.

That is, says Heath, I follow you as close as the sequel
does the premises.

My incony Jew!

Incony is a term of endearment often met with in old
plays. So, in Doctor Dollipol,—

Forewell, Doctor Dolldy,
In nimble and in body
An excellart nobly:
A coccuscon incony,
But that he wants money.
Inkle, a sort of inferior tape.

A fairest name than a French crown.

There is a double meaning here, as when the same term
is used in Measure for Measure, i. 2. Collier and Kight
omit the article before French; why I know not.

Eleven-pence farthing better.

The following curious extract from Markham's Health
to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen, 4to. 1598,
shows either that the joke, such as it is, was not invented
by Shakespeare, or that Markham, who was a great plu-
rist, had made the tale up from what he had heard Costard
say at the theatre—

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree,
or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incur
deleasure of any,) that coming to his friends house,
who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there
kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friends,
the gentleman, as of his servants; one of the sayd ser-
vantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his
abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd ser-
vant, and saith unto him, Hold thee, heere is a remunera-
tion for thy paynes; which the servant receyving, gave him
utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a
three farthings piece; and I holde thanks for the same a
small price, howsoever the market goes. Now, another
coming to the sayd gentlemen's house, it was the foresa
d servant's good hap to be near him at his going away, whe,
calling the servant unto him, sayd, Hold thee, heere is a
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guardian. For thy desertes: now the servant pay'd no dearer for the guardian; than he did for the remuneration, though the guardian was xvi. furling better; for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-pence.

A very beadle to a humorous sigh.
Humorous is here used in the sense of fantastic, the meaning given to the word by Minshew, or, perhaps, peevish, wayward, as Coles has it, translating it by morose. Cotgrave has, "Avertineux, moobile, humorous." It has been suggested we should read, an anomalous sigh; one of those emendations rendered mischievous by their ingenuity, imposing on those who prefer a meaning in modern phraseology to a more antique one in the language really employed by the poet.

This wimpled, whining.
The wimple was properly a kind of tape or tippet covering the neck and shoulders; but was also applied to a kind of veil or hood, from which latter sense the verb here used is formed.

Dread prince of plackets.
A placket was a pocket attached to a woman's petticoat. The term was often used metaphorically. Pariahs, officers of the ecclesiastical court, who carried out citations, chiefly on matters of divorce, and hence the allusion. According to Blount, the word was "most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summon'd in delinquents to a spiritual court."

And wear his colours like a tumber's hoop.
Tumber's hoops were and are adorned with various coloured ribbons.

A woman, that is like a German elk.
Allusions to the cumbersome and complicated German elks of Shakespeare's time are very numerous. "She takes herself awander still when she goes to bed, beds up some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German elk; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters," Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. Compare Middleton, II. 385,--

Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces, Much like your German elk, and near ally'd; Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride; Beside a greater fault, but too well known, They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
According to Mr. Hunter, there is here an allusion to a building with a flat roof called a stand or standing, erected in the park for the purpose of sheltering the deer-shooters. Goldingham, in a poem in MS. Harl. 6802, mentions a "standing made to shoot at stately deer." The sport of shooting at deer with a cross-bow was formerly aristocratic, and practised by ladies.

Here, good my glass.
Referring, of course, to the forrester, who, by her bantering, has been the looking-glass of her suppositions imperfections. Dr. Johnson very erroneously takes it in the literal sense, and remarks that ladies formerly wore mirrors suspended from their girdles, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair! When so eminent a writer is detected in a blunder of such magnitude, the smaller critics may well bear the inflection of the discovery of their errors. That my heart means no ill, to whom my heart means no ill. Self-sovereignty, sovereignty in themselves. Dig-gou-den, a corruption, as Mason observes, of give you good even.

Break up this capon.
Break up was a technical phrase in carving. The princess humorously means to say,—"open this letter." Illustrate, illustrious. Annales, according to Mr. Knight, is a pedantic form of annals.

A phantasm, a Monarch.
Monarcho was the assumed name of an Englishman who affected Italian manners, and amused the court by his fantastic proceedings. Mr. Knight erroneously terms him a mad Italian, but Nash, in his Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1696, says he "quite remounted his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian punctilios;" and it was, perhaps, for this reason that Reginald Scot (quoted by Douce) terms him an Italian. Churley's Annals describes him in his Chance, 4to. Lond. 1681,--

No mote for bode, if wise men were in place; No mate at mule to sit with common soft: Both grave of look and father-like of face, Of judgement quickste, of comely forme and port. Moste bent to words on bye and solenime daies, Of diet fine, and dainte diverse waies; And well dispose, if Prince did pleasure take, At any mirth that he, poor man, could make.

The actors were that Berganasso, for his phantastick humor named Monarcho, and two of the Spanish umbas sadores retinue, who being about four and twenty yeares past in Paules Church in London, contended who was sovereigne of the world: the Monarcho maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain: the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wonder'd in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgment we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controversy, they kept in their walk the Spanish turne; which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midst; the which place the Monarcho was both to yield but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romathe, in respect of his supposed majestick; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies: the same keeping some decreum concerning equality."--A Briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, entitled Philocasile, 4to. 1690.

Who is the shooter?
Sector and shooter were pronounced alike, and some of the commentators think there is here a quibble on the word.

Queen Guinever of Britain.
Guinever was the queen of King Arthur, and how she deceived her husband is well known to every reader of the
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old romances. Dr. Fertan, the astrologer, in one of his 
absurd manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, 
says, ' she was twelve foote longe, and went all in white; 
a longe leane visage, mixed of red and white, and a crown 
on her hed; a whitish flaxen hairs, a clear compoction, a 
brood and his forhed, a round forhed, brace eyes, a full 
round ey; a lytle shorte nose and slender; a gret jewell 
in her lefte ear; a straight bodied gown of whit silk, and 
and a whit mantel; a hee color in her gowns, and a plain 
falling hand, brood without lace, and her gown buttoned up 
close before. She had noe hoopes, noe fardingalle; a small 
long hand. She lived almost a hundred years.'—MS. 
Ashmole, 802.

55 Let the mark have a prick in't.
The prick was a small pieces of wood or mark in the 
centre of a target. Note, to measure. Wide of the bow 
hand, left of the mark. Cloud and pin are nearly synonym 
ous with prick; but these terms in archery are not here 
used quite literally. Bulking, a term at bows, when one 
call touched another.

56 Ripe as a pomemaster.
Gerard gives a drawing of the pomemaster-tree in his 
account of apple-trees. The Latin name for it was malus 
carbonaria. The pomumata of the age of Elizabeth, according 
to this writer, was 'an ointment made with the pulp of 
apples and swines grease and rose-water, which is used 
to beautifie the face, and to take away the roughenes of 
the skin, which is called in shops pomumata, of the apples 
whereof it is made.'

57 A back of the first head.
In old hunting phraseology, the name of the hart, buck, 
&c., changed in every year of its age. The buck in its 
fifth year, and the roebuck in its fourth year, was termed 
a back of the first head. The buck, in its second year, was 
called a pricket; and, in its third year, a soredil.

58 Rought, i.e. reached. Affect the letter, use alliteration.

59 If a talent be a claw.
Talent was almost always written and pronounced talent. 
The quibble is a favourite one in old plays. Clue, to flatter; another quibble.

60 Good morrow, master person.
Persus is the archaic form of person. The 'good old 
Manutan' is Mantuanus, the Carmelite, whose Elogues 
were translated into English by Turbevile, 12mo. Lond. 
1587. Ut, re, &c., are the notes of the gamut.

61 If love make me forsworn.
This poem was printed, with some variations, in the 
Passionate Pilgrimage, 1599, where the two last lines are as 
follows:

Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong, 
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

62 Tered, attired. Farmer thinks this is another allusion 
to Banks' celebrated horse.

63 They have pitched a toll.
The toll was an enclosure into which game was driven. 
I am tolling in a pitch, a quibble in allusion to Rosaline's 
mark.

64 Under the left pop.
"That left pop, where heart doth hop," is mentioned in the 

65 Like a perjuror, wearing papers.
Dr. Johnson observes that the punishment of perjury 
was to wear a paper on the breast expressing the crime.

66 Thou makst at the triumvir.
An allusion, says Douce, to the gallowes of the time, 
which was occasionally triangular. The corner-cap was a 
cap whose top was triangular.

67 Guards, fincings, trimmings.

68 All-kid, all-kid.
The game of hide-and-seek. "Whoop all kid, or hide 
and seek, where they hide and seek one another," Comenii 
Janus Linguarum, 1662, p. 252. "Our unhandsome fac'd poet does play at bo-peeps with your grace, and eries all 
kind, as boys do," Decker's Untrussing of the Humorous 
Poet, 1628. "More sakes to the mill, a proverbial phrase 
quaintly implying addition. "Who were oppress'd and 
overladen with heavey packs, and ought not to have laid 
more sakes to the mill," Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon 
Don Quixot, 1654, p. 65.

69 Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.
Coted, i.e. quoted. Her amber hairs have quoted, 
interpreted, or marked amber soul. "Our cad, to quote," Cot 
grave. Cote has already occurred in this play, act. ii. sc. 1, 
altered most inconsistently by Mr. Knight and others to 
quote; and the same variation has also been made in act v. 
sc. 2. If we alter cote to quote in one instance, we should 
of course in all; but I scarcely think it is in an editor's 
discretion, if fairly exercised, so to modernize an archaism

70 A king transformed to a gnat.
That is, a sovereign transformed to a most insignificant 
and foolish insect,—the "foolish gnat," as Shakespeare 
elsewhere terms it. The commentators have much un 
necessary discussion on this simple passage.

71 Whipping a gig.
A gig was a kind of top. "Certo, a top or giggo that 
children play with in Lent," Florio, 1611.

72 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys.
Push-pin is translated by Minge, jeu d'epingles. Ash 
explains it, "a child's play in which pins are pushed with 
an endeavour to cross them." But from the following
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passage, it would rather appear to have been merely played by aiming pins at a mark.

— 'Play at punch-pin there, sir? It was well aimed; but, plague upon it, you shot short, And must will lose your game."

Beaumont and Fletcher, Woman Placed, ii. 3.

11 With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.

That is, with men, like common men are, of inconstancy. The second folio reads "strange inconstancy," sacrificing the sense to the metre; but, on the whole, I retain this reading, although strange was probably not the word used by the poet. I much prefer Tick's suggestion, such.

12 Or groan for Joan.

Joan was the generic name for a rustic girl. The jingle was evidently intentional, and exactly suits Biron's merry character. Mr. Collier reads "groan for love," on the authority of a single copy of the edition of 1593.

13 To make up the messes.

A mess was a set of four people, properly a party dining together, but used more generally. Compare act v. sc. 2, "a mess of Ruseans."

14 And the scroll of night.

The old editions corruptly read "school of night," and I am not satisfied with any emendation yet proposed. In proposing "scroll," it must be observed that it harmonizes with "badge, hue, and crest;" but I question its correctness.

15 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.

Hesperides is here used, by a licence not unusual with old writers, for the garden of the Hesperides. It is the fashion to light up Shakespeare's ignorance by means of this passage, but Gabriel Harvey, whose learning will not be disputed, introduces Hesperides in an exactly similar manner in his Pierce's Supererogation, 1593. Greene, also, in his Orlando Furioso, 1594, mentions "the plot Hesperides."

16 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Heath explains this passage, — "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." Voice is, perhaps, the motto of approbation.

The tongue that's able to rock heaven asleep, And make the music of the spheres stand still, To listen to the happier airs it makes, And mend their tunes by it.

Shirley's Love Tricks, act iv. sc. 2.

17 A word that brings all men.

"Love" is here equivalent to please. In the same manner, we have it, "it like me, it pleases me."

18 So't d'cockle, reap'd d'corn.

The passage is elliptical, and may thus be paraphrased, — "cockle being sown, no corn is reaped;" in other words, if we do not lay a good foundation we shall not succeed.

87 Witty without affection.


The wenche she was full proper and nice,
Among all other she bare great price,
For shee conde tricke it point dore,
But fewe like her in that countrie.

88 On the alms-basket of words.

The alms-basket was the basket of broken meat preserved for the poor.

Thy tongue, and not unwittily perhaps,
One likened to the alms-baskets fill'd with scraps;
It feeds our ears with mix'd and broken words,
Just like the poor with bits from several boards.

Prestwick's Hippolitus, 1651, p. 75.

I know the time thou wou'dst have lekt thy chaps
From out an almes-basket to get some scraps.

Workes of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630.

89 Honorisfacilitasimitationibus.

This absurd word, as described by Marston as conveying "a great deal of sound and no sense," is often mentioned as the longest word known. A flap-dragon is a small substance, such as a raisin, set afloat lighted in a cup of wine or spirits, to be snatched by the mouth in its burning state. This amusement is not quite obsolete, but is now usually termed snap-dragon. The horn-book, which has been out of use for about half a century, consisted of a leaf containing the alphabet, numerals, &c., and generally the Lord's Prayer, mounted on wood, and protected by a piece of transparent horn. It was headed by a large cross called the Christ-cross, and, held in the hand, was not a bad assistant in preliminary education. O, U, a double meaning, oh you! Witty; see note 25 to the Merry Wives of Windsor.

90 Arts-man preambulat.

The arts-man, or mar of art, walks before, takes the precedence. I follow the old copies, but modern editors read preambulate, an unnecessary departure from the original text.

A garment, made by cunning arts-man's skill,
Hides all defects that Nature's swerving hand
Hath done amiss.

Heywood’s Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1637.

91 Daily with my excrescence.

The hair or beard was often so termed. Hair is called "so plentiful an excrescence" in the Comedy of Errors, ii. 2.

92 If this fudge not.

Fudge, to suit, or agree. So in the Beggar's Ape,—
For whose bears simplitics true badge, 
To live in Prince's courts doe seldom fudge.
NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

71 Let them dance the hay.

The hay was a round country dance. It is mentioned in England's Helicon, p. 228, —

Shall we goe dance the hay?
Never pipe could ever play
Better shepheard's rondellay.

70 My red dominical, my golden letter.

The dominical letters were printed in red ink, and the O's refer to the marks of the small-pox.

72 Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

This line is improperly given to Biron in the original, which is blindly followed by Collier and Knight; as if Biron, who was impatiently anxious that Moth's address should be well spoken, would interrupt him.

73 To tread a measure.

We have already had a notice of this dance in Much Ado about Nothing, but perhaps the following additional account of it by Reed may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in treating the measures. See Dugdale's Origines Juridicales. Sir John Davies, in his poem called Orchestre, 1622, describes them in this manner:

"But, after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more grave and solemn measures frame:
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondent every way the same,
That no Faulx-finding eye did ever blame.
For every eye was moved at the sight,
With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.

Not those young students of the heavenly book,
That have long seen the measure's rise,
That have long seen the measure's rise;
Yet all the feet whereon these measure go,
Are only spondee, spondee, grave, and close."

74 Oos, to load dice; to cheat.

75 Veal, quoth the Dutchman.

This absurd joke may not be detected. Veal is the Dutchman's pronunciation of well.

76 Well-liking, in good condition, fit.

77 Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

That is; better wits have been found among those who wear statute caps, i.e. citizens. It was ordered by a statute of Queen Elizabeth that citizens should wear woolen caps on Sundays and holidays, with a view of encouraging the trade of capmakers. "Why, 'tis a law enacted by the Common Council of statute-caps," Familia of Love, 1606.

78 Are angels vailing clouds.

Ladies unsack'd, says Boyet, are like angels vailing clouds, or letting those clouds, which obstruct their brightness, sink from before them. Johnson.

79 At wakes and wassails.

Wassails were merry-meetings or festivities. The term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word head, be in health, which was anciently the drinking pledge-word.

80 As white as whale's bone.

This is a very old simile, common in the ancient romances. The tooth of the walrus was used in the place of ivory, and some of our old writers appear to have thought it was whale's bone. So, in the Thornton Romances, p. 154, —

Then come lettem a Aras,
That the worme in Rome layn was,
A knyght then hath hym sloen.
So longe at leche-craune can he dwelle,
A man chylde had Crystaille,
As wyfe as wylllys boon.
The erie had made to God a vowe,
Doghtuir, in-to the see sealt thou
Yn a schypp alone;
And that bastard that to the ys dere,
Crystykonde schulde he nom have here?"

Hyr madikens wepte everychon.

81 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

That is, the virtue or power of your eye compels me to break my oath.

82 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise.

Taffata was a kind of thin silk, formerly much esteemed.

83 Bastines, silken words, spruce terms," Cotgrave.

84 Three-pil'd hyperbola.

A similar metaphor occurs in Decker's Wonder of a Kingdom,—"most pitiously complaining against this three-pile rascal."

85 Lord have mercy on us.

This was the touching inscription placed on all houses infected with the plague. "Let him, I say, take heed least, his flesh now falling away, his carcass be not plagu'd with canoe ones, of whom, whilst the bill of Lord have mercy upon us was to be denied in no place, it was death for him to hear," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603.

86 You know my lady's foot by the squire.

Squire, a rule or square. According to Heath, the sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression, he hath got the length of her foot, i.e. he hath humour'd her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. Allowed, licensed to say what you like.

87 You cannot be us.

That is, we are not fools. See note 18 to the Comedy of Errors.
NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

103 The form confounded.

The original reads their, being one of the many instances in Shakespeare where the grammar is inaccurate. I follow Mr. Knight's reading, with a slight difference in the punctuation.

105 The braggart, he hedge-priest.

Hedge-priest, in composition, generally implied deterioration. Hedge-priest, an ignorant priest: a stupid fellow. "Upbraide the parson full irreverently, calling him hedge-priest," Bractwalt's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, p. 55. Nones was a game at dice played by six persons. According to Dones, the two principal throws were nine and five, a circumstance which makes Biron's meaning perfectly evident.

108 With llibard's head on knee.

Llibard, i.e. leprous. The passage in the text is illustrated by Cotgrave's translation of Messinge, "The representa- tion of a leper's head, &e. upon the elbow or knee of some old-fashioned garments."

Then owt he starrs a lambarta,
Felle he was as a lhyarte.

"You will be escaped out of the painted cloth." Painted cloth was cloth or canvas, on which paintings in oil were depurated. It often took the place of hangings or tapestry, as appears from a passage in Bractwalt's Strappado for the Divell, 1615. Robert Arden, Shakespeare's maternal grandfather, had several painted cloths in his house at Wilmecote, near Stratford-on-Avon.

113 A little sorpartner.

That is, says Malone, the part or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable.

116 Judas was hanged'd on an elder.

It was an old tradition that Judas hung himself on an elder-tree. "Our gardens will prosper the better, when they have in them not one of these elders, whereupon so many covetous Judasses hang themselves," Nixon's Strange Foot-Post, 1613. Flecknos, in his Diarium, 1658, mentioning this tree, says,—

It had, he said, such vertuous force,
Where vertue oft from Judas came,
Who hang'd himself upon the same.
For which, in sooth, he was to blame.

Gerard, in his Herbal, 1637, p. 1490, describing the arbore Judaeus, says, "It may be called in English Judas tree, whereon Judas did hang himself, and not upon the elder tree, as it is said." The quibbling on the face of Holofernes requires a little explanation. The heads of citrons and bodkins (or diggers) were frequently terminated with grotesque faces. A death's head in a ring was a favourite ornament, and is often alluded to as being worn by proverbs; but there was not necessarily any disgrace or ridicule attached to the ornament. The flask here mentioned in the soldier's powder-horn.

119 Worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

"In Queen Elizabeth's days, there was a fellow that wore a brooch in his hat, like a tooth-drawer, with a rose and crown, and two letters," Taylor's Workes, 1680, Wit and Mirth, p. 194.

111 Stuck with cloves.

It was usual to insert cloves on the surfeices of oranges or lemons. "Betrayes her teeth, which stand one by another as if that they were cloves stuck in an orange," Cartwright's Sedge, 1631. The practice of gilding nutmegs is alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his Gipsies Metamorphosed.—"I have lost an enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over, was enchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweet-heart's ale a' mornings."

112 I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

The extravagance of the language of courtship in former days is almost past belief. This is said in all seriousness. So Ben Jonson, in the Postemer,—"Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slipper in quiet for them."

113 Let me take you a button-hole lower.

A play upon words. "Yes, and take her downe too a button-hole lower," Shakesper's Holyday, 1631. It is equivalent to the modern phrase, taking one "down a peg.

114 I go woolward for penance.

To go woolward was to go without a shirt, with the woolen of the lower dress next the skin. "Woolwárds, without any byzen nexte ones body, sans chemyes," Fausgrave, 1530. "Woolward and weet-shed weare I forth after," Pierre Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 399.

Cautus, that woolward went, was wondred at:
Which he excus'd, as done through pure contrition
But who so simple, Cautus, credits that?
'Tis too well known thon art of worse condition,
And therefore if no llenen thee begin,
The naked truth will prove thou hast no shirt.
Wits Recreations, 1649.

115 I have seen the day of wrong.

That is, I have seen by a little diseration or reflection the wrong I have suffered, and I will right myself like a soldier.

116 At his very loose.

 Loose is the technical term for the moment the arrow is loosed by the archer. It is here metaphorically equivalent to, onset. The verb decides is, of course, governed by Time.

117 Full of strange shapes.

The old epics corruptly read straying-shapes. The same misprint occurs in Frenos and Cassandra, ii. 1, "O straying effectes of blinde affected love."

118 As bombast and as lusting to the tune.

The metaphor is sufficiently evident. The term bombast was originally applied to cotton, and hence to the stuffing out of dress, because usually done with that material.
NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

119. To flatter up these powers of mine with rest.

The preposition up is here redundant, and Johnson and Warburton would have experienced little difficulty in the explanation of this passage, had they remembered or known how usual it was in works of Shakespeare's time to employ the preposition in a similar manner. The king evidently means to say, "If I would deny this, or more than this, to flatter my soul with the hope of rest, let me immediately perish."

119. And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.

There is a dispute on the exact meaning of cuckoo-buds in this passage, but I believe they refer to the beautiful wild *lychnis flocculata*, the cuckoo-flower of the East of England. Gerard, p. 430, says, "the cuckoe flower I have comprehended under the title of *siscimbrion*, Englished ladies-smocks, which plant hath beene generally taken for *cos caulis*.

119. While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Thus is, while greasy Joan doth cool the pot; some say she keels the pot, by preventing the pot boiling over by means of effectively using her ladle. However this may be, *keel* certainly means *to cool*, and is constantly used in that sense by our early writers.

120. When roasted crab is in the bowl.

A delightful rural allusion, almost causing one to regret not to have lived in former times. *Turning a crab* was roasting a crab-apple, and throwing it, when quite hot, into a bowl of nut-brown ale, into which had been previously put a toast with spice and sugar. Warner, describing a shepherd, says,—

And with the sun doth fold againe;
Then, jogging home betime,
He turns a crab, or turns a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme.

And, in Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575:

I love no rest but a nut-brown toaste,
And a crab layde in the fyre.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves, by haunted stream.

As far as is at present known, the plot of the Midsummer-Night's Dream is one of the very few invented by Shakespeare himself. It is true that a few slight portions of the groundwork are derived from other sources, but the tale and its construction are believed to be original. The translation of Plutarch's Life of Theseus and Chaucer's Knight's Tale appear to have furnished little more than the names of the characters; but it is just possible that a passage at the close of the latter, which has been overlooked by the commentators, may have suggested the introduction of the interlude of the clowns:

--ne how the Grekes play
The wake-plays ne kepe I not to say:
Who wrestled best naked with oile enoint,
Ne who that bare him best in no disjoint.
I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
Hom till Athenes, whan the play is don.

Golding's translation of Ovid has better claims to the honour of having been used by Shakespeare in the construction of a part of his play, the similarities between the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe in that work and the interlude being sufficiently striking to warrant the belief of its being the original source of the latter. The following extract from Golding will probably not be uninteresting to the reader, when viewed in connexion with this subject:

Within the town (of whose huge walles so monstrus high and thicke,
The fame is given Semiramis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two young folk in houses joynde so nere,
That under all one rooffe well nie both twaine conveyed were.
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe called was she;
So faire a man in all the East was none alive as he,
Nor nere a woman, mayde, nor wife, in beautie like to her.
This neigb-brod bred acquaintance first; this neigb-brod first did ster
The secret sparkes; this neigb-brod first an entrance in did shew
For love to come to that to which it afterward did grow.
And if that right had taken place, they had beene man and wife;
But still their parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their hearts with equal flame did burno;

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No man was privy to their thoughts. And for to serve their turne,
Instead of talkes they used signes: the droller they suppress
The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their breast.
The wall that parted house from house had riven therein a crannie,
Which shroundeke at making of the wall: this fault not markt of aene
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not love espie?)
These lovers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke together secretly, and through the same did go
Their loving whispers very light and safely to and fro.
Now, as at one side Pyramus, and Thisebe on the other,
Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other:
O thou envious (they said), why lett's thou lovers thus?
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of us
In armes each other to embrace: or if thou think that this
Were over-much, yet mightest thou at least make room to kisse.
And yet thou shalt not finde us churlies: we thinkes our selves in det,
For the same piece of courtezie, in vouching safe to let
Our sayings to our friendly ears thus freely come and go.
Thus having where they stood in vaine complained of their wo,
When night drew nere they had adue, and eke gave kisses sweetes,
Unto the parget on their side the which did never meete.
Next morning with her cheerful light had driven the starres apace,
And Phoebus with his burning beams the dewie grasse had drido,
These lovers at their wonted place by fore-appointment met,
Where, after much complaint and mone they covenanted to get
Away from such as watched them, and in the evening late
To steal out of their father's house, and eke the citie gate.
And to th' intent that in the fields they strayed not up and downe,
They did agree at Ninus Tombe to meet without the townse,
And tarry underneath a tree that by the same did grow,
Which was a faire high mulberie with fruite as white as snow.
Hard by a cleele and trickling spring. This bargain pleased them both
And so day-light (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
Did in the Ocean fall to rest, and night from thence did rise.
As soon as darknessse once was come, straight Thisebe did devise
A shift to winde her out of doores, that none that were within
Perceived her; and muffling her with clothes about her chin,
That no man might discern her face, to Ninus Tombe she came
Unto the tree: and set her downe there underneath the same.
Love made her bold. But see the chance; there comes bamberdo with blood,
About the chappes, a lycence all foming from the wood,
From slaughter lately made of kine, to stanch her bloody thirst
With water of the foresaid spring. Whom Thisebe spying first,
Afarre by moonelight, thereupon with fearful steps gan flio,
And in a darke and yrksome cave did hide herselfe thereby.
And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall,
The which for fear she left behinde, not looking backe at all.
Now when the cruelle lyonesse her thirst had staunched well,
In going to the wood she found the slander weede that fell
From Thisebe, which with bloodie teeth in pieces he did tear:
The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there,
Who seeing in the suttle sand the print of lion's paw,
Waxt pale for fear. But when also the bloody cloke he saw
All rent and tenny: one night (he sayd) shall leuers two confound,
Of which long life deservd she of all that live on ground;
My sole desire of this mishance the peril for to bear.
I, wretch, have been the death of thee, which to this place of fear
Did cause thee in the night to come, and came not there before.
My wicked lims and wretched guts, with cruel teeth therefore,
Devoure ye, O ye Lyons all that in this rocke doe dwell.
But cowards use to wish for death. The slender weede that fell
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

From Thisbe up he takes, and straight doth bear it to the tree,
Which was appointed erst the place of meeting for to be.
And when he had bewept, and kist the garment which he knew,
Receive thou my blood too (quoth he); and therewithal he drew
His sword, the which among his guts he thrust, and by and by
Did draw it from the bleeding wound, beginning for to die.
And cast himselfe upon his bache, the blood did splice on his
As when a conduit pipe is crackt, the water bursting on
Doth shote it selfe a great way off, and please the ayre about;
The leaves that were upon the tree besprinkled with his blood,
Were died black. The roote also bestained as it stood,
A deepse dark purple colour straight upon the berries cast.
Anon scarce ridded of her fear with which she was agast,
For doibt of disappoynting him comes Thisbe forth in hast,
And for her lover lookes about, rejoicing for to tell
How hardly she had seapt that night the danger that befell
And as she knew right well the place and faction of the tree,
(As which she saw so late before): even so when she did see
The colour of the berries turn'd, she was uncertaine whither
It were the tree at which they both agreed to meete together.
While in this doubtfull stond she stood, she cast her eye aside,
And there bewearied in his blood his lover she espide,
Lies sprawling with his dying lines: at which she started bache,
And looked pale as any box, a studding through her strecshe,
Even like the sea which suddenly with whirlsng noysse doth move.
When with a little idell of wind it is but touched above.

But when approaching nearer him she knew it was her love,
She beate her breast, she shrieked out, she tare her golden heares,
And taking him betwixt her armes, did wash his wounds with teares,
She maynd her weeping with his blood, and kissing all his face,
(Which now became as cold as yse) she cryde in woefull case,
Alas, what chanche my Pyramus hath parted thee and me?

Make answere, O my Pyramus: it is thy Thise, even shee
Whom thou dost love most hartily, that speakest unto thee;
Give care and raise thy heavie head. He hearing Thise's name,
Lift up his dying eyes, and having seen her, closed the same.
But when she knew her mantle there, and saw his seabord lie
Without the sworde: Unhappy man, thy love hath made thee die:
Thy love (she said) hath made thee slie thyselfe. This hand of mine
Is strong enough to doe the like. My love no lesse than thine
Shall give me force to worke my wound, I will pursue thee dead,
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sod,
That like as of thy death I was the only cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same.

For death which onely could slie! shalder part us twaine,
Shall never so disuerse us but we will meete againe;
And you the parents of us both, most wretched folke alive,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names belove,
Intreate you to permit, that we whom chaste and stedfaist love,
And whom even death hath joyned in one, may as it doth behave
In one grave ie together lye'd. And thou, unhappie tree
Which shouldest now the sorce of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter hold the sicker sinnes for ay,
Blake be the colour of thy fruite and mourning like alway,
Such as the murder of us twaine may evermore bewray.

This said, she took the sword yet warme with slaughter of her love,
And setting it beneath her brest did to the heart it showe.
Her prayer with the Gods and with their parents tooke effect,
For when the fruite is thoroughly ripe, the berrie is bespect
With colour tending to a blakke. And that which after fire
Remained, resteth in one tombe, as Thisbe did desire.
The faint similarities to be traced between Chaucer and Golding, and Shakespeare's play, are important as tending to the conclusion that the Midsummer-Night's Dream does not owe its existence to a more ancient drama, but was, properly speaking, the poet's own invention. It is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and two editions appeared in 1600; but it is generally supposed that the description of the seasons given by Titania in act ii. scene 1 refers to the winterly summer of 1594, in which the months of June and July, according to Dr. Forman, * were very wet and wonderfull cold like winter, that the 10. dae of Julii many did styt by the fyer, yt was so cold; and soo was yt in Maye and June; and scarce too fair dayst together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse: yt yt did not raine, then was yt cold and closdye." The coincidence is rather remarkable, and admitting the allusion, we may assign the date of the play to 1594 or 1595; but the more one examines this kind of evidence, the less real weight it possesses; and the drama is so highly finished, I am not inclined to place the date of its composition long before 1598, when the poet was in his 34th year.

The principle of the composition of A Midsummer-Night's Dream has exercised the ingenuity of several critics, but it seems to me that the great difficulties which surround all aesthetic commentary on this play arise in some measure from its unity of action and of purpose having been considered axiomatical. If, however, we approach the subject without any preconceived opinion formed upon the results of an examination of other plays of the great dramatist, and regard this play sui generis, an anomaly not regulated by ordinary laws, we shall find the discussion less intricate. In point of fact, our chief perplexity will consist in the necessity of disconnecting some particular action from the rest, and regarding it as a subsequent invention. The fairies, undoubtedly, constitute the main action. Remove them from the scene, and the play would be a mere skeleton adorned with a few narrow robes of exquisite poetry. How, or in what manner the poet formed his frame-work—and a beautiful and graceful frame it is—is a question accessible only to conjecture. The permutations of Shakespeare's fables were infinite, and here, as elsewhere, they have resolved themselves into a systematic whole.

It must, however, be admitted that, in the discussion of questions of this kind, the social position of Shakespeare, as effecting the form of his works, has never been properly considered. It would seem, after what we have been told by a recent school, little better than heresy to doubt the perfection of the results of the poet's genius; yet who can venture to say that his plays, as they have descended to us, are the same that would have been presented to the world, had not the author been in some degree dependent on popular favour? Shakespeare's chief object in writing was to please an audience—to fill a theatre: and the fact that he accomplished so much more than this must be ascribed to his surpassing genius and to the tendency of his mind. But we cannot suppose that he disregarded the opinion of the multitude, or would have ventured to introduce a play, composed entirely of ethereal poetry, before an audience not sufficiently refined to appreciate it. May not the "clowns" be the result of these external circumstances; and can we be certain that, under other conditions, Bottom the weaver, inimitable as he is, would not have been exchanged for a more poetical character?

In adopting, or rather suggesting, this line of argument, I am not losing sight of the dramatic art of the play; neither do I dissent in the least from the opinion of its absolute harmony and congruity as a work of art. But the poet's genius could have adjusted, had it been necessary, far more discordant elements than these. All that I am venturing to suggest is the possibility of the introduction of the artizans having been occasioned by the external circumstances in which the author himself was placed. With respect to the drama itself, we are somewhat in Miranda's position when she first saw Ferdinand, and cannot believe in the existence of a lovelier object. But the hand that wrought that fairy picture, and introduced it into a company of illiterate workmen without shocking the ideal—what would he have accomplished, had he further isolated his enchantments from the external world? As it is, the reader must perfere admit that unnatural combinations have been formed to harmonize the conditions of the various actions.

The minor inconsistencies are, indeed, sufficiently numerous, but they do not affect the argument,

* In his MS. diary preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It was first printed in Mr. Halliwell's Introduction to the essay, 3vo. 1841.

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and are not peculiar to this play. One mistake of time may be mentioned, as it has escaped the notice of the editors. The period of the action of the play is four days, concluding with the night of the new moon. But Hermia and Lysander receive the edict of Theseus four days before the new moon; they fly from Athens "to-morrow night;" they become the sport of the fairies, along with Helena and Demetrius, during one night only, for Oberon accomplishes all in one night, before "the first cock crews;" and the lovers are discovered by Theseus the morning before that which would have rendered this portion of the plot chronologically consistent. A careful perusal will convince the reader that the action of the remaining part of the play is not intended to consist of two days.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream contains the sweetest poetry ever composed in any language. It influenced the fancy of Fletcher and Milton; and its production has become an era in the history of English poetical composition. Although a finished dramatic piece, it is unquestionably better fitted for the closet than the stage; yet the portion appropriated to the hard-handed men of Athens is, in itself, an admirable farce; joined with the action of the fairies, it becomes an artistic comedy. The play is adapted to the stage by the introduction of the clowns. Deprived of the latter, it would have palled in the character of a masque; and, like 'Comus,' would not have been appreciated by a common audience.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.

Egeus, father to Hermia.

Lysander, in love with Hermia.

Demetrius, in love with Hermia.

Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Quince, the carpenter.

Snug, the joiner.

Bottom, the weaver.

Flute, the bellows-mender.

Snout, the tinker.

Starveling, the tailor.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, King of the fairies.

Titania, Queen of the fairies.

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed fairies.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

Pyramus, Thisby, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—Athens, and a Wood near.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour Draws on apace; four happy days bring in Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow This old moon wanes! she lingerers my desires, Like to a step-dame, or a dowager, Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, And won thy love, doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius:—My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her.—

Stand forth, Lysander:—And, my gracious duke, This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes, And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; And stol'n the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits, Knacks, trifles, nosegay's, sweetmeats,—messengers Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth: With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me, To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke, Be it so she will not here, before your grace, Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,— As she is mine, I may dispose of her, Which shall be either to this gentleman, Or to her death; according to our law, Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, my maid:

To vou your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one 
To whom you are but as a form in wax, 
By him imprinted, and within his power 
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. 

_Her._ So is Lysander. 

_The._ In himself he is; 
But, in this kind, waiting your father's voice, 
The other must be held the worthier. 

_Her._ I would my father look'd but with my eyes! 

_The._ Rather your eyes must with his judgment 
look. 

_Her._ I do entreat your grace to pardon me. 
I know not by what power I am made bold, 
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts: 
But I beseech your grace that I may know 
The worst that may befall me in this case, 
If I refuse to wed Demetrius. 

_The._ Either to die the death, or to abjure 
For ever the society of men. 
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires, 
Know of your youth, examine well your blood, 
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice, 
You can endure the livery of a nun; 
For aye to be in shy cloister mov'd, 
To live a barren sister all your life, 
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. 
Thrice bless'd they that master so their blood, 
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But carthier happy is the rose distill'd, 
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn, 
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness. 

_Her._ So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, 
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke 
My soul consents not to give sovereignty. 

_The._ Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon, 
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me, 
For everlasting bond of fellowship,) 
Upon that day either prepare to die, 
For disobedience to your father's will; 
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would; 
Or on Diana's altar to protest, 
For aye, austerity and single life. 

_Dem._ Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander, 
yield! 

Thy craz'd title to my certain right. 

_Lys._ You have her father's love, Demetrius; 
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him! 

_Ege._ Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, 

And what is mine my love shall render him; 
And she is mine; and all my right of her 
I do estate unto Demetrius. 

_Lys._ I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he.— 
As well possess'd; my love is more than his; 
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd, 
If not with vantage, as Demetrius'; 
And, which is more than all these boasts can be, 
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia. 

Why should not I then prosecute my right? 
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head, 
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, 
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, 
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, 
Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 

_The._ I must confess that I have heard so much, 
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof; 
But, being over-full of self-affairs, 
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come: 
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me; 
I have some private schooling for you both. 
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself 
To fit your fancies to your father's will; 
Or else the law of Athens yields you up 
(Which by no means we may extenuate) 
To death, or to a vow of single life. 
Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love? 
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along: 
I must employ you in some business 
Against our nuptial, and confer with you 
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves. 

_Ege._ With duty and desire we follow you. 

[Exeunt Thes., Hip., Ege., Dem., and train. 

_Lys._ How now, my love? Why is your cheek 
so pale? 

_Her._ Belike for want of rain; which I could well 
Betwixt them from the tempest of mine eyes. 

_Lys._ Ah me! for aught that I could ever read, 
Could ever hear by tale or history, 
The course of true love never did run smooth: 
But, either it was different in blood:— 

_Her._ O cross! too high to be enframe'd to low! 

_Lys._ Or else misgrafted, in respect of years:— 

_Her._ O spite! too old to be engag'd to young! 

_Lys._ Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:— 

_Her._ O hell! to choose love by another's eye! 

_Lys._ Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarily as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the coldest night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

_Her._ If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.⁹

_Lys._ A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

'Have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow-night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

_Her._ My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knits the souls, and provokes love;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

_Lys._ Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

_Enter Helena._

_Her._ God speed fair Hermia! Whither away?
_Hel._ Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair! O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongues sweet air,
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear,

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

_Were the world mine, Demetrius being hated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated,
O, teach me how to look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

_Her._ I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
_Hel._ O, that your frowns would teach me
Smiles such skill!

_Her._ I gave him curses, yet he gives me love.
_Hel._ O, that my prayers could such affection move!

_Her._ The more I hate, the more he follows me.
_Hel._ The more I love, the more he hateth me.
_Her._ His folly, Hermia, is none of mine.
_Hel._ None but your beauty; would that falk
Were mine!
_Her._ Take comfort; he no more shall see your face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!¹¹

_Lys._ Helen, to you our minds we will unfold
To-morrow night, when Phoebus doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal.)
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

_Her._ And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their unconfess'd sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.¹²

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit Helen.

_Lys._ I will, my Hermia.—Helen, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Lys.

_Hel._ How happy some o'er othersome can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what a Il but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
ACT II.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE II.—A Room in a Cottage at Athens.

Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Quince, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a marry,—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole it some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part:—and I hope here is a play fitt'd.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again; let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.
Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an' tire any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crowned-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to come by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy on one side, and Puck on the other.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier; I

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pear in every cowslip's ear.

Far well, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:

And jealous Oberon would have the child.

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she, perfirme, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,

Call'd Robin Goodfellow; are you not he,

That frights the maidens of the villageree:

Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no harm: Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

Are you not he?

Puck. Thou speakest aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
These wisest arts, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bow, down topples she, 
And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loafe, And waxen in their mirth, and néeze, 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!

Enter Oberon on one side, with his train, and Titania
on the other, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know When thou hast stoof from away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day, Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love To amorous Philida. Why art thou here, Come from the farthest steep of India? But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, Your buskin'd mistresse, and your warrior love. To Theseus must be wedded; and you come To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania, Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night From Perigenia, whom he ravished? And make him with fair Orsée break his faith, With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy: And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, or dale, forest, or mead,
By proved fountain, or by rushing brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy braids 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 pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continuance: The ex hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And crows are fatted with the murrain flock The nine men's Morris is fill'd up with mud; And the quaint mazes in the wanton green, For lack of tread, are undistinguishable; The human mortals want their winter cheer; No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:— Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, Pale in her anger, washes all the air, That rheumatic diseases do abound: And thorough this distemper, we see The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose; And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the summer, The chilling autumn, angry winter, change Their wonted liverys; 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 henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest; The fairy land buyes not the child of me.
His mother was a vol'tess 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, Marking th' embark'd traders on the flood; When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceiv'd, And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind: Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait, Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,) Would imitate; and sail upon the land, To fetch me trilles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of 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 intend you stay?

Tit. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round, And see our moonlight revels, go with us; If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tit. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit 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 mermaid, on a dolphin'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-maid'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, thronged by the west, And loos'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 vot'ress pass'd on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower,— Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,— And maids call it love-in-idleness. Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid, Will make or man or woman madly dote Upon the next live creature that it sees. Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again, Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.

Obe. Having once this juice, I'll watch Titania when she is asleepe, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,) She shall pursue it with the soul of love. And ere I take this charm off from her sight, (As I can take it, with another herb,) I'll make her render up her page to me. But who comes here? I am invisible, And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayceth me. Thou told'st me they were stolen into this wood, And here am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet my Hermia. Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant, But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair? Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you. Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave Unworthy as I am, to follow you. What worse place can I beg in your love, (And yet a place of high respect with me,) Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much, To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night, And that counsel of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that. It is not night, when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night: Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company For you, in my respect, are all the world: Then how can it be said I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mil'kind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exit Dem. and Hel.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her cannell'd skin,
Woo'd wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies,
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord; your servant shall do
so.

[Exit.}

SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song.
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leather wings;
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly howls, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG

1. 1 Fair. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedges be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lulla lulla;
Lulla, lulla, lulla lulla;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm;
Come our lovely lady rich;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2. 2 Fair. Weaving spiders, come let here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Besties black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do we enounce.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 Fair. Hence, away; now all is well;
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exit Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.
Do it for thy true-love sake;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Yard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'it, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wanderings 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.

Her. 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.
Her. Nay, good Lysander: for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, 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.

Her. Lysander ridles very prettily:—
Now much beswore my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie 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 ne'er 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!

Her. With half that wish the wiser's eyes be press'd!

[They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This he is, my master said,
Despised 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, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
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 darkling leave me?* do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Dem.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this sad chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'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 oft'er wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for 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 sphery eye?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Walking.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her 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, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'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 now the point of human skill,
Renson becomes the marshal 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?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you load of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refrus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep, but invisible.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green glen shall be our stage, this bower brake our tiring-house;[a] and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince—

Quin. What say'st thou, Bally 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'rakin', a parulous fear.[b]

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 kill'd 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?

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast! Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here! Pyramus, look how I do quake with fear! Methought a serpent stee my heart away, And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord! What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word! Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear; Speak, of all loves! I swound almost with fear. No!—then I well perceive you are not nigh: Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.
Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-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.

[Sing:
The woosel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The thrush with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;
Tita. What angel wakes me from my low'r bed?

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray;
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo" never so?
Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamore'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce 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.
Act III.  

Scene II.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. 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 purify thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed! 

Enter Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, four Fairies.

1 Fai. Ready.
2 Fai. And I.
3 Fai. And I.
4 Fai. And I.
All. Where shall we go?

Tit. 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-bees, And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, To have my love to bed, and to arise; And pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nom to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fai. Hail, mortal!
2 Fai. Hail!
3 Fai. Hail!
4 Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily,—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. 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 Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mrs. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like oxbeef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry 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.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'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.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
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 enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take.
An ass's howl I fixed on his head;—
Anon, his Thesiby must be answered,
And forth my minnie comes. When they him spy
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and nimbly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, last with their fears thus strong;
Made senseless, things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. 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 wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. 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?
lays 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 Lysander 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 slo'n 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 noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierce'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd 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!
Oh! 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!45
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Thine; thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An 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.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding truith,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood deat.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's see;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside; 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 befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?
Scorn and decision 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 badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-bloody fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give
her o'er?
Weigh 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. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [awaking]. O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is maddly, O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Funn'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand, O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O, spit! O, hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your errament.
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 souls, 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 superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a many enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your decision! 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 of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to 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 to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is 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 ally 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 makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing 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 Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes" and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,
The hate I bear 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 conspire'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait 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 wanty-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 needles 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 an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry.¹⁸
Duo but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
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.

**Hel.** 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 wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tendler me, forsooth, afflication,
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 unlov'd,—
This you should pity, rather than despise.

**Her.** I understand not what you mean by this

**Hel.** Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at 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.

**Lys.** Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

**Hel.** O, excellent!

**Her.** Sweet, do not scorn her so.

**Dem.** If she cannot entertain, I can compel.

**Lys.** Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.

**Hel.** O, 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.

**Dem.** I say, I love thee more than he can do.

**Lys.** If 'tis to say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

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¹⁸ See also the note on page 334 about the cherries.
ACT III.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak; How low am I? I am not yet so low, But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen, Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; 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.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me. I evermore did love you, Hermia, Did ever keep you counsellors, 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 hinder you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. 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.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made; You had, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious In her behalf that scorns 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, Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not; Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right, Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[Exeunt Lys. and Dem.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you: Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I; Nor longer stay in your curtseys company. Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray; My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

[Exit.]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st, Or else committ'st thy knavery wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook. Did not you tell me I should know the man By the Athenian garments he had on? And so far blameless proves my enterprise, That I have not pointed an Athenian's eyes: And so far am I glad it so did sort, As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

His therefore, Robin, overcast the night; The starry welkin cover thou anon With drooping fog, as black as Acheron; And lead these testy rivals so astray, As one come not within another's way. Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime rail thou like Demetrius; And from each other look thou make them thus, Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep: Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye, Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from thence all error with his might, And make his eyeballs roll with wondred sight. When they next wake, all this derision Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision; And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, With league, whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy; And then I will her charmed eye release From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste, For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, And yonder slimes Aurora's harbinger; At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;41
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ose. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[Exit One.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius! speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou now?

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 runn'st 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 look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.
[Exit.

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 heel'd 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:
[Sleeps.
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[Sleeps.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this deceit,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[Sleeps and stirs.

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 detest;
And sleep, that sometime 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 knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
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.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[Sleeps.

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply
Your eye;42
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lys.'s eye.
When thou wak'st,
ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—The Wood.

Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur 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 both to have you overthrown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your Neil, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Peas-blossom 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 hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the songs and the horns.

Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's heard, 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 exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; the female ivy so Earings the barking fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[Tey sleep.

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraiid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, tainted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
to bear him to my lower in fairy land.
And now I hate the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
Act IV.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Scene 1.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be thou as thou wast wont to be:
[Touching her eyes with an herb.
See as thou wast once to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower®
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen?
Melought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do bathe his visage now!
Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off his
head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music, [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; 60
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, like Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.
[Exeunt. Horns sound within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd; 35
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they lay'd 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 flaw'd, so sanded; 9 and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crock-kneed and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs
are these?

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 rose 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 Hermione 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,
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.

The. I pray you all, stand up
I know you two are 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 amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking! but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how 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.
Egeus. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head!
They would have stol'n 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 this 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 wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
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 leathe 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.
Thee. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd 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 seem small and undistinguished,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Hermia. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.
Hipp. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own."  2
Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me,
ACT V.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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 forward, we had all been made men. 24

Flol. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scape'd sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; 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 most happy hour!

A C T V.


Enter Theseus, Hermia, Lysander, and Attendants.

Theseus. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antics fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shap'ting 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 as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

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

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 everything, 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 together; good strings to your beards; 29 new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. 30 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.

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!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

More than the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More than the story of the night told over,

And grows to something of great constancy;

And more than the story of the night told over,

But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,

Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait in 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 Philostrate.
**Act V**

**A Midsummer-Night's Dream.**

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**Philost.** Here, mighty Theseus.

**Thes.** Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What mask, what music? How shall we begin?

**Philost.** There is a brief, how many sports are rio;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

**Ly.** [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

**Thes.** We'll none of that: that have I told my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

**Ly.** "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

**Thes.** That is an old device, and it was play'd

When I from Theseus came last a conqueror.

**Ly.** "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

**Thes.** That is some satire, keen, and critical.

Not sort ing with a nuptial ceremony.

**Ly.** "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

**Thes.** Merry and tragical! Tedions and brief!

That is hot ice, and wond'rous seething snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

**Philost.** A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But 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 tragedical, my noble lord, it is,

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

**Thes.** What are they that do play it?

**Philost.** Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play against your nuptial

**Thes.** And we will hear it.

**Philost.** No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world,

(Unless you can find sport in their intents)

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**Philost.** Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

**Thes.** I will hear that play,

For never anything can be amiss,

When simplicity and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate]

**Hip.** I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,

And duty in his service perishing.

**Thes.** Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

**Hip.** He says they can do nothing in this kind.

**Thes.** 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 purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their ears.

And, in conclusion, dumbly 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.**

**Philost.** So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

**Thes.** 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 mind ing 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.

**Thes.** This fellow doth not stand upon points.

**Ly.** He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord;

It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

**Hip.** Indeed, he hath play'd on this prologue like a

child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
ACT V.

A MIDSUMMERNIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE I.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing inquired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Pred. Gentles, perceive 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 Thisbe is, certain. This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers slander: And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content To whisper, at the which let no man wonder. This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn, Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know, By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn 'To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, thine to woo. This grisly beast, which Lion might by name, The trusty Thisbe, 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 wight did stain: Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain: Whereat with blade, with bloody blamewful blade, He bravely broach'd his baning bloody breast; And, Thisbe 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 Prose, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many assers do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall, That, one Snout by name, present a wall: And such a wall as I would have you think, That had in it a cunning'd hole, or chink, Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, Did whisper often very secretly. This beam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show That I am that same wall; the truth is so: And this the cunning is, right and sinister, Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-looking 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 Thisbe a promise is forgot: And thou, O wall! then sweet and lovely wall! That stands 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.
[Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this! But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse;
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

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 knitt up in thee. Pyr. I see a voice; now wilt I to the chink, To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face. Thisbe! This. My love! thou art my love, I think. Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace, And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill. Pyr. Not Shalbass to Procris was so true. This. As Sinistus to Procles, I to you. Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall. This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all. Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninus's tomb meet me straightway. This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay! Wall. This have I, Wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er 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 beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. Yon, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear The smallest monstrous morsel 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 Snug the joiner, am A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam: For if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 't would stay on my life.

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ACT V.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE I.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er 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 hearken 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' the moon do seem to be.\footnote{83}

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' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for you see, it is already in snuff.\footnote{87}

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon: I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

Lion. Oh— [The Lion roars. These run off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion tears These's mantle, and exit.

The. Well mousled, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams; I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams, I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark,—poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come;

Cut thread and thrum;

Quell, crack, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame? Since lion wild hath here defac'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound!

The rap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, love thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die, die!

[Die.—Exit Moonshine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is out one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. 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 Thisbe, is the better—he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us!

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.
Dem. And thus she moans, vide liceit.

This. Asleep, my love!
What, dead, my dove?
C Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead! A tomb.
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily brows,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make morn!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast intrue:
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies.]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wali 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?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play 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 hung himself in Thisbe’s garret, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly; and very notably discharg’d. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall oversleep 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.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowlis the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task forborne.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
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,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hollow’d house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door."

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.

Ober. Through the house give glistening light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;"
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote;
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[They dance and sing.

Ober. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray
To the best bride-bed will we;
Which 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 spots of nature’s hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hark-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;"
And each several chamber bless.
Through this palace with sweet peace
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay:

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Meet me all by break of day.

([Exit Oberon, Titania, andTRAIN.]

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; \(^3^1\)

If you pardon, we will mend. And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all!
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.]
NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

1 New bent in heaven.

The old copies read now, the words being frequently interchanged in old books. There is a curious instance of this in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630, the line, "for some but now departing soul," being repeated in the burden, "for some but now departing soul." So in Beaumont and Fletcher, v. 290, Mr. Dyce wrongly prints non-departing; although the second folio reads non-departing; but, in his Remarks, p. 44, he recollects that now for new was one of the commonest misprints.

2 Our renowned Duke.

Duke, leader. The primitive Latin sense. So in Lydgate's Bochus—

Told and affirmed to die Theseus,
With bold there and a plain visage.

3 Rings, gauds, conceits.

"A gaud or toy," Barret's Alvarie, 1580.

4 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

That is, to leave the figure he has imprinted, or to disfigure it. The explanation seems unnecessary, but there has been a fierce discussion on the meaning of the line.

5 Earlier happy.

An unusual construction, meaning, more happy in an earthly sense. Capell reads earthly happier, which impairs the melody.

6 Whose unwished yoke.

The sentence is elliptical, as Malone and Knight have very properly observed. Mr. Collier, however, erroneously introduces the particle from the second folio as one of his restorations.

7 Spotted, stained, guilty.

8 Return them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Exem, bestow upon. Colled, literally, smirched with coal; hence, black. Splen, a fit of passion.

9 Poor fancy's followers.

The followers of fancy, or love.

10 Demetrius loves your fair.

Fair, beauty. See note 15 to the Comedy of Errors Lord-star, the leading or guiding star. Some discussion has arisen on the meaning of the seventh line, and Hamner has altered it to

"Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go."

The second folio, however, gives another reading, which is doubtlessly the genuine one—

"Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go."

For favour is not here used, as all editors and commentators have supposed, in the sense of countenance, but evidently in the common acceptance of the term—"O, were favour so," i.e., favour in the eyes of Demetrius; a particular application of a wish expressed in general terms. The reading of the second folio renders the whole passage perfectly intelligible.

12 That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.

So the first folio, adopted by Mr. Collier, and I think rightly, Mr. Dyce, in defiance of me, would read into a hell, observing that the context, a heaven, is "quite enough" to determine we should read, a hell. But in a subsequent act we have,

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

12 And stranger companies.

The old copies read, "and strange companions," altered by Theobald, for the sake of rhyme, to, "and stranger companies," where the comparative appears to me to be unmeaning, though certainly melodious. I am not satisfied with any alteration that has been suggested, and perhaps the ancient text is correct. Companies, companions. Otherwise, some others. Eyne, eyes; the old plural.

13 Things late and vild.

Vild for vile, here noticed for the last time. Mr. Knight observes on this passage, "we are scarcely justified in substituting the vile of the modern editors;" and yet he actually does so in this very play, act v. sc. 1. I mention this not in cenare, knowing from experience how exceedingly difficult it is to obtain perfect uniformity in such matters.
NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

1. It is a dear expense.

Even thanks will be a dear or very great expense for him to give me for this service. "A man had a shrewd wife, and he one day broke her head, the cure whereof cost him dear expense afterward," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614. Speak, roll or scroll.

2. This was Hercules' vein.

"Ay, marry," said a character in Ben Jonson's Postaster, "this was written like a Hercules in poetry"; and a player in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, first printed in 1592, observes, "the twelve labours of Hercules have I horribly thundered on the stage, and played three scenes of the devil in the Highway to Heaven."

You shall play it in a mask.

Females were not introduced on the stage in Shakespeare's time, their places being substituted by boys.

3. A bill of properties.

Properties, a technical term still in use for the articles required by the actors for the business of the stage.

4. Hold, or cut bow-strings.

A proverbial phrase, by which Bottom means to say that they must keep their appointment. Its exact explanation has not been given, but a similar phrase occurs in Shirley's Works, ed. Gifford, iii. 29.

5. Thorough bush, thorough brier.

Compare Drayton's Nymphidia,—

Quoth Puck, "My lige, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
My dearest lord, me'er doubt it.
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough's nicer,
Thorough water, thorough fer!"

And thus goes Puck about it.

6. Orbs are, of course, fairy circles. Pensioners; see note 27 to the Merry Wives of Windsor. Lobs, a lubber. Cheangeling, a child got in exchange. Seen, shining, bright.

7. But they do square.

That is, quarrel. "It chamenced that he and his taylor squared about a bill of account," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614.

8. Call'd a Robin Goodfellow.

Tarleton, in his Newes out of Purgatory, first printed in 1599, says of Robin Goodfellow, that he was "famous in everie old wise's chronicle, for his mad merry pranks." There is, indeed, sufficient evidence to show that there were fairy rhymes and fairy tales, of beings like those of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, in circulation if not in print before that play was written.

Mr. Collier possesses an unique black-letter folio, entitled The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, which, from several passages, may be fairly concluded to have been before the public previously to the appearance of the Midsummer-Night's Dream; and as it affords the best illustration of the play that has yet been discovered, I am induced to present it to the reader at length.

The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow: Describing his birth and whose some he was, how he run away from his Mother, how he was merry at the Bridghouse, how his Father King Oberon found him, together with all his merry Pranks. Very pleasant and witty.

Chapter I.—Shewing his birth, and whose some he was.

Here doe begin the merry jests of Robin Goodfellow: I'd wish you for to reade this bookes, if you his Pranks would know.

But first I will declare his birth, and what his Mother was, And then how Robin merrily did bring his knacks to passe.

In time of old, when Fayries would to wander in the night, And through key-holes swiftly glide, now make my story right.

Among these pretty fairy Elves was Oberon, their King, Who made to keep them company still at their reveling.

And sundry houses they did use, but one, above the rest, Wherein a comedy Lass did dwell that pleas'd King Oberon best.

This lovely Damsell, neat and faire, so courteous, meek and mild, As says my bookes, by Oberon she was begot with child.

She knew not who the father was; but thus to all would say—

In night time he to her still came, and went away ere day.

The midwife having better skill than had this new made mother,—

Quoth she, Surely some fairy 't was, for it can be no other.

And so the old wife rightly judged, for it was so indeed.

This Fairy shew'd himself most kind and helped his love at need;

For store of innend he provides, and brings her for her baby;

With dainty eates and choised fare, she serv'd her like a lady.

The Christening time then being come, most merry they did pass;

The Goops, or the Puck, a cheerful cup as then provided was.

And Robin was the infant call'd, so named the Goospe by the distressed; What pranks he played both day and night, I'll tell you certainly.

Chapter II.—Shewing how Robin Goodfellow carried himselfe, and how he run away from his Mother.

While yet he was a little lad and of a tender age, he'd much wagge-h tricks to men, as they at him would rage.
Notes to a Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Unto his mother they complain'd,
which grieved her to hear,
And for these pranks she threatened him
he should have whipping sheer;

If that he did not leave his tricks,
his jocund mockes and mewes:
Quoth she, then vio, and tutor'd youth,
these pranks no breeding shoowe;

I cannot to the Market goe,
but ere I backe returne,
That scotst my neighbours in such sort,
which makes my heart to mourn:

But I will make you to repent
these things, ere I have done:
I will no favour have on thee,
although thou beest my sonne.

Robin was griev'd to hear these words,
which she to him did say,
But to prevent his punishment,
from her he run away.

And travelling long upon the way,
his hunger being great,
Unto a Taylor's house he came,
and did thereto some meat:
The Taylor took compassion then
upon this pretty youth,
And took him for his Princesse straight,
as I have heard in truth.

Chapter III.—How Robin Good-fellow left his Master, and also how Oberon told him he should be turned into what shape he could wish or desire.

Now Robin Good-fellow, being plac'd
with a Taylor, as you hear,
He grew a workman in short space,
so well he ply'd his trade.

He had a gowne which must be made,
even with all haste and speed:
The maid must have't against next day
to be her wedding weed.

The Taylor he did labour hard
until twelve a clock at night;
Between him and his servant then
they finished as might.

The gowne, but putting on the sleeves;
quoth he unto his man,
I'll goe to bed; whip on the sleeves
as fast as e'er you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gowne
and hangs it on a pin,
Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne,
till day he were did lin.

His Master rising in the morn,
and seeing what he did,
Began to chide; quoth Robin then,
I doe as I was bid.

His Master then the gowne did take
and to his works did fall.
By that time he had done the same
the Maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes
and fetch the remants thither,
That yesterday we left, said he;
we'll breake our fats together.

Then Robin lies him up the stairs
and brings the remants downe,
Which he did know his Master said'd
out of the woman's gowne.

The Taylor he was vest at this,
he meant roomes of meat,
That this good woman ere she went,
might store her breakfast cate.

Quoth she, this is a breakfast good
I tell you, friend, indeed;
And to requite your love I will
send for some drinks with speed:

And Robin he must goe for it
with all the speed he may;
He takes the pot and money too,
and runnes from thence away.

When he had wandred all the day
a good way from the Towne,
Unto a forest then he came:
to sleepes he laid him downe.

Then Oberon came, with all his Elves,
and slipp'd about his sonne,
With unsick pleasing to the ear;
and, when that it was done,

King Oberon layes a sercoule by him,
that he might understand
Whose sonne he was, and how he'd grant
what'er he did demand:

To any forme that he did please
himselfe he would translate;
And how one day he'd send for him
to see his fairy State.

Then Robin longs to know the truth
of this mysterious skill,
And turns himselfe into what shape
he thinks upon or will.

Sometimes a neighing horse was he;
sometimes a grunting hog;
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog.

Chapter IV.—How Robin Good-fellow was merry at the Brich: use.

Now Robin having got this art,
he oft would make good sport,
And hearing of a wedding day,
he makes him ready for't.

Most like a joviall Fiddle then:
derst himselfe must gay,
And goes unto the wedding house,
thereon his crown (fiddle) to play.

He welcome was unto this feast,
and merry they were all;
He play'd and sung sweet songs all day,
at night to sports did fall.

He first did put the candles out,
and being in the dark,
Some would he strike and some would pinch,
and then sing like a lark.

The candles being light againe,
and things well and quiet,
A grosly pease was brought in
to mend their former diet;

Then Robin for to have the same
did turne him to a Bear;
Straight at that sight the people all
did run away for fears. 

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NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Then Robin did the posset eate,
and having serv'd them so,
Away goes Robin with all haste,
then laughing hoe, hoe, hoe!

Chapter V.—Declaring how Robin Good-fellow serv'd an old man.

There was an old man had a Neece,
a very beauteous maid;
To which last her Unkle sought
this faire one to persuade.

But she a young man lov'd too deare
to give consent thereto;
'Twas Robin's chance upon a time
to hear her grievous woe:

Content yourself; then Robin saies,
and I will ease your griefs;
I have found out an excellent way
that will yeeld you relacce.

He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,
Hies home with all the speed he may
to blind her Unkle's eyes:

And there he plyes his wroke amaine,
doing more in one hour,
Such was his skill and workmanship,
that she could doe in four.

The old man wrode to see
the wroke go on so fast,
And there withall more worke doth he
unto good Robin cast.

Then Robin said to his old man,
good Unkle, if you please
To grant to me but one ten pound,
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.

Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,
sweet Neece, with all my heart,
So then will grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.

Then let me writing have, quoth he,
from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweet-heart
when I have done this deed.

The old man he did give consent
that be these things should have,
Thinking that it had bin his Neece
that did this bargainne crave;

And unto Robin then quoth he,
my gentle Neece, behold,
Goe then into thy chamber sone,
and I'll goe bring the gold.

When he into the chamber came,
thinking indeed to play,
Straight Robin upon him doth fall,
and carries him away

Into the chamber where the two
fair Lovers did abide;
And gives to them their Unkle old,
1, and the gold besides.

The old man vainly Robin sought,
some such as he tries;
Sometimes he was a hare or hound,
sometimes like bird he flies.

The more he strove, the less he spake,
The Lovers all did see;
And thus did Robin favour them
full kind and merry.

Thus Robin lived a merry Life
as any could enjoy:
Many country farms he did resort,
and oft would folks annoy.

But if the maids doe call to him,
he still away will goe
In knave's servite, and to himselfe
he'd laugh out hoe, hoe, hoe!

He oft would beg and crave an alms,
but take sought that they'd give;
In several shapes he'd gull the world,
thus madly did he live.

Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a soldier brave;
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare:
brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owl he'd seeme to be,
sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometimes a kinre, in Irish shape,
to leape o'er mine or bog.

Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking-dire he'd be,
and lead the from their way.

Some call him Robin Good-fellow,
Hob-goblin, or Mad Crisp;
And some against doe terrance him oft
by name of Will the Wispe.

But call him by what name ye list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
is Robin the Good-fellow.

At last upon a summer's night
King Oberon found him out,
And with his Elves in dancing wise
straight cirded him about.

The fairies dance't, and little Tom Tumbl
on his bag-pipe did play,
And thus they dance't their fairy round
till almost break of day.

Then Puckus he most gloriously
begins to grace the aire,
When Oberon with his fairy traine
begins to make repair.

With speed unto the Fairy land,
they swiftly tooke their way,
And I out of my dreams awak'd,
and so 'twas perfect day.

Thus having told my dreames at full,
I'd bid you all farewelle.
If you applaund mad Robin's pranks
may be ere long I'll tell

Some other stories to your ears,
which shall contentment give:
To please your favours I will wolve
the longest day I live.

If my readers will permit me to call their attention to
the following passage, spoken by Puck, after he had effected
the transformation of Bottom, its similarity with part of the foregoing ballad will be at once perceived:—

"I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through leg, through bush, through brake, through briar.
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A log, a headless bear, sometimes a fire;
And height, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, log, bear, fire, at every turn."

So also in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, printed by Percy, we have a similar account of Robin’s exploits:—

"Sometimes I mete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes an hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
And trip and trot about them round;
But if to ride,
My bucka they stride,
More swift than winde away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Three’ pools and ponds,
A whirly, laughing, ho, ho, ho!"

The name of Robin Goodfellow had, it appears, been familiar to the English as early as the thirteenth century, being mentioned in a tale preserved in a manuscript of that date in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It does not, however, fall in with our plan to enter into any antiquarian discussion on the subject; but we take the opportunity of referring to this singular fact, because it affords one proof, and that a remarkable one, of the antiquity of fairy mythology in this country of a nature similar to that used by Shakespeare.

In the library of the Earl of Ellesmere is preserved a very curious tract, printed at London in 1628, containing a prose history of the merrie pranks of the same mischievous spirit, intermixed with poetry. I suspect that some of the metrical portions of this book are of much earlier date, and it is possible that the following verses may be the originals of the exquisitely beautiful Anacreontic lines spoken by Puck at the end of the play. I cannot, however, discover the precise date of their composition:—

"The moone shines faire and bright,
And the owle hollows:
Morrise now take their rests.
Upon their pillows:
The bats abroad likewise,
And the night raven,
Which doth use for to call
Man to death’s haven.
Now the mice peep abroad,
And the cats take them;
Now doe young vrenches sleep,
Till their dreams wake them."

The ideas are not only similar to those of Shakespeare, but follow in precisely the same order. Some similarity may also be traced between this and the following invocation of a spirit by a very celebrated magician. It is taken from The famous history of Frayr Bacon, edited by Mr. T lavorne, p. 44:—

"Now the owle is flowne abroad,
For I hear the croaking toade,
And the bat that shuns the day,
Through the darke doth make her way."

Now the ghosts of men doe rise,
And with fearful hideous cries,
Seek revengement from the good
On their heads that split their blood.
Come some spirit, quicks I say,
Night’s the Devil’s holiday;
Where’re you be, in drunes, or lake,
In the ivy, oke, or brake:
Quickely come and me attend,
That am Bacon’s man and friend.
But I will have you take no shap
Of a bear, a horse, or ape;
Nor will I have you terrible;
And therefore come invisible."

"And sometimes labour in the quern.
A quern is a hand-mill. Ancient querns, made of stone, are frequently found in Ireland. Histories report that he was brought into such povertie, that he was fayne to serve a baker in turning a quern or handmill to get his living," Northbrooke’s Treatise against Dicing, 1577. It should be remarked that the grammar is here defective, most of the verbs governed by “are you not he,” being in the plural instead of the singular; but the original represents most probably the author’s own text, and there is certainly something lost in melody by substituting skims, labours, &c.

"To bear no barm.
Barm, yeast. This provincial term is still in use in Warwickshire, and I have seen a card advertising “fresh barm” in Henley Street at Stratford-on-Avon, within a few yards of the poet’s birth-place.

"And tailor cries.
She cries ‘tailor,’ because she falls in the position in which a tailor sits on his board. Dr. Johnson notices the custom of crying tailor at a sudden fall backwards.

"Hold their hips, and left.
Left, laugh, the ancient pronunciation of the word. Ben Jonson, in the Fox, makes laughter rhyme with laughter; and in the old nursery ballad of Mother Hubbard, after she had bought her dog a coffin, she came home and found he was luffing!"

"And nere, i.e. nearce. In Langley’s Abridgment of Polydore Vergili, fol. 127, it is said: "There was a place whereby many, as they needed, did soleinly, whereof grew into a custome that they that were present when any manne needed, should say, ‘God helpe you.’ A lyke deadly plague was sometime in yarwning, wherfore men used to fence themselves w. the signe of the cross; bothe whiche customes we retynye stiy at this day."

"Since the middle-summer’s sprey.
Middle-summer is the middle of the summer, or midsummer. Midsummer is not, strictly speaking, the middle of summer; but that is what is evidently here intended. “The midle spring, or the midst of the spring,” Nomenclator, 1858. Spring, beginning, commencement. Furth fountain, alluding to the natural flow of pebbles. Mar-
NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

gent, an old form of the word margin. Felting, small caltry. Continents, banks.

39 The nine men's morris is filled up with mud.

"In that part of Warwickshire where Shakespeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called Nine Men's Morris, or Marril; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be choked up with mud."—JAMES.

30 On old Hymns thin and icy crowns.
Old copies, chin. Corrected by Tyrwhitt. Childish, pregnant, productive.

30 By their increase.
Increase, produce. "Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us," Psalms, lxvi. 6.

31 To be my henchman.
Blount says henchman "is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour;" and in the Nomenclator, 1583, "un page d'hommes, a page of honour or a henchman." In a letter from Mr. Allen to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated December 16th, 1556, it is said,—"Her Highness hath of late, whereat some do muse much marvel, dissolved the ancient office of the henchmen."

32 At a fair vent'ln throne'd by the west.
This allusion to Queen Elizabeth has exercised the ingenuity of the critics. It is elegant flattery, without partaking of the humiliating character of most of the compliments paid to that sovereign by the other writers of the age. Love-in-Littleness is a very pretty rural name for the panics or heart's-case.

32 I'll put a girl's round about the earth.
This metaphor, expressive of great distance, literally meaning, to go round the world, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. It occurs in Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois,—

And skill in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribbled with brass,
To put a girlie round about the world.

33 The one I'll stay, the other stretch me.
Stay, to hinder. Hermit stays Demetrius by causing him an useless search in the wood; she does not kill him. Mr. Knight is unquestionably correct in restoring the old reading. Wood within this wood, a quibble, wood being an old term for wood.

33 Your virtue is my privilege for that.
For that, as everybody knows, means because in numerous places; and Mr. Hunter proposes to receive the phrase in that sense in the present instance, and place a stop after privilege; a reading which, I fear, destroys the effect of a very significant line. Brakes, bushes.

36 Ox-lips.
Ox-lips are the greater cowslips. "The greater sort called for the most part oxlips and piggles," Gerard, p. 337. The eglandine is the sweet-briar. Weed, dress.

37 A rondel and a fairy song.
Rounded, a rondelay. Bear-mice, bats.

38 Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
That is, pure love only is the meaning in the conversation of lovers.

39 Wilt thou darkling leave me.

40 Touching now the point of human skill.
That is, says Steevens, my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection.

41 This honefors made our tiring-house.
The tiring-house was the dressing-room of the old theatres. Maine, in his Amorons Warre, 1618, mentions "the invention of your poets, who kill only on the stage, and then revive their slaughter'd persons in the tiring-house."

42 Byraklin, a parlous fear.
Byraklin, by our Lady's kin. Parlous, perilous, dangerous. "Parlous wise, and yet loving to his guests," Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 2. Written in eight and six, that is, in verses of six and eight syllables.

43 Tell them plainly he is Sons the joiner.
The following anecdote, which has been frequently quoted, occurs in a collection of jests in MSS. Harl. 6295, collected by Sir Nicholas Lestrange in the seventeenth century:—"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, amongst others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very coarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was not of Arion, not he, but a most honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discoveriod pleased the Queen better than if it had gone through in the
right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." Sir W. Scott has made good use of this laughable incident.

"A play toward?"

This is a very common expression in old plays. "Have I a pleasure toward," Revengers Tragedie, 1608.

"Cues and all."

A cue, or gu, is thus explained by Minshew, "a term used among stage-players, a Lat. qualis, i.e. at what manner of word the actors are to begin to speak one, after another hath done his speech."

"The woeel-cook, so black of hue."

The woeel, or wooell, was a generic term for the blackbird. Barnfield, in his Affectonate Shepherd, 1594, says,—

House-doves are white, and ource blackebeards bee, Yet what a difference in the taste we see. The thrusle is the thrush.

"The plain-senge cuckoo gray."

Ah, sweetly, sweetly, doth the cuckoo sing The cuckoos' praises in the pleasant Spring; Familiar is her song, smooth, casie, plaine, Not harsh, nor hardly wrastled from her throat. Pasquill's Night Cap, 1612.

"Gleek, i.e., te joke. "Donne d'une, to give a gul- gawn, a lurch, a glecke," Cotgrave. In the Fairy Queen, 1592, an alteration of this play, Bottom says, "Nay, I can break a jest on occasion."

"With apricocks and dewberries."

Apricots were formerly termed apricocks. The dewberry is the dwarf mulberry, rubus chamamorus, often confused with the blackberry, being a similar fruit, but of a larger size. I have gathered many a dewberry in the lanes between Stratford-on-Avon and Ashton Cantlowe; and thought of Shakespeare and Titania.

"Mistress Squash, your mother."

Squash is an unripe peascod.

"Night-rule, i.e., night sport. Patchels, fools, clowns. Sort, company."

"An ass's novel I fixt on his head."

Novel, i.e., head. So, in Lilly's Mother Bombie,—

"Wine, O wine! O juise divine! How dast thou the soule refine!"

The transformation of Bottom had its prototype in the ancient mysteries. Among the curious stage directions in the Chester Mysteries, are the following,—"Hear Adam and Eve goe out toll Cayne hath slayne Abell." "Then Noye, with all his familie, shall make a signe, as though the wroghte upon the shippe be divers instruments," "Hear Abraham doth kiss his sonne Isaac, and lynde a chorschaffe aboute his head: let him make a signe as though he would cut off his headle with his sword; then let the anuell come and take the sword by point and stak it." "Then Balaham shall strike his axe, and remark, that here it is necessary for some one to be transformed into the appearance of an ass."

The scenery and other stage furniture must have been of the most primitive kind, probably inferior to that of the penny and twopenny shows that still figure occasionally in our streets. Thus, in Noah's Flood, "the arck musite be horded round about, and one the bordes, all the beasts and foules painted." Again, when the star appears in the east, it is made to move by a little angel carrying it away in his arms; and the kings follow it by coming down from the stage, mounting on horses in the street, and riding round for a few minutes among the spectators.

"Mimic, i.e., actor, more properly, the clown. "A mimick, a jester, a vice," Minshew. Comedie, daws.

"Latch'd the Athenian's eye."

Latch, to catch. Hence, metaphorically, to infect. "Latching, catching, infecting," Ray's English Words, ed. 1674, p. 29. The word occurs in the first sense in Macheth. I believe the usual interpretation given to it in this passage, latched over, is quite inadmissible.

Of force, of necessity, necessarily.

"Touch, i.e., trick, exploit. Mispris'd, mistaken. Clear, countenance. Sport alone, famous sport."

"This princess of pure white."

Princes is, of course, metaphorically used for the chief or most excellent. Mr. Collier unnecessarily suggests impress.

"You fiery cee."

Oes are anything round: the stars were small cee. In Wits Recreations, 1654, the heavens are called a "box of cee." Artificio, skilful, ingenious. "Artificial, artificull skilfull, cunning, workmanlike," Cotgrave.

"Two of the first, like coats in heraldry."

A coat of arms quartered with another coat, but crowned with only one crest.

"You cannker-blosom."

Stevens explains this, "a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle," Carol, shrivelish.

"Of kind ring knot-grass made."

"Knot-grass is a long round weed, with little round smooth leaves, and the stalks very knotty and rough, winding and wreathing one seam into another very confusedly, and growth for the most part in very moist places," Markham's Cheap and Good Husbandry, 1676.

"Already to their wormy beds are gone."

This line has been imitated, perhaps unconsciously, by Shelley.

"Then shalt by this dear."

"By, i.e., aby, expiite. We have also in this act, "test, to thy peril, thou aby it dear."
1 I'll apply your eye.

So the old copies. *Apply* did not necessarily require the addition of the preposition. We have the verb without it in the Nic Wotton, 1560. The versification is irregular.

2 Jack shall have Jill.

Well is so bad a rhyme to fit, that Stevens proposes to read still. In Heywood's *Epigrams upon Proverbs*, 1567 we have,—

"All shall be well, Jacke shall have Gill; Nay, ney; Gill is wedded to Will."

This shows that the common reading is quite correct.

3 Thy amiable cheeks do cry.

Amiable, worthy to be loved. Gerard, in his *Herbal*, p. 637, mentions an "amiable and pleasant kind of primrose." Cry, to weep or strome. Overflown, flooded. Nef, hand or fist.

4 The woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle.

There is a passage in Ben Jonson in which the *blue bindweed* is mentioned as entwining with the honeysuckle, and Gifford thinks the former synonymous with the woodbine. He is, perhaps, right, for, in Lyndacre's *Herball*, the woodbine is made synonymous with withwind, another term for the bindweed; but it is not to be denied that, in Shakespeare's time, the woodbine and the wild honeysuckle were one and the same; and in this very play the poet mentions the "luscious woodbine," an epithet certainly more appropriate to the honeysuckle.

5 Like round and orient pearls.

*Oriental* is generally used by our old writers in the sense of bright, sparkling.

6 Dan's bud o'er Cupid's flower.

According to Stevens, this is the bud of the *agave castus* o'er love-in-idleness.

7 And bless it to all fair posterity.

The first edition has *prospersity*, and either reading makes perfect sense.

8 Our observation is perform'd.

Attending to the observance to the morn of May. *Vespre*, vespers, the vespertic. *Chiding* alludes only to sound.

9 So flow'd, so wand'd.

*Flow'd*, having large hanging shapes, which in hounds were called *flowers*. When a hound is fleet, fair *flow'd", and well hanged," Lily's *Midas*, 1632. *Wand'd*, of a sandy colour.

10 Mine own, and not mine own.

Two interpretations may be given to this passage; one, that she has found Demetrius as she would have found a lost jewel, so unexpectedly that she almost doubts whether he is her own; the other, that she has found him as she would have found a jewel, only here till the owner claims it.

11 *Men is but a pack'd fool.*

That is, a fool in a coat of variegated colours. Hence *patch*, a fool. See note 81. *At her death* alludes, probably, to the death of Thisbe. Theobald proposes to read *after death*.

12 Mode, i.e., enriched.

The strings, as Malone observes, were to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off.

13 Our play is preferred.

That is, proffered, or offered to the duke's notice. So in *Perkin Warbeck*, act ii. sc. 3,—

"In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know, Will in some shew, some masque, or some device, Prefer their duties."

14 What abridgment have you for this evening?

Mr. Knight explains this,—" what short thing have you, of play, or mask, or music?"

15 There is a brief.

That is, an abstract. "Give me the brief of your subject," Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*. Philostrate here produces a list of the various amusements which had been proffered by the people of Athens for Theseus to wear away the "long age of three hours, between his after-supper and bed-time." The exact meaning of one of these has never been satisfactorily explained:—

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, hate deceased in beggary."

Theseus rejects this, and adds—

"That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with the nuptial ceremony."

Now, it will be remembered that out of the four "sports which are rich," three of them certainly refer to a period and action consistent with the nature of the plot. We have—

"The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung, By an Athenian even, to the harp." Next in order,

"The riot of the tipsy bacchanales, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

And lastly,

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth."

It is probable that the two lines we have given above were either inserted after the play itself was written, or that the poet merely makes a general allusion to the low state of literature at the time; and this supposition accords sufficiently with Shakespeare's usual practice. For instance, he perhaps alludes, nearly at the beginning of the play, to the state of the weather in the year 1594; but this description is not at all incompatible with the circumstances of his drama: but I think that a particular allusion
to some real person and some real death has this difficulty. Thесeus rejects one "soul,"

and another because it was

"in glory of my kinsman Hercules,"

Is it reasonable to suppose that at the same time Shakes-
ppear wrote the above lines, he would have considered it at all consistent to introduce a personal allusion to any of his own contemporaries? For, it must be remembered, such an allusion evidently could not apply also to the period of Theseus. If any allusion he intended, it is probably general; and Daniel, in the Cleopatra, printed in 1594, complains sadly of the "barbarous" of the time. Perhaps, however, the plague of 1593 may have simultaneously destroyed learning and some of its professors.

Mr. Knight conjectures that Shakespeare alludes to the jest of Robert Greene, who died in 1592, in a condi-
tion that might truly be called beggary. There is some reason in this, although the Midsummer Night's Dream was not written till two years afterwards; for in the year 1594 was published Greene's Funerall, in which occurs the following passage:

"For judgement Jove, for learning despe he still Apollo scene; For fluent tongue, for eloquence, men Mercurie him decade; For curiosi suppose him Guy, or Gypsies somewhat loose. His life and manners, though would, I cannot half expect: Nor mouth, nor minde, nor Muse can halfe declare. His life, his love, his land, so excellent they were." 19

In the year 1594 was also published Greene's last work, written in conjunction with Thomas Lodge, entitled The Looking Glass for London and England. Chulmers has dwelt upon an anison which is said to have existed between Lodge and Shakespeare: and, if this were the ease, we may perhaps be justified in conjecturing that the "thrice three Muse" merced, or rather intended to mourn, on the last production of a famous writer which was wholly unworthy of his pen. The above-mentioned work is, indeed, very poor; and, as far as Greene was con-
cerned, the productions of his learning might then be truly said to be "late deceased in beggary." This conjecture was also bear out the apprehension of Theseus:

"That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with the upbraid ceremony." 20

A tedious brief scene.

In ridicule of the absurd titles of some of our ancient dramas, such as the "Lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, king of Persia." Ben Jonson notices something of the same kind in his Bartholomew Fair. — "The ancient modern History of Hero and Leander," of course satirically. Laptev's All for Money, 1575, is called a "pitiful comedy" on the title-page, and a "pleasant tragedy" in the prologue.

"Not ice, and wood-row seeking snow.
Southwell, 1630, has a similar antithesis, "winter rose, and summer ice;" and in Cartwright's Poems, 1651, p. 272, —

Johnson hath writ things last and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express love ice.
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow.

21 Takes it in might, not merit.

That is, accepts it as exerted in its utmost power, not according to its real merit. Noble respect, the respect or regard of a noble mind. Address'd, ready.

22 If we offend, it is with our good will.

This is the height of this species of nonsense. It is remembered by Taylor, the Water-Post, in his "Worke, 1630,—" "If the printer hath placed any line, letter, or syllable, whereby this large volume may be made guilty to be understood by any man, I would have the reader not to impute the fault to the author; for it was farre from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say, as it is unawaresly written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer Night's Dream. If we of-

23 Like a child on a recorder.

The recorder, according to Hawkins, appears to have been a kind of flageolet.

24 Not Shyfalus to Procrus was so true.

Bottom's mistake for Cephalus and Procris, a poem on whom, by Chaute, appeared in 1593 or 1594.

25 Nor else no lion's dam.

In our old phraseology, as Dr. Johnson observes, nor often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. The meaning of the whole is this, "Then know that I, one Sing the joiner, am neither a lion fell, nor a lion's dam." An absurd conjecture to sub-

26 Myself the main 't is the moon do seem to be.

Grinn (Deutsche Mythologie, p. 419) informs us that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon; the first, that this personage was Isaac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the other, which is taken from the history of the sabbath-breaker, as related in the Book of Numbers. In the poem, entitled The Testament of Creusalem, printed in Chaucer's works, there is an allusion to the same legend:

"Next after him came lady Cynthia,
The taste of all, and swittest in her sphere,
Of colour blacke, busk'd with horrid twa.
And in the night she lath best th' hour,
Have we the heed, of colour nothing there,
For al the light she borrowed at her brother
Tiana, for of herself she hath none other.
"Her girt was gray and full of spottis blacke,
And on her breas a chornel painted ful even,
Bearing a busing of thorns on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heaven.

The Italians of the thirteenth century imagined the
Man in the Moon to be Cain, who is going to sacrifice to
the Lord, horns—the most wretched production of the ground. Dante refers to this in the twentieth canto of the Inferno:—

"ché già tiene 'l confine
D’amenduo gli emisferi, e tocca l’onda
Sotto Sibilia, Caino e le spine."

87 In snuff.

There is here a play upon words, in snuff being a common old phrase for being angry. Moused, torn or mangled by the mouth.

88 These lily brows.

Old copies read, “these lily lips,” but the whole being in rhyme, I cannot refuse to accept Theobald’s emendation.

89 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

“Altho’ this piece, as it stands before us, cannot easily be contrived for representation, yet this part of it which was performed by the Athenian handicrafts was some years ago produced at Covent Garden Theatre as a burlesque opera, and repeatedly exhibited with great success. I have been present at it myself. The music, which was in great estimation, was composed by Mr. J. F. Laroce, and the character of Pyramus was presented by that celebrated singer, Mr. John Beard,” MS. note of Thomas Hall.

8A Bergomash dance.

According to Sir Thomas Hanmer, this was a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasso, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians.

81 To sweep the dust behind the door.

The fairies were always famous for their love of cleanliness, and Rowlands mentions a similar employment for Robin Goodfellow in his More Knaves Yet,—

"Amongst the rest was a Goodfellow devill,
So call’d in kindness, cause he did no evill,
Knowne by the name of Robin, as we heare,
And that his eyes as broad as sawcers were,
Who came anight, and would make kitchins cleane,
And in the bed beginch a lazie queane."

82 Hop as light as bird from brier.

A very common old comparison. So in the Cobbler of Canterburie, 1608,—

"This smith was a quaint sire,
As merrie as bird on brier."

83 Prodigious, i.e., portentous.

"Every fairy take his post.
That is, take his way. The term is still in common use in the north of England.

84 Gentles, do not reprehend.

Mr. Hunter, New Illustrations, i. 228, amended this by reading, do not reprehend.
The Merchant of Venice.

In Venice town no long ago
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Ballad of Gerutius.

The Merchant of Venice is founded on two popular medieval tales, both of which are met with in several collections, and under a considerable variety of form. As might, therefore, be anticipated, few plays have been more suggestive to writers on the history of fiction; but a brief notice of these remote originals will satisfy the readers of Shakespeare, the poet having been most probably indebted for his materials to more modern versions of the above-mentioned narratives, which, for the sake of distinctness, may be designated the stories of the Bond and the Caskets.

The incident of the Bond is probably of oriental origin. It was introduced into this country at a very early period, a version of it having been discovered by Mr. Wright in a manuscript in the British Museum, written about the year 1320, (MS. Harl. 7322.) This manuscript is a collection of Latin stories for preachers, and the tale of the Bond is related of two brothers, one malicious and covetous, the other generous and extravagant. The latter, having expended all his money, was reduced to the necessity of applying to the elder brother, who, insisting upon an equivalent of some kind, the younger one was thoughtlessly induced to sell him a hand's breadth of his flesh, and made the bargain before the necessary witnesses. On the contract being insisted upon, a prince interferes to save the life of the younger brother; and he does so by ingeniously obtaining from him a grant of his blood, and then informing the elder brother that his own life will be forfeited if he spills a drop of his relative's blood.*

This story is found under a different form in the well-known collection of medieval tales called the Gesta Romanorum, but mixed up with a love story, and concludes by the knight's mistress coming into the court disguised, and saving her lover by the same ingenuity which, in the play, is attributed to Portia.

The similarity to Shakespeare is still further to be noticed in the next version of the tale, which occurs in the Pecorone of Giovanni Fiorentino, written towards the close of the fourteenth century. In this novel, the lady of Belmont is mentioned; the trial is conducted in a manner more similar to the description in Shakespeare; and the whole concludes with the stratagem respecting the ring. It is evident, therefore, that Shakespeare was indebted in some way, probably indirectly, to the Pecorone.

The second story, that of the Caskets, is found in a simple form in the Greek romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, written about the year 800. "The king commanded four chests to be made, two of which were to be covered with gold, and secured by golden locks, but filled with the rotten bones of

* Notices of other medieval tales, which include the condition of the Bond, will be found in Mr. Wright's collection of Latin Stories, a curious and valuable volume, published by the Percy Society.
human carcasses. The other two were overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords; but replenished with precious stones and the most exquisite gems, and with ointments of the richest odour. He called his nobles together, and placing these chests before them, asked which they thought the most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most precious, supposing they were made to contain the crowns and girdles of the king. The two chests covered with pitch they viewed with contempt. Then said the king, I presumed what would be your determination, for ye look with the eyes of sense. But to discern baseness or value, which are hid within, we must look with the eyes of the mind. He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and filled the beholders with horror." The incident adopted by Shakespeare is found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. A young princess is to choose one of three caskets. The first was made of gold, ornamented with precious stones, but within full of dead men's bones, with the inscription, "Who chooseth me shall find what he deserves." The second was of silver, but filled with earth, and inscribed, "Who chooseth me shall find what his nature desires." The third was made of lead, filled with gums and precious stones, and inscribed, "Who chooseth me shall find what God hath disposed." The princess wisely chose the last, and the Emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti: ido filium meum habebis." This story had appeared in English, in Robinson's translation of the *Gesta*, as early as 1577.

It appears with sufficient clearness from the above that Shakespeare was indebted for the chief incidents of his play, either directly or indirectly, to the Pecorone and the tale of the Caskets in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The origin of the episode of the loves of Lorenzo and Jessica must be looked for elsewhere, and Dunlop refers us to the fourteenth tale of Massuccio di Salerno, who flourished about the year 1470, in which novel we have an avaricious father, whose daughter elopes by the intervention of a servant, and robs her parent of his money. On discovering her flight, the father's grief is divided between the loss of his daughter and the robbery of his ducats.

Instead, however, of supposing the poet obtained his materials from three unconnected works, a very easy and probable solution of the question is suggested by the circumstance that the Merchant of Venice was originally also entitled the *Jew of Venice*. This fact, which is obtained from the entry of the play on the registers of the Stationers' Company, in 1598, is of considerable importance, when viewed in connection with another circumstance, the allusion to an old play called the "Jew," in Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, which contained "a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaisters, Jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonwealth," 16mo., 1579. A play so called, says Gosson, was one of the few which were "without rebuke." It was exhibited at the Bull, and Gosson describes it as representing the greediness of worldly chasers, and bloody minds of usurpers. The coincidence of this description with the subject of the Merchant of Venice, is so remarkable, that when we add to it the identity of title, little doubt can fairly remain that the play mentioned by Gosson, in 1579, contained similar incidents to those in Shakespeare's play, and that it was, in all probability, the rude original of the Merchant of Venice. If this be conceded, we need scarcely enter into the subject of the ballad of Gervinus as one of Shakespeare's sources. If the ballad was really anterior to the play, it might possibly have suggested a few trilling expressions: but the evidence clearly leads to the conclusion that the poet must have been indebted to some production, which was in its turn borrowed from the Pecorone.

The Merchant of Venice, as has been already remarked, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1598, and it is mentioned by Meres in the same year. We have no other certain information respecting the date of its composition, but it was probably written before the year 1596, for in *Wily Beegiled*, an old play which contained more than one sly borrowing from Shakespeare, occurs the following palpable imitation of a well-known scene in the Merchant of Venice:

"*Sophos.* In such a night did Paris win his love.
*Lelia.* In such a night Amers prov'd unkind.
*Sophos.* In such a night did Troilus court his dear.
*Lelia.* In such a night fair Philip was betray'd."

The play of *Wily Beegiled* is alluded to in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, and it was probably then a new production. And if, in addition to this, we add the circumstance of several
expressions which occur in the trial scene in Shakespeare being similar to others in the story of the Bond in Munday's translation of Silvayn's Orator, published in the same year, we may arrive not unreasonably at the conclusion that the Merchant of Venice was a new and favourite play in 1596. The date of its composition would thus be placed in 1595, or very early in the following year.*

The first edition of the play appeared in 1600, entitled, "The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choise of three chestes: as it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600." The second edition was "printed by J. Roberts" in the same year, with variations which seem to indicate that its source was not so pure as that from which the other edition was printed. Mr. Knight says the first quarto of Heyes was also printed by Roberts, but this is surely too bold an assumption to draw merely from the initials, and it would be strange indeed had Roberts printed two different texts of the same play nearly simultaneously. The play was reprinted in the folio of 1623, with a few variations chiefly arising from the action of the statute of James I. directed against the profane use of the name of the Deity in dramatic performances. Our text is chiefly taken from the earliest quarto.

The Merchant of Venice appears to have been a popular drama. We may conclude so from the facts already mentioned, as well as from the circumstance of its having been twice acted before the Court in the year 1605 in the course of three days, which appears from the original accounts of the revels preserved at Somerset House, first edited by Mr. P. Cunningham. About a century afterwards, an alteration of it by Lord Lansdowne was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields under the title of the "Jew of Venice," published in 1701, with a prologue by Bevil Higgons, in which the ghost of Shakespeare is represented as uttering the following remarkable lines,—

* These scenes in their rough native dress were mine,
   But now, improved, with nobler lustre shine;
The first rude sketches Shakespeare's pencil drew,
   But all the shining master-strokes are now.

We smile now at the temerity of Mr. Higgons and Lord Lansdowne; but, although Macklin partially restored the poet's text, it is only within a very few years that the genuine play, in its full proportion, has taken the place of the mutilated copy of the old prompt-book, in which some of the most graceful and poetical parts of the drama were omitted.

The Merchant of Venice exhibits, to use the words of Gosson, "the goodness of worldly-chasers, and bloody minds of usurers;" and there is more concord in the union of these subjects than might at first be imagined. Intense desire of revenge is not unfrequently found joined with the ardent love of gain, and the character of Shylock, in this respect, is strictly true to nature. Severely persecuted in every direction on account of his creed, the revenge he attempts to take is, in regard to its severe character, that of any bad man who has been deeply injured under similar circumstances, for religious intolerance and persecution have invariably produced a deeper feeling of resentment than other kinds of injustice. The form taken by his revenge is appalling, but had it been less frightful, our sympathies would have turned to the Jew. Shylock had been trampled upon till his desire for retaliation triumphed over his love of money, and resolved itself into that one feeling which it appears to have been the object of the poet to illustrate in the play. Shakespeare has almost imperceptibly so arranged the course of Shylock's arguments, that, while they appear to and do actually arise perfectly naturally out of his desire for revenge, they are made the medium of inciting the liberal doctrine, that a man cannot justly be deprived of his rights on account of his religious belief.

* A play called by Henslowe the "Venetsian Comedy" was acted in 1594, and frequently repeated: but there are no sufficient reasons for believing it to have been Shakespeare's play.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCE OF ARAGON, suitor to Portia.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, suitor to Portia.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7.

ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

BASSANIO, friend to Antonio.

SOLANIO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

SALARINO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

GRATIANO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.
Appears Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

TUBAL, a Jew, friend to Shylock.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

BALTHAZAR, servant to Portia.
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

STEPHANO, servant to Portia.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.
This character is omitted in this edition. See Note 1.

A GAoler.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

NERISSA, waiting-maid to Portia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.
Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

MAGNIFICOES of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Partly at Venice; and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.
The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salario, and Solanio.

Ant. 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't is made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me, That I have much ado to know myself.

Salario. Your mind is tossing on the ocean; There, where your argosies with portly sail, Like signiors and rich burgurers on the flood, Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, Do overpeer the petty traffickers, That curtsey to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture 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 shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sanes, Vailing 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 bethink me straight of dangerous rocks, Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side, Would scatter all her spices on the stream; Enrobe the rearing 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 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad! But tell not me; I know Antonio Is sad, to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it, My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year: Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salario. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salario. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 't were as easy For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry, Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time; Some that will evermore peep through their eyes, And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they’ll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salv. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salv. I would have stay’d till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th’ occasion to depart.

Salv. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so!

Salv. We’ll make our liberties to attend on yours.

[Exeunt Salamino and Solano.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a swl one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do scarce mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress’d in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:
As who should say, “I am sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!”
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, ’t would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I’ll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo: fare ye well a while,
I’ll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Though shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I’ll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, I’ faith; for silence is only commendable
In a ne’er’s tongue dry’d, and a maid not venal:

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are	two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when
you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. ’T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mean to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherin my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag’d. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unbarthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it:
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
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

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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 undervalued
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;
Neither 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 no question 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 a weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small 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 may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband!—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a-living daughter cur'd 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, never 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, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropiation to his own goods parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palantine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have 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 unmann'rly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married 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, monsieur le Bon?

**Por.** God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a crying; 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 require him.

**Ner.** What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

**Por.** You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court, and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture: but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

**Ner.** What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

**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 vividly in the morning, when he is sober; and most vividly in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worse, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

**Ner.** If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

**Por.** Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhineish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, 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 wooers 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 father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

**Por.** Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

**Ner.** True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd 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?

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**Enter a Servant.**

**Serv.** The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a foreman come from a fifth, 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 shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exit.]

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**Scene III.**—Venice. A public Place.

**Enter Bassanio and Shylock.**

**Shy.** Three thousand ducats,—well.

**Bass.** Ay, sir, for three months.

**Shy.** For three months,—well.

**Bass.** For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

**Shy.** Antonio shall become bound?—well.

**Bass.** May you stand me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

**Shy.** Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, 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 habitation 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 feel at 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 thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed 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! Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But, soft; how many months Do you desire? Rest you fair, signior:

Your worship was the last man in our months.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giving of excess Yet, to supply the ripe want of my friend, I'll break a custom:—is he yet possess'd? How much ye would? Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Bass. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot,—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But bear you: Methought ye said, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abram 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 ewings, which were streak'd and piec'd Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank, In end of autumn turned to the rams: And when the work of generation was 'Twixt these woolly breeders in the act, The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands, And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the folsome ewes, Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time Fall pasticoulour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd; 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 Heaven 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!  
_Sky._ Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.  
_Ant._ Well, Shylock, shall we be behold ing to you?  
_Sky._ 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 suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe;  
You call me 'misbeliever,' '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 would have monies:" You say so;  
You, that did void your rheum upon my head,  
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 spet on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies  
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 not  
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take  
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.  
_Sky._ Why, look you, how you storm!  
I would be friends with you, and have your love;  
Forget the shame's that you have stain'd me with;  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;  
This is kind I offer.  
_Bass._ This were kindness.  
_Sky._ 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 sun, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.  
_Ant._ Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.  
_Bass._ You shall not seal to such a bond for me;  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.  
_Ant._ Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.  
_Sky._ O father Abram! what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exacting of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beets, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.  
_Ant._ Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.  
_Sky._ Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purge the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I'll be with you.  
[Exit  
_Ant._ Bhe thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.  
_Bass._ I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind  
_Ant._ Come on; in this there can be no dismay  
My ships come home a month before the day.  
[Exeunt
ACT II

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislake me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery 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 warms the icicles, And let us make incision 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 elme 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 nice 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 smitten me, And hedg'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 As any comer 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 sacrifice, That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince That won three fields of sultan Solymaun, I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look, Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth, Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear, Yea, 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 Alcides 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 advised.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune, then, Cornets. To make me bless'd, or cursed'est among men! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo

Laun. 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 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; 'tis 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 smack, 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 ill: 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 incarnation; and
in my conscience, my conscience is 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?

Laun. [Aside.] O Heavens, this is my true-be-gotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sotties, \(^{23}\) 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[aside]—now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, \(^{23}\) sir.

Laun. But I pray you ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very stuff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a novel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know not young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fill of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; manner cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phil-horse\(^{21}\) has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem ther that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest \(^{26}\) to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter! I am famish'd in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

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 delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant]

Laun. To him, father.
Act II.

The Merchant of Venice.

ScENE II.

Gob. God bless your worship! Bass. Grammarchy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. 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,—

Gob. He hath a great invention, sir; as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship’s reverence) are scarce catter-consins:

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 fructify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself; as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain’d thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day. And hath prefer’d thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew’s service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well. Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—give him a livery

[To his Followers.

More garded than his fellows: See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service! no! —I have no’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 trifle of wives: Alas fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to escape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple ‘scopes’! 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. [Exit LAUN. and Old God.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this: These things being bought, and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night.

My best-esteem’d acquaintance: life thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where’s your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit Leonardo

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain’d it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano; Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults, But where they are not known, why, there they show Something too liberal:—pray thee take pair To alay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconceiv’d in the place I go to;— And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saving, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen: Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent.

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 suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well, I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exit.
SCENE III.—VENICE. A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. 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 in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knaves and get thee, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my main spirit: adieu! [Exit.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.

Ahack, 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 thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Venice. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Solanio.

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.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers;[22
Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four of clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,[64 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!
Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, 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: go.

Gentlemen, [Exit Laun.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torchbearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salar. and Solan.

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 o'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; perceive this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [Exeunt.


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 gormandise, As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica; There are my keys,—but wherefore should I go 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 loath 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  
must expect your reproof.

Shy. So do I his.

Lau. And they have conspired together;—I  
will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you  
do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a  
bleeding on Black-Monday, last, at six o'clock?  
the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wed-  
esday was four year in this afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me,  
Jessica;

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd life,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say, I will come.

Lau. I will go before, sir.—  
Mistress, look out at a window for all this;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will he worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit Lau.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring!  

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing  
else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,  
Snailed slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps I will return immediately;  
Do as I bid you: Shut doors after you:  
Fast bind, fast find!  

A proverb never stale in thirsty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lo-  
renzo

Desir'd us to make a stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are  
worst.

To keep oblig'd faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth not ride again?  
His tedious measures, with the unabated fire  
That he did pace them first! All things that  
are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younger, or a prodigal,  
The scarlet bark puts from her native bay.

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-  
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
amissed;  
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 Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
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  
thy art!

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the  
poems.

I am glad it is 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 torchbearer.  
Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shame?  
They in themselves, good sooth are too-too light.
Act II.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, And I should be omitted.
Lor. So you are, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy, But come at once; For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are stay'd 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. Beshrew 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 soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come!—On, gentlemen; away! Our masquing mates this time for us stay.
[Exit, with Jessica and Salar.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fe, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest? 'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you. No masque to-night; the wind is come about; Bassanio presently will go aboard; I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Belmont, A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover The severo vessels to this noble prince:— Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,— "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." The second, silver, which this promise carries:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see I will survey the inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead? This casket threatens: Men that hazard all Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco, And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st 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 Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds Of wide Arabia, are as through-fires 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. Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation To think so base a thought: it were too gross To rib her sacred breast in the obscure grave, Or shall I think in silver she's immured, Being ten times undervalued to tried 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 insculp'd upon; 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.

Mor. O hell! what have we here? A carrion death, within whose empty eye There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold, Often have you heard that told: Many a man his life hath sold But his outside to behold; Gilded tombs do worms in-fold. Had you been as wise as bold, Young in limbs, in judgment old, Your answer had not been inscriv'd: Fare your well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labour lost: Then, farewell, heart; and, welcome, frost.— Portia, adieu! I have too grie"ved a heart To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit. 

Por. A gentle audience:—Draw the curtains; go:— Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salario and Solanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail; With him is Gratiano gone along; And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with出来了 rais'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 were seen together Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica; Besides, Antonio certified the duke, They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. 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! Fled 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. 

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. "Marry, well remember'd: I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday; Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part The French and English, there miscarried A vessel of our country, richly fraught: I thought upon Antonio when he told me, And wish'd I silence that it were not his. 

Solan. 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 not business for my sake, Bassanio, But stay the very riping 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 ostens of love As shall conveniently become you there:" And even there, his eye being big 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. 

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him. I pray thee, let us go and find him out, And quickly 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 hath 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

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Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket I was 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 address'd 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 look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? 'ha! 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,18 that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which prizeth not to th' interior, but, like the market,
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 gain as much as he deserves."
And well said too: for who shall go about
To e'en 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 peasantry would then be glean'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 gain 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 that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my desirings
"Who chooseth me shall give 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?
"The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,19
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head;
So beone; 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'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Excunt Arragon and train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.20

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;21
To wit, besides commendst and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurren comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Excunt.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I wou'd she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company—

Salar. Come, the full stop.
Solan. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!
Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?
Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as, on, of my daughter's flight.
Salar. That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.
Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.
Shy. She is damn'd for it.
Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.
Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?
Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish,—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 dare scarce show his head on the Rialto: a beggar, that was to'd 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!
Salar. 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 disgrac'd me, and hindered me 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 prick 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 should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.
Enter Tubal.

**Sky.** How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

**Tub.** I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

**Sky.** 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 hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is spent in the search. Why, then loss upon loss!18 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 sights, but o’ my breathing; no tears, but o’ my shedding.

**Tub.** Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

**Sky.** What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

**Tub.**—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

**Sky.** I thank God! I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

**Tub.** I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

**Sky.** I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news! ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

**Tub.** Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

**Sky.** Thou stick’st a dagger in me!—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

**Tub.** There came divers of Antonio’s creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

**Sky.** I am very glad of it. I’ll plague him; I’ll torture him. I am glad of it.

**Tub.** One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

**Sky.** Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;41 it had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.
ACT III.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE II.

O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away thee. I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end.
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy.
To the sea-monster: I stand, for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With beauteous visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit: Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets
to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
   Or in the heart; or in the head?
   How begot, how nourish'd?
   Reply, reply.

2. It is surrend're'd in the eyes,
   With gazing feet; and fancy dies
   In the casket where it lies:
   Let us all ring fancy's knell;
   I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,!
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that brest them in the sepulchre
Thus ornament is but the gilded show
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou mergre lead,
Which rather tirest'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair
And shudd'ring fear, and green-cyd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, alhay thy ecstacy;
In measure thy joy, scant this excess;
I feed too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.

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 seven'd 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 t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see 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 underprizing 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 falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

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If you be well pleased 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 peals 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 in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, living friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing; 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; happier than this,  
She is not bred so droll but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you 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 presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

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 oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,  
Where every something, being blent 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!

Gra. 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 solemnize  
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.  

Gra. I think 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 wooing 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?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas’d withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour’d in your marriage.

Gra. We’ll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats!

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall never win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Solanio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, 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 Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.  

_Solano._ I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [Gives BASSANIO a letter.  

_Bass._ Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.  

_Solano._ Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate.  

_Gra. Nerissa._ Now, fair friend stranger; bid her welcome.  
Your hand, Solano. 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.  

_Solano._ I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!  

_Por._ There are some shrewd contents in your  
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'st 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 my veins,—I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, 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 feel my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?  
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?  

_Solano._ 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 impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,  
But none can drive him from the envions plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.  

_Jrs._ 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 unweariedst 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 he 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.  
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, meantime,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,  
For you shall henceupon 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.  

_Bass._ [Reads.]  

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have 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 clear'd 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."  

_Por._ O love, despach all business, and be gone.  

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Scene IV.—Belmont.  A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Por. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; 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 be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord, must
Must needs be like my lord.  If 't were 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 commit 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 lay upon you.

Lor. 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 fain 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
please'd
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE V.

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exit Jess. and Lou.

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour 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 project, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:— Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. 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 habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred 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 reed 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 without; 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 new tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly;— for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children; there-
fore, I promise you I fear you. I was always plain
with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the
matter. Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly,
I think, you are damned. There is but one hope
in it that can do you any good; and that is but
a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jess. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lau. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jess. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed;
so the sins of my mother should be visited upon
me.

Lau. Truly then I fear you are damned both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Sylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother;
well, you are gone both ways!

Jess. I shall be save'd by my husband; he hath
made me a Christian.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he: we were
Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well
live, one by another. This making of Christians
will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be
pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on
the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jess. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you, shortly, Laun-
celot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jess. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Laun-
celot and I are out: he tells me flatly, 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 com-
monwealth, than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot.

Lau. 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
silence, and discourse grow commendable in none
only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare
for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you
then bid them prepare dinner.

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ACT IV.

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 serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.

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, Garnish'd like him, that for a trickey 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, then, In 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 Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wise.

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, howsoe'er thou speakest, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [Exeunt

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salario, Solano, 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 drain 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's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd To suffer, with a quickness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salen. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.
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 dun; 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, it is 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; 44
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i’ the nose
Cannot contain their urine for adoration.
Master 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 abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a kingly hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer’d?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood hate 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 high tops, and make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what’s harder?)

His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, we no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
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 shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and muses,
You use in jest, and in lavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burden’s? 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; ’tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, tie 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 Bassanio, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
Now 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 wether 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, Bassanio,
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 greets your grace.

Presents a letter.

Bass. Why dost thou present thy letter so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hungman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast writ enough to make,

Duke. To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'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 unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rend the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fail
To endless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:
Where is he?

Ner. 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.—
Meantime, 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 leaving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome: his name is Bellario: I acquainted him with the case in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered 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 years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend 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 Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came 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 thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

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 Ant.
Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. 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 mightier in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned 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 sceptred 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 us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court.

Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth." And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.  

_Por._ It must not be. There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established;  
'T will be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state:—it cannot be.  

_Shy._ A Daniel come to judgment! yeo, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!  

_Por._ I pray you, let me look upon the bond.  

_Shy._ Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is,  
_Por._ Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.  

_Shy._ An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.  

_Por._ Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.  

_Shy._ When it is paid according to the tenor.  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law; your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.  

_Ant._ Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.  

_Por._ Why, then, thus it is:  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.  

_Shy._ O noble judge! O excellent young man!  
_Por._ For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full reliance to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.  

_Shy._ 'Tis very true; O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!  

_Por._ Therefore, lay bare your bosom.  

_Shy._ Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart,—those are the very words.  

_Por._ It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
the flesh?  

_Shy._ I have them ready.  

_Por._ Have by some surgeon, Shylock, or your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.  

_Shy._ Is it so nominated in the bond?  
_Por._ It is not so express'd; but what of that!  
'T were good you do so much for charity.  

_Shy._ I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.  

_Por._ Come, merchant, have you anything to  
say?  

_Ant._ But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such 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 he 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.  

_Por._ 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  
Enter at some power to change this currish Jew.  

_Nvr._ 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.  

_Shy._ These be the Christian husbands! I have  
a daughter;  
Would any of the stock of Barrabas?  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!  

_Aside._  

We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.  

_Por._ A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
thine;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.  

_Shy._ Most righteous judge!  

_Por._ 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.  

_Por._ 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:
Then take 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 laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

_Gra._ O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

_Shy._ Is that the law?

_Por._ Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

_Gra._ O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

_Shy._ I take this offer, then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

_Inas._ Here is the money.

_Por._ Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

_Gra._ O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

_Por._ Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh;—if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth 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,

_Por._ Why dost the Jew pause? take thy forfeit.

_Shy._ Give me my principal, and let me go.

_Inas._ I have it ready for thee;—here it is.

_Por._ 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?

_Por._ 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.

_Por._ Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd 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 rehearsed.
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,
I 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 humbleness may drive unto a fine.

_Por._ Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

_Shy._ Nay, take my life and all; pardon 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.

_Por._ 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 fav'ur,
He presently become 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.

_Por._ Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

_Shy._ I am content.

_Por._ 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.  

_Gra._ In christ'ning, thou shalt have two god- 
fathers;  

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten  
more._  

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.  

_Duke._ Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.  

_Por._ I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.  

I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.  

_Duke._ I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.  

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;  

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.  

[Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.]  

_Bass._ Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.  

_Ant._ And stand indebted, ever and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.  

_Por._ He is well paid that is well satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid;  

My mind was never yet more mercenary.  

I pray you know me, when we meet again;  

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.  

_Bass._ Dear sir, of force I must attempt you  
further;  

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.  

_Por._ You press me far, and therefore I will yield,  
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your  
sake;  

And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:—  
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more,  
And you in love shall not deny me this.  

_Bass._ This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;  

I will not shame myself to give you this.  

_Por._ I will have nothing else but only this;  

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.  

_Bass._ There 's more depends on this than on  
the value.  

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  

And find it out by proclamation;  

Only for this I pray you pardon me.  

_Por._ I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,  

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.  

_Bass._ Good sir, this ring was given me by my  
wife;  

And, when she put it on, she made me vow  

That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.  

_Por._ That 'sense serves many men to save their  
gifts,  

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  

And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  

She would not hold out enemy for ever,  

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!  

[Exit Por. and Neris.]  

_Ant._ My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,  

Let his deservings, and my love withal,  

Be valued against your wife's commandment.  

_Bass._ Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;  

Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.  

[Exit Gratiano.]  

Come, you and I will thither presently,  

And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.  

[Exeunt.]  

SCENE II.—Venice. 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.  

[Exeunt.]  

_Enter Gratiano._  

_Gra._ Fair sir, you are well d'erta'en:  

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice  

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat  

Your company at dinner.  

_Por._ That cannot be:  

His ring I do accept most thankfully,  

And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  

I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.  

_Gra._ That will I do.  

_Ner._ Sir, I would speak with you:—  

I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,  

[To Portia.]  

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.  

_Por._ Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have  
old swearing,  

That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them to.  

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.  

_Ner._ Come, good sir, will you show me to this  
house?  

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Garden of Portia’s House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh’d his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cresci lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o’ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion’s shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay’d away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav’d her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov’d her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne’er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slender love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels 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 return’d?

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.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave halloowing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. 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 we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the tachtes of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold—
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st.
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey’d cherubin:
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. [Music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet 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 nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature;

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not 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 Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

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 shone, 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! hark!

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 virtue 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! How the moon sleeps with Endymion, &c.

And would not be awak’d! [Music ceases

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv’d, of Portia.

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;

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.

Lor. 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 daylight 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 Followers.

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 sort all!—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 sent this breathing courtesy.

[Grat. and Ner. talk apart

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong

In faith, I gave it to the judge’s clerk:

Would he be gelt that had it, for my part.
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Nor. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective* and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—no, God's my judge
The clerk will never wear hair on his face that had it!

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Nor. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,112
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.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you.
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted 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 cause of grief;
An 't were 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 never 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,114
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 nought 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 contain112 the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Norissa teaches me what to 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 displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dearest friend. What should I say sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with 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 anything 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 mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Nor. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
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 mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
**ACT V.**

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

**SCENE I.**

**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.

**Ant.** 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.

**Ant.** 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.

**Ner.** And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; For that same scrupled 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, when the ways are fair enough:

What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it?

**Por.** Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed:—

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 an hour 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 to harbour suddenly: You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

**Ant.** I am dumb.

**Bass.** Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

**Gra.** Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

**Ner.** 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.

**Ant.** 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?

My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

**Ner.** 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 dies possess'd of.

**Lor.** Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way Of starved people.

**Por.** It is almost morning, And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied Of these events at full. Let us go in; And charge us there upon interrogatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

**Gra.** Let it be so: The first interrogatory, 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 dark, Till I were conning with the doctor's clerk. Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt.]
NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

1 Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Solanio.

"Nothing can be more confused," observes Mr. Knight, "than the manner in which the names of Salarino and Solanio are indicated in the folio of 1623." I have followed Mr. Knight's edition in his distribution of the speeches to these characters; and also in substituting Solanio for Salerio in Act iii. I see no occasion, observes Lord Chel- worth, for the insertion of the latter name. Gratiano calls the bringer of his letter his old Venetian friend, which exactly suits Solanio, who had appeared before to be the friend both of Gratiano and Lorenzo. Seymour's Remarks, 1805, l. 110.

2 Your argosies with portly sail.

Argosies were ships of great burthen, used both for merchandise and war. In the next line, Steevens proposes to read of the flood; but compare the Midsommer Night's Dream, ii. 2.

Marking the embanked traders on the flood.

"The Venetians, in those times, sent their Argosies, or Argosers, yearly to Southampton, laden with Turkey, Persian, and Italian Merchandise. The last Argoser that came thus from Venice was in the Year 1587, and was unfortunately lost near the Isle of Wight with a rich cargo and many passengers," Anderson's Origin of Commerce, l. 423.

3 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.

Vailing, bending, bowing, suvering. "I do vail it with reverence," Every Man out of his Humour. The Andrew was the name of the vessel, perhaps a favourite Italian appellation of ships, from the celebrated Andrew Doria.

4 Let no dog bark.

A proverbial expression. Steevens quotes the following from Palegrave's Acolastus, 1540, "nor there shall no dogge barke at mine entente."

5 When I am very sure.

Altered by Rowe to se, but without necessity. As Mr. Collier justly observes, the original reading is in Shakes-peare's manner, and it was not unusual for him to leave the nominative case of the verb to be understood. Mr. Collier's next restoration, "It is that;—any thing now?"—destroys, I fear, the sense of the conversation.

6 For this gear.

That is, literally, for this matter or business.

7 A more swelling port.


8 Prast unto it.

That is, ready for it. So, in an old ballad,—

When they had fareted of the best,
With bread and ale and weyne,
To the bottys they made them press,
With bowes and bottys fell feyno.

And, in the Herrings Tayle, 4to. Lond. 1598,—

The raine threatening point bent to his enemie,
As planted eanon against a wall prest to begin.

9 Sometimes from her eyes.

Mr. Knight explains sometimes, formerly; a sense I suspect the word never bore, but some time was used as equivalent to, at one time. Why will not the ordinary meaning of the term be permitted to serve in the present passage?

To Cato's daughter, that is, compared to Cato's daughter.

So, in a subsequent scene, "ten times undervalued to try'd gold."

10 Ay, that's a cold, indeed.

Cold, a wild youth. A play upon words. See notes to Love's Labour's Lost, No. 36.

11 What think you of the Scottish lord.

So the quarto. The folio reads other lord, and the change was probably made for fear of giving offence to King James and his countrymen.

12 How now! what news?

These words are omitted in the first folio, most probably accidentally. Condition, temper, disposition.

13 Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shylock, as Upton remarks in his Critical Observations, 1748, p. 299, is merely a corruption of the Jewish name of Shalah. It is worthy, however, of remark that Shylock was an English family name, and Mr. Lower notices a power of attorney from John Pavemrshie to Richard Shy- lock of Hoo, co. S. Essex, and others, to deliver season or all
NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

his lands in that county to certain persons therein named.
This document is dated in July, 1465. Bindley possessed
an old pamphlet, entitled, "Caleb Shillocke his Prophacie,
or the Jews Prediction," 1567. Shylock was repre-
sented on the stage with red hair, as appears from a MS.
legy on Burbage.

— with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh.

This peculiarity in the "dressing" of the Jew is also
alluded to by Jordan, in a curious ballad in his Royal
Arbor of Loyal Poesie, 1664, founded on the story of the
play; and Mr. Collier thinks the other particulars of his
dress and appearance, mentioned in the ballad, are faithful
representations of the custom of the stage in Shakespear's
time. For this reason I annex a copy of the ballad, which
is entitled, "The Forfeit, a Romance; Tune, Dear, let
me now this evening die!"

You that do look with Christian hue,
Attend unto my sonnet,
I'll tell you of as vile a Jew,
As ever wore a bonnet.
No Jew of Scotland I intend,
My story not so mean is:
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the states of Venice.

Where he by usury and trade,
Died much exceed in riches;
His beard was red; his face was made
Net much unlike a witch's.
His habit was a Jewish gown,
That would defend all weather;
His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

Yet this deformed father had
A daughter and a wise one,
So sweet a virgin never had
Did ever set his eyes on.
He that could call this lady foul
Must be a purblind fool;
But yet she had a Christian soul
Loth'd in a Jewish body.

Within the city there did live,
The truth if you will search on,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Christian Merchant;
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature,
Whose love unto a friend was knit
As strong as bonds of nature.

A gentleman of good renown,
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of his own,
Both thus his friend importune:
Friend, lend me but one thousand pound;
It shall again be paid ye,
For I have very likely found
A fair and wealthy lady.

The Merchant then makes this reply;
Friend, I am out of treasure,
But I will make my credit fly,
To do my friend a pleasure.
There is a Jew in Town (quoth he),
Who though he deadly hate me,
Yet cause my wealth is strong at sea,
This favour will not bite me.

When they were come unto the Jew,
He did demand their pleasure;
The merchant answers, I of you
Would borrow so much treasure.
The Jew replies, you shall not ha't,
If such a sum would save yo.
Unless in three months you will pay 't,
Or forfeit what I'd have ye.

If at the three months end you do,
As you shall seal and sign to 't,
Not pay the money which is due,
Where'er I have a mind to 't,
I'll eat a pound out of your flesh.
The merchant is contended,
Because he knew in half that time,
His shipping would prevent it.

Ill news by every ship comes in,
His ships are drown'd and sped;
The Jew his forfeiture doth win
For three months are expired.
He is arrested for the debt;
The Court must now decide it:
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

The Merchant's friend that had the gold
Now being richly married,
Offered the sum down three times told
To have his friend's life spared.
It would not be lost, but straight steps in
One in Doctor's apparel,
Who, though but young, deth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

The Jew enrag'd doth tear the bond,
And dares not do the slaughter.
He quits the Court, and then I was found
The Doctor proves his daughter.
Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart derived,
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

The court consent and they are wed:
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jew's estate is forfeited,
And given to his daughter.
She is baptiz'd in Christendom,
The Jew cries out he's undone;
I wish such Jews may never come
to England, nor to London.

William Thomas, in his "History of Italy, a book ex-
ceding profitable to be read, because it introduces the
estate of many dyers commonwealthes, how they have
been and now be governed," 164. Lond. 1651, in treating of
the "Venetian state," gives the following curious notice of
the Jews:—"It is almost incredible what gains the
Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privyly
and in common; for in every city, the Jews kepe open
shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinary for xv. in the
hundred by the yere, and if at the yere's end, the gaige be
not redeemed, it is forfeited, or at the least de-own away to
a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of

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NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

measure wealth in those parties." According to Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 224, "all their goods are confiscated as soon as they embrace Christianity; and this I heard is the reason, because, whereas many of them doe raise their fortunes by usury, in so much that they doe sometimes not only share, but also fleas many a poor Christian's estate by their gripping extortion, it is therefore decreed by the Pope, and other free princes in whose territories they live, that they shall make a restitution of all their ill-gotten goods, and so dissolve their souls and consciences, when they are admitted by holy baptism into the bosoms of Christ's church." It is just possible there may be some connexion between this regulation, and the termination of the trial by Shylock's compelled recantation of his faith in Act iv.

16 In saying he is a good man.

Good, a technical phrase in the colloquial language of merchants, equivalent to substantial. Compare Massinger's Fatal Dowry, 1632,—

To these I turn,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They are not good men, that pay what they owe.

In an old novel, called the Adventures of David Simple, 1744, a character applies the term to a wealthy rogue.

"David seemed surprised at that epithet, and asked how it was possible a fellow whom he had just caught in such a piece of villany could be called a good man! At which words, the other, with a sneer at his folly, told him he meant that he was worth a plumb. Perhaps he might not understand that neither, for he began to take him for a fool, but he meant by a plumb £10,000."

15 * Squander'd, scattered, dispersed. Still used in Warwickshire. "His family are all grown up, and squandered in the country," i.e., settled in different places. According to Wilbraham, p. 80, it is still in use in Cheshire. Howell mentions, "many thousand islands, that lie squander'd in the vast ocean."

14 There be land-rats, and water-rats.

Water-rats, a jocular term for pirates, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Compare a rare tract, the Abertive of an Idle Hour, 1629,—

Some thieves are water-rats, some way-worn-takers; Some casters are, and othersome house-breakers.

17 If I can catch him once upon the hip.

That is, at an advantage. The phrase occurs three times in Shakespeare. "Entre au dosus du vent encounter, to have the wind, advantage, or upper hand of; to have on the hip." Congreve.

16 Possess'd, i.e., informed.

18 How much ye would.

So the first quarto, printed for Hoyes, 1660; at least, such is the reading in my copy of that edition. Mr. Collier, however, says it reads, "How much you would?" The second quarto has, "How much he would have?" A little farther on, I think we should follow the old editions in reading Abraham, instead of Abraham, which spoils the metre.

20 Exulting, lambe just born. From the Anglo-Saxon exultans, to bring forth. Fill, to peed, to take the pilt or bark off. "A pill, rind," Coles. Rind, nature. Fill, let fall.

21 Full party-colour'd lambs.

Party-colour'd, variegated, variously coloured. "Item, he is also verily persuaded that if women could but govern one little piece of flesh, the tongue I mean, so many of them would not see with party-colour'd eyes."—Harry White's Humour, 1600.

22 Many a time and oft.

"Many a time and oft" is a conventional tautology, still in provincial use. It occurs in that very early poem on the Deposition of Richard II, published by the Camden Society, ed. Wright, p. 2,—"This made me muse many times and oft. Kemble erroneously read, "many a time, and oft on the Rialto."
The Rialto here alluded to was not the bridge of the Rialto, but the Exchange. Coryat, writing in Shakespeare's time, says, "The Rialto, which is at the farther side of the bridge, as you come from St. Marks, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clockes in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoone. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brickes, as the palaces are, adorn'd with many faire walkes or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though, indeed, there is a farre greater quantity of building in this town in ours." Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 163. Compare Thomas's History of Italy, 1661, ch. 74.

23 About my monies, and my wares.

Usance is interest of money. The "rate of usance" has been already mentioned. "And spit upon, &c." Spit for spit is not unusual in old English, but it appears to be an unnecessary antiquarian refinement to retain it here. Mr. Knight writes spit in this speech, and spits in Act ii, sc. 7. In the passage quoted by Mr. Knight from Shakspeare, the author's own MS. has splits. See Seymour's Remarks, i. 115.

24 Express'd in the condition.

In old legal phraseology, a condition was nearly synonymous with a bond, so called because usually commencing with the words, "The condition of this obligation is such." Died, abide, continue.

25 If he should break his day.

That is, not keep his appointment for paying the money. So in the Payre Myade of the Exchange, 1607,—

If you do break your day, assure yourself That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

26 In the fearful guard of an untruthful knave.

Fawful had formerly two significations, giving cause of fear, and being apt to fear. It is here used in the former sense. Compare Notes to the Tempest, No. 60.
NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

24 Flourish of cornets.

The following stage direction is in the first edition:—
"Enter Menedechus, a tabard Moore, all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine."

20 To prove whose blood is redder.

Redness of blood was formerly considered a sign of

3 It appeareth, in the time of the Saxons, that
the manner over their dead was a red clent, as we now
use a black. The Pagans refuseed bleake, because it
represented darkness, termed the infernal colour: and so did
the old English. The red of valiance, and that was
over kings, lords, knights, and valiant and stout men: while
over clergie men, in token of their profession and honest
life, and over virgins and matrons."—Rutman upon Bar-
thelone, 1592, f. 29.

Farr'd, frightened, terrified. Wit, sagacity, power of
mind.

25 Soon running with thy hols.

A pleonasm quite in unison with Launcelot's phrase-

ology. Pistol has something of the same kind, when he

26 Away! says the fiend, for the heavens.

For is several times used in the sense of by in these
plays. For the heavens, i.e., by the heavens, is merely, as
Hicford observes, a petty oath.

"It is not improbable," says Donne, "that this curious
struggle between Launcelot's conscience and the fiend
might have been suggested by some well-known story in
Shakespeare's time, graven on the following Monkish fol-
ob. It is in a manuscript collection of apologetics
subscribed to Osle de Cerdon, an English Catholic Monk
of the 12th century. "Multi sunt silent malier delicata et pi-
gra. Tali vero malier dum jam name in loco, et audit
pulsaeri ad missam, cogitat secum quod vallat ad missam.
Et cum caro, que pigra est, timet frigus, respondet et
diet.—Quare ies in name, nonne secler clerici pulsat
campans propter oblationes! dormi adhuc; et sit transit
pars diei. Postea iterum conscientia pungit et ad
vallat ad missam. Sed caro respondet, et diet.—Quare ies
in tata eul ad ecclesiam? certo tu destrueres corpus tuam,
si ita maned surrexeres, et huc Deus non vult ut homo
destrue interfune; ergo quiesce et dormi. Et transit alia
pars diei. Ieram conscientia pungit et ad vallat ad
ecclesiam; sed caro diet. Ut quid ies tam citra et! Ego bene
saeo quod talius vam nonnun vallat ad ecclesiam; dor-
mui parum adheuce. Et si transit alia pars diei. Postea
pungit conscientia, sed caro diet. Non eoper quod
adheue vados, qui saecordia est enniae et bene expectat
thi; atendit et dormi. Et si dormiendo transit tempus.
Et tamen ad ultimam vereamini tanta atque eou, sur-
git et vallat ad ecclesiam, et inventet partis clause-
Two MSS. of this work are in the Bodleian Library, and one in
the British Museum, MS. Arundel 392.

27 More than sand-blind, high-gravel blind.

The last epithet is Launcelot's humorous exaggeration
of sand-blind. Try confusions, is another piece of quaint-
ness, for try conclusions, i.e., experiments; though the
error seems rather too broad for Launcelot's character, who
is not, strictly speaking, a "mistaking clown." One of the
quarto reads conclusions.

22 By God's sonnies.

It is difficult to give a certain explanation of these old
sonnies is probably a corruption of saints.

23 Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

The conjunction is here redundant. There is a difficulty
in the line, but Capell observes that from the son being
termed young Launcelot, it is probable that the father had
the same Christian name.

21 Dobbin, my phill-horse.

Phill-horse is the same as phill-horse, the shaft-horse.
The form is said to be still in use in the Midland counties.

24 How gree you now.

Literally, How agree you now? So, in the play of Wit
and Science, p. 39,—

Nay, nor yet neither hence ye shall gat!
Weyll gree better or ye pass hence.

25 I have set up my rest.

That is, I have determined, set all my hopes upon.
"Boucher tout a Bender et a Rodier, To venture all on
desperat tearmes, to set all on sixes and sevens."—Col-
gress.

26 Gardol, ornamented with gards or trimmings, ed-

28 Which doth offer to swear upon a book.

The break seems more properly to be placed after for-
tune than after book; the latter punctuation being usually
adopted. The sentence ends abruptly. "If any man in
Italy have a faireer table, which says I shall have good for-
tune as certainly as if it took an oath,"—is I am deceived.
The table, in Load's is a square between certain lines
on the skin within the hand, not the palm itself. The
life of lines extended from the wrist to the thumb. Lilly,
the astrologer, gives the following particulars of the latter in
his Book of Fortune, p. 36,—

"First then, of the Line of Life, the which, whenever
inspection is made, ought to be observed with a curious-
ness as nice as admirable.

"Now this little line extends itself clear from the wrist
to the Mount of Jupiter; which, if well-coloured, placed,
and proportion'd, denotes a serene and calm life of tran-
quility: Otherwise, if a star reach the Mount of Venus,
Mars, or Jupiter, sunry mischiefs and calamities will
follow.

"Now if a double line happens, then it promises the
man long life, the favour of kings and nobles, with success
in war, and business of what sort soever.

29 Eleven widows and nine maids.

So the original, eleven, in Shakespeare's time, being a
common vulgarism. It is also archaic. "I have had
there a lewys eleven," MS. Cantab. Fe. i. 6, xv cent.

Liberal, free, licentious.

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NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

40 I be mistaken'd in the place I go to.

Misconstrue, to misconstrue, the old word used by Shakespeare. "The goddess, the atheist, complained that his scholars were wont, to plainest sever his speech, to misconstrue him," Gosson's School of Abuse, 1574.

41 Well studied in a sad ostent.

Ostent, show, appearance. The term again occurs in this act, "such fair ostents of love." So Chapman,—

I see almighty Ether in the smoke Of all his clouds descending, and the sky lilied in the da I amostents of tragedy.

Bearing, behaviour, deportment.

42 If a Christian do not play the knave.

The three old copies, printed before the second folio, read, do not play. The last named authority has did, a reading generally adopted, but, I think, erroneously. Shakespeare generally uses the present for the past tense. Thus, in King John, we have weft for weaved, best for beated; in Richard III., expiate for expiated; in Macbeth, expirant for expirated, &c. In the same manner, so seems to be here used for did. In the Tempest, have occurs for bad. See note, no. 29, where I have probably given an incorrect reason for the use of the present tense.

43 We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.

That is, we have not yet bespoke our torchbearers. The proposition was often added to the verb in this mode of construction.

44 An it shall please you to break up this.

Break up, equivalent to break. It here means, to open the letter. In Elizabethan phraseology, the proposition up was added to certain verbs, scarcely, in most cases, conveying even a slight intensive power.

45 My nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday.

According to Stowe, as quoted by Grey, Easter Monday was called Black Monday, on account of unusually severe weather which destroyed many men in the army of Edward III. on that day, when he was encamped near Paris. Bleeding at the nose was formerly considered a bad omen. Squealing, squeaking, shrieking.

46 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.

For varnish'd, faces, and gay and painted clothes, Are but to tempt fools; every man this knows. The New Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

Pateh, a fool, so called from his costume.

47 Fast kind, fast find.

Abandon fast baron, Prov. Things carelessly left, layd up, or locked unto, make thieves that otherwise would be honest; we say, fast kind, fast find," Cotgrave. The arrangement of these lines differs slightly from that adopted by my predecessors, but the termination of a speech by one short and one long line is not uncommon in Shakespeare.

48 Ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly.

The pigeons are, of course, the birds drawing the chariot of the goddess. It is Venus herself who is supposed to seal love's bonds. Dr. Johnson gives an erroneous inter pretation of the passage.

49 The scarfed bark rides from her native bay

Scarfed, decorated with flags.

50 A Gentle, and no Jew.

A play upon words, gentle, i.e., gentleman, being frequently written gentle. "The day drew on, and the gentiles were come, and all was in medicines, and still Jack forgot not the pie, but stood faintly side, and refused his meat," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608.

51 To rib his creceloth in the obscure grave.

Rib, to enclose as with ribs.

52 Gilded tombs do worms infest.

All the old copies read, gilded timber. Mr. Johnson made the correction, which is supported by a passage in the 101st sonnet. There is a similar thought in Sylvester's De Bartas,—

——stately tombs, externally gilt and gurnish. With dust and bones inwardly filled and furnisht.

53 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.

Reason'd, discovered. Florio translates, ragionar, "to reason, to discourse, to speak, to talk, to parle." New World of Words, 1611.

54 Let it not enter in your mind of love.

Your mind of love, in the phraseology of the time, is equivalent to, your loving mind. So, in Measure for Measure, p. 156,—

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.

55 By the feel multitude.

By, in old writers, is frequently, as in this place, synonymous with of. "Any simple judgment might easily perceive by whom it was meant, that is, by lady Elizabeth, Queen of England," Puttenham's Arte of English Poetrie, 1589. Force, power. Jump with, agree with, act the same with.

56 There he feels alive, I live.

I vie, in medieval English, is an adverb, meaning, certainly, undoubtedly, from the Anglo-Saxon ge-wae; but this sense of the word was lost in Shakespeare's time, when it had come to be regarded as a pronoun and verb, I know. Mr. Dyce prints the medieval form I-vae in his edition of Middleton's Michaelmas Term, 1667, but, I think, quite erroneously.

57 Hanging and willing go by destiny.

In the first folio Shakespeare, the present and plural tenses are often wrongly employed, though no doubt faithfully copied from the poet's manuscript, the grammatical usage of the time admitting such license. But the editor
have, by general consent, ventured to alter a phraseology which would offend modern ears. The old editions here read, "poet by destiny." This proverb is alluded to in the lines,—

If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine else can save the ill
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
Love is a hoy by poets sty'd;
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

He brings his sensible regrets.
Regrets, fresh salutations, greetings.
Yet ere myself could reach Virginia's chamber,
One was before me with regrets from him.
Webster's Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 186.

As ever knap'd ginger.
Knap, to break off short. Cotgrave has "Brouste for brouste, broused, or knap'd off."
Knap the thread, and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me.
Herrick's Works, i. 179.

Why, then, less upon less.
Mr. Collier seems to have felt the improbability of the ordinary reading, but neither he, nor any of the editors, observes that the second folio supplies the above plausible correction.

It was my turquoise.
The turquoise was formerly much valued, it being supposed to change colour when its owner was in bad health. "Turcois," says Swan, 1625, "is a compassionate stone; if the wearer of it be not well, it changeth colour, and looketh pale and thin; but increaseth to his perfectness, as the wearer recovereth to his health." Compare also, Cartwright,—

Or faithful turquoises, which heaven sent
For a discovery, not a punishment;
To shew the ill, not make it, and to tell,
By their pale looks, the wearer was not well.

It is a fine trait in Shylock's character when, in the midst of his feelings of avarice and revenge, he exhibits himself susceptible of the power of a love reminiscence.

They have sport'd me.
Overlooked, as by a witch. See note 196 to the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
The meaning is, says Heath, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath."
Price, to weigh. See Minshew, in v.

To be it.
The editors have not remarked that the folio reads ich, and the quarto red, which though possibly misprints here, are genuine archaic forms. "Ich, from the A. S. ican, is found in medieval English; and ich, to eke out, is given by Kennett in Mr. Lassand, 1653, as a provincialism.

With no less presence.
Meaning, as Dr. Johnson observes, "with the same dignity of mien."
Fancy, love. Gracious, pleasing. Approve, justify, to approve of.

As stairs of sand.
The orthography, or, rather, enography of the first folio, is not very puzzling even to those quite unacquainted to the perusal of old books; but occasionally a word occurs which may create a doubt to this class of readers. The original here reads staires, a very common old spelling of the modern word stairs, but adopted by Mr. Knight, with an extraordinary specimen of criticism, which scarcely required the lengthened refutation of Mr. Dyce. See his Remarks, p. 56.
Excrement, hair or beard.

Look on beauty.
Beauty here alludes to artificial beauty, the result of painting, and the comparison is afterwards carried on with the "supposed fairness" of false hair. These are "lighted" character that "wear most of it," i.e., the painting or ceraise.
The lines which follow contain a happy satire on the custom of wearing periwigs, which had become so extremely fashionable about the year 1655, both with ladies and gentlemen, that children were often decoyed away and deprived of their hair for the purposes of the manufacture. Rich, in his Honestie of this Age, 1614, complains of women going to church, "so be-painted, so be-periwig'd, so be-perfum'd, so be-starch'd, so be-haced, and so bee-imbrodered." It appears from the English Ape, 1658, that periwigs were to be had of all colours.

Thus ornament is but a gilded shore.
Guiled, deceiving, deceitful. It is merely one instance amidst the many in Elizabethan writers, of the passive participle being used for the active. It is, by a facile license, rendered, in many cases, equivalent to the adjective from the same root. We have had a similar instance in Measure for Measure. See Notes, No. 99.
The reader's attention to this and other grammatical idioms of Shakespeare's time is earnestly requested. An acquaintance with them will enable him to understand the full significance of numerous passages, which appear at first sight to be harsh and difficult. It must be recollected that these variations, which would now be considered grammatically incorrect, are found in the best writers contemporary with the poet; yet so little are they generally understood, that a fierce controversy has lately raged in a literary periodical on the meaning of one of them, in which the depths of philosophy have been searched for the illustration of a passage, an explanation of which a very slight
knowledge of Elizabethan grammar would have immediately furnished.

20 Fair Portia's counterfeit.

Counterfeit, portrait. "If a painter were to draw aie of their counterfeits on a table, he needs no more but wet his pencil, and dab it on their cheekes," Nash's Pierce Penilesse, 1552.

22 And leave itself unfurnisht d.

That is, says Malone, leave itself incomplete, unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait.

The hint for this passage, observes Steevens, appears to have been taken from Greene's History of Faire Bellora, afterwards published under the title of A Peire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fiddio, "if Apelles had beene tasked to have drawn her counterfeit, her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-seeing senses, that quite dispersing to express with his cunning pensil so admirable a worke of nature, he had beene inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earily Venus unfiished."

23 For intermission.

Intermission, delay, dilatoriness.

24 How doth that royal merchant.

A royal merchant was, properly, one who was employed by a sovereign in any mercantile transactions. Benjon and Fletcher's Beggers' Bush was altered under the title of the Royal Merchant, 4to. n. d., but printed about the year 1706.

27 We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Douce says the meaning is, "Antonio, with his argosy, is not the successful Jason; we are the persons who have won the fleece." Constant, serious; a sense of the word which again occurs in Twelfth Night.

28 If it be denied.

If it refers to commodity, the sense will be as Mr. Collier gives it—"if the commodity, or advantage, which strangers enjoy in Venice be denied, that denial will much impeach the justices of the state, which derives its profits from all nations." The repetition, however, of the verb deny would almost prove that it refers to the course of law; and Capell proposes to read, 'I will much impeach.'

29 The boon lover of my lord.

Love is here, as in several other places, used in the sense of friend.

31 With imagin'd speed.

That is, speed swift as imagination.

47 unto the troject.

The old copies read transect, which is probably a corrupt

tion. "There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call traghettoi, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what place of the city they will," Corant's Traditions, 1511, p. 165. It must, however, be admitted that the original reading may be supported by the Italian traduce.

50 I could not do withall.

A phrase equivalent to, I could not help it. "If to beare displeasure against me, I can not do withall, Si indigne contre moy je ne puis me faire," Palsgrave, 1500.

57 I fear you.

That is, I fear for you. The particle for was often omitted after the verb. "What doth her beauty serve, Romeo and Juliet.

15 When I shun Scylla.

In the fifth book of the heroic poem of Alexander, by Philip Gauthier, Darius (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the bands of Bessus,) is thus apostrophized:


59 How his words are suited!

Suitèd, fitted, arranged. Perhaps this is also the better explanation of the term in Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1, though more is implied. See Notes to that play, No. 96.

82 Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes.

Magnificoes was a term applied to the grandees of Venice. "Magnificæ, nobly-minded; magnificent; also, a magnific of Venice," Florio's New World of Words, 1611, p. 292.

65 Out of his envy's reach.

Envy, malice; ill will. So, in an early MS, in the Cambridge Public Library,—

Thare he had grete chyvalry;
He showe his eneuy with grete eny.
Remorse, pity. Where, whereas.

83 Some men there are, love not a gaping yag.

A great deal has been written on this enumeration of antipathies, and many parallel passages may be adduced from old writers. The following occurs in a curious manuscript, the Nowe Metamorphosis, 1600.

I knewe the like by one that would endure To see a goose come to the table sure; Some cannot brooke to se a custarde there, Some of a cheese doe ever stand in feare; And I knewe one if she tobacco see, Or smels the same, she swoones immediately:

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The like of roses I have heard none tell,
Touch but the sky and presently 't will swell,
And grow to blisters; the reason is this:
Twixt them and these there's such antiquity.

Scatier mentions an antipathy like that noticed of the
bagpipe, and a similar one is alluded to in Brithwalt's
Stravynge for the Divell, 1615, p. 94. I find it also at a
much earlier period, 1530, in Palegrave, Table of Verbes,
par. 270. Compare Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humor,
Works, i. 102. I follow Mr. Knight's excellent punctuation:
't if this speech, which had, however, been long ago
suggested by Malone. Superscription, 1789, i. 124. Mr.
Collier places a colon at affections, and reads,—

Masters of passion away is it the mood,
where the meaning of the passage would be, not as Mr.
Collier interprets it, but that even those who are masters
of their inclination find it expedient to 'sway' it in some
degree to its natural bent.

66 Why he, a woolen bagpipe.

According to Dr. Layden, the Lowland bagpipe
commonly had the bag or sack covered with woollen cloth of a
green colour, a practice which also prevailed in the North
of England.

66 You stand within his danger.

That is, in his debt; and hence the proverb, "Out of
debt, out of danger." The expression occurs in Massin-"gotor's Fatah Down, 4to. 1635,—

That to be in your danger, with more care
Should be avoyded then infections aye.

And in an old ballad,—

Gentle wife, I tell thee
My very heart is done;
The world's great calamity,
No way can I shun,
For still in debt and danger
More and more I runne.

67 Malice bears down truth.

Truth, honesty. As Dr. Johnson observes, a true man,
in old language, is an honest man. The jury are still called
good men and true.

68 Are there balance here.

We should now say balances, but the text is right.
"When all trades perish, he may turne shop-keeper, and
deal with balance, for in weights and measures none is
more deceitfull" Stephens' Essays and Characters, 1615.

69 The stock of Barabas.

The Barabases of the Scriptures is altered to Barabas by
Marlowe and Shakespeare, and the error cannot be cor-
rected without injury to metre.

70 If thou dost shed one drop.

This incident continued popular to a very recent period,
and is introduced in the street ballad of the Northern Lord,
which is evidently of considerable antiquity. I believe
this ballad is still circuladed in the broadsides and chap-
books of the North, and in my own collection of such
"unconsidered tristles," are preserved one printed within
the last twenty years, and another about a century old.
the latter being the earliest copy that has been yet discov-
ered. The story of the Northern Lord consists of the bond
incident of this play, and the wager incident of Cymbal-"ne,
 amalgamated into one tale; and, as the reader may be
amused at the form the Merchant of Venice has taken in
the hands of the balladist, an extract from that portion of
it which relates to the Jew may not be unacceptable:

A noble lord of high renown,
Two daughters had,—the eldest brown,
The youngest, beautiful and fair,
By chance a noble knight came there.

Her father said, kind sir, I have
Two daughters; which do you crave?
One that is beautiful, he cry'd,
The noble knight he then reply'd.

She's young, she's beautiful and gay,
And is not to be given away,
But as jewels are bought and sold,
She shall bring me her weight in gold.

The price I think I need not grudge,
Since I will freely give as much
With her one sister, if I can
Find out some other nobleman.

With that bespoke the noble knight,
I'd sooner have the beauty bright,
At that vast rate, renowned lord,
Than the other with a vast reward.

So then the bargain it was made,
But ere the money could be paid,
He had it off a wealthy Jew,
The sum so large, they writings drew
That if he fail'd, or miss'd the day,
So many ounces he must pay,
Of his own flesh, instead of gold;
All was agreed, the sum was told.

So he return'd immediately,
Unto the lord, where he did buy
His daughter fine, I do declare,
And paid him down the money there.

He bought her toe, it was well known,
Unto mankind she was his own;
By her a son he did enjoy,
A sweet and comely handsome boy.

At length the time of pay drew near,
When the knight did begin to fear,
He dreaded much the cruel Jew,
Because the money it was due.

His lady ask'd him why he griev'd,
She said, my jewel, I receiv'd
Such a sum of money of a Jew,
And now the money it is due.

And now the day of payment's come,
I'm sure I cannot raise the sum,
He'll have my flesh, weight for weight,
Which makes my grief and sorrow great.

Hush! never fear him, she reply'd,
We'll cross the raging ocean wide,
And so secure you from the fate:
To her request he yielded straight.

The Dutch lord to revenge his sister,
Upon our noble English knight,
Did send a letter out of hand,
And so the Jew did understand.
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How he was in the German court,
So here upon this good report;
The Jew he cross'd the ocean wide,
Resolving to be satisfy'd.

Soon as e'er he fix'd his eyes
Upon the knight, in wrath he cries,
Your hand and seal I pray behold,
Your flesh I'll have instead of gold.

Then said the noble knight in green,
Sir, may your articles be seen?
Yes, but they may, reply'd the Jew,
And I resolve to have my due.

Lo! then the knight began to read,
At length she said, I find indeed,
Nothing but flesh you are to have;
Answers the Jew, that's all I crave.

The poor distressed knight was brought,
The bloody-minded Jew he thought,
That day to be revenged on him,
And part his flesh from every limb.

The knight in green, said, Mr. Jew,
There's nothing else but flesh your due,
But see no drop of blood you shed,
For if you do, off goes your head!

Pray take your due, with all my heart,
But with his blood we will not part;
With that the Jew he sneer'd away,
And had not one more word to say.

* * * * *

1 I am content.

Antonio means to say that if the duke will remit the fine of half Shylock's goods coming to the state, he will only retain a life interest in the other half.

2 Thou shouldst have had ten more.

This was an old joke, alluding to a jury. A character in Bulley's Dialogue, 1684, says, "Maistres, it is merie when knaves are mette; I did see byn ones ask a blessing to my godfathers at once." Compare, also, Randolph's Musæus Looking-Glass, 1683,—"I had rather see him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godfathers, good men and true, content him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted."

3 My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice.

Advice, consideration, reflection. See notes to the Two Gentlemen of Verona, no. 57.

4 We shall have old swearing.

Old, as a common augmentative, has been already noticed in the Merry Wives of Windsor, notes no. 55.

5Need Dido with a willow in her hand.

This passage has been produced to exhibit the poet's want of classical knowledge; but the image may be merely fanciful, or, if not, taken from some old play or ballad on the subject of Dido.

6 In such a night Medea, &c.

Turn it all up again
While there was thought but sterre light,

She was vanish'd right as his list,
That no wight but herself wist:
And that was at midnight still,
The world was still on every side, &c.

Confessio Amantis, 1654. (Strenuis.)

7 With his horn full of good news.

An early allusion to the letter-carrier's horn, a representation of which may be occasionally seen in paper-marks of the seventeenth century.

8 With patens of bright gold.

The paten was, properly, a small plate used in the celebration of the Sacrament. The term is here used in a more general sense for a plate. Cherubins is of course incorrect, but is so written in the original, and occurs in that form in the works of other poets.

9 Nothing is good, I see, without respect.

Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances. Johnson.

10 How the moon sleeps with Endymion.

How, as Dr. Johnson observes, is here used as a mere affirmation.

11 A bucket sounds.

A bucket is a slight flourish on the trumpet. Compare the Spanish Tragedy, ap. Hawkins, ii. 11.

12 You should have been respective.

Respective, respectful, regardful. "If any true courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, why should you have had her more respective by far," Sir Gyles Gossees, 1606.

13 A little scrubbed boy.

Scrubbed, stunted. Coles translates it by squalidus, but I scarcely think that is the meaning here.

14 If you did know to whom I gave the ring.

Jingling lines similar to those in this and the next speech, no fewer than nine lines ending with the same word, are met with in other dramatists. Compare the following in the Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607—

First, I have a brother, rival in my love;
I have a brother hates me for my love;
I have a brother vows to win my love;
That brother, too, he hath incens'd my love,
To gain the beauty of my dearest love;
What hope remains, then, to enjoy my love?
Anth. I am that brother rival in his love;
I am that brother hates him for his love;
Not his, but mine: and I will have that love,
Or never live to see him kiss my love.

15 Content, to keep in, to retain. See Coles. Here is a ceremony, says Dr. Johnson, "kept on an account in some sort religious."

16 Swear by your double self.

Double, deceitful, full of duplicity.
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10 I'll fear no other thing so sore.

Sore, with greatly. Obsolete in this sense, but occurring frequently in the Scriptures. See Mark, xiv. 38, &c.

The Ballad of Germatus.

Our annotations on the Merchant of Venice will scarcely be complete without a copy of this ballad, which is founded on the story of the Bond, and is generally supposed to have been written previously to the appearance of Shakespeare's drama. Our great poet was so familiar with the ballad literature of the time, that, if this is the case, it is by no means improbable that one or two circumstances in the play were suggested by the ballad. Percy mentions the incident of the Jew's whetting his knife, as one of these.

A new Song, setting the Creuclile of Germatus a Jew, who, tending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of 'Black and Yellow.'

The first Part.

In Venise townes not long aago
A errant Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurse,
As Italian writers tell.

Germatus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barren-bogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him say:

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whareld,
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For faire the thief will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every wekke a penny,
Yet being a pledge that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keep ye day,
Or else you lose it all,
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it cal.

Within that cell dwelt that time
A merchant of great store,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Germatus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelvemonth and a day,
To lend him an hundred crowns,
And he for it would pay
Whatever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have;
No, (quoth the Jew with fliering lookes),
Sir, ask what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay:
You may doe me as good a turne
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry feast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forkyture,—
Of your owne flesh a pound:
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will the merchant says,
And so the bond was made:
When twelvemonth and a day drew on,
That backe it should be payd,
The merchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To think he doth begin;
And to Germatus strait he comes.
With cap and banded knee,
And sayde to him, of cuttles,
I pray you bear to mee.

My day is come and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forkyture
Will doe you I dare say.
With all my heart, Germatus sayd:
Command it to your minde;
In things of bigger weight then this
You shall me readily finde.
He goeth his way; the day once past,
Germatus doth not slake
To get a serjeant presently,
And clapt him on the backe:
And layd him into prison strong,
And seued his bond within,
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.
The merchant's friends came thilke a fast
With many a weeping eye;
For other means they could not find,
But he that daye must dye.

The second Part.

Of the Jew euclile; setting forth the merciesness of the Judge towards the Merchant. To the tune of 'Black and Yellow.'

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did delay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Germatus sayd, I will no gold:
My forkyture I will have.

A pounde of flesh is my demand,
And that shall be my hire;
Then sayd the judge, yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire
To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live;
Do so, and lo, an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here
For this it shall be tried,
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side.

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NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I: gravèd all th' companie  
His crueltie to see.
For neither friend nor foe could helpe  
But he must spoyle bee.

The bloodie Jew now ready is  
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the blood of innocent  
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow;
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;  
I charge thee to do so.

Sitt needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
Which is of flesh a pound;
See that thou shed no drop of blood,  
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou do, like murderer  
Thou here shalt hanged be;
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse  
To the value of a mite,
Then shalt be hanged presently,  
As is both law and right.

ternetus now waxt franticke mad,  
And wotes not what to say;
'Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes  
I will that he shall pay;

And so I grant to set him free.  
The judge doth answer make,
You shall not have a penny given;  
Your forfeit now take.

At the last he doth demand  
But for to have his own;
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,  
Thy judgement shall be shrowne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,  
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruel judge, then quoth the Jew,  
That doth against me stand.

And so with griping, grieved mind,  
He biddeth them farewell.
Then all the people prayd the Lord,  
That ever this heard tell.

Good people that doe heare this song,  
For truthe I dare well say
That many a wretch as ill as bee  
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent  
Deviseth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,  
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence else  
That mourneth so to do.
As You Like It.

A FANCIFUL novel by Thomas Lodge, disfigured by the universal faults of old English novelists printed in the year 1590, under the title of, “Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his death in his cell at Silexedra,” has the honour of being the original of Shakespeare’s delightful and popular comedy, “As You Like It.” In applying the term “fanciful” to this early romance, the reader must understand I allude only to the incidents of the tale. The manner in which the story is related is tedious and pedantic; and the style is insufferably affected. Ladies quote Latin, and all the speeches are erected on stilts.

The faults, however, of Lodge’s novel tend but to exhibit in brighter colours the genius of the great author, who has adopted, in such a marvellous manner, every romantic touch that was worth preservation, destroying all recollection of the prosy original by the brilliant exuberance of his own imagination. The only redeeming features I can trace in Lodge are contained in some of the verses, and a poem entitled “Rosalynd’s Madrigall” is distinguished by great poetic sweetness. It commences with the following lines:

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet:
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast.
Yet my kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

The reader will find some extracts from the prose of Lodge in the notes to this play, and it will not be necessary to quote more from the novel in this place. Suffice it to say that Gerismond and Torsimond, the kings of France, answer to Shakespeare’s exiled duke, and the duke Frederick. Rosalind is transferred by name from the novel, but Celia was originally Alinda. They adopt, however, the same names when they are in the forest. Oliver, Jaques, and Orlando, are named Saladyne, Fernandyne, and Rosader, in the novel. The distribution of the property is different. In the novel, the father bequeaths to his eldest son, fourteen ploughlands, with all his manors, houses, and richest plate; to his second son, twelve ploughlands; and to his youngest born, Rosader, he gives his horse, his armour, and his lance, with sixteen ploughlands, “for,” as he says in his will, “if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honour.” The elder brother resolves to defraud the younger, and afterwards seeking his life, the latter takes
refuge in Arden. Shakespeare has deviated from the novel in many minor particulars, but the broad incidents of the tale are the same in both the romance and the drama.

Lodge found the leading circumstances of his novel in the "Cokes Tale of Gamelyn," a poem composed in the fifteenth century, erroneously attributed to Chaucer. Although this production had not appeared in print in Shakespeare's time, there seems no improbability in the supposition that he was acquainted with it, and Mr. Knight thinks he can trace some slight resemblances between that poem and "As You Like It," not to be found in Lodge's novel. The best edition of the tale of Gamelyn is contained in Mr. Wright's excellent edition of Chaucer, recently printed by the Percy Society.

The date of "As You Like It," may be assigned to 1600, or the following year. It is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and Marlowe's Hero and Leander, which is quoted in the third act, was not published till that year, although written, of course, long before. An entry of the play occurs on the Registers of the Stationers' Company among some books "to be staid." No date is given, but it was between the years 1600 and 1603, and probably in 1600 or 1601, all the plays mentioned with it having been printed in those years. There is an allusion in the play itself, which would seem to prove that it was written before 1603. When Rosalind says, "I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain," she is supposed to allude to an image of that goddess which was set up at a conduit in Cheap in 1596, and "water convey'd from the Thames prilling from her naked breasts for a time, but now decay'd." This extract is taken from the edition of Stowe's Survey of London, which appeared at London in 1608, p. 209, 4to.

There was a tradition current at the commencement of the last century, that Shakespeare performed the character of Adam in the following comedy. "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers," says Oldys, "who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II., would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was beside a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This account contains several discrepancies, but there may be a glimmering of truth in it, and, at all events, it must be recollected that Oldys wrote before the era of Shakespearean forgeries had commenced.

Rosalind, in the Epilogue, charges the women, "for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you." This appears to be the only clue to the title adopted by Shakespeare. "As You Like It" was formerly a sort of proverb, and is mentioned as a motto by Brithwaite,—

A shop neighbouring near Iaco,
Where Young vend's his old tobacco;
As you like it sometimes sealed,
Which impression's since repealed.

The proverbial title of the play implies in itself that freedom of thought and indifference to censure which characterizes the sayings and doings of most of the actors in this comedy of human nature
in a forest. Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, "As You Like It" is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what nature would produce under similar conditions. The character of Jaques has been erroneously considered by all the critics. I regard him as a severe type of a dissipated man, naturally amiable, removed from the sphere of vicious attractions, and, left to his own reflections, of course dissatisfied with the world and with himself. It must, however, be admitted there is an ascetic impression induced, and notwithstanding the nice varieties of character, most readers will probably admit that the vanity of active life has been the chief object of illustration. The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story, by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but wilful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power, which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

AMIENS, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

JAQUES, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.
Appears, Act II. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OLIVER, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

JAQUES, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.
Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

ORLANDO, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ADAM, servant to Oliver.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DENNIS, servant to Oliver.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SIR OLIVER MARETEXT, a vicar.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

CORIN, a shepherd.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SILVIUS, a shepherd.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

TWO Pages attendant on the exiled Duke.
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A person representing Hymen.
Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4.

THEBE, a shepherdess.
Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

AUDREY, a country wench.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

SCENE,—First, near Oliver’s House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper’s Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.
As You Like It.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An orchard near Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by 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 goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. 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 hire: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills 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 hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my 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.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and then shall hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile?

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.
Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
Ori. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boise; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.
Oli. Let me go, I say.
Ori. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charge't you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allotment my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will; I pray you, leave me.

Ori. I will no further offend thee than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. 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.

[Exit Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will plys your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hello! Denys!

Enter Denys.

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 Denys.]—T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Chas. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?
Chas. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords 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 banish'd with her father?
Chas. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from her 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?
Chas. 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 flest the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?
Chas. 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 he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to fail him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: 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 well 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 labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger; and thou wert 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 poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath taken 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 lamentize 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 his 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 gamaster! 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 beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so 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 Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, 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 me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so royally temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. 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 perforce, 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 Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports; let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal but love no more in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. Would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. T is true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.


Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to float at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is a Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit, whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. 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 forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmane your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. 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
ACT I.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE II.

forsworn: 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.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him
enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped
for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak
wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since
the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little
foolery that wise men have makes a great show.
Here comes monsieur le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed
their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. 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.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I
answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel;—

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have
told you of good wrestling, which you have lost
the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if
it please your ladieships, you may see the end; for
the best is yet to do; and here, where you are,
they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and
buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his
three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old
sale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent
growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—I'II say it known
unto all men by these presents,"

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ACT 1.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Scene II.

 longer: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Col. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw 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 be therefore misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; 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 place, 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 eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Col. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come, your ways.

Ros. 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.

[Charles is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

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?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been born to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

 Thou shouldst have better pleas'd 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.

Col. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son——and would not change that calling.

To be adopted heir to Fred'rick.

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,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Col. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well desserv'd;

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly as you have exceeded all in 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, coz?

Col. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentle man.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, 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.

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SCENE III.

_A Room in the Palace._

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

_Cel._ Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

_Ros._ Not one to throw at a dog.

_Cel._ No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon ears; throw some of them at me: come, hame me with reasons.

_Ros._ Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lam’d with reasons, and the other mad without any.

_Cel._ But is all this for your father?

_Ros._ No, some of it is for my child’s father:—

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

_Cel._ They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

_Ros._ I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

_Cel._ Hem them away.

_Ros._ I would try; if I could cry “hem,” and have him.  

_Cel._ Come, come, wrestle with thy afflictions.

_Ros._ O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself?

_Cel._ O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out 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 lov’d his father dearly.

_Cel._ 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.

_Cel._ 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.

_Cel._ With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

_Duke F._ Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

_Ros._ Me, uncle?

_Duke F._ You, cousin;

Within these ten days if thou best 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, wherein 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 banish'd 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.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celii; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse; 21
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, learnt, play'd, eat together;
And whereas we went, like Juno's swans,
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.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide
yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[Exeunt Duke Fred. and Lords.
Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. 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 your charge upon you,
To bear your 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?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind ofumber 22 smirch my face:
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assillants.
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 curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside, 23
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. 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 called?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. 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.
Devise the fittest 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
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 pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam: The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang, 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 flattery)—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 nativeburghers of this desert city,— Should, in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gored. 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 banished 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 brawl along this wood: To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunter's 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, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle? 1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand smiles. First, for his weeping in the needless stream; "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much." Then being there alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; "T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques, "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?" Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of the county, city, court, Yea, 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 contemplation? 2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting Upon the sobbing deer. Duke S. Show me the place: I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter. 1 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 untreasured of their mistress.
2 Lord. My lord, the reinish clown, at whom
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly overheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
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
hitter;
I'll 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 Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?
Adam. What! 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 bonny prizer of the humorous 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 sacrified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenomous him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives;
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
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;9 this house is but a butchery
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food?
Or, with a base and boist'rous 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, 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 thirify hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my faster-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,
Yea, providently eaters for the sparrow,
Be 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 is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
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:14  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.  

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a  
Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary23 are 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  
man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I  
must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and  
hood ought to show itself courageous to petticoat:  
therefore, courage, good Aliena!  
Cel. 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,23  
if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money  
in your purse.

Ros. 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 knew'st how I do love  
her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have love'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 to mine,  
(As sure I think did never man love so,)  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?  
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou canst then never love so heartily:  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cot, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepecopse now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is be that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have for it of us.

Col. And we will mend thy wages: I like this
place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;''
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's threat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I
can suck melancholy out of a song, as a wenzel
sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more!''

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot
please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do
desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza;
Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing! Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please
myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that they call compliment is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I think of
as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks,
and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who deeth ambition shun, [all together here
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I
made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdamé, ducdamé, ducdamé;''
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducdamé?

Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into
a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll
rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet
is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I
die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out
my grave. Farewell, kind master!

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer
thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield
anything savage, I will either be food for it, or
bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer
death than thy powers. For my sake, be com-
fortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheery: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheery, good Adam! [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The same.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grows musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company! What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; (a miserable world!) As I do live by food, I met a fool, Who laid him down and bask'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 Heaven hath sent me fortune?"
And then he drew a dial from his poke, And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock: Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags: 'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine; And after one hour more, 't will be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, 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 caw 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?

Jaq. 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 biscuit After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley cont.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. 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 Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: And they that are most galled 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 hit, Doth very foolishly; although he smart, [Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not, The wise man's folly is anatomiz'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 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, 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 stag itself; And all th' embossed sores, and head of evils, That thou with licence of free foot hast caught, Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the wearer's very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name, When that I say, The city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I mean her
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,  
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; How then? what then? Let me see  
wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty!  
Orl. 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!

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason,  
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
I thought that all things had been savage here,  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy houghs,  
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 sae at any good man's feast;  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied:  
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 minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,  
While, like a dog, 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 suffi'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.

Orl. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort!  

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.  

Jaq. All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits, and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,—  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble Reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—every thing.

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ACT III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereaso'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Orl. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature

I. Make an extent upon his house and lands
Do this expeditiously, and turn him going.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above.
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit]

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
master Touchstone?
Mend. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very wild life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by 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-roasted 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 courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome 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 tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thon worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too curteously a wit for me; I'll rest.


Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my eyes graze, and my limbs 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 bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuck- oldy 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 shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. "From the east to western land,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest land,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, 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 eat kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must slant and bind,
Then to eat with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
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 droll fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.
Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall grad it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i'the country: for you'll be rotten ere 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 Celina, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "Why should this a desert be!
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil 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
"Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence 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 presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atlantia's better part;"—
Sad Lucretia's modesty,
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly good was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prize'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what a tedious homily of love have you weary'd your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! luck, friends;—Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exit Comin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou here these verses?
Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;
for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. 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.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved 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-thymed since Pythagors' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?
Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be mov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. 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 capronj'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me, who is it quickly, and speak space: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceald man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. 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?

Cel. 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.

Cel. 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 low, and true maid.

Cel. 'T faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. 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.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuus's mouth first: it is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomicus, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it frogs forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, hell! to the tongue, I prithee; it carveth unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a launter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen; 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.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he; shak by, and note him.

[Cella and Rosalind retire.

Jaq. I thank you for your company: but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar 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 all of pretty answers! Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breaother in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jaq.——Cel. and Ros. come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy baguecy and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time
ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time
gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, as
between the contract of her marriage and the day
it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight,
Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of
seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a thief that lacks Latin, and a rich
man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps
easily, because he cannot study; the other lives
merily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking
the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the
other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury:
These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself
too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they
sleep between term and term, and then they per-
cieve not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in
the skirts of the forest, like fringes upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the eoney, that you see dwell where
she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you
could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed,
an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,
who was in his youth an inland man; one that
knew courtship too well, for there he fell in
love. I have heard him read many lectures against
it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be
touched with so many giddy offences as he hath
generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal
evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all
like one another, as I happened are: every one
fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came
to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but
on those that are sick. There is a man hunts
the forest, that abuses our young plants with car-
ving Rosalind on their barks: hangs odes upon
hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, farsooth,
deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet
that fancy-monger; I would give him some good
counsel, for he seems to have the quiddit of love
upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you,
tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon
you: he taught me how to know a man in love;
in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not
prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not: a
blue eye, and sunken, which you have not: an
unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a
beard neglected, which you have not: (but I
pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in
beard is a younger brother's revenue: ) Then
your nose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet un-
handed, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied,
and everything about you demonstrating a care-
less 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.

Orl. 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
apart to do than to confess she does: that is one
of the points in the which women still give the
lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are
you he that hang's the verses on the trees, wherein
Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. 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?

Orl. 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 whip as mad-
men do: and the reason why they are not so
punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary
that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess
curing it by counsel.

Orl. 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, he effem-
inate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud,
fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears.
full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drive my suitors 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 cur'd 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 in 't.

Orl. 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.

Orl. 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?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Dost my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the gods.


Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.
ACT III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Scene IV.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Col. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Col. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Col. Something browner than Judah's; marry, his kisses are Judah's own children.

Ros. P' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Col. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread."^69

Col. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana: a man of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Col. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Col. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Col. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Col. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends 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, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puissant tiller, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Col. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love; Bring us to 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 th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Then tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'T is pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atoms,
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 counterfeits to swound; 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 but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; 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 some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with my mock's, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

might be your mother,
Thou insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no 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 philose?
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.—Oh! my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyebrows, nor your check of cream,
That can entame 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 proper man,
Than she a woman. 'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters 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;
Fool is most fond, being fool to be a scoffer.42
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and
she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll scarce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am fatter than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;
Come, sister: Shepherdless, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see
None could be so abased in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [Exit Ros., Celia, and Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw o' might;

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"[34]

Sil. Sweet Phoebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvins?

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 extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that 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 canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome 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,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlist\(^1\) once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what hath he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one: omission is no quittance.
I'll write him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Joq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Joq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Joq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Joq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the surdy contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most luminous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

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Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi’ you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits: disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [Exit Jaques.]

Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour’s promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o’ the shoulder, but I’ll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wo’d of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, o’ a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What’s that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell’d for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the leastest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I wilt not have you.

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 man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-case. Troilus had his brains dash’d 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 liv’d many a fair year, though Hero had turn’d nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown’d; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sesto. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. 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 coming-on disposition; 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.
Ced. I cannot say the words.
Ros. You must begin.—"Will you, Orlando?"
Orl. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to
wife this Rosalind?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rose-
find, 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's
a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a
woman's thought runs before her actions.
Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.
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
maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.
I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary
cock-pigeon over his hen; more bounteous 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 inclin'd 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 case-
ment; 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 yest?"
Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it,
till you meet your wife's wit going to your neigh-
bor'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 caths 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-promise,
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 were
indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.
Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines
all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.
Ced. You have simply misus'd our sex in your
love-prate: 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 coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that
thon didst know how many fathom deep I am in
love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection
hath an unknown 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, conceiv'd of spleer,
and born of madness; that blind rascally 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, Aliens, I cannot be out of the sight
of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh til
he come.
Ced. And I'll sleep.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Jacques and Lords, in the habit of Foresters

Jac. Which is he that killed the deer?
Lord. Sir, it was I.
ACT IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE III.

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:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
   2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Jaq. Then sing him home.

[They carry away the deer singing.

All. Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
   It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it.

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
   Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock and here much Orlando?

Ced. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:—
My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this.

[Giving a letter.

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
't bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me.

Were man as rare as phoenix, O'd's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phoebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verly did think

That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
She has a housewive's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style.
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phoebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

   "Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [Reads
   That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warrst thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

   "Whilest the eye of man did woo me,
   That could do no vengeance to me?"

Meaning me a beast.—

   "If the scorn of your bright eye
   Have power to raise such love in mine,
   Alack! in me what strange effect
   Would they work in mild aspect?
   Whiles you chide me, I did love;
   How then might your prayers move?
   He that brings this love to thee,
   Little knows this love in me;
   And by him seal up thy mind;
   Whether that thy youth and kind
   Will the faithful offer take
   Of me, and all that I can make;
   Or else by him my love deny,
   And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Ced. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.
—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endur'd!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: If she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Silvius.
Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know Where, in the purliens of this forest, stands A sheepe-cote, fenc'd about with olivetrees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream, Left on your right hand, brings you to the place: But at this hour the house doth keep itself; There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description; Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe sister: the woman low, And browner than her brother." Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are. Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both; And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest, Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside, And, mark, what object did present itself! Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, And high top baid with dry antiquity, A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself, Who with his head, nimbly in threats, approach'd The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unloked itself, And with indented glides did slip away Into a bush: under which bush's shade A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch, When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis The royal disposition of that beast, To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;

This seen, Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do, For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there, Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpose'd so.

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion, Made him give battle to the lioness, Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling, From miserable slumber I awoke.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two, Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd, As, how I came into that desert place;— In brief, he led me to the gentle duke, Who gave me fresh array and entertainment, Committing me unto my brother's love; Who led me instantly unto his cave, There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm The lioness had torn some flesh away, Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound; And, after some small space, being strong at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am, To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to give this napkin, Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

Ros. faints.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
ACT V.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

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 troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, sir.

Touch. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. 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. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, ' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Col. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

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 so. Art then 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 wide, and put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. Do you 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 pour'd 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 boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishes; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee,
there was never anything so sudden, but the flight of two ravens, and Cæsar’s thronal brag of—
“I came, saw, and overcame.” For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look’d; no sooner look’d, but they lov’d; no sooner lov’d, but they sigh’d; no sooner sigh’d, but they ask’d one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man’s eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-henness; by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak’st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tendear dearly though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.
ACT V.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE III.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not if I have it; it is my study
To seem despitable and ungentle to you:
You are there follow’d by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.
Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis
to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman!
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman!
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you? [To Rosaline.
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you? [To Phebe.
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, "why blame you
me to love you?"
Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not
hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the
howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I
will help you, [to Silvius] if I can:—I would
love you, [to Phebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet
me all together.—I will marry you, [to Phebe] if
ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-mor-
or:—I will satisfy you, [to Orlando] if ever I
satisfy man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—
I will content you, [to Silvius] if what pleases
you contents you, and you shall be married to-mor-
or.—As you [to Orlando] love Rosalind,
meet;—as you [to Silvius] love Phebe, meet; and
as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well;
I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.
Phe. Nor I.
Orl. Nor I. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey
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 come two of the
banish’d 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 i’ the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without
hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse;
which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I faith, I’ faith; and both in a tune,
lke two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
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 ring time,
When birds do 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 lie,
In spring time, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there
was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv’d, sir; we kept time
we lost no time.

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ACT V

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the flood! Here come a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call’d fools.

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 ta’en up?

Touch. 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 ’ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour’d thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool’s bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

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 call’d the “Retort courteous.” If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call’d the “Quip modest.” If again, it was not well
cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I speak not true. This is call'd the "Reply proof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is call'd the "Countercheck quarrelsome;" and so to "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

**Jaq.** And how oft did you say, his heard was not well cut?

**Touch.** I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct;" and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

**Jaq.** Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

**Touch.** O 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 valiant; 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 thought but of an If; as, "If you said so, then I said so," and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

**Jaq.** Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

**Duke S.** He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

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**Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind 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,
Yes, brought her hither;
That thou mightest 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 Orlando.]

**Duke S.** If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

**Orl.** If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

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**Phe.** If sight and shape be true,  
Why, then,—my love adieu!  
[To Duke S.]
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—  
[To Orlando.]
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.  
[To Thebes.]

**Hym.** Peace, ho! I bar confusion.  
'T is I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events:  
Here's eight that must take hands,  
To join in Hymen's bands,  
If truth holds true contents.  
You and you no cross shall part:  
[To Orlando and Rosalind.]
You and you are heart in heart:  
[To Oliver and Celia.]
You [to Phe.] 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.  
Whiles 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 Juno's crown;  
O blessed bond of board and bed:  
'T is Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock, then, be honoured;  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!

**Duke S.** O my dear niece, welcome thou art  
to me;  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.  
**Phe.** I will not eat my word; now thou art mine,  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.  
[To Silvius.]

**Enter Jaques de Bois.**

**Jaques de B.** Let me have audience for a word  
or two;  
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring 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 enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeath'd to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'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 beget:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:
—
Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to 'sh' measures fall.

_Jaq._ Sir, by your patience; If I heard you
rightly;
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

_Jaq. de B._ He hath.

_Jaq._ To him will I: out of these convertities
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;

_[To Duke S._
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve
it:—
You _[to Orlando_ to a love that your true faith
doth merit:—
You _[to Oliver_ to your hand, and love, and great
allies:—
You _[to Silvia_ to a long and well-deserved
bed:—

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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'll begin these
rites,
As we do trust they 'll end in true delights.

_[A dance._

**EPILOGUE.**

_Pros._ 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," I should think it is true that a
good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine
does in good measure; 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 furnish'd 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 you:
and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear
to women, (as I perceive by your simp'ring, none
of you love 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
pleas'd me, complections that lik'd 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 curtsy, bid
me farewell.

_[Freunt._
NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

1. Enchantingly, as if acting under the power of enchantment.
   *Kindle, excite, entice.*

2. *He never had any.*
   A similar joke, as Boswell observes, is found in the old play of Damon and Pithias, 1573:
   I have taken a wise one on him; have I not, thou ye
   To trust such a false knave upon his honesty?
   As he is an honest man (quoti fuisse) he may bewray all
   to the King,
   And break his oath for this never a whit.

3. *You'll be whipped for taxation.*
   *Taxation, censure, satire.* "Things much more sycophant have passed both the publick stage and the press, and never questioned by authority; and there are fewer that will find themselves touched or taxed," C. Brooke, 1623.

4. *Laid on with a trowel.*
   That is, grossly, without delicius. M. Mason says the phrase is still in use. A similar expression occurs in Tony Lumpkin,—"that was a dash with the pound brush." *Amaze, utterly confuse, confound.*

5. *With bills on their necks.*
   Notwithstanding the passage quoted by Farmer from Lodge, I am induced to believe Rosalind intends by *bills* merely *labels, or advertisements,* which were formerly so termed.

6. *If you saw yourself with your eyes.*
   If you could only see yourself, and exercise your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise.

7. *That was never gracious.*
   Gracious appears to be here used in the sense of graced, favoured, acceptable. See Mr. Singer's edition, p. 119.

8. *Calling, name, appellation.*

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1 But a poor thousand crowns.

So the second folio, the first edition reading, "but poor a thousand crowns," which may, however, be right; not exactly, I think, for the reason assigned by Mr. Knight, but as an instance of a construction familiar to writers of the period. How poor an instrument may do a noble act, "Antony and Cleopatra. It was is understood before charged.

Stays, keeps, detains.

2 His countenance seems to take from me.

Countenance seems to be equivalent to, behaviour. Used in either a good or bad sense. *Miner, equivalent to, undermines. What make you here, what do you here?*

3 And be naught awhile!

This is merely a petty oath, equivalent to, *a mischief on you.* It is generally misunderstood by the actors.

Sir W. Scott, in his autobiography, gives an interesting account of the effect this scene in representation had upon his youthful mind. "The most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age, and, above all, to the theatre. The play was *As You Like It,* and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'Ain't they brothers!?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event."

4 *Villain* seems to be used in two significations, in its present sense, and also with its original meaning, a person born in subjection.

5 *And jest the time carelessly.*
   *Fret, make to fit or tass. Baret, 1550, has *jests* for short.*
   *Intendment, intention.*

6 *I will stir this gamester.*
   *Gamester, adventurer, frolicsome fellow. The term occurs in a similar sense in the Taming of the Shrew, ii.*
11 Exceed all us. promise.

This reading of the second folio, which appears to be right, has escaped the notice of all the editors.

12 Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

In the division of the quintain, a strong post was fixed in the ground, with a piece of wood on the top turning upon a spindle. This piece of wood varied in its form and action, but was always formed so that a blow on one side gave it a sharp rotary motion. The quintain was tilted at by horsemen, who, if expert, would contrive to ride with sufficient rapidity to escape the shock from the revolving board or image. The poet undoubtedly alludes to some kind of quintain which resembled the human figure.

13 He misconstrues all.

Misconstrue, the genuine archaic form of misconstrue, and should not be altered. Mr. Knight has restored it in Henry VI., but it has escaped his notice in the present instance. As I have elsewhere remarked, it is a matter of great difficulty to be uniform in these minute readings.

Condition, temper, disposition.

17 For my child's father.

Mr. Knight thinks this, the original reading, indistinct; and so it would be undoubtedly to modern ears. Jokes of this kind were very commonly received in Shakespeare's time, and a worse one is assigned to Beatrice in Much A-do about Nothing, ii. 1.

18 If I could cry 'hem,' and have him.

If, as I suspect, there is here a quibble between hem and him, the force, even of Shakespearean quibbling, "can no further go."

19 By this kind of chase.

Alluding, probably, to the deer, quibbling on the word dearly. Mrs. Ford tells Falstaff, "I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer;" and Malone has preserved some verses, supposed to have been written by Shakespeare on Sir Thomas Lucy, in which the same quibble occurs:

Sir Thomas was too covetous
To covet so much deer,
When horns enough upon his head
Most plainly did appear.

Had not his Worship one deer left?
What then? he had a wife
Took pains enough to find him horns
Should last him during life.

Dearly, extremely.

20 Dost he not deserve well?

That is, to be hated. Resentment affects to understand her in a literal sense.

21 And your own remorse.

Remorse is here used in the sense of pity, compassion. Numerous instances of its use in that signification occur in old plays.
26. *This is no place.*

That s, no abiding place for you, no place of security for you, to remain in. *Diverted,* turned out of its proper course.

27. *It is too late a week.*

A week was often idiomatically used for an indefinite period of time.

28. *How weary are my spirits.*

Mr. Knight supports the original reading, *merry,* but I cannot bring myself to reject Theobald's emendation. If Rosalind was assuming a merry heart, how can we reconcile the old reading with her next speech?

29. *I should bear no cross.*

A penny was called a cross, because that coin formerly had a cross stamped upon it. There is no limit to the quibbling on this word.

30. *The kissing of her bater.*

A bater was the wooden but or instrument used by wash-begging women for beating the coarse clothes. The term, corrupted to *battlete,* is still in use in some of the Western counties.

31. *With weeping tears.*

If this expression be borrowed from Lodge, it may possibly be introduced with an intention to ridicule it. One of the sonnets in the novel commences as follows:

In sorrow's cell I laid me down to sleep,
But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes;
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weep,
But weeping tears their want could not suffice:
Yet since for her they wept, I wept as well,
They weeping smile, and triumph'd in their smart.

According to Mr. Davy, speaking of Suffolk, "The efficacy of peascodes in the affairs of sweethearts is not yet forgotten among our rustic vulgar. The kitchen-maid, when she shells green peas, never omits, if she finds one having nine peas, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." Anderson mentions a custom in the north, of a nature somewhat similar. "A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her, is, by way of consolation, rubbed with pea-straw by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart, by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village." "Winter-time for shoeing, pea-cold time for wooling," old proverb in M.S. Devon Gr. The divination by peascods alluded to by Mr. Davy is thus explained by Guy:

As peascods once I plucked, I chance'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three;
Which, when crupp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret hid;
The latch mov'd up, when he should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.

But perhaps the allusion in Shakespeare is best illustrated by the following passage, which seems to have escaped the notice of all writers on this subject.

The peascod greene oft with no little toyle,
He'd seek for in the fattest, fortib't sole,
And read it from the stroke to bring it to her,
And in her bosom for acceptance wore her.

Brown's Britannia's Pastoral, p. 71

Moll Bury, in Heywood's fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607, chooses the peascod for the emblem of her love:—

I cannot tell how others' fanckes stand,
But I repose sometime to take in hand
The simile of that I love; and I protest
That pretty peascod is my humour best.

32. *Moral in folly.*

Extremely weak in folly.

33. *I will you very faithful feeder be.*

Feeder was an old term for a servant, but I am not sure it is here employed in that sense.

34. *And turn his merry note.*

To turn a tune, in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the turns or air of the tune. *Whiter.*

35. *My voice is ragged.*

Ragged, broken, unequal, discordant. "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses," Nash, 1598.

Disputable, inclined to dispute.

36. *Dudami, duetami, duetami.*

The notes of the commentators on this word are by no means satisfactory. Mr. Collier judiciously omits the accent *Dudame,* for, it being necessarily a trisyllable, owing to the construction of the verse, if any accent were required, we ought to print *Dudami.* The mere fact of the word being a trisyllable shows at once the inconsistency of attempting to establish a connexion with the old country song, commencing,—

"Dame, what makes your ducks to die?"

on which Whiter and Farmer have so elaborately written, and which Mr. Knight pronounces much more rational than Hamner's conjecture of *due ad me,* which is forced and unnecessary, I admit, but not so absurd as to suppose Jaques was using some country call of a woman to her ducks. Mr. Collier seems correct when he says that Jaques' declaration of its being "a Greek invocation to call Fools into a circle" is merely a jeer upon the ignorance of Amiens. In other words, Amiens understood as little about *Dudami* as the commentators, and the answer of Jaques is a playful, not a serious exposition of the word.

Some time ago, I met with a passage in an uncollated MS. of the "Visions of Flora Flongham," in the Bodleian Library, which goes far to prove that *Dudami* is a burden of an old song, an explanation which exactly agrees with its position in the song of Jaques. The passage is as follows:—

"Thanne sethe ther some,
And eunice at the ale,
And helpen to eye that halfe acre
With Dudami-me-me."  

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NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

41 If this were wood, forest.

Unknown, strange, unknown. So Ben Jonson.—

It is no unknown thing.

To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

Comfortable, susceptible of comfort.

42 And then he drew a dial, from his poke.

The term dial was applied, in Shakespeare's time, to clocks and watches, as well as to the ring-dial. The probabilities are here, I think, in favor of a watch being the sense intended by the author. Dr. Knight, however, considers a ring-dial is meant, as gives an interesting note on the subject.

43 Doth very foolishly.

Theobald adds the worr and to in the next line. The original is undoubtedly corrupt, for few will adopt Whiter's very forced explanation; yet I much doubt if Theobald's correction be true. May we not rather suppose a line has been omitted? Doth, satirical rap, repartee.

Squandr ring, wandering.

44 The weaver's very means.

The original has weary very, which Whiter interprets,—

"till that the very means, being weary, do ebb." The text is the conjectural emendation of Mr. Singer.

Bravery, anxiety. Tazing; see note 8.

45 Inaccessible, difficult of access.

46 Upon command.

Upon your own command, at your pleasure.

47 Weak exile.

That is, unhappy weaknesses, or causes of weakness.

48 Wherein we play in.

The phraseology of the time. The last preposition is unnecessarily omitted by Pope.

49 Full of wise sayes and modern instances.

Familiar as every line of this celebrated speech is to all ears, it may be doubted whether most readers are aware that modern is here used in the common old sense of, slight, trifling. So Ben Jonson, satirizing Marston, writes,—

Alas! that were no modern consequence.

To have cutharnal buskins frighted hence.

We have the word used in the same sense by Rosalind at the commencement of the fourth act.

50 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon.

The Pantaloon was a character in the old Italian comedy. He is described by Addison as "an old cull."" Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

A very early song in MS. Harl. 2553, written about the year 1600, commences with the line.—

Blow, northerne wynd.

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51 Make an extent upon his house and lands.

An extent, says Ben, Law Dictionary, 1691, "sometimes signifies a writ or commission to the sheriff for the valuing of lands or tenements; sometimes the act of the sheriff, or other commissioner, upon this writ."

52 Three-crowned queen of night.

"Alluding," says Dr. Johnson, "to the triple character of Proserpina, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorable lines:

"Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana, Ina, superna, fera, sceptra, fulgere, sagittis." Character, inscribe. Cf. Two Gent. of Ver. ii. 7.

53 And unserviceable.

Unexpressive, inexpressible. Milton uses the term more than once, and it is also found in Glopthorne's Poems, 1630.

54 May complain of good-breeding.

This is elliptical, as Dr. Johnson observes, for "may complain of the want of good breeding." The idiom is even not yet entirely obsolete.

55 Like an ill-roasted egg.

Then art damn'd, completely destroyed, spoilt as inevitably as an egg is which is roasted all on one side. "A fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it," old proverb.

56 God make incision in thee!

That is, says Caldecott, let God enlarge and open thy mind. Steevens thinks it may have reference to the proverbial expression of being cut for the simples. Raw, ignorant, inexperienced. This word, now only used in slang, was formerly classical. Perhaps, however, the first expression is metaphorically taken from an old surgical term.

57 Butter-woman's rank to market.

Rank is here equivalent to order. "The right butter-woman's rank to market," says Whiter, "means the jorg trot rate, as it is vulgarly called, with which butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market."

58 That shall civil sayings show.

Civil sayings, explained by Gifford, "sayings collected from an intercourse with civil life." That great critic, speaking of the word civil, says it alludes to the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court: sometimes, indeed, it takes a wider range, and comprises a degree of civilization or moral improvement, as opposed to a state of barbarism, or pure nature.

A few other observations on the poem read by Celia may not be unacceptable. Spring, wandering. Easeless is an archaism for beneas. In little, in miniature. "A hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little." Hamlet. Sad, applied to Lucettia, grave, serious. Touches, features.
NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

60 Atalanta’s better part.
A great deal has been written on the meaning of Atalanta’s better part, and one critic unhesitatingly states it refers to her virginity! It appears, however, merely to have been an idiomatic expression for the mind or spirit. Macbeth says,—

For it has cow’d my better part of man.

61 That I was an Irish rat.
An old myth that rats were frequently hymned to death in Ireland, is several times alluded to by our old poets. Ben Jonson thus mentions the belief in the Post-acter,—

Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes.

See further in Gifford’s Ben Jonson, ii. 543.

62 But mountains may be removed.
An old proverb says,—

Friends may meet,
But mountains never meet.

Out of all whooping, out of all cry, out of all measure.
Good say-complication, equivalent to, “my good natural character,” which she apostrophizes.

One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. Thus explained by Mr. Night,—“If you perplex me any further, I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South Sea.” I prefer, however, Mr. Collier’s interpretation:—

“One inch of delay is more to Rosalind than a whole continent in the South-Sea.”

63 Let me stay the growth of his beard.
Let me wait for the growth of his beard, if you will tell me who he is.

64 Gargantua’s mouth.
No very early translation of Rabelais is known to exist, but there was probably a popular work on the subject of this giant, Gargantua being mentioned as the title of a tract in Lanham’s letter from Kenilworth, 1573. A book entitled the “History of Gargantua” was entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company in 1594. The author of Harry Higgins, Humour, 1640, “is of this opinion, that if the histories of Gargantua and Tom Thumb be true, by consequence, Bevis of Hampton and Seaglin’s jests must needs be authentic.”

65 It is as easy to count atoms.

Atoms, the old term of atoms. “Circumstances are the atoms of policy. Censure the being, Action the life, but Success the ornament,” Overbury’s New and Choise Characters, 1615.

66 You bring me out.
That is, you put me out, interrupt me.

67 I answer you right painted cloth.
Painted cloth was cloth or canvas painted in oil, and often exhibited motes and verses. Taylor, the Water-Poet, quoted by Mr. Dyce, gives the following specimen of painted-cloth poetry copied from the walls of an inn at Rye in 1628:—

No flower so fresh, but frost may it deface;
None sits so fast, he has may lose his place.

Tis concord keeps a realm in stable stay,
But discord bring all kingdoms to decay.

No subject ought, for any kind of cause,
Resist his prince, but yeild him to the laws.

Sure God is just, whose strokes, delayed long,
Doth light at last with paine more sharp and strong.

Time never was, nor ne’re, I think, shall be,
That truth unmourn’d might speak in all things free.

We have had a specimen of a similar phraseology in the same act,—“Speak sad brow, and true maid.”

68 He trots hard with a young maid.
Can this be accepted that Time appears so long to her that it increases the necessary pace to enable him to overcome it? There appears some defect in the text, and I am almost inclined to adopt Mr. Hunter’s emendation.

69 Courtship, courtly manners.

70 If I could meet that fancy-monger.
Fancy is love, as has been already observed. So in A Midsummer-Night’s Dream,—

Wishes and tears, poor fancy’s followers.

71 An unquestionable spirit.

Unquestionable, not to be conversed with. Question is constantly used in the sense of discourse. Rosalind says in another scene, “I met the Duke, and had much question with him.” Having, possession, property. Poind-device, exactly in the fashion.

72 Moine, inconstant, variable.

73 A living humour of madness.

Living, absolute, undoubted. “Give me a living reason she’s disloyal,” Othello, iii. 2.

74 Lord warrant us! what features?
A mere piece of rustic simplicity, Audrey not understanding the meaning of the word, and repeating it in perplexity. The note of Stevens appears to me to be unnecessarily prurient.

Ill-inhabited, badly lodged.

75 A material fool.

That is, a fool full of good sense and sound information.

The Duke, speaking of Jaques, says,—

I love to eope him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.

76 I am foul.

Foul, homely looking. This meaning of the term continued in use till the last century. So Pope,—

If fair, though chaste, she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack’d on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures.

77 As huge as the rascal.

Rascal was applied to a lean deer, out of season. “And have known a rascal from a fat deer,” Quinlins’s Virgin Widow, 1649. “Rascal, refuse beast, rufus,” Palagravo 1530.
NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

"Defence, the knowledge of fence. Sir Oliver Martext, the sir corresponding to the Latin dominus. See note No. 1 to the Merry Wives of Windsor."

"Something browner than Judas's.

The hair of Judas was usually represented as red in the old tapestry.

"The touch of holy bread.

Holy bread was bread touched by the priest, and given "in sign of our union to Christ." See 5, now counterfeit to sound, i.e., to swoon. This genuine arcanum should be preserved. It occurs again in Act V., Sc. 2.

"The elocution and capable impression.

That is, the seen and perceptible impression. Capable is here equivalent to, able to receive.

"Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scotter.

That is, literally, ugliness is most ugly, to be a scotter, being ugly. In other words, an ugly person is most ugly, when he is a scotter.

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

A quotation from Marlowe, who, had he lived, would have "rival'd all but Shakespeare's name below." It occurs in his Her. and Leander:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

The line passed into a proverb, and is used as one in the prose history of George a Green, 1706. A modern poet expands the sentiment thus,—

Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow.
Ah, no! the love that kills indeed
Departed with a blow!

"That the old carpent once was master of.

The usual old English word was earl, a churl, a bondman, a rude country clown. (A.S.) Peasch, foolish.

"He carries his house on his head.

A curious story of a young bride is related in the Apophthegms of the Earl of Worcester, p. 81. Her husband wishes her to go like the snail, "who seldom stirs abroad, but whilst that blessing, the dew of heaven, is upon the earth, that she may gather benefit." O, my lord, said she, "If I should go abroad like the snail, I should carry a house upon my back, and horns in my forehead."

Lest, countenance, feature.

"I will laugh like a hyen.

Hyen, hyena, a common old form. It occurs in Bractwain's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, p. 42.

Make the doors, fasten the doors. This phrase is still in use in the provinces.

"Wilt, whether wilt?

A common old proverbial expression. A good example of it occurs in Middleton's More Dissemblers besides Woman, ed. Dyce, p. 611.

"G. Cap. Wilt, whither wilt thou?

--D."
NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

94 The only pretty ring time.

Ring time, the time for marriage. The music to this song is given in Morley's First Booke of Ayres, fol. 1600, and the arrangement in our text is adopted from that very rare work.

95 As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

As those that fear what they hope, and know very well they fear a disappointment.

96 According as marriage binds and blood breaks.

"A man, by the marriage ceremony, swears that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn," Henley.

Scene, seemingly.

97 We quarrel in print by the book.

Warburton's note is so necessary to the proper appreciation of this satire, the reader will be glad to have the opportunity of perusing it:—

"The poet has, in this scene, rivalled the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, Of Honour and Honorable Quarrels, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, teaching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duel and the Combat in divers Forms both ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—I. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. II. Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies. III. Of Lies certain [or direct.] IV. Of conditional Lies, [or the Lie circumstantial.] V. Of the Lie in general. VI. Of the Lie in particular. VII. Of foolish Lies. VIII. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countersign quarrel-some.] In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particle if, he says, "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: if thou hast said that I have offered my lord fine, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in words,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise." By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an if between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare making the Clown say, "I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if; so, if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. You if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if." Caranza was another of those authenick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of Love's Pilgrimage, ridicules him with much humour." The words included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's.

— Has he given the lie
In circle or oblique, or semicircle,
Or direct parallel? You must challenge him.

Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.

101 You have Books for Good Manners.

Hugh Rhodes wrote the "Boke of Nurture, or School of Good Manners for Men, Servants, and Children," 4to., 1577. An earlier work, under a similar title, occurs in MS. Harl. 142.

Agree, reconcile, agree.

102 To thee doth combine.

Combine, bind, unite, attach. The term has occurred in Measure for Measure, iv. 5.

Address'd, prepared.

103 With measure heaped in joy.

A heaped measure was a technical term. "Large measure, heaped measure, measure with advantage," Cotgrave. I mention this, not that the line requires any explanation, but merely to show the source for the use of what would now be considered a forced metaphor.

104 Good wine needs no bush.

A bush was a common sign for a vintner. The custom is thus alluded to in Barnaby's Journal—

Good wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let Bacchus bush be Barnaby's rich nose;
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green;
Barnaby's nose may for a bush be seen.

Cotgrave, in v. Bon, gives the proverb,—"Good wine
draws customers without any help of an ivy-bush."
The Taming of the Shrew.

The immediate source of this amusing drama is to be traced in a bombastie comedy first published in 1594, under the title of "A Pleasant Conceited Historie called The Taming of a Shrew, As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servants! The author of this production is unknown,* but there appears to be reasonable grounds for believing it to have been written by Marlowe; unless, indeed, several imitations of passages in that writer are to be regarded as plagiarisms. It was very popular, having been reprinted in 1596 and 1607; and Shakespeare’s obligations to it were doubtlessly notorious and acknowledged. He appears, in fact, to have taken no pains to conceal the extent of them. The title of this play differs only in a particle, and, if we except an incident adopted from Gascoigne’s translation of the Suppositi of Ariosto, the story and the method of its treatment are the same in both dramas.

The source of the "Induction," which appears to me to be one of the choicest fragments in Shakespeare’s comedies, is of oriental origin, and will recall the memory of every reader to the adventures of Abou Hassan in the Arabian-Nights. The story occurs under a great variety of forms in European literature, but some of its romantic character has been lost in its transmission. It was probably first read by Shakespeare in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards, which appeared in 1570, a book which was seen by Warton, but has since been lost, and a portion only recently recovered by Mr. Norton of Liverpool. As this addition to the materials for the literary history of the play has not been accessible to previous editors, and will bear perusal, I am induced to insert a copy of it:—

In the time that Phillip Duke of Burgundy (who by the gentleness and curteousnesse of his carriage purchased the name of good) guided the reines of the country of Flanders, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodnesse, rather than silly simplicity, used pastimes which for their singularitie are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

Being in Bruxelles with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and gentleness of this world, he let each one say his pleasaunce on this subject, whereon was alloaged grave sentences and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the town, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a Tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this man’s drunkenesse in as good manner as I can to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superior and inferior Germany, that divers, making glory and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, exerence their praise thereby, and held it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was intrused, devised a means farre lesse dangerous than that which Dionysius the Tyrant used towards Democles, and which in pleasantnesse bears a marvellous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the

* Some interesting papers on this subject by Mr. S. Hickson have recently been published in the Notes and Querries; but our limited space will not permit an examination of the ingenious theory suggested by that gentleman.

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sumptuousest parts of his Palace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilst hee settles his drinks, the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

In the morning, this drunken being awake draws the curtaine of this brave rich bed, sees himself in a chamber adorned like a Paradise, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine: he believes not his eyes, but lays his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dreame.

Assone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Dukes house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely appared, Gentlemen of the chamber, Gentleman waiters, and the High Chamberlain, who, all in faire order and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest: they honour him with the same great reverences as if he were a Sovereigne Prince; they serve him bare headed, and make him what suite hee will please to wear on that day.

This fellow, aftreding the first, believing these things to be incidence or dreams, reclamed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, abused amongst all the apperell that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him: he is accommodated like a King, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seen before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest Nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had seen their Sovereigne Prince (Phillip with Princely delight beholdeth the play from a private place:) divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which hee grants with such a countenance and gravity, as if he had had a Crowne on his head all his life time.

Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his tables covered. He likes that very well. The table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich Canopie: he eats with the same ceremony which was observed at the Duke's tables: he made good cheere, and shaved with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wist, but the Majesty which he represented made him refrain. All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things: they led him to walke about the great Chambers, Galleries, and Gardens of the Palace (for all this merriment was played within the gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke and the principall of his Court): they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therein, and talked to him thereof as if they had all beseen his, which he heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoones in all kind of sports; musique, dancing, and a Comedy, spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some State matters, whereunto hee answered according to his skill, and like a right Twelfe side King.

Supper time approaching, they take this new created Prince if he would please to have the Lords and Ladies of his Court to sup and feast with him; whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his dignity unto so familiarity: nevertheless, counterfeiting humanity and affability, he made signes that he condescended thereunto: he then, towards night, was led with sound of Trumpets and Hoboyes into a faire hall, where long Tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates, the Tetures shined in every corner, and made a day in the midst of a night: the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the Prince at the upper end in a higher seat. The service was magnificent: the musique of voyces and instruments fed the ears, whilsthmouths found their food in the dishes. Never was the imaginary Duke as such a feast: carousses begin after the manner of the Country; the Prince is assaulted on all sides, as the Owle is assaulted by all the Birds, when he begins to sour. Not to seems uneivel, he would doe the like to his good and faithful subjects. They serve him with very strong wine, good Hippocras, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently reneabled; so that, charged with so many ex traordinarys, he yeelded to deaths cousin german, sleep, which closed his eyes, stopp his carres, and made him loose the use of his reason and all his other senses.

They take him to the Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his Officers to have the pleasure of this sumnermy, commanded that this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathen againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did hee smort all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardinesse of the stones or the night ayre, so well was his stomach filled with good preservatives. Being awaked in the morning by some passenger, or it may be by some that the good Duke Philip had thereto appointed, ha! said he, my friends, what have you done! you have robbed mee of a Kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into. Then, very well remembering all the particulars of what had passed the day before, he related unto them, from point to point, all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to bee a dreame. Being returned home to his house, he entertaines his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as he thought: the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those Courtiers who had been present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not believe it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame; but when Duke Phillip, who would have the full contentment of this pleasant tricke, had shewed him the bed wherein he lay, the cloathes which he had wore, the persons who had served him, the Hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleive what hee saw, imagining that all this was mere incidence and illusion.

The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpes him in the poverty of his family; and, taking an occasion theron to make an Oration unto his Courtiers concerning the vanity of this worlds honours, hee told them that all that ambitious persons seek with so much industry is but smoke, and a mere dreame, and that they are stricken with that pleasant folly of the Athenians, who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of Athens to be his, and that all the Merchants were but his factors: his friends getting him cured by a skilful Physician of the debility of his brain, in lieu of giving thankes for this good office, he reviled them, saying that, whereas he was rich in conceit, they had by this care made him poor and miserable in effect.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

In the old play, the story of the drunkard is continued, and he is introduced at the conclusion, returned to sobriety, and firmly convinced that all the transactions of the scene were merely the imaginations of a dream. Shakespeare evidently felt that this arrangement was not dramatically necessary, and after a few unimportant words at the conclusion of the first scene of the first act, we hear no more of the tinker.

The Taming of the Shrew was first published in the folio of 1623. It was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and, although that circumstance is only a kind of negative evidence, I am inclined to place the date of its composition after that year. Sir John Harrington in 1596 mentions the older play, which would lead us to believe it had not then been superseded by Shakespeare's. Mr. Collier would assign a date after 1601, the name Baptista being improperly used in Hamlet, an error which was corrected in the Taming of the Shrew. There is, however, a great uncertainty in reasoning on minute indications of this character.

A sequel or imitation of the Taming of the Shrew, under the title of, "The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd," was written by Fletcher, and is mentioned by Herbert as "an old play" as early as 1633. The exact date of its composition is not known. In this play Katharine is supposed to be dead, and Petruchio married to another lady, who, with the assistance of her companions, tames the unruly husband who has cured the shrew in Shakespeare's play. It is almost unnecessary to say that Petruchio's individuality, as portrayed by Shakespeare, is not preserved by Fletcher; but the "Woman's Prize" is, nevertheless, an amusing drama, and when acted before the Court in 1633, it seems to have given greater satisfaction than the other. Herbert's memoranda are as follows:—"On Tuesday night, at St. James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene The Taminge of the Shrew: Likt.—On Thursday night, at St. James, the 28 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, The Tamer Tam'd, made by Fletcher. Very well likt."

The original MS. containing these curious entries is preserved at Powis Castle, the seat of the Earls of Powis; and the late Lord Powis kindly promised me the full use of it for the Shakespeare Society. His Lordship's untimely death prevented the fulfilment of this desirable object; but I trust it will be confirmed by his successor. The MS. is, perhaps, the most curious record of early English plays known to be extant.

The Taming of the Shrew can only be correctly estimated by bearing in mind the manners and tendencies of the age in which it was written. We must recollect that the power of gentleness—its efficiency greater than force moving to gentleness—is a truth only just now beginning to be recognized. Shakespeare was one of the few writers of his time that appreciated this influence; and even in illustrating the then vernacular method of charming a woman's tongue, he has encompassed it with sufficient frolic to soften the displeasing purpose of the story. Katharine, however, is not an ordinary type. Vixenish, proud, and dominant, she is subdued by the exhibition rather than by the action of power; by the observation of the continual proofs of Petruchio's indomitable disposition, and the obvious impossibility of attempting to control it. She does not perceive that much of his character is assumed; but he is, in fact, a humorist of great power, and conquers Katharine by a succession of jests and practical jokes of his own invention.
PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hostess, Page Players, Huntsmen, and Servants.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Petrucio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Gremio, a suitor to Katharina.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Hortensio, a suitor to Katharina.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Tranio, servant to Lucentio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Ronnello, servant to Lucentio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Gremio, servant to Petrucio.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Curtis, servant to Petrucio.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A Tailor and Haberdasher.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

Katharina, the shrew, daughter to Baptista.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Bianca, sister to Katharina.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Widow.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

SCENE,—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petrucio’s House in the Country.
The Taming of the Shrew.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll please you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Why are you a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, paeus pellatibus; let the world slide: Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier! Go by, St. Jeronimy—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.' [Exit.

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.

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd! And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as Ie, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the duldest 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. To-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. We're he not warm'd with ale, This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'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 beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a floating 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 foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Precure 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 bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diapar,
And say,—Will 't 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 hurtic:
And, when he says he is,—'t say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. 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 't is that sounds;

[Exit Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Sire. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

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Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'T was where you would the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
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-eying 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, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exeunt 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 chamber
And call him madam: do him obeisance.
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 is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embraces, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath sojourned him.
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded 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,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunken 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 bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

Six is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ever, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes 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 esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not
I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-leheath;
by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom.

What! I am not bestraught: Here's—

3 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants drop.

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 ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lovely 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,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness stuffed all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the wakcl answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds

As breathed 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 waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, 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 sad 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 waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She 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;

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I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

[Servants present an ever, basin, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly
nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the feet,
Because she brought stone juggs and no scal'd
quarts.10
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps 'o' the Green,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with
her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me
husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call
ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me.
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her
alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry
so long. But I would be loth to fall into my
dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite
of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
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: Is it not a
commodity, as a Christmas gamboll, 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.—Padua. A public Place.

Enter Lucentio 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,12 The pleasant garden of great Italy; And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd With his good will, and thy good company, My trusty servant, well approv'd in all; Here let us breathe, and haply institute A course of learning, and ingenious studies. Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, Gave me my being, and my father first, A merchant of great traffic through the world, Vincentio, one of the Benizollis, Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence, It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd, 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 'specialy to be achiev'd,' Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left, And am to Padua come, as he that leaves A shallow pool, to plunge him in the deep, And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, 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 stoics, nor no stocks, I pray; Or so devote to Aristotle's checks, As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd; Balk logic with acquaintance that you have, And practise 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 ta'en;— In brief, sir, study what you most affect. Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doth thou advise. If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore, 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.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further, For how I firmly am resolv'd you know: That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter, Before I have a husband for the elder: If either of you both love Katharina, Because I know you well, and love you well, Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure. Gre. To 'cart her rather?' She's too rough for me:

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [to Bap.] is it your will To make a stage of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you, Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear; I wis, it is not half way to her heart: But, if it were, doubt not her care should be To comb your noddle with a three-leg'd stool, And paint your face, and use you like a fool. Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us! Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward; That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety. Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

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Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat;’t is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou must hear Minerva speak.[Aside.
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca’s grief.
Gre. Why, will you new her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the pamece of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv’d:
Go in, Bianca.[Exit Bianca.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharine, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.[Exit.
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave?
I’ha![Exit.
Gre. You may go to the devil’s dam; your girls
are so good, here’s none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake’s
dough on both sides. Farewell.—Yet, for the
love 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 him¹⁹ to her 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 we may yet again have access to
our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca’s
love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.
Gre. What’s that, I pray? 456

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,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience
and mine to endure her loud abrums, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could
light on them, would take her with all faults, and
money 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
rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so for forth friendly
maintain’d, till, by helping Baptista’s eldest daughter
unto a husband, we set his youngest free for a
husband, and then have to ‘t afresh.—Sweet
Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!²⁰ He that
runs fastest 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 bid her,
and rid the house of her. Come on.
[Execunt Gre. and Hor.
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 blinchedness:
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,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
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,—
Redine te captan quam quaeo minimino.
Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this con
tents;
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 her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to seold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. 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 curt and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will 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?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now't is plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?'

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them!

Luc. Basta; 13 content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd 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 meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will chaff him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [They exchange habits]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think 't was in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, 't is to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners 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 descried.
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? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too
Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt]
ACT II.  

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  

SCENE II.—The same. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua; but, of all, My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house: Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Grum. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebours'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.19

Grum. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

Grum. My master is grown quarellsome: I should knock you first, And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it; I 'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it. [He wrings Grumio by the ears.

Grum. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.


Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!— How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, Molto onorato signor mio Petruchio. Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.


If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out!20 Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knock at the gate!—O Heavens!

Spake you not these words plain—"Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly"?

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few,21 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:— Antonio, my father, is deceas'd; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Happily to wive, and thrive, as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife? Thou 'st thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich,—but thou 'rt too much my friend, And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, (As wealth is burthen of my wooling dance) Be she as soul as was Florentius' love,22 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd As Socrates' Xantippa, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas; I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grum. Nay, look you sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stopp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I breach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curt,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

_Pet._ Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

_Hor._ Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

_Pet._ I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

_Gru._ I pray you, sir, let him go while the
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing;
an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll
tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a
little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so
disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more
eyes to see wrath than a cat: you know him not,
sir.

_Hor._ Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in bold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehearse'd,) That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
fill Katharine the curst have got a husband.

_Gru._ Katharina the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

_Hor._ Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster,
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

_Enter Gremio; with him Luciento disguised, with
books under his arm._

_Gru._ Here's no knavery! See; to beguile
the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
on'together! Master, master, look about you. Who
goes there? Ha!

_Hor._ Peace, Gremio; it is the rival of my
love:

_Petruchio, stand by a while._

_Gru._ A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[They retire.

_Grc._ O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand; and
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me?—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

_Luc._ Whatever I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, (stand you so assurr'd,) As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

_Grc._ O this learning! what a thing it is!
_Gru._ O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

_Pet._ Peace, sirrah.

_Hor._ Gremio, mum!—God save you, signior
Gremio!

_Grc._ And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

_Hor._ 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

_Grc._ Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall
prove.
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. 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?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,

That she's the choice love of signior Greño.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have;

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jude.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And will not promise her to any man.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca, the latter with her hands bound.

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 goods, 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. 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 Gremio to keep you fair. Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive, You have but jested with me all this while: I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands. Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.]

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman, To whom we all rest generally beholden. Tru. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof, Please ye we may contrive this afternoon? And quaff carouses to our mistress’ health; And do as adversaries do in law,— Strive nightly, but eat and drink as friends. Gru. Bian. O excellent motion! Fellows, let begone. Hor. The motion’s good indeed, and be it so;— Petruccio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt

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, thou hilding, of a devilish spirit, Why dost thou wrong her that did never wrong thee? When did she cross thee with a bitter word? Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be reveng’d. [Flies after Bianca. Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [Exit Bianca. Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see She is your treasure, she must have a husband; I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day, And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell. Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep, Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Kath Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev’d as I? But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruccio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

**Pet.** And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter
Call’d Katharina, fair and virtuous?

**Bap.** I have a daughter, sir, call’d Katharina.

**Gre.** You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

**Pet.** You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, andbashful 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 he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

**Pet.** I see you do not mean to part with her;
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 his 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 wooing!

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding 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 Cambio; pray accept his service.

**Bap.** A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, 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?

**Tra.** 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 preferment 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?

**Tra.** Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

**Bap.** A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [to Hon.] the lute, and you [to Luco] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holloa, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

**Sirrah,**
Lead these gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

*Exit Servant, with Hon., Luc, and Dion.*

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 knew 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 I get your daughter’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 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,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.
**Act II.**

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

**Scene I.**

_Petr. _Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory 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 woo not like a babe.

_Bapt. _Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm’d for some unhappy words.

_Petr. _Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

_Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken._

_Bapt. _How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?
_Hort. _For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
_Bapt. _What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
_Hort. _I think, she’ll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

_Bapt. _Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
_Hort. _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 fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I’ll fame with them!"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillow, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such wild terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

_Petr. _Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e’er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

_Bapt. _Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She’s apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruccio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

_Petr. _I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[Exeunt Bar., Gue., Trak., and Hort.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

_Say, that she rail; why, then I’ll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; 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 volubility,
And say she uttereth 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 deny to wed, I’ll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—

But here she comes; and now, Petruccio, speak.

_Enter Katharina._

_Good morrow, Kate; for that’s your name, I hear.
_Kath. _Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

_Petr. _You lie, in faith! for you are call’d plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curt.
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all eaters; 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 sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs.)

Myself am mov’d to woo thee for my wife.

_Kath. _Mov’d! in good time: let him that mov’d you hither
Remove you hence? I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

_Petr. _Why, what’s a moveable?
_Kath. _A joint-stool.
_Petr. _Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
_Kath. _Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
_Petr. _Women are made to bear, and so are you.

_Kath. _No such jade as you, if me you mean.
_Petr. _Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
_Kath. _Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

_Petr. _Should be? should—buzz._

_Kath. _Well ta’en, and like a buzzard.
_Petr. _O, slow-wing’d turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?_
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; if faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales;" and so farewell.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [Striking him.
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms; if you strike me you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
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. 'T is with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely guilt?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm!
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, will you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,) Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kate.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.
Bap. Now, signior Petruchio: How speed you
with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself, and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,"* and Roman Luceree for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hart, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,"
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meagre wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say 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. 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.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;
'T will 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, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. 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.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to have her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
In cypress chests my arars, counterpoints,*
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valiance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milk-kine to the poil,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses 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 hand amounts not so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
**ACT III.**

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**  

*SCENE I.—A room in Baptista’s house.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir;

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed 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!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.  

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, do you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar in the schools,
I’ll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles
His lecture will be done ere you have turned.

*Hor.* You ’ll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[To Bianca.—Hortensio retires.

*Luc.* That will be never;—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:—

Hae ibat Sinox; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis,
Bian. Conster them.

*Luc.* Hae ibat, as I told you before.—Simons,

I am Lucentio.—hie est, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love;—Hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing.—Priami, is my man Tranio,—regia, bearing my port,—celsa senis, that we might be guile the old pantaloons.
ACT III.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.

Hor. Madam, my instrument’s in tune.

[Bian, Let’s hear; [Returning, Hortensio plays.

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conquer it: Hac ibat Simois, I know you not;—hic est Sigeia tellus, I trust you not;—Hic sitetat Pruni, take heed he hear us not;—regia, presume not;—celsa senis, despair not.

Hor. Madam, ’tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; ’tis the base knife that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is! Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love! Pedescole, I’ll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Ajax was Ajax,—call’d so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt: But let it rest,—Now, Licio, to you:—Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been this pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [to Luc.,] and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be decid’hd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice;

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister’s chamber up;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant; Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet, if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand’ring eyes on every stale, 
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Baptista, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [to Tran.] this is the pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:—

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,

be forc’d
to give my hand, oppose’d against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rulesby, full of spleen;

Who would in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He’ll woo a thousand, ’point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns; 
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo’d.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say,—’Lo, there is mad Petruchio’s wife,

If it would please him come and marry her.”

Tran. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.
Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bian, and others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint, much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio’s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

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.

Tru. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches three turn’d; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lace’d; an old rusty sword taken out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chipless; with two broken points; his horse hopp’d with an old mothy saddle, and 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 windgalls, sped with spavins, riddled with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil’d with the staggers, begnawn with the boots; sway’d in the back, and shoulder-shotten; never legged before; and with a half cheeks’d bit, and a head-stall of sheep’s leather, which, being restraint’d to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piece’d, and a woman’s crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piece’d with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison’d 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”33 pricked in ‘t for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman’s lackey.

Tru. ‘Tis some old humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell’d.

Bap. I am glad he’s come, howsoe’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 Iamy, 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’s at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Pet. Not so well apparell’d 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?—Gentles, methinks you frown: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprompted. Fee! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tru. 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. Tedium it were to tell, and harsh to hear Sufficient, 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 withal. But, where is Kate! I stay too long from her, The morning wears, ’tis time we were at church.

Tru. See not your bride in these unreveren 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 he's done

with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were 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!

[Exit Pet., Gre., and Bron.]

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 stir him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.]

Tra. But, sir, to 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,—whate'er he be,
It skills 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,
T were 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 overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-praying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

[Enter Gremio.]

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as 'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

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 Katharina should be his wife,
"Ay, by goggs-wongs," quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff;
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the vicar, when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook— for why, he stamp'd

and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the tops all in the sexton's face:—
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hangryly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the route is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music]

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Gremio, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my laste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day; before night come:

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
but yet now stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Grm. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not begone, till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Pet. Rather, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Grm. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner!
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
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 anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest be
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[Exeunt Pet., Kath., and Grm]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Grm. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. 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.
Grm. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there want no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.
[Exeunt]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? 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, ere 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, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of ice! If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grum. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Grum. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool. I am no beast.

Grum. Am I but three inches? 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 at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Grum. 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?


Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching.

Grum. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cob-wells swept; the serving-men in their new fastiun, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and, therefore, I pray thee, what news!

Grum. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha' t, good Grumio.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grum. There. [Striking him.]

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this stuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listing. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Grum. 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 miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off
me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; 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 reck'ning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the prodest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly com'd, their blue coats brushe'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsey 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.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call' st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what you;—follow you,—are't too much for greeting! Now, my spruce countenance, is all ready, and all things neat!

Nath. All's ready! how near is our master?

Gru. 'E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be no',—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petrucho and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the 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! 472

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these raskeel knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walker's dagger was not come from sheathing: There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

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 life that late I led,"—

[Sings. Whose are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Sond, sond, sond, sond!

Re-enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say!—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains;

"It was the friar of orders grey, As he forth walked on his way:"—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry;

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate!—Some water here; what, ho!

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[Exit Serv.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water? [A bason is presented to him. Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

Servant lets the bason fall.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, clap ear'd knave!
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this mutton? 1 Serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1 Serv. I.
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., at the servants.]
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate; 'tis was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric;
Than feel 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.

[Exeunt Pet., Kath, and Curt.]

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,
Knows 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. [Exeunt.

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 be 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 bate, 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 reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [Exeit.


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress 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. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-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 one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion! 45
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

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**Act IV.**

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

**SCENE II.**

_Tru._ 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,— Forswear 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 forswear her, As one unworthy all the former favours That I have falsely flatter'd her withal. _Tru._ And here I take the like unfeigned oath, Never to marry with her though she would entreat: Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him. _Hor._ Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn! 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 Hor.—_Luc._ and _Bian._ advance.]

_Tru._ Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace As longest to a lover's blessed case! Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love; And have forsworn you with Hortensio. _Bian._ Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

_Tru._ Mistress, we have.

_Luc._ Then we are rid of Licio. _Tru._ I faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, That shall be wo'd and wedded in a day. _Bian._ God give him joy! _Tru._ Ay, and he'll tame 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! have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied An ancient angle coming down the hill Will serve the turn.

_Tru._ Was it he, Biondello?

_Bion._ Master, a mercatante, 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 credulous, and trust my tale, I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio; And give assurance to Baptista Minola, As if he were the right Vincentio; Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Execunt Luc. and Bian._

_Enter a Pedant._

_Ped._ God save you, sir!

_Tru._ And you, sir! you are welcome Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

_Ped._ Sir, at the farthest for a week or two; But then up farther; and as far as Rome; And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life. _Tru._ What countryman, I pray?


_Tru._ 'Tis death for any one in Mantua To come to Padua. Know you not the cause? Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke (For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him) Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly: 'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come, You might have heard it else proclaim'd 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 I will 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. _Tru._ He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say, In countenance somewhat doth 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 court'ry, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. 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, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. Nay, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears:
What, did he bear me to marrit 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,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these
wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a meat's foot now?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too cholerick a meat:
How say you to a fat tripes, foil'd broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis cholerick.
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 anything thou
wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false defrauding
slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the 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
amort? 21

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Thuck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon
me.

Here, love; thou seest 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 lov'st it not,
And all my pains are sorted to no proof: 22
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I 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.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

[Aside.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

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 porringier;
A velvet dish;—i.e., fast 'tis laced and filthy;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell;
A knack, a toy, a trick, 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.
Hor. 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 pairey cap,
A custard-collin, a bauble, 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 if I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, car'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a cozen in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[Aside.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time,
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
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; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quarter, mail,
Thou fle, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skin of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order: I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:—ergo, thou liest.
Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in thy throat, if he say I said so.
Tai. Imprimis, "a loose-bodied gown:"
Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
Sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
With a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.
Tai. "With a small compassed cape;"[17]
Gru. I confess the cape.
Tai. "With a trunk sleeve;"
Gru. I confess two sleeves.
Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut;"
Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.
Gru. Error? the bill, sir; error? the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again: and that I'll prove upon thee though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV

"Tut. This is true, that I say! and I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
"Grum. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.
"Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.
"Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
"Grum. You are 't the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.
"Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.
"Grum. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!
"Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
"Grum. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
"Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor.
"Paid:—

[Aside.

Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; condense me to thy master.
[Exit Tailor and Haberdasher.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peeceth 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 cecil,
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 theither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it,—Sirs, let 't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere 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.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. 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.

Tra. Thon't a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Luciento.

Signior Baptista, you are happily 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 Luciento
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,
And she 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,—upon some agreement,
ACT IV. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SCENE V.

Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you, Signor 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 disembark deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

_Tra._ I thank you, sir. Where then do you hold best,
We be affled, 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'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

_Tra._ Then at my lodging, an it like you:—
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately 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 are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

_Bap._ It likes me well: Cambio, lie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happen'd,—
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!

_Tra._ Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone,
Signor Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Padua.

_Bap._ I follow you.

[Execut _Tra._, Ped., and _Bap._]

_Bion._ Cambio.

_Luc._ What say'st thou, Biendello?

_Bion._ You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

_Luc._ Biendello, what of that?

_Bion._ 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 are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her cum privilegio ad imprimitum solum: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

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._ Hearst thou, Biendello?

_Bion._ I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon, as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you with your appendix.

_Luc._ I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?

_Hap._ What hap may, I'll rummily go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit

SCENE V.—A public Road.

_Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio._

_Pet._ Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon:

_Kath._ The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

_Pet._ I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

_Kath._ I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

_Pet._ Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

_Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd

_Hor._ Say as he says, or we shall never go.

_Kath._ Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle, 
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! Company is coming here!

Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?

[To Vincentio.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh,
and sweet,
Whither away? or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art
not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, within, make
known
Which way thou travell'est: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaze'd
me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth.
Beside, so qualified as may be seem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyful.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your
pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt Pet., Kath., and Vin.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit
ACT V


Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Luc, Bian, and Bion.

Grem. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.

Grem. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, 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 Vincento] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them 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 Bion.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forget 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.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Bion.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit from the window.

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tran. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? may, what are you, sir?
—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blest thine eyes.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive

us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,

That fact'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state wth Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:

What Tranio did, myself enfir'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do your hear, sir? [To Luc.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you
go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy.

[Exit.

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.

Gre. My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.

[Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA 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?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but ashamed to kiss,

Pet. Why, then, let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt. 451
ACT V.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio’s House.

A banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scopes and perils overthrown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.35
Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss
my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—how likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you,

Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put let down.
Hor. That’s my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha’ to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hor.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt: an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken’d you?
Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I’ll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:
You are welcome all.

[Exit Bian, Kath, and Wid.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim’d at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss’d.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp’d me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something our risk.
Tra. ’Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
’Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that girl,36 good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. ’A has a little gall’d me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
’Tis ten to one it main’d you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say—no; and, therefore, for assurance,
Let’s each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first, when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content: What's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [Exit.
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gra. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit Bion.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest
in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vil,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me. [Exit Gra.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine; and there an end.

Enter Katharina.
Bap. 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 hus-
bands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Kath. [Exit Kath.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what 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.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry 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 yewrs becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Kath. pulls off her cap, and throws it down
Wild. 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 an hundred crowns since supper-
time.
Bion. The more fool you, for laying on my
duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell those head-
strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wild. Come, come, you're mocking; we will
have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her
Wild. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her
Kath. Fie, fie! unknot that thwarting, unkind brow; 
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, 
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: 
It blows thy beauty, as frosts do 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, 
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; 
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty 
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it. 
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, 
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, 
And for thy maintenance; commits his body 
To painful labour, both by sea and land; 
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; 
And craves no other tribute at thy hands, 
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,— 
Too little payment for so great a debt. 
Such duty as the subject owes the prince, 
Even such a woman oweth to her husband: 
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, 
And not obedient to his honest will, 
What is she, but a foul contending rebel, 
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 
I am ashamed, that women are so simple 
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace; 
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey. 
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth, 
Napt to 'till, and trouble in the world, 
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts, 
Should well agree with our external parts? 
Come, come, you froward and unable worms! 
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more, 
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown; 
But now, I see our lances are but straws: 
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,— 
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are. 
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, 
And place your hands below your husbands' foot; 
In token of which duty, if he please, 
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed: 
We three are married, but you two are spead. 
'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white,

[To Luc. 
And, being a winner, God give you good night! 


Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curt shrow. 

Luc. 'Tis a wonder by your leave, she will be tam'd so. 

[Exeunt
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

1. I'll please you, in faith.

Please, beat, chastise. A MS. Devonshire glossary in my possession explains it, "to pay a poor elf for an injury," which is probably the exact meaning here intended by Shakespeare. The word was used in several significations.

2. Pauca Palladris; let the world slide.

Pauca palladris, few words; from the Spanish. The expression was proverbial, but generally found used by low characters. "Let the world slide," was also a common proverbial phrase, equivalent to, take no thought.

So, in an old ballad,

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why, I can owe;
And death makes equal the high and low.
Do merry, friends!

Burst, broken. Burst and break are still synonymous in some of the provinces. "How her bridle was burst," act iv. sc. 1.


A common phrase, implying contempt for the person to whom it is addressed.

When thou hast money, thou hast many;
When it is wasted, their friendship is cold:
Go by, Jerominy! No man then will thee know,
Knowing thou hast neither silver nor gold.

Deloney's Strange Histories, 1607.

Sal can by silence deep profoundity;
Force you cry, Fough! Jerominy, go by.
Wits Recreation, 1640.

4. I must go fetch the third borough.

The thirdborough was a constable. The old copies erroneously read, headborough.

5. I'll not budge an inch, boy.

Sly was intoxicated, but Shakespeare was probably thinking of the old play, where a tapster instead of the hostess is introduced, when he made him address her as, boy.

6. The poor car is embossed.

Embosed, applied to a deer when foaming at the mouth after hard running. It seems to be here improperly applied to a dog. Merriman and Echo are still common names for hounds. Brach was a generic term for a female hound, and should not be applied to Merriman. If seems clear to me after a careful examination of this scene, that Shakespeare was evidently little acquainted with the "noble art of venery," at least with the technicalities of the sport.

Look how the striken hart that wounded flies
O'er hill and dale, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following hounds;
At length, embosed, he drops down, and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds;
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolvd in tears,
Both search for thee, my God, whose desamond cars
Leave me thy unreason'd prisner to my panic fears.

Quarles' Emblems.

7. And when he says he is—.

And when he says he is so and so, tell him he dreams. The hiatus is certainly intentional. Kindly, naturally.

We may take the opportunity of inserting in this place the pleasant old ballad, the Frolicksome Duke, which is printed by Percy from a black-letter copy in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. It is founded on the same subject as the present induction.

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport;
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd;
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean hollond, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gandy and gay.

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NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state, Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait: And the chamberlain bore, then did likewise declare, He desired to know what apparel he 'd ware: The poor tinker amazed, on the gentleman gaz'd, And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Th' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit, Which he straightways put on without longer dispute: With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd, And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride; For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife? Sure she never did see me so dine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace Did observe his behaviour in every case, To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait, Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great: Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view, With commanders and squires in sequest and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests, He was place'd at the table above all the rest, In a rich chair 'o bed, list'd with fine crimson red, With a rich golden canopy over his head: As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet, With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine, Rich comany with sherry and tent superfine, Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl, Till at last he began to for tumble and rout From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore, Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain, And restore him his old leather garments again: 'T was a point in the worst, yet perform it they must, And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first; Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might: But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem, That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream; Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought; But his highness he said, Thou 'rt a jolly bold brave, Such a frolic before I think never was pleas'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak, Which he gave for the sake of his frolicksome jocu; Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground, Thou shalt never, said he, range the countries round, crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend, Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my dukedom attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride Be in lady's chariots of pleasure to ride? Must we have gold and hang ev'ry day at command? Then I shall be a squire I well understand: Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace, I was never before in so happy a case.

* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

Sly is represented on the stage as not having recovered from his intoxication, but this must surely be an error. When he wakes, he is no longer tipsy, but only suffering under the effects of the debauc. Small ale was used in the place of the modern soda-water.

* 'Ask Marian Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincoat.

Wincoat was the usual pronunciation of Wilnecote, a village near Stratford-on-Avon, the residence of Shakespeare's maternal grandfather. It is spelt Wyndowe in the will of William Clapton, May 9th, 1521. There is a very curious allusion to this scene in Sir A. Cockayne's Poems, 1670, in an epigram addressed to Clement Fisher of Wincoat,—

Shakespeare your Wincoat-ale hath much renown'd, That fo'd a beggar so (by chance was found Sleeping) that there needed not many a word To make him to believe he was a lord: But you affirm (and it in seem most eager) 'T will make a lord as drunk as any beggar. Did Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare sings Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances: And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness) And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

The notes of the commentators on *sheer ale*, are unusually absurd, as if the epithet *sheer* was anything more than an augmentative. The expression occurs in one of Sir W. Scott's tales, and some wags, endeavouring to prove the Waverley novels were originally written in verse, thus made rhyme of the passage (I quote from memory)—

Sheer ale supports him under every thing: It is his meat, food, drink, clothing and washing.

Brastraught, mad, distracted.

10 And no sent'd quarts. The following is one of the articles of the Wardrobe Inquests, printed in Calthorp's Reports, 1670:—"And also that ye see all tapers and other cellars of ale or beer, as well as of privy osteries, as brewers and inholders within your ward, not selling by lawful measures sealed and marked with the city arms or dagger, be presented, and their names in your said indentures be expressed with defects, so that the chamberlain may be lawfully answered of their amendements."

11 Is not a commodity a Christmas gambol. *Commodity* is Sly's error for *comedy*. In the old plays, observes Blackstone, the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for *comedy*.

12 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy. For, from. So in Pasquill's Night Cap, 1612,—

To put her quite away for this her claims, In law and conscience you can have no reason.

13 Bulk logic with acquaintance that you have. *Bolt*, argue. Boswell has pointed out the following very apposite passage from Spenser,—

But to occasion him to further talk, To feed her humour with his pleasing style, Her list in storyfull terms with him to bolke.

14 To cart her rather. Curting, as Mr. Kelly observes, consisted in the offenders (of both sexes) subjected to it being drawn through the town with a horse and cart, attended by a man ringing a bell, and frequently, if not invariably, having a paper placed upon their heads, setting forth the nature of their offence for which they were punished. The following entries from the original borough accounts of Leicester illustrate this practice:—
marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended." The following is the description of her:—

Florent his woful heed up-lifte,
And saw this vecke, where that she sit,
Which was the lokeaste wighte
That ever man caste on his eye:
His nose baas, his browes hié,
His eyes smaal, and depe sette,
Her cheeks hem with teres wette,
And rivelyn an empty skyne,
Hungyngy down towe the skyne;
Her lippes shrouken ben for age,
There was no grace in hir visage.
His front was narrowe, hir lockes hore,
She lokketh forth as doth a More;
Hir necke is shorte, hir sholders courbe,
That might a mans luste distorbre:
Hir boode great, and no thyon smaal,
And shortly to deserve hir all,
She hath no lift without a lacke,
But like unto the wole sacke:—ee—
Though she be the foulest of all, eee—

An aple-baby, according to Malone, was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point or lace.

22 He'II rai in his rope-tricks.

Rope-tricks, rognish tricks. Roperie for rognish, that which deserves a rope or halter, Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances, act iii. sc. 1. The term may, however, in this place, be merely Grumio's blunder for rhoticks. A curious parallel passage occurs in R. B. (a translation of Terence, zeao 1014. —"And did not I tell you that you should finde in this man the most pure eloquence that is, such as is made in Athens, that hee can roll in his rhotique?"

—So young men forsake
The rope-ripe tricks that their first age did take
Chief pleasure in; not cause they wicked deeme them,
But being men, they thinke twill not beesseem them.

—Wither's Absence Script and Whipt, 1622.

Stand, withstand, resist.

21 Well seen in music.

Seen, skilled. "A Traveller used to tell monstrous lies of his journey, and of the places and things he had seen. And being one day in conversation with many Gent. and bosting that he had scene these and these places; one of them said unto him, Behove you are seen in Cosmosphery: No (be answered) I never was in that city yet, but indeed I remember I once travelled in sight of it, leaving it somewhat on the left han't, but such was my hast, that I over-past it, as I have done many a faire cite more in my daies."

—Cophy's Wite, Fite, and Francis, 1614.

20 See that at any hand.

At any hand, at any rate. "Thou must noe secrea blabbe at any hande," Newe Metamorphosis, 1600. The expression again occurs in the same sense.

20 O this woodock! what an ass it is! 

Woodcock, a silly fellow, a fool.

And is not this a very purgatory,
To se folks ete and may not ete a bat?
By hookis sole, I am a very woodock.

Heywood's Merry Day of Johan Johan, 1598.
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

27 Fear dogs with bugs.


28 We may contrive this afternoon.

"Contrive, spend. So in Dunmow and Pithian,— in traveling countreyes, we three have contrived" Full many a year.

29 Thou kilding of a devilish spirit.

"Hilding, wretch, a term of reproach. Yet all the while he lives but like a kilding; His hair grows gray with long vexatious toiling. Congreve's Wit's Interpreter, 1611, p. 285.

30 To dance barefoot, an old proverbial phrase for being an old maid.

"An instance of it occurs in Rochester's Poems, ed. 1759, II. 185, in a poem not capable of being quoted. Old maids were said to have the task of leading apes in a future state."

But Kate had vow'd that sickness to prevent, And not to lead old grinning apes in hell. Pasquils Night-Cup, 1612.

31 Bawares!

"An old proverbial term, equivalent to, go back, retire. "Ah, sir, back fare, quoth Mortimer to his sowe," Ralph Roister Doister, ed. Cooper, p. 8."

32 And ever day I cannot come to woo.

"This is the burden of several old ballads. So in Ravenscroft's Melismata, 1611,— I have house and land in Kent, And if you'll love me, love me now; Two-pence half-penny is my rent, I cannot come every day to woo; which may be the original of a well-known Scottish song,— I have had a herring in salt; Lass, gin ye lo's me, tell me now! I have brew'd a forget o' maut, An' I canna come ilk day to woo!"

33 She mistook her frets.

"A fret," says Dr. Johnson, "is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string."

"My brother Fiddler's so hollow-hearted, That are't be long, we must needs be parted; And with so many frets he doth abound, That I can never touch him but he'll sound. Wits Recreations, 1649."

34 For dainties all are cates.

"Cates, provisions. "The hermet expected some delicate cheere, he only was fed with bread, which was served up in a stately manner by divers gentlemen that did attend him: likewise when he called for drink, they gave him wholesome water to code his hote desires; no other cates put he, yet was it no worse than the queens hercaph ate of."—Westcote for Smollett, 1620.

35 Should be? Should bus!

"Buz was a term of the greatest contempt. It occurs in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, and in many old plays. Selden mentions it as a sort of catalastic word. Buzzard" was a contemptuous appellation.

If his wickednesses thrives well, he proves a terrible see; in a lion's skin; but whilst he out-dares any man, and forgets himself to be a buzzard, his confidence deceives him—Stephens' Essays, 1615.

36 Yours, if you talk of tales.

"Modern editors read, tails, which renders the quibbling unnecessarily obscene."

37 Keep you warm.

"That is, take care of yourself. This proverbial phrase is not uncommon. So, in the Wise Woman of Hoggesden,— "You are the wise woman, are you? you have wit to keep yourself warm enough, I warrant you."

38 She will prove a second Grissel.

"The story of Patient Grissel, how a noble lord married a maiden of low degree, and tried her patience in an unprecedented manner, has been related in prose and verse, in many languages."

39 She vied so fast.

"Vied, hazarded. Metaphorically from vie, to stake a sum upon a hand at cards."

Then will they vaunt and graunt, and for affinitie At cards they will eye and verge each their virginitie. Grange's Garden, etc. 127."

40 'Il is a world to see.

"That is, 't is wonderful to see. So Kemp says, in his Nine Daies Wonder, 1000.— O 't is a world the world to see! But 't will not mend for thee nor me."

Mosecock, a coward or timid wretch.

41 We will be married o' Sunday.

"An old ballad with this burden has recently been discovered, and it is not unlikely Petruchio may intend a quotation. Under this impression, I give a copy of it, and it seems, indeed, worth preservation for its own sake."

As I walk'd forth one May morning, I heard a fair maid sweetly sing, As she sat under her cow milking, We will be married o' Sunday. I said, Pretty maiden, sing not so, For you must marry seven years or no, And then to church you may chance to go All to be married o' Sunday.

Kind sir, quoth she, you have no skill; I've tarried two years against my will, And I've made a promise, will I, or nill, That I'll be married o' Sunday. Next Saturday night 't will be my ear To trim and curl my maiden hair, And all the people shall say, Look there! When I come to be married o' Sunday
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Then to the church I shall be led
Be sister Nan and brother Ned,
With a garland of flowers upon my head,
For I'm to be married o' Sunday.

Then on my finger I'll have a ring,
Not one of rush, but a golden thing;
And I shall be glad as a bird in spring;
Because I am married o' Sunday.

And is the church I must kneel down
Before the person of our good town;
But I will not soil my kirt and gown,
When I am married o' Sunday.

Then the bells shall ring so merry and loud,
And Robin shall go before with his crowd,
But no one shall say I was silly or proud,
Though I was married o' Sunday.

When I come home we shall go to meat:
I will sit by my husband so fine and feat,
Though it is but a little that I shall eat.
After I've been married o' Sunday.

Then we shall laugh, and dance, and sing,
And the men shall not kiss me in the ring,
But wish 't were their chance at this merry-making.
To have married o' Sunday.

At night betimes we shall go to bed,
I with my husband that hath me well;
And then there is no more to be said
But that I was married o' Sunday.

42 Counterpoints.
That is, counterpoints. They were very often costly,
and Stowe mentions one worth a thousand marks.

43 Besides two galliasses.
Galliass, a large kind of galley. Malone explains it, "a heavy low built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley."

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
Warburton's explanation of this phrase is altogether erroneous. Malone says it was "applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion." Its origin has not been satisfactorily explained.

I will not bear these braves of thine.
"If not, 'tis not your braves nor your affecting looks can carry it," Chapman's Widdowes Tears, 1612. "His looks are full of daring; his voice thunders out braves," Decker's Stranger Horse-Race, 1618.

I am no breeching scholar.
That is, scholar liable to be breeched or flogged. So in Marlowe's Edward II.

I view the princes with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.

"Auxer ia selle, to be whipt in publicke, as breeching boyes are sometimes in the halls of collegers," Cotgrave.

47 Counter them.
Conter, construe. Modern editors sometimes retain, and sometimes modernize, this archaism.

41 I am not so nice.
The word nice appears in this, and in a few other instances, to be synonymous with fastidious.

44 To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale.
Stale appears to be employed in this place as a generic term of contempt. Its usual application was to a woman of bad character.

45 Unto a mad-brain ruderly, full of spleen.
Ruderly, a rude rough fellow. Several compounds of this kind occur in contemporary works. Spleen, humour, caprice.

46 Would see a very point.
Very is omitted by Steevens as redundant, and also by Mr. Knight. It is properly restored by Mr. Collier.

47 Infected with the fashions.
Fashions, a provincialism for the farce. "On S. Stevens Day, it is the custom all horses to be let blond and drenched: A gentleman being (that morning) demanded whether is plesed him to have his horse let blond and drenched according to the fashion? He answer'd,—No, Sirra, my horse is not disesd of the fashions."—Copley's Wise, Fitts, and Fancies, 1614, p. 22.

The five, says Markham, Master-Pieces, 1614, p. 289, "are certaine great kermells which grow from the rootes of the horses eare, down to the lower part of his neather jaw"—Vellum, velvet. Stock, stocking.

48 The humour of forty fancies.
"The Humour of Forty Fancies," says Steevens, "was probably a collection of those short poems which are called Fancies, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of King Henry IV:—sung those tunes which he heard the comen whantle, and sware they were his Fancies, his good-nights." Nor is the Humour of Forty Fancies a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known Hundred sundrie Flowers bounde up in one small Poesie.—A Paradise of Dainty Devices.—The Arbor of Amorous Conceits.—The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions.—The Forest of Histories.—The Ordinary of Humors, &c. Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of "a plume of feathers for the bat of a humourist's servant."

49 I hold you a penny.
I follow Mr. Collier's method in printing these lines. Mr. Knight, however, doubts the propriety of this arrangement; but I think the jingle was intentional, although the words are not necessarily derived from "an old ballad." Hold is equivalent to, bet. So in The Disbelieving Child written about 1560,—

Nay, by the masse, I holde ye a groat.
Those cruel tyrantys cut not my throat.

50 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face.
It was formerly the custom to drink wine in the church after the marriage ceremony was completed. The Sarum
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Mossed direct...in it, should be blessed by the priest; the sop being pieces of cake or wafers. The custom is thus alluded to in an old poem.—

What priest can join two lovers hands,
But wine must seal the marriage bands.

Mscandal was a rich sweet-smelling wine. It was also termed musecadine. "Besides, the drink was as different, the one being beer or mead, the others, alligant, sacke, and muskadel," Sir T. Smith's Voyage in Russia, 1695.

Soppes and muscadins are mentioned together in Dockey's Wonderfull Years, 1693.

10 You know there want no junkets at thee feast.

Junkets, sweetmeats, dainties.

Here thou mayst finde some good and solid fare;
If thou lovest pleasant junkets, here they are.

Win's Recreations, 1649.

11 Was ever man so raged.


12 Away, you three-inch fool!

Alluding, of course, to Grumio's diminutive height. Warburton oddly explains it, "with a skull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks."

13 Jack boy! ho boy! are the first words of an old round, printed in Ravenscroft's Pammelion. A MS. copy of it occurs in MS. Addit. 5337, in the British Museum.

14 The house trimmed, rushes strewn.

Our ancestors were not very cleanly in their habits, and fresh rushes concealed many impurities. "Their honours are upon comming, and the room receadable; rushes and scates instantly," Chapman's Wildeswears, 1612. One of the ancient regulations for the royal household provides,—"Firste, to bee there at a convenyente hower in the morninge, to see those groomes strowe the chambers that are to be strowed, sweep those that are matted, to make flyres in all those chambers where the K. Matye repyreth, and the chambers to bee dressed upp in all other things, and made as sweete as may bee; viz. pallets to be avoyced, the cloth of estate and chayres to be sett in order, the windowes and the cupboards to be furnished with coshens."

Carpets, i.e., table-covers, which were often ornamental pieces of tapestry. Carpets were not formerly used for covering floors, except on state occasions.

15 Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without.

According to Steevens, Grumio quibbles on the meanings of jacks and jills, which, he says, signified drinking measures as well as the names of servants. "The distinction," he says, "made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this: The jacks being of leather, could not be made to appear beautifull on the outside, but were very apt to contract fouldness within; whereas the jills, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather."

16 Garters of an indifferent knell.

That is, of only a tolerable quality.

17 There was no link to colour Peter's hat.

Steevens quotes the following very apposite passage from Mihil Munchance, an old tract ascribed to Robert Greene:—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, bleshed over with the smoke of an old link." A link is a torch of pitch.

18 Where is the life that late I led.

This is the first line of an old ballad, which described the state of a lover newly enchaigned in love's bonds.

Soul, says Malone, is "a word coined by our poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued."

19 Another way I have to man my haggard.

That is, to tame my wild hawk. "He that professeth vertuous love to a woman, and giveth ground when his vanitie is rejected, shall have his helles cut off, and fly for a haggard."—Overbury's New and Choice Characters.

Haste, chatter. A hawking term.

20 How to tame a shrow.

Shrow, for the sake of the rhyme. See Note 68.

21 And makes a god of such a cullion.

Cullion, a stupid or despicable fellow. "Alexander was an asse to speake so well of a filthy cullion," Marston's Malcontent, 1604.

22 An ancient angel coming down the hill.

The use of the term angel in this line seems best illustrated by Cotgrave,—"Angelet à la grosse excele, an old angel; and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." Before I met with this passage, I was inclined to accept Gifford's suggestion, engle. [Since writing the above, I find I have been anticipated by Mr. Singer, who quoted the passage from Cotgrave in his edition of Shakespeare published in 1826. It is very difficult to be certain of originality in such matters, but it appears strange that recent editors should not have availed themselves of Mr. Singer's discovery.]

23 Take in your love.

The first folio reads, "Par. Take me your love," as if we were to read, "Partake me your love." This is not noticed by former editors, but the reading is possible, as if being the redundant objective pronoun. I prefer, however, Theobald's emendation.

24 To pass assurance of a dowor.

To pass assurance, says Malone, means to make a con-
Tell me, sweet Kate.

The corresponding passage in the old Taming of a Shrew offers a favourable example of the original play on which Shakespeare's was founded.

Dub. Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble train,
To come to Athens, and in thine disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, here's some it may be travels thinke;
Good air, can you direct me the way to Athens?
Ferando speaks to the old man:
Faire lovely maid, yong and affable,
More cheere of newe and far more beautifull
Then precious Sardony or purple rocks
Of Amities, or glistening Hissinth,
More unbiel for then is the plain,
Where glisterning Cepheras in silver bouses,
Gaseth upon the Giant Amromede;
Sweet Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.
Dub. I thinke the man is mad: he calls me a woman
Kate. Faire lovely lady, bright and Christaline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning waushd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning heames,
And golden summer sleepes upon thy cheekes,
Wrap thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy bewy make this stately towns
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.
Dub. What, is she mad too? or is my shape transform'd,
That both of them persuade me I am a woman;
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,
And leave their companies for fear of harmes,
And unto Athens haste to seek my son.
"Exit Deus Ferando."
Why so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two live,
One minde, one heart, and one contem for both;
This good old man doth thinke that we are mad,
And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone;
But come, sweet Kate, for we will alter him,
And now persuade him to his shape again.

Jealous, i.e., Suspicious.

Come hatter, crack-hemp.

Crack-hemp, a rascal. This cant term occurs under various forms, crack-halter, crack-ropes, &c. It literally means, a fellow likely to be hung. So Middleton.

If I a gipsie be,
A crack-ropes I am for thee.

And a captain hemat.

This was a high conical hat, in the form of a sugar loaf; kennet says that, in his time, a hat with a high crown was called a copped-crown hat.

Than cam the shipping sort,
In dancse disguised shaking shanks;
The Sali prounding priest,
With mitred crowns and copped tunkels.
Virgil, translated by Phaer, 4to, 1578

What concerne it you.

Mr. Knight follows the first folio, which reads ornes, which may, by bare possibility, be a contracted form of concerne. I think it, however, a misprint, and it is corrected in the second folio.
"Horatio fears his widow.

Fear was used in two senses, to dread, and to frighten. The widow understands it in the sense not intended by Petrucho.

"I thank thee for that gird.

Gird, a jest or sarcasm. So Falstaff says,—"every man has a gird at me."

"Though you hit the white.

Alluding to archery, the mark having been generally white. "I believe that neither one or the other hit the

white, yet I believe the papist's arrows fall the nearest to it in this particular."—The Bloody Tenet of Persecution, 1644.

"Thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

I retain the old reading, shrew, and in two other places, on account of the rhyme. The pronunciation was certainly intended to be shroe.

An empty vessel gives a mighty sound, When least or nothing can therein be found. Many can tell the way to tame a shrew, But they which have the woman doe not know. Pompey's Night Cap, 1612
All's Well that Ends Well.

The story of All's Well that Ends Well is to be found in Boccaccio, but Shakespeare derived it from a translation in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," 1566, where it is thus described—"Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, married the Frencher kyng of a fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione, to husbando. The counte, beyng married against his will, for despite fled to Florence, and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soones: whiche, known to her husbande, he received her againe, and afterwaerdes he lived in greete honor and felicitie." The leading features of this tale have been adopted by Shakespeare, with scarcely any variations; but the comic scenes in the play are original.

All's Well that Ends Well relates the conquest of a passionate, resistless affection, over the difficulties caused by a great disparity of station, difficulties which were greatly augmented by the family pride of the person beloved. The baneful feeling of contempt arising from this source is confounded by Bertram to have been the reason why Helena's love was not returned; and his subdued affection was converted into scorn by a compelled marriage. His pride is offended by compulsion, and he becomes the victim of caprice, seeking to heal his wounded self-esteem by change of scene and action. There is much of the mixture of character in this play. To use the words of the poet himself—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despar, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues." Dr. Johnson would censure Bertram as of imperfect virtue; but his character is not imaginary—it is taken from life. Excuses can be adduced for his errors, and even those are doubtless redeemed.

We learn on the clearest evidence that among the comedies of Shakespeare existing in 1598, was a companion play to Love's Labour's Lost, called Love's Labour's Won. It is so mentioned in the Palladis Tamia of Francis Meres, published in London in that year; and, as Malone observes, speaking of the present drama, no other of our author's plays could have borne the title of Love's Labour's Won with so much propriety. Remembering that the argument is restricted to the comedies, there really appears neither doubt nor difficulty in deciding on the identification. Mr. Knight has put the argument in a very clear and forcible manner. What, he says, would naturally be the counterpart of such a story as Love's Labour's Lost? "One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is won." The story of All's Well that Ends Well is, therefore, the companion tale to Love's Labour's Lost, and we may be tolerably sure that Love's Labour's Won was its original significant title.
PERSONS REPRESENTED

King of France.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

Duke of Florence.
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Lafeu, an old Lord.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5.

Steward, servant to the Countess of Rousillon.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4.

Clown, in the service of the Countess of Rousillon.

An Astringer, or Falconer.
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8.

A Page.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

Helena, a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

An old Widow of Florence.
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Diana, daughter to the Widow.
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Violanta, neighbour and friend to the Widow.
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 5.

Mariana, neighbour and friend to the Widow.
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 5.

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE,—In France and in Tuscany.
All's Well that Ends Well.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafey, in mourning.

Count. 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, even more 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 abandon'd 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! how sad a passage! 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd 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 skilful enough to have liv'd 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.

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 overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; 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 simpleness; 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. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. 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 best, 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 pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseason'd courier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf: He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit.

Ber. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts [to Helena] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.

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't 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.
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a
plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, 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 r notorius liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steady bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superficial 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 he 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 undermining
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 rational 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: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is 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 murthers itself, and should be
buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offends against nature. Virginity breeds mitres, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very puring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, little, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canons. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by it: out with it: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with it.

Hel. How might cae do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ner it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longerkept, the less worth; off with it, while it is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuit able: just like the brooch and the 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 wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly, marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phoenix, 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 dulce, His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptions christendoms, That blanking Cupid goossips. Now shall he— I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, sir faith?

Hel. That I wish well—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, 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.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [Exit.
1 Lord. So 't is reported, sir.
King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For unblest credence.
King. He 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.
2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafey, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Rath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
to talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in your young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below
him,

He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate then
now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approv'd lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.
King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words)
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear.)—"Let me not live,"—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of justime,
When it was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my frame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my bire,
To give some labourers room.
2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm;—the rest have wore me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count:
My son's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this
gentlewoman?
Stev. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our doings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not fully to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery 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 damn'd: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel 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 Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a' my body; for, they say, beirnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy 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 the devil drives.

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 wickedness.

Clo. I am out a' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop. If I 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. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoever their hearts be sever'd in religion, their heads are, both one,—they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the heath.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men fall true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckold sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stev. 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, quoth she, the cause, [Singing.]
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
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 purifying a' the song: 'Would God would save the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tith woman, if I were the person: One in ten, quoth a! an' we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, eve 'a 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 puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplus of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stev. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd 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.

_Sir._ 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 ears; 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
goddess, that had put such difference between 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 surprise'd, without rescue in the first as-
sault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in
the most bitter touch of sorrow that ever I heard
virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily
to acquaint you withal; sitience, in the loss
that may happen, it concerns you something to
know it.

_Count._ You have charg'd this honestly; keep
it to yourself: many likeliness inform'd me of
this before, which hung so tottering 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 anon. [Exit Steward.

_Enter Helena._

_Count._ Even so it was with me when I was
young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this
thorn

Deth to our rose 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 impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them
none.

_Hel._ Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

_Count._ What is your pleasure, madam?

_Hel._ You know, Helena, I am a mother to
you.

_Count._ Mine honourable mistress.

_Nay, a mother;_

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,

Me thought you saw a serpent: What's in mother

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine. 'T is often seen

Adoption striveth with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:

You me'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care:—

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd 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 Rousillon cannot be my brother:

I am not, nor have 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, I your daughter, he must 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 fear 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 ashun'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,

That in their kind they speak it: only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;

If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, 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?
ACT I.

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE III.

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; 11
Hel. Then, I confess, 
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you, 
That before you, and next unto high Heaven, 
I love your son:— 
My friends were poor but honest; so’s my love; 
Be not offended; for it hurts not him 
That he is lov’d of me. I follow him not 
By any token of presumptuous suit; 
Nor would I have him till I do desire him; 
Yet never know how that desert should be. 
I know I love in vain, strive against hope; 
Yet, in this captious and intemperate slave, 
I still pour in the waters of my love, 
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like, 
Religious in mine error, I adore 
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper, 
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam, 
Let not your hate encounter with my love, 
For loving where you do: but, if yourself, 
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth, 
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking, 
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian 
Was both herself and love. O then, give pity 
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose 
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose; 
That seeks not to find that her search implies, 
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies. 
Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak 
truly, 
To go to Paris. 
Hel. Madam, I had. 
Count. Wherefore I tell true. 
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear. 
You know my father left me some prescriptions 
Of rare and prov’d effects, such as his reading, 
And manifest experience, had collected 
For general sovereignty; and that he will’d me 
In heedfull’st reservation to bestow them, 
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were, 
More than they were in note: amongst the rest, 
There is a remedy, approv’d, set down, 
To cure the desperate languishings whereof 
The king is rendered lost. 
Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it? 
speak. 
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of 
this; 
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, 
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts, 
Haply, been absent then. 
Count. But think you, Helen, 
If you should tender your supposed aid, 
He would receive it? He and his physicians 
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him, 
They, that they cannot help. How shall they 
credit 
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, 
Embowell’d of their doctrine, have left off 
The danger to itself? 
Hel. There’s something in’t, 
More than my father’s skill, which was the great’st 
Of his profession, that his good receipt 
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified 
By th’ luckiest stars in heaven; and, would your 
honour 
But give me leave to try success, I’d venture 
The well-lost life of mine on his grace’s cure, 
By such a day and hour. 
Count. Dost thou believe ’t? 
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. 
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave 
and love, 
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings 
To those of mine in court; I’ll stay at home, 
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. 
[Exit count]
ACT II.


Flourish. Enter King, with two young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, Parolles, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, The girt doth stretch itself as 'tis received; And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis 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 Italy (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 questant 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 retires 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 wars!
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't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forenoon 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.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd 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 Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [Exeunt Lords.] What will you do?
Ber. Stay; the king—[Seeing him rise.
Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an audience; be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there do muster true guilt, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd 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 shrewd swordsmen.

[Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.]

Enter Lafeu.

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 ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across. 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, an' if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quickens a rock, and make you dance canary;
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlenisin a pen in's hand,
To write to her a love-line.

King. What her this is?

Laf. Why, doctor she? My lord, there's one arriv'd,
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 amaz'd 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 Lafen,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

Re-enter LAFEN, 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;
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fire you well.

[Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Cerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience, only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
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 came to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

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 insidious estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever 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 be call'd grateful:
Then 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. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid;
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is barr’d:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As ’tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it 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; 15
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hast thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in munk and occulted damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench’d his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot’s glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What darst thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet’s boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc’d by odious ballads; my maiden’s name.
Scar’d otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With wildest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would say
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and pride can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That minister’s thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpricked let me die;
And well deserv’d. Not helping, death’s my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven!

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ’d,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv’d;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv’d patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam’st, how tended on,—Put rest
Unquestion’d welcome, and undoubted bless’d.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exit:

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess’ Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt—but to the court?

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court; he that cannot make a leg, put off his cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that’s a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber’s chair, 14 that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quach-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an
attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk," as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday; a morris for May-day; as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the puddling to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable; it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I never had worse luck in my life in my—"O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there's serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: To your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exit severally.

SCENE III.—Paris, A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafau, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles 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 relinquish'd 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 't were a man assur'd of an—

Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do ye 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 lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facetious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—


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.
ACT II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Scene III

Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinoyeur! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attains thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
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.

Laf. I'd give bay curtil, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And wrat as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. 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 blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refrus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll never come there again."

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. 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.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. 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.

Hel. My wish 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 whipp'd; or I would send them to th' Turk, to make ennuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [to 3 Lord] that I your 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 'em.

Hel. 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 be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. 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 use
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 follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!
ACT II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE III.

King. 'Tis only title thou disclaim'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 what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so: From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doer's deed: Where great additions swell, and virtue none, It is a dropted honour: good alone Is good without a name; vileness is so: The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair; In these to nature she's immediate heir, And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn Which challenges itself as honour's born, And is not like the sire: Honours thrive, When rather from our acts we them derive Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's a slave, Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave A lying trophy; and as oft is dust, Where dust, and dunn'd oblivion, is the tomb Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said? If thou canst like this creature as a maid, I can create the rest: virtue, and she, Is her own dower; 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. 

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad; Let the rest go. 

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defend, I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shake up My love, and her desert; that canst 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 travails in thy good: Believe not thy dishonour, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right Which both thy duty owes and our power claims; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever, Into the staggers, and the careless flaspe Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity. Speak! thine answer. 

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit: My fancy to your eyes. When I consider What great creation, and what dole of honour, Fly 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 ennobled, Is, as 't were, born so. 

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoise; 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 new-born brief, And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her, Thy love's to me religious; else, does err. 

[Exeunt King, Ber., Hel., 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 understood without bloody succeeding. My master? 

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon? 

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 ordinances, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scars and the hamarets about thee did manifestly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt 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 hen! 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 indifference.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry drachm of it: and I will not hate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a snag a' the contrary. If ever thou best bound in thy scarf, and beaton, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance 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 vexation.

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. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurril, old, filthy, scurril lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no littering 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—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEC.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom 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 a' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wast best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine 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 them wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten 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 personages, than the condition of your birth and virtue gives you hereditary. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's 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 Paroles, 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 th' wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen
That rings his kicky-wicky37 here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to th' war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fell; 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 detested wife.38

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 hairs bound: there's noise in it. 'T is hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, miss! 't is so.

[Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?  
Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she’s very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she’s very well, and wants nothing i’ the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she all 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 knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I 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 ’rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou ’rt a knave; that ’s, before me thou ’rt 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 knave, i’ faith, and well fed.—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 outs it off to a compell’d restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew’d with sweets,  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o’erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What’s his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave a  
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 everything 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 other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.  
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great 
in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sin’d against his experience, and transgressed against his value: 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 is 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,
End 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 's 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 to 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 procured 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: prepar'd 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 muse, than ask, why I entreat you;

For my respects are better than they seem;

And my appointments have in them a need Greater than show itself, at the first view,

To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter]

'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,

Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—noting, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—

'faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

[Exit Helena

Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum:—

Away, and for our flight!

Par. Bravely, coraggio

[Exeunt]
ACT III.


*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, and soldiers.

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 thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

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 fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avail they fall:
To-morrow to the field.

*Flourish.*  [Exit.

SCENE II.—Roussillon.  A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my 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;
mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a greatly 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 Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels a' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels a' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd 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 wedded her, not bedded her; and have sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breath 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 fly the favours of so good a king:
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing 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 my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd 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.

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, gentlemen,

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman 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; for thence we came, And, after some despatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his 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 thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a then 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 prithee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, 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 he?

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 thou thither?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." This is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have to wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him, But only she: and she deserves a lord That twenty such rude boys might tend 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't not?

1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, be.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:

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?

[Exeunt Count. and Gentlemen.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." Nothing in France, till he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Ronsillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O, thou leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move 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 caitiff that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected: better 't were, I met the raven lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Ronsillon,
ACT III.  

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  


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 th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then, go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious 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.  [Exeunt.

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.

Stew. I am St. Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground up,
With painted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may live;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervent sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despatchful Juno, send him forth
From courtly friends, with camping feasts to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and far 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
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. 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 but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprove 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 do weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch 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 tucket afar off: Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violanta, 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: hark! 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 neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! oan:
Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined 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 hear me.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmer-s lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay marry is 't.—Hark you, they come this way:—[A march afar off.] If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 't is reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking: Think you 't is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count

Reports but coarsely of her.
ACT III.

All's well that ends well.

Scene VI.

M AR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[Exeunt Ber., Par., Officers, and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is pass'd: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

H el. 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 precepts of this virgin, Worthy the note.

B oth. We'll take your offer kindly.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI.—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 hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble!

Ber. Do you 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 Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind andhoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the league of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Do 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, refer 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 anything.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem 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.

Enter Parolles.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not 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 pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was 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 ja c et.

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 dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

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SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow’s House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the ground I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall’n, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining 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 showed me that which well approves Y’ 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 yet: daughter, Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we’ll direct her how she is best to bear it; Now his important blood will wraith deny That she will demand. A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded 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 choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe’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, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent; after this, To marry her, I’ll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded: Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place, with this deceit is lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With music of all sorts, and songs compos’d To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sully upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what lisy-woody hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers 't 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: chough's language, gable enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very polite. But couch, bon! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carrieth it. They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knock'd 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 exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule; 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 baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem

1 Lord. T' would not do. [Aside

Par. Or to draw my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd 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 I recover'd it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[Alarum within.

1 Lord. Throa movens, cargo, cargo, cargo, All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.

1 Sold. Boskos thronmuldo boskos.

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ACT IV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE II.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, and I shall lose my life for want of language: if there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I will discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 Sold. Boskos vauvado:—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue;—
Kerelybonto:—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray,—
Manka revenia dutche.

1 Lord. Oscorbi duchoch volvorco.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; and, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on to gather from thee: haply thou mayst 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. Acordo linta.—
Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Parolles guarded.

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, 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 on 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.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty,—such, my lord, as you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a' that! I prithee do not strive against my vows: I was compelled to her; but I love thee by love's own sweet constraint, and will forever do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us, till we serve you: but when you have our roses, you barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, and mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd 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 Jove's great attributes I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when I did love you ill? 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 unspeak'd at least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it; be not so holy-cruel: love is holy, and my integrity ne'er knew the crafts 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 persever.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scare 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 honor belonging to our house, bequeathed down from many ancestors; which were the greatest obloquy to 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, you, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dis. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber window.
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Rejoin 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 what in time proceeds
May 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. [Exit.

Dis. For which i're long to thank both Heaven
and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so brazen,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't is no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him 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 shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet
a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the ever-
lasting displeasure of the king, who had even
tun'd 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, 't is dead,
and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman 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. Merely our own traitors. And as in
the common course of all treasons, we still see
them reveal themselves, till they attain to their
abhor'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives
against his own nobility, in his proper stream
overflow's 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
dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly
have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he
might take a measure of his own judgments where-
in so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he
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 Roussillon do then? I
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 pretence is a pilgrim-age
to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking,
with most austere sanctimon'y, she accomplish'd:
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 let
h's sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs 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 confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting the stocks: And what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Paroles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes. 

Porto tartarossa. 

1 Sold. 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 pasty, I can say more.

1 Sold. Bosco chimurco.

2 Lord. Bobblindo chimurmuco.

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 unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon 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.

1 Sold. All's one to him.

Ber. What a post-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. Y' are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Paroles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theorie of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape 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 thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.
1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I could 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 marvelous poor.
1 Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?
Par. My truth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambo so many, Jaques so many; Guiliano, Cosmo, Lodovic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitter, Vanmon, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, 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 condition, and what credit I have with the duke.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be in the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertise 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? what do you know of it?
Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them simply.
1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?
Par. I know him: 't was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the shrievue's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.
[The First Lord—Dum.—lifts up his hand in anger.
Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.
1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?
Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.
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 a' 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 't is; 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 Sold. Excellent.
1 Sold. "Dian. 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 Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Ronsillon, 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 whale to virginity, and devours an all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue.
1 Sold.
"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it. After he scores, he never pays the score. Half won is match well made; match, and well make it. He ne'er pays after debts, take it before; And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this, Men are to meall 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. Thing, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,"
"Paroles."
Ber. He shall be whip'd through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.
2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.
Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.
1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our 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 live, sir, in a dungeon, 't the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.
1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments, he paralles Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: 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 him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything 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 pox upon him for me! he's more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertise in war?

Par. Faith, sir, if I'd led the drum before the English tragedians,—To believe him I will not,—and more of his soldier ship I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-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-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on 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 carcasse he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and ent'rl' entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. Even a crow a' 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; marry, 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 Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums: Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[Aside.]

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly hold, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must die. Come, headsman, 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 leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.]

So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt Ber., Lords, &c.]

1 Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd 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,
'T 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, blushes! and, Parolles live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry 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.

Hel. 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 ’t is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar’s bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform’d
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies 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.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
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 cozen’d thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions; I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
Our wagon is prepar’d, and time revives us;
All’s well that ends well: still the fine’s the crown;”
Whate’er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafcadio, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unba’d 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 advanc’d by the king, than by that red-tail’d humble-bee I speak of.

Count. 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, ’t was a good lady: we may pick a thousand safflets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the safflet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not safflet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman’s service, and a knave at a man’s.

Clo. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, an do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my babble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave 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; ’a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee; there’s my purse; I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk’st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always
ACT V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. 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 so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Count. 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 number'd thirty; 'a
will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him
that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. 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 man-
ers I might safely be admitted.

Count. 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.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son
with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there
be a scar under 't, or no, the velvet knows; but
't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a
check of two pile and a half, but his right cheek
is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good
liv'ry of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd 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 deli-
cate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which
bow the head, and nod at every man.

[Exit,
The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

Ast. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. 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 seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me, Command 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.

Ast. 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.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafue 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, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithhee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithhee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithhee stand away: A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafue.

Here is a pur or Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cut,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rascally knife. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein 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 cardenue for you: Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall hain't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than a 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 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.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafue, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
ACT V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE III.

As mad in folly, lack'd a sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done? the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
C'rbears 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 first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Ofence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humblly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
lither;
We are reconcile'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 oblivion we do bury
Th' 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. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. 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, 41
For thou mayst 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-repeated blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

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Th' 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 infixed,
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 stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom
myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excuse'd;
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great comp't: But love that comes too
late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender 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:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust;
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate 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 widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven bless!

Or, ere they meet in me, O nature, cesse. 48

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her: even at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I had her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stand her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckno'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
With a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overtur, she could,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come), or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not,—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
Guards seize Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram guarded

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.
Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.
King. [Reads.]
"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count
Rossillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no
leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant
me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer
flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIA. CAPLETT."  
Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll 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.
[Exit the Astringer, with Widow and DIA.

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Caplet; my
suit, as I do understand, 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

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But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

_Ber._ Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

_Ber._ She's none of mine, my lord.

_Dia._ If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are 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 desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed 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 all to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

_Dia._ 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 to the camp.

_Dia._ He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. 'O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner at the camp,
If I be one.

_Coun._ He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'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.

_Dia._ I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So had 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?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—

What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak what thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, 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 which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thin 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 did I 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 his 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 out, 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, 't was 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.

[Pointing to Lafay]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abused 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; And there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick;

And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist Beguiles the true office of mine eyes?

Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

'T is 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 Tom Drum" [to PAROLLES] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy court'sies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[To Diana.

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kepest 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]
NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. How sad a passage 'tis in.

Passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, is "anything that passes." This sense of the word is now obsolete, but it constantly occurs in the old dramatists.

2. Where an unclean mind, &c.

That is, where a vicious mind is joined to good qualities, our commendations are given with regret, for even then the virtues become as traits, and are suspected.

Shakespeare, to preserve by salting. Livelihood, appearance of life.

3. In our heart's table.

And when, in tables of my heart,
Love with such things as bred my smart,
My Mopsas, with her head of slow,
Wou. I in an instant wipe them out.

Memoriam Deliciarum, 1658.

Trick, fault tracing, as an heraldic trick. Favor, circumstance.

Which is the most inhibited sin.

Inhibited, forbidden. "Inhibiting them upon a great pain not once to approach either to his speech or presence," Hall's Chronicle, 1548.

Your date is better in your pie.

A quibble, dates being then much eaten in pastry.

"And then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out," Troilus and Cressida.

Christian names.

He that ears my land.

Eat, to plough. This word occurs several times in the Scriptures. (A. S.)

7. For I the bottled will repeat.

The latter part of this stanza was a proverb long before Shakespeare wrote. Compare the following extract:

"Content yourself as well as I,
Let reason rule your mind;
As cuckolds come by destitute,
So cuckoos sing by kindred."

Granges Garden, 4to., 1577.

It was a vulgar belief in Shakespeare's time that unfaithfulness was destined, and so unable to be prevented.

* Her poor knight surprised.

Elliptically for, "her poor knight to be surprised." This mode of construction was not unusual in Elizabethan writers.

Silence.

That is, since. From the Anglo-Saxon. In earlier writers, it is more usually silthen.

I haste fellows to my dyner,
And silthen thel will not cum here,
A develle have who that recheth.


11. Can't no other.

Mr. Knight erroneously reads, can't be other. Dr. Johnson thus explains this sentence,— "Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter, he must be my brother."

12. Have to the full approach'd.

Approach'd, impeached, accused.

And though the skill were far above his reach, He needs would prove a Priest, and fails to preach;
But patching sermons with a sorry shift,
As needs they must, that are they learn will teach:
At last some foes so nearly do him slit,
And of such words and deeds did him approach.

Harrington's Epigrams, fol. 1633.

13. In this captious and intenable sense.

It appears to me that Shakespeare uses these adjectives actively in the primitive sense. In this view, captious would be, capable of receiving, and intenable, incapable of holding.

There has, however, been much controversy on the line.

Johnson was perplexed about the word captious; "which (says he) I never found in this sense, yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless curiosus for rotten!" Farmer supposed captious to be a contraction of capacious. Stevevns believed that captious meant recipient, capable of receiving; which interpretation Malone adopts. Mr. Collier, in his recent edition of Shakespeare, after stating Johnson's and Farmer's suggestions, says, "where is the difficulty? It is true that this sense of captious may not have an exact parallel; but the intention of Shakespeare is very evident: captious means, as Malone says, capable of receiving; and intenable (printed intemible in the first folio, and rightly in the second) incapable of retaining. Two more appropriate epithets could hardly be found, and a simile more happily expressive."
NOTES TO ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It is not impossible that the poet may have had in his mind the fruitless labour imposed upon the Danesides as a fun amiss, for it has been thus moralized:

These virgins, who in the flower of their age pour water into pierced vessels which they can never fill, what is it but to be always bestowing our love and benefits upon the ungrateful.

11 But one to dance with.

The custom of wearing swords in dancing is frequently alluded to. Light drawing swords are mentioned in Stafford’s Briefe Concept of English Policie, 1531.

14 And make you dance canary.

A quick and lively dance. “Come reeling out of an alehouse in the shape of a drunkard, who no sooner smelt the wode, but he thought the ground under him danced the canaries,” Decker’s Wonderfull Years, 1606.

15 In her sex, her years, profession.

By profession, says Warburton, is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.

16 Myself against the level of mine aim.

Thus explained by Dr. Johnson:—“I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and declare another, that proclaim a cure, and aim at a fraud; I think what I speak.”

17 It is like a barber’s chair.

Gosson, in his “Apology of the Schoole of Abuse,” appended to his “Ephemerae of Phialo,” 1579, speaking of Venus, says she “made herself as common as a barber’s chayre.”

Steevens quotes the following apposite passage from More Fools Yeet, by R. S., 1610,—

Moreover saith sutes he deth compare
Unto the service of a barber’s chayre;
As fit for every buck and journeyman,
As for a knight or worthy gentleman.

Compare, also, the Essays of Montaigne, translated by Florio, fol. Lond. 1603, p. 354.—

My writings I recea not but to my friends, to any,
Nor elsewhere, nor to all, nor but desir’d; yet many
In market-places read them,
In baths, in barber’s chaires.

11 Your French crown for your tofutia punk.

The declining of a gallant.

Nominaturo hic, gallant asse,
Genitivo hujus, brave.
Dativo hunc, if he get a lieke.
Accusativo hune, of a tofutia punk.
Vocativo O, he’s gone if he cry so.
Ablativo ab hoc, he hath got the poock.

12 This rush for Tom’s fore-finger.

“The affusion,” says Sir J. Hawkins, “is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Du Bres, in his Antiquities of Paris, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubinage; but in England it was scarce ever practis’d except

by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his Constitutions, 1517, forbid the putting of rush rings, or any like the matter, on women’s fingers, in order to the deeming them mere readily; and he intimates, as the reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage.”

But, notwithstanding this censure on it, the practice was not abolished; for it is alluded to in a song in a play written by Sir William D’Avenant, called the Rivals:

“T’ll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I’ll marry thee with a rush ring.”

Which song, by the way, was first sung by Miss Davis, she acting the part of Celia in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was so pleased with her voice and action, that he took her from the stage, and made her his mistress.

Again, in the song called the Winchester Wedding, in D’Urfey’s Fills to Purge Melancholy, vol. i. p. 274:

“Pert Stephenson was kind to Betty,
And blithe as a bird in the spring,
And Tommy was so to Katyn,
And wedded her with a rush-ring.”

20 As a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday.

“Vox Gracilis,” a curious quarto tract, printed in 1628, says of this custom, “Here must enter that wading, straddling, carnivorous sack, vulgarly called Shrove-Tuesday, but, more pertinently, sole monarch of the month, high steward to the stomach, prime poore of the pullets, first favourite to the frying-pans, greatest bawsh to the butter-bowles, protector of the pancakes, first founder of the fritters, baron of bacon-fitch, ear of the egg-baskets, &c. This corpulent commander of those cholerickes things called cookees will show himself to be but of ignoble education: for, by his burners you may find him better fed than taught, wherever he comes” The following allusion occurs in Poor Robin’s Almanack for 1699,—

“Shrove-Tide is come, the Panake Bell
Doth stir; by which, and by the smell
Brought to your Nose with a West wind,
Pancakes and Fritters you may find
In every Horse that can be told,
Where you may eat hot Belly hold.
Thus harmless mirth and good Heart-keeping
Were used ere Pride on us came creeping;
But now good things are laid aside,
And all for to maintain dam’d pride.”

To eat pancakes and fritters at Shrove-Tuesday is a custom from time immemorial, and the great bell which used to be rung on Shrove-Tuesday, to call the people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was called pancake-bell, a name which it still retains in some places where this custom is still kept up.

Of the pancake-bell, Taylor, the water-poet, in his works, 1630, has a curious account. “Shrove-Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is subjevt; but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, call’d the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity; then there is a thing called wheaten foure, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical, magical ingredients; and then they put it, by little and little, into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused ill-smelling, like the Lernian snake in the reeds of Acheloon, Stix, or Phlegonon.”
The following description of a morris dance seems in 
Cobb's Prophecies, his Signs and Tokens, his Madrigals, Questions and Answers, 1614.

It was my hap of late, by chance, 
To meet a country morris dance, 
When, cheesest of them all, the fiddle 
Flashed with a blaze. 
When every younger lack'd his bells— 
And fine maid Marian, with her smile, 
Shou'd how a rascal plaid the role; 
But, when the hobby-horse did wily, 
Then all the wenches gave a tity; 
But when they gan to shake their boxe, 
And not a goose could catch a foxe, 
The piper then put up his pipes, 
And all the woodcocks look'd like snipes, &c.

The morris dance is presumed by Mr. Peck to have been first brought to England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Petro, king of Castile. He says, "This dance was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts, with ribbons, and little bells about their legs. But here, in England, they have always an odd person besides, being a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." The morris dance became introduced into the May-games, in which there was formerly a king and queen of the May: subsequently, it appears, the king of the May was dispersed, and Maid Marian was sole sovereign, or queen of the May.

Mr. Deuce observes, that both English and foreign glossaries uniformly ascribe the origin of this dance to the Moors; although the genuine Moorish, or Morisco dance, was, no doubt, very different from the European morris. Strutt cites a passage from the play of "Variety," 1649, in which the Spanish morisco is mentioned; and this, Mr. Deuce adds, not only shows the legitimacy of the term morris, but that the real and uncrumpled Moorish dance was to be found in Spain, where it still continues to delight both natives and foreigners under the name of the Fundango. The Spanish morrice was also danced at puppet shows, by a person habited like a Moor, with castagnets; and Junius has observed in the newspapers that the morris dancers usually blackened their faces with soot, that they might the better pass for Moors. Having noticed the corruption of the "Pyrrhisca Salisio" of the ancients, and the uncrumpled morris dance, as practised in France about the beginning of the thirteenth century, Mr. Deuce says, "It has been supposed that the morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbours, or even from the Flemings. Few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII., about which time, and particularly in that of Henry VIII., the churchwardens' accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and that the morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parishal festivals."—We find also," he continues, "that other festivals and ceremonies had their morris; as, holy Thursday; the Whitsun ale; the bride ale, or weddings; and a sort of play, or pageant, called the lord of misrule. Sheriffs, too, had their morris dance.—It is by no means clear that, at any time, Robin Hood and his companions were constituent characters in the morris."

Shakespeare makes mention of an English Whitehall morrice dance, in the following speech of the Dauphin in Henry V.

"No, with no more, than if we heard that England Were basied with a Whitson morrice dance."
NOTES TO ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

20 Will this capricio hold in these.

Capricio, caprice. "Have we no other capricios in your head to intrap my sister to her frealittle," Chapman's Widowes Tears, 1612.

21 I took this lark for a bunting.

"The bunting is, in feather, size, and form, so like the sky-lark, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner; but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark," Dr. Johnson.

22 Like him that leaped into the custard.

The enormous size of the custards at the city feasts are noticed by Gaphorne and other dramatists. The absurd tricks that were played, as the fool leaping into one, and other extravagancies, are also made a subject of satire. So Ben Jonson,—

He may perchance in tall of a sheriff's dinner,

Skip with a rhyme on the table from New-nothing,

And take his Almaine-leap into a custard,

Shall make my lady mayoresse, and her sisters,

Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.

23 Than you have or will to deserve.

That is, Than you have to deserve, or will have to deserve at my hand.

24 Mend the ruff, and sing.

"The tops of the boots," observes Whalley, "in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the ruff. Ben Jonson calls it ruffle; and perhaps it should be so here. Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot," Every Man out of his Humour, Act IV. Sc. 6. To this fashion Bishop Earle alludes in his Characters, 1633, "He has learnt to ruffle his face from his boots; and takes great delight in his walk to hear his spurs jingle.""}

25 More the still-piercing air.

So in the original, explained by Mr. Knight, appearing still. There is, probably, some corruption.

26 Some precepts of this virgin.

The genuine old reading, correctly restored by Mr. Collier. Of for an occurs several times in Shakespeare.

27 And buy myself another of Bajazet's mule.

Bajazet's mule was, of course, dumb. In one of our old Turkish histories, says Steevens, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan.

28 Men make ropes in such a scrape.

This passage appears to be hopelessly corrupted.

29 Since Frenchmen are so braid.

Braid, deceitful. Steevens quotes the following from Greene's Never Too Late, 1615:—

Tian rose with all her maids,

Blushing thus at love his braids.


30 Is it not meant damnable in vs?

Damnable for damnable, the adjective used adverbially, a very common practice in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. "Now so evil could she conceal her fire, and so wilfully persevered she in it," Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia, 1618.

Company, in the second speech after this, is used in the sense of companion.

31 How doccied me.

So the original, the sentence, as is not unusual in Shakespear, being elliptical. Modern editors insert he.

32 Hoodman come.

An allusion to the old game of blind-man's-buff, which was formerly called hoodman blind. "The hoodwinks playe, or hoodman blinde, in some places called the blind-manbuff," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

33 I con him no thanks for't.

"It is well doone to practise thy wit, but I believe our lord will eun thee little thanks for it," Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1592.

34 From off their cassocks.

The cassock was a soldier's loose outward coat.

35 Men are to well with.

Moll, to meddle with. The meaning here intended is obvious. So in the Coventry mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery,—

A stayre regne sorne here by doth dwelle,

Both fresche and gay upon to lak,

And a tale man with her dothe melle.

The wy into ky shawmere ryggt evyn he toke.

36 And the armipotent soldier.

Armipotent, powerful in arms, mighty in war, from the Latin armipotens. So Fairfax,—

—If our God, the Lord armipotent,

Those armed angels in our aid down send.

37 Still the fine's the crown.

From the common Latin proverb, Finis coronat opus.

38 And an unhappy.

Unhappy, unlucky, mischievous. So Fairfax,—

Upon his neck light that unhappy blow,

And cut the sinews and the throat in twain.

39 Enter a gentle astoner.

An astoner, or astoner, was a falconer. "Ostringer, a falconer, properly that keeps a goshawk: Juliana Barns calls him an ostragers," Blount's Glossographia, 1631. A former editor, not understanding the term, proposes to read stranger.

40 Muddied in Fortune's mood.

Mood, anger, caprice. Mr. Collier says, "Mood was in Shakespeare's day pronounced nearly like mood, and hence the intended jingle, which Warburton, not adverting to changed mood to mood."
NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

55 There's a cardew for you.

Cardew, the fourth part of a French crown, corrupted from quart d'écu. This form is of constant occurrence in old plays.

52 And was a common gamester to the camp.

A gamester was a term for a dissolute person, generally applied to a female. So, in the Second Maiden's Tragedy,—

'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
From amorous clips, much less the general season
When all the world's a gamester.

55 Thou art too fine in thy evidence.

Too fine, too full of finesse, too artful. So in Bacon's Apothegms, 1625, quoted by Malone, "Your Majesty was too fine for my lord Burghley."

51 Good Tom Drum.

This name was probably taken from the old proverbial phrase of Tom Drum's or Jack Drum's Entertainment, an instance of which has previously occurred, and means a sound beating and turning out of doors. There is, of course, an obvious allusion to the adventure of the drum, but I refer to the compound name.

"And toll him.

Mason's explanation of this appears to be the most reasonable. "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll for him: as for this, I will have none of him."

52 And was a common gamester to the camp.

A gamester was a term for a dissolute person, generally applied to a female. So, in the Second Maiden's Tragedy,—

'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
From amorous clips, much less the general season
When all the world's a gamester.
Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

The conjectures of the elder critics respecting the date of this charming drama have been disproved by the discovery of a little manuscript diary, contemporary with Shakespeare, written by one John Manningham, a student at the Middle Temple, who has recorded the following most interesting notice under the date of February 2, 1601-2. — "At our feast wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will, much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neare to that a Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward beleive his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfaying a lettre as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleive they tooke him to be mad, &c." This important memorandum, which was first pointed out by Mr. Collier, proves that Twelfth Night was written before February, 1601-2, and as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, we may safely conclude it was written in 1599, 1600, or 1601. If reliance may be placed on the statement that the "new map with the augmentation of the Indies," refers to a particular plate in Linschoten's "Voyages into the Easte and West Indies," which appeared at London in 1598, we may perhaps assign the date of the play to the following year.

The primary source of Twelfth-Night is found in one of the novels of Bandello, but Shakespeare adopted most of the particulars of the story from an English translation in Rich's "Farewell to Militarie Profession," 4to. London, 1581, which contains many variations from the original. In this account, a duke or sovereign called Apolonius, was wrecked on the Isle of Cyprus on his return from a crusade against the infidels, and having been hospitably received by Pontus, "lord and governor of this famous isle," chanced to inspire his daughter with an inextinguishable affection. This lady, who was named Silla, follows Apolonius, some time after his departure, accompanied by only one servant. She also was destined to be shipwrecked, her servant was drowned, and she herself escaped with difficulty. Silla afterwards assumes male attire, and enters into the service of Apolonius as a page. It will be observed that this account removes the improbability, which must strike every reader of the comedy, of Viola's sudden affection for the duke, and her desire to serve him. The commencement of the second part of the story, Juliana corresponding to the Olivia of the play, is thus related in the novel:

"At this verie instanct, there was remaining in the cittie a noble Dame a widdowe, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great savings. This ladyes name was called Juliana, who besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatnesse of her revenues, had likewise the soveraigne of all the dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this lady Juliana, Apolonius became an earnest suitor, and according to the manner of wooers, besides faire wordes, sorrowfull sighes, and plesant countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chaines, bracelets, brooches, ringes, tablets, gemmes, meis, and presents I know not what: so my duke, who in the time that he remained in the isle of Cyprus, had no skill at all in the arte of love, although it were more then half proffered unto him, was now become a scholler in love.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

...school, and had already learned his first lesson, that is, to speak pitifully, to look ruthfully, to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to please carefully: now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to give beautifully, to present willingly, and to write lovingly. Thus Apoloeus was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will; and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love letters to the lady Julina, but Silvio his man; in him the duke reposed his only confidence, to go between him and his lady.

"Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mischief, and to plague the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself. But Silla, altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will, as if it had been in her own prerogative."

"Julina never having many flaxes taken the gaze of this yong youth Silvio, perceiving him to bee of such excellent perfect grace, was so intingled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her selfe: and on a time Silvio being sent from his maister, with a message to the lady Julina, as he beganne very earnestly to solicate in his maistren behalfe, Julina interrupting him in his tale, said: Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your maister; from henceforth either speaks for your self, or say nothing at all. Silla abashed to hear these words, begun in her mind to accuse the blindness of love, that Julina neglecting the good of so noble a duke, would preferre her love unto such a one, as nature it selfe had denied to recompense her liking."

It is somewhat singular that the Italian play mentioned by Manningharn, in the extract above given, should be found on examination to have little resemblance to Twelfth-Night. Another play, the Inapunatti, bears more similarity, but its story was no doubt taken from Bandello. No source has hitherto been discovered for the foundation of the comic portion of Shakespeare's comedy. "In both the Italian dramas," as Mr. Collier observes, "it is of the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of empirics, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes, and are guilty of the grossest buffoonery."

There is no mention of the shipwreck in Bandello; and Skottowe thinks that the separation of Sebastian and Viola, in the play, assimilates more closely to a tale in the Hecatomithi than to either of the versions of the story in Bandello and Rich. Cinthio relates the story of a gentleman, who, falling under the displeasure of the king of Naples, leaves that country with his two children, a boy and a girl, bearing a strong resemblance to each other. Their vessel is wrecked, and their father is lost; but the two children, getting safely to shore, are brought up, unknown to each other, by different persons. Shakespeare's Sebastian and Viola are twins and orphans separated by shipwreck; each is ignorant that the other had survived, and both are indebted to strangers for their preservation. (Skottowe, 206.)

In Twelfth Night, as in some other plays, Shakespeare exhibits the wonderful power of his dramatic art by reconciling the introduction of the most fascinating poetry with the action of characters whose discourse is replete with buffoonery; so that, when the curtain falls, our admiration is divided between the serious and comic portions of the drama. The pathetic eloquence and enchanting graces of Viola are familiar to the most casual reader; but it may be doubted whether the character of Malvolio has been correctly appreciated, whether, indeed, the poet did not in him intend to figure the lamentable consequences of extreme personal vanity in a person of really natural sound sense, not merely a vain, sententious fool, as he is too often represented on the stage. Sir Toby Belch is a genuine humourist of the old school, and his butt, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, is, perhaps, still more richly comic, always enjoying a joke, and never understanding it. The Clown, to a certain extent, is philosophical; and some of the critics imagine even an aesthetic meaning in every line of the quaint little song which concludes the comedy.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

Appears, Act I, sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II, sc. 4. Act V, sc. 1.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.

Appears, Act II, sc. 1. Act III, sc. 3. Act IV, sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V, sc. 1.

ANTONIO, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.

Appears, Act II, sc. 1. Act III, sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V, sc. 1.

A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.

Appears, Act I, sc. 2.

VALENTINE, a gentleman attending on the Duke.

Appears, Act I, sc. 1; sc. 4.

CURIO, a gentle man attending on the Duke.

Appears, Act I, sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II, sc. 4.

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

Appears, Act I, sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II, sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III, sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV, sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V, sc. 1.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Appears, Act I, sc. 3. Act II, sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III, sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV, sc. 1. Act V, sc. 1.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

Appears, Act I, sc. 5. Act II, sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III, sc. 4. Act IV, sc. 2. Act V, sc. 1.

FABIAN, servant to Olivia.

Appears, Act II, sc. 5. Act III, sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV, sc. 1. Act V, sc. 1.

CLOWN, servant to Olivia.

Appears, Act I, sc. 5. Act II, sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III, sc. 1. Act IV, sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V, sc. 1.

OFFICERS.

Appears, Act III, sc. 4. Act V, sc. 1.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.

Appears, Act I, sc. 5. Act III, sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV, sc. 1. Act V, sc. 1.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

Appears, Act I, sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II, sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III, sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V, sc. 1.

MARIA, Olivia's waiting-woman.

Appears, Act I, sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II, sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III, sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV, sc. 2.

LORDS, PRIESTS, SAILORS, MUSICIANS, AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—A CITY IN ILLYRIA; AND THE SEA-COAST NEAR IT.
Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; Musicians attending.

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 sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough! no more; ’T is not so sweet now as it was before. O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou. That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch soe’er, But falls into abatement and low price, Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy, That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have: 0, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, Methought she purg’d the air of pestilence; That instant was I turn’d into a hart, And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, Fer 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, Shall not behold her face at ample view; But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk, And water once a day her chamber round With eye-offending 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 Hath kill’d the flock of all affections else That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart, Those sovereign thrones, are all supply’d and fill’d, (Her sweet perfections,) with one selfsame king!— Away before me to sweet beds of flowers; Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy’d with bowers.

[Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
ACT I.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Scene III.

**Vio.** And what should I do in Illyria?

**Cap.** That were hard to compass, because she will admit no kind of suit,

**Vio.** There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain.

**Cap.** It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

**Vio.** Oh, 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 those poor shipmates 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 liv'd 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 unfolded to my hope,

Whereinto 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 name.

**Vio.** What is his name?

**Cap.** Orsino.

**Vio.** Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

**Cap.** And so is now, or was so very late:

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmurs, (as you know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of)

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

**Vio.** What's she?

**Cap.** A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,

Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjured the sight

And company of men.

**Vio.** O, that I serv'd that lady:

And might not be deliver'd to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow

What my estate is.

**Cap.** And so have I heard, sir; but you must be patient,

And consider that a virtuous soul is

More dear to heaven than fair form to sight.

Sir T. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus! I am sure care

An enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier a' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

**Sir T.** Why, let her except before excepted!

**Mar.** Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

**Sir T.** Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; 'tis they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

**Mar.** 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 wooer.

**Sir T.** Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

**Mar.** Ay, he.

**Sir T.** He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

**Mar.** What's that to the purpose?

**Sir T.** Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

**Mar.** Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fop, and a prodigal.
Sir To. Fie, that you li say so! he plays o' the viol-le-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria! He's a coward, and a coxcomb, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top. What, wench? Castilian-vulgo; for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, bear her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have foils in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; there's not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is pourquoy? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

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 see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't 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 hard by, woes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strongest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; 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. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gits a curtain before 'em? 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 coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dest thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.
Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. 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 IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours toward you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.
Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?
Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.
Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access; stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow, As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love; Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company:—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best To woo your lady; yet, [aside] a barful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. 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 hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.
Mar. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.
Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?
Mar. In the wars; and that may you be hold to say in your foolery.
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?
Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
Mar. You are resolute, then!
Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. 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.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[Exit.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't he thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have do very oft prove fools; and, I am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? 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're 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 man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses 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 euckold but calami, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: Good my muse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll hide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournst thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in he., madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence 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 occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.'

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take these things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but prove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cramp with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak via mater.
Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.]

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a farewell knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. If't be as told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling; when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it over 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 loth 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 scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's 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 she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on 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. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is 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 allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you holst 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. Tell me your mind; 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 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 appeared in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead:—to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

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 heresy. 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. [Unveiling.] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is 't not well done?

Vio. Excellent done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in-grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she 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 inventoried: and every particle, and utensil, label'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?
ACT II.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

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 malignity of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you leave that I may bear my evils 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 excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; 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 pleas'd, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

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 could 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 drown'd 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 recover'd, 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 the 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 o'en now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. 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 it be to report your lord's taking of this.
Receive it so.

Viol. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly throw it to her;
and her will is it should be so return'd: if it be
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if
not, be it his that finds it.

Exit.

Viol. I left no ring with her: What means this
lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That, methought, 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 messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—If it be so, (as 'tis)
Poor lady, she were 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 fudge? 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 t' untie.

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TONY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AQUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-
bled after midnight is to be up betimes; and
diluculo surgere, thou know'st,—

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 un-
fill'd 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 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat
and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, 't faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see
the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. 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, thou wast in very gracious
feeling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogro-
mitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of
Queens; 't was very good, 't faith. I sent thee
sixpence for thy leman! Had'st it?

Clo. I did impetecles thy gratility; for Mal-
volio's nose is no whipstock. 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 [way sixpence, so will I give another.
Go to : a song.]

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 sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 't faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff that will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true
knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.
ACT II.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SCENE III.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed! Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?¹⁴ Shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let’s do’t: I am a dog at a catch.
Clo. By ’r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, “Thou knave.”
Clo. “Hold thy peace, thou knave,” knight? I shall be constrain’d in ’t to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, “Hold thy peace.”
Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i’ faith! Come, begin.
[They sing a catch.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call’d 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,²⁰ and “Three merry men be we.” Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley! lady!²¹ “There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!” [Singing.

Clo. Beshrew 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 o’ 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 ye make an alehouse of my lady’s house, that ye squeak out your coずiers’ 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. Snack up.²²

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 all’d to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an 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. Is’t 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? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Clo. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou ‘rt’ the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:²²—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz’d my lady’s favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. T were as good a deed as to drink when a man’s a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do ’t, knight; I’ll write thee a challenge; 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 was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gall him into a mayword, and make him a common recreation, 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 something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.
Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight!

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swathes: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellences, 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 notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression 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 matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have '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's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will 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.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a hangle, true bred, and one that adores me: What of that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hast 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 I the end, call me Curt.\(^5\)

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[Exit]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, 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 giddily-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 Cur.—Music.

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; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune? Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath 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, 't faith?

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 level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddily and unform, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.
ACT II.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SCENE IV.

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 Cuno and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?


SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad Cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet.
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, on time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy gods protect thee;
And the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [Exit Clown.

Duke Leave all the rest give place.

Vio. Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to thy same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gains,
That nature pranks her in; attracts my soul.
Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can hide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffers surfet, eloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'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 will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But did thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. 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.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. 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 To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady by a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder in the sun, practiseing behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemptive idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thou there; [throws down a letter] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exit Maria.

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 To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio:—Sir To. Ah, rogue! Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of th' Strachey married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel.

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—Sir To. O, for a stone-how, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after 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 shackles!

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'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' 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 o' 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 sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew?"

Sir And. I knew't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!
Act II.

**TWELFTH NIGHT.**

**Scene V.**

**Mal.** By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she 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 below'd, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impression her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: t'is her lady: To whom should this be?

**Fab.** This wins him, liver and all.

**Mal.** [reads.] "Jove knows, I love: But who? Lips do not move; No man must know.

"No man must know."—What follows?—the number 's alter'd!—"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 sway my life."

**Fab.** A fastid riddle!

**Sir To.** Excellent warrant, say I.

**Mal.** "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first,—let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

**Fab.** What dish a' poison has she dressed him!

**Sir To.** And with what wing the stanza!& checks 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.** Sowter will cry upon 't, 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 ear is excellent at faults.

**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 edgell him, and make him cry, O.

**Mal.** And then I comes behind.

**Fab.** Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes 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, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to imure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble sloth, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who recommended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever 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."

Daylight and champain 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 acquaintance, I will be point device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jude me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and 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 cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised! Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything 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.
Re-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 bondslave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

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-vitae with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark 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 so 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.

SCENE I.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. 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.

Viola. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanting.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanting: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. 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.

Viola. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. 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 pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. 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.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Viola. 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?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Cclo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conjoin to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my volition: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is 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, cheek 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-fall'n, 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.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

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.

Vio. 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 odours on you!

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier! "Rain odours!" well!

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed;"—
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exit Sir To., Sir And., and Mar.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly k'ning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send!
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chace of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise, for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? I 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 o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon th' 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 accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire now from the mint, you should have boggled the youth into numbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed 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 of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir 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 eleven 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?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand: be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou 'st him some thrice, " it shall not be amiss; and 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 ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'II call thee at the cabicle. Go.

[Exeunt Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.
Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means, stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will egl the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me: you'll gull 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 't the church.—I have dogged him like his murtherer: 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 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling 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 spur 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, unguided, and unfriended, often prove rough and inhospitable. My willing love, the rather 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 oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay; But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is 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. 'Wold you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en 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 repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's 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;

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, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. 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 of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
ACT III.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SCENE IV.

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 very strange
manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard about
you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in
his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho! [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smilèst 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. Witt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; 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 an-
swer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-
ness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—t was well
writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"

Oli. What say'st 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 wished to 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.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count
Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good
Marina, let this fellow be looked 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.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

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 thy
humble slough," says she;—be opposite with a
kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue
tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into
the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently,
s sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a
reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of
some sir 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 looked to;" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after
my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres
together; that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple
of a scruple, 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 san-
city? If all the devils in hell be drawn in
little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll
speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is 't with
you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my
private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within
him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady
prays you to have a care of him.

_Mal._ Ah, ha! does he so?

_Sir To._ Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must
deal gently with him; let me alone. How do
you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man!
defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to man-
kind.

_Mal._ Do you know what you say?

_Mar._ La you, an you speak ill of the devil,
how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not
bewitched!

_Fab._ Carry his water to the wise woman.

_Mar._ Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow
morning, if it live. My lady would not lose him
for more than I'll say.

_Mal._ How now, mistress?

_Sir To._ Pritho, hold thy peace; this is not the
way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone
with him.

_Fab._ No way but gentleness; gently, gently:
the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

_Sir To._ Why, how now, my bawcock! how
dost thou, churl?

_Mal._ Sir?

_Sir To._ Ay, Biddy, come with me. What,
man; it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit
with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

_Mar._ Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby,
get him to pray.

_Mal._ My prayers, minx?

_Mar._ No, I warrant you, he will not hear of
godliness.

_Mal._ Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle
shallow things: I am not of your element; you
shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

_Sir To._ Is't possible?

_Fab._ If this were played upon a stage now, I
could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

_Sir To._ His very genius hath taken the infec-
tion of the device, man.

_Mar._ Nay, pursue him now; lest the device
take air, and taint.

_Fab._ Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

_Mar._ The house will be the quieter.

_Sir To._ Come, we'll have him in a dark-
room, and bound. My niece is already in the
belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for
our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pes-
time, tired out of breath, prompt us to have
mercy on him: at which time we will bring the
device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of
madmen. But see, but see.

_Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek._

_Fab._ More matter for a May morning.

_Sir And._ Here's the challenge, read it; I
warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

_Fab._ Is't so saucy?

_Sir And._ Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but
read.

_Sir To._ Give me. [Reads.] "Youth, what-
soever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

_Fab._ Good, and valiant.

_Sir To._ "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy
mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee
no reason for't."

_Fab._ A good note: that keeps you from the
blow of the law.

_Sir To._ "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and
in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou lies
in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge
thee for."

_Fab._ Very brief, and exceeding good—senseless."

_Sir To._ "I will waylay thee going home;
where if it be thy chance to kill me,"

_Fab._ Good.

_Sir To._ "Thou killest me like a rogue and a
villain."

_Fab._ 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 thy
self. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy
sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek."—

—if this letter move him not, his legs can-
not; 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 bum-baile: so
soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou
drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass off,
that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent
sharply twanged off, gives manhood more appro-
bation than ever proof itself would have earned
him. Away.

_Sir And._ Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.

_Sir To._ Now will not 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 exceedingly ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-pole. 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 aptly 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.

Fah. 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.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And had mine honour too uncivilly on't: There's something in me that reproves 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, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my 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. [Exit.

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 despight, bloody as the butcher, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, 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 withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so impassable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give't, 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 purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his inclination 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, or, strip your sword stark naked; for middler you must, that's certain, or foreswear 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 TONY. Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fah. 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?

Fah. 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 opposite 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, seashard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.  
Sir Tob. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an 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 him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perditation 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 horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Tob. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce 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 one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [Draws.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [Draws.

Ant. Put up your sword; — If this young gentleman has done offence, I take the fault on me;  
if you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?  
Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.

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 your sword up, 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 comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

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 amaz'd;

But he 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 showed 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's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my miscreance,

Lost that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid 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, vanity, babbling, 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,
TWELFTH NIGHT.

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, go, go, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held 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 prithee vent thy folly somewhere else: thou 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 lubber the world will prove a cockney.14—I prithee 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 prithee, 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 fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.15

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 twopence. [Exit.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Sen.

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 soldiery, put up your iron: you are well 

flesht; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst 

thou now? 

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

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? Ungracious wretch, 

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, 

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my 

sight! 

Be not offended, dear Cesario!— 

Rudesby, begone!—I prithee, gentle friend, 

[Exeunt Sir To., Sir And, and Fan. 

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway 

In this unevill and unjust extent. 

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; 

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks 

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 

Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go; 

Do not deny. Beshrew 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 prithee: 'Would thou 'dst 

be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown, and this 

beard will make him believe thou art sir Topas the 

curate, do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the 

whilst.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble 

myself in 't; and I would I were the first that 
ever dispersed in such a gown. I am not tall 
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. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit 
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wit-
tily said to a niece of king Gorbovd, "That that 
is, 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. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by 
the most modest terms; for I am one of those 
gentle ones that will use the devil himself with 
courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why it lath bay-windows, transparent 
as barricades, and the clear stones towards the 
south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet 
complains thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, 

this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: 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 abused: I am no more 
mad than you are; make the trial of it in any 
constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras con-
cerning wild-fowl?
ACT IV.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SCENE III.

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
habit a bird.

Clo. What thinkes thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way
approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in
darkness: Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pytha-
goras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to
kill a woodecock, lest thou dispossess the soul of
thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

SIR TO. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightest have done this without
thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring
me word how thou findest him: I would we were
well rid of this knavery. If he may be conve-
niently deliv'red, I would he were; for I am now
so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot
pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.
Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.

Clo. "Hey Robin, Jolly Robin,"
Tell me how thy lady does." [Singing.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another."—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wert deserve well
at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink,
and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be
thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five
wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously
abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou
art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if
you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me
in darkness, send ministers to me, assails, and do all
they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the villain is
here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens
restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy
rain babble-babble.9

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow
—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God B'w' you, good
sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir
I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some
paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any
man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink,
paper, and light, and convey what I will set down
to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than
ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true,
are you not mad indeed? or do you but coun-
terfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I
see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper
and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree
I prithee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of b craft,9
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries a'h, a'h! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man devil. [Exit

SCENE III.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:
And though 't is wonder that enravishes me thus,
Yet 't is 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 well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth 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

9"Rain babble-babble" is a reference to Malvolio's habit of repeating words or phrases in a repetitive manner, a common method of expression in Elizabethan drama. The phrase is used here to mock Malvolio's manner of speaking.
ACT V.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. 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 kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then.

And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Sob. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

[Exit Clown.

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Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

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Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

[Exit Clown.

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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 besmeared As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such salt-water grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cried fame and honour on him. — What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy;
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 brabble 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 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'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 enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck 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, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend 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-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use 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.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have, Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingratitude and unambitious altars My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please 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 noly?—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws 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 tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spile Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief; I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most bound, apt, and willingly,
Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broken.

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 coxcomb 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?

Sir And. Oli's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I 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 bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates 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.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight if the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pavin; 25 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 coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt he look'd to. [Exit Clown, Sir To., and Sir And.

Enter Sebastian.

Sch. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
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 tortur'd 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, cut in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?  
Olly. Most wonderful!  
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:  
Nor can there he that deity in my nature,  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—  
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To Viola.  
What countenance? 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 come 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 mole upon his brow.  
Seb. And so had mine.  
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.  
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.  
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do concur, and jump,  
That I am Viola; which to confirm,  
I' ll bring you to a captain in this town,  
Where lie 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.  
Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:  
[To Olivia.  
But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'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 shouldst love woman like to me.  
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
As doth that orbited continent the fire  
That severs day from night.  
Duke. Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.  
Vio, The captain, that did bring me first on shore,  
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,  
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.  
Olly. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.  
[Re-enter Clown, with a letter.  
A most exacting frenzy of mine own,  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—  
How does he, sirrah?  
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebuh at the  
stave'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 gospels, so it skills not much when  
they are delivered.  
Olly. Open it, and read it.  
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the  
fool delivers the madman:—”By the Lord,  
madam,”—  
Olly. How now, art thou mad?  
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an  
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you  
must allow so.  
Olly. Prithee, read it thy right wits.  
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right  
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my  
princess, and give ear.  
Olly. Read it you, sirrah.  
[To Fabian.
"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin 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; 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?

Clo. Ay madam.

Duke. This savors 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:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.


Mal. 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, 't is 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 frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter 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 gend' and gull
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, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithie, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. 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 pars
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 puck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they lass Helena
thhee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this intermediate; one sir Topas, 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 gagged?" And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenge.

Mal. I' ll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time conveys,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Mean time, 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,
Orosio's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.
SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Against knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

By swaggering 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 toasts 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]
NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

1 Except before excepted.
A common old legal phrase, equivalent to, those things being excepted which were before excepted. Mr. Hunter unnecessarily proposes to introduce the word as.
Tall, bold, courageous.

A coystrel, says Tollet, is a palty groomsman, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Hakluyt's Description of England, vol. i. p. 192: "Custrels, or bearers of the arms of barons or knights." Vol. iii. p. 248: "So that a knight with his esquire and coystrel with his two horses." p. 272: "women lackies, and custrels, are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." So again, in p. 127, and p. 217, of his History of Scotland.

Turn o' the toe like a parish-top.
A large top, says Steevens, was formerly kept in every village, to be whiped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. The same comparison is brought forward in the Night Walker of Fletcher.

Like mistress Mall's picture.
The following particulars respecting "Mistress Mall" are extracted, with a few variations, from the variorum editions. The real name of the woman meant by Sir Tobie, was Mary Frith. The appellation by which she was generally known, was Mall Cutpurse. She was at once an hermaphrodite, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August, 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Middle Franks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer, to leave things better than he finds them.

The title of this piece is—"the Roaring Girl, or Mall Cutpurse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players," 1611. The Frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. Nathaniel Field, in his Amendments for Ladies, (another comedy, 1613), gives the following character of her:

"Hence, lewd impudent,
I know not what to term thee; man or woman;
For nature, a name to acknowledge thee
For either, hast produc'd thee to the world
Without a sex: Some say, that thou art woman;
Others, a man: to many thou art both
Woman and man; but I think rather neither,
Or, man, or horse, as Centaurus old were feign'd."

A life of her was likewise published in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit: an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. She was born in 1594, and died in 1650. In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chambre- lain to Mr. Carell, dated Feb. 11, 1611-12, the following curious account is given of her doing penance: "This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious bagage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse galants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she was bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was mandlin drunk, being discovered to have tippl'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Ralcliffe of Brazen Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extremely badly, and so wearied the audience, that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him." Butler alludes to her as "English Mall."

The dances are explained elsewhere. Stock, stocking. The appropiation of parts of the body is intentionally erroneous.

To fear no colours.
A proverbial phrase, meaning, to fear no enemy. It is still in use in the provinces.

If one break.
Points were metal beads, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:
"Their points being broken,—down fell their hose." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—mingle eyes
With one that laces his points?"
(Blackstone and Steevens.)

No better than the fool's valiant.
A zany was not a fool's bauble, as Donce says, but an attendant on a fool or tumbril.

Now what a Rimer is, into a Poet,
Because thou knowst not, I'll make thee know it:
Th're like Bell-ringers to Musicians.

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### NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

Or base Quack-salvers to Phisicians;
Or as a Zany to a Tumbler is,
A Rimer's to a Poet such as this;
And such art thou, or in a worse degree.

Taylor's Works, ed. Lond. 1630.

* Now Mercury endure thee with a leading.

Leasing, lying, from the Anglo-Saxon. The meaning is thus given by Dr. Johnson.—"May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!"

6 Like a sheriff's post.
Sheriffs had painted or ornamented posts at their doors, possibly to indicate the residence of authority. Allusions to them are very frequent in our old dramatists.

10 Or a ceiling, when 'tis almost an apple.

Colling (a mere diminutive of cod, Gifford remarks in a note on Jonson's Alchemist) is not "necessarily restricted to this or that—it means an involucrum or shell, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate form."

Complete, accountable.

11 I am to hull here.
To hull, says Steevens, means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in Philomen Holland's translation of the 9th Book of Pliny's Natural History, 1601, p. 233: "...fell to be drowsie and sleepe, and hulled to and fro with the waves, as if it had been halfe dead." Again, in the Noble Soldier, by S. Bowley, 1614:

"That all these mischelines hull with flagging sail." 10 Praise, appraise, make an inventory of.

Cantons, cantos, stanzas.

12 Ourselves we do not owe.
Own, own, possess. We are not our own masters: we cannot govern ourselves.

13 Her eyes had lost her tongue.

Her eyes were so occupied in looking at Viola, her talk was distracted. Proper-false, a fictitious beauty

Fudgy, suit, agree.

14 Do not our lives consist of the four elements.

Compare the forty-fifth Sonnet:

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide:
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sink's down to death, oppressed with melancholy;
Until life's composition be reduc'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assure'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.
Sloop, a cup of wine.

15 The picture of we three.

Alluding to an old and common sign of two fools. The spectator is presumed to be the third.

Breach, voice for singing.

16 I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon.

In Shakespeare's time the word is generally used in a bad sense. The following extract from a very rare tract will give a good illustration of the word:—"One demanded of his friend what was the reason that when a man meets a light wench, the first word he speaks to her is, Gentle-woman, will you go to the tavern? O, saies the other, a lemon is never good without wine."—Jests to Make you Merie, 1607, p. 4.

17 Draw three souls out of one weaver.

This sentence hardly requires the long dissertation of the critics. The meaning is evidently, Shall we sing so eloquently as to draw three souls from a person who is not supposed to have one whole one.

18 Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey.

Peg-a-Ramsey was an old popular tune, and is frequently referred to. "A new song and a base villal makes him. He deceives with his commodity worse then a tobesco-
man, for he will utter Peg of Ramsey and the make of Lincolnes Lane both for one price."—Stephens's Essays, 1615.

The following observations are taken from the vari-
orum edition:—

Nash mentions "Peg of Ramsey" among several other ballads, e.g., Rogero, Basiline, Turkelony, All the Flowers of the Broom, Pepper is Black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramble. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name.

19 Tilly-valley, lady.

This expression, observes Mr. Sands, occurs also in other plays, and is said to have been a favourite with the lady of Sir Thomas More. Skelton also uses it—

"Tilly valy, strawe, let be, I say:
Gup, Christian Cowie, gap, Jak of the vale!
With Manerly Margery Myl and Ale."

"Some have derived the term from an old French hunting cry. It is not used in the present Cornish dialect, but may be found a few times in a piece written in the old Cornish language, called "The Creation of the World," a mystery, or play, in the style of those of Coventry and Chester. This piece, however, was written about the year 1811 by one William Jordan of Helstone, and the term therefore may have been introduced by him; and it does not appear in the old compositions in the Cornish tongue: the expression occurs as a sort of ejaculation of impatience.

"Tilly valley, bran an gath."

which is modestly translated—

"Tittle tattle, the wind of a cat."

21 Snick up.

Equivalent to, Go hang! Taylor, the water-poet, thus introduces the expression:—

A Thurne hempen-cantell well will care you.
It can cure trayers, but I hold it fit
To apply't ere they be base to ye commit.
Wherefore in Sparta it was called was
Snick, which is, in English, gallows-grace.

22 Rub your chain with crumps.

Chains were distinguishing appendages to the steward's office, and are very frequently alluded to by our old writers. Thus in Massinger's New Way to Pay old Debts,
NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

Set all things right, or as my name is Order,  
And by this shaf't of office that commands you,  
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power, &c.

Rule, disturbance. "No man shall after the hour of nine  
at the night, keep any rule whereby any such sudden Otry  
be made in the still of the night, as making any Affray,  
or beating his Wife, or Servant, or Singing, or Revelling in  
his house, to the disturbance of his Neighbours, under pain  
of three shillings, four pence," Callhgry's Reports, 1670.
Possess, inform. Affection'd, affected.

29 Call me cut.

A term of contempt, equivalent to, "Call me horse," a  
phrase which I have met with in novels of the latter part  
of the last century, and which occurs in Henry IV. "I'll  
meet you there; if I do not, call me cut," Two Angry  
Women of Abingdon, 1699.

And in sad Cypress let me be laid.

The following notes on this line are extracted from Bos-  
well's edition of Malone, 8vo. 1821.—In the books of our  
author's age the thin transparent lawn called Cypress, which  
was formerly used for scarfs and handkerchiefs at funerals,  
was constantly spelt Cypress. So, in the Winter's Tale, edit.  
1623:

"Cypress block as o'er was crow—"  
where undoubtedly Cypress was meant. So again, in the  
play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has observed)  
"—a Cypress, not a bosom,  
Hides my heart."

See also Minshen's Dict. in v. "Cypres or Cypress, a  
fine carried linen." It is from the context alone, therefore,  
that we can ascertain whether Cypress or Cypress was in-  
bended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested  
his late edition of Milton's Poems, that the meaning here  
is,—"Let me be laid in a shroud made of Cypress, not in a  
cloth made of Cypress wood." But in a subsequent line of  
this song the shroud, (like that of Polonius) we find, is  
White. There was indeed white Cypress as well as black;  
but the epithet sad is inconsistent with white, and there-  
fore I suppose the wood to have been here meant. Cottons  
being frequently made of Cypress wood, (perhaps in conse-  
uquence of Cypress being used at funerals) the epithet sad  
is here employed with strict propriety. "King Richard the  
Second (says Speed) was so affected by the death of his  
favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he com-  
manded the Cypress chest wherein his body lay embalmed,  
to be opened, that he might see and handle it. The king  
attended his funeral."

And in sad Cypress let me be laid," i.e. in a shroud of  
cypress or Cypress. Thus Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale:

"Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cypress black as o'er was crow."

There was both black and white Cypress, as there is still  
black and white Crape; and ancient shrouds were always  
made of the latter. (Steevess.)

Deny, denial. It is of frequent occurrence as a verb;  
t but seldom as a substantive.

30 The lady of the Strachy.

If this, the original reading, be correct, however Shakes-  
peare obtained the word, Strachy belongs to the Russian  
language. The Strachy of Osmund is mentioned in an  
article in Mr. Dickens' Household Words for March 15th,  
1831. I once thought Strachy might be a misprint for  
Sophy.

O, for a stone-bow.

A stone-bow was a cross-bow made for propelling stones  
"Stone-bow, arembolus," Dr. Parv.

Number, metre, feet of the verse.

Murry, hang thee, brack!  

Brock, a badger, a term of contempt. It is the transla-  
tion of castor in MS. Coll. Jex. Oxon. 28, so that the term  
was probably also applied to a beaver.

It is full semeli, sis me think,  
A brok omang men for to stynk.

Twaine and Gawin, 3.5.

31 The staniel checks at it.

The staniel was a base kind of hawk. "Alcyon, Angleie  
a staniel," Nominales MS.

Formel, reasonable, Soulter, a cober, applied here  
comically. "Did not I say he would work it out?" Mr.  
Knight erroneously reads, "that he would work it out."

I will be point-de-vico.

Point-de-vico, exact, in the extreme fashion.

32 Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip.

Tray-trip was a game at dice. It is frequently men-  
tioned by the old dramatists.

33 A cheverill glove to a good wit.

A cheverill glove, that is, a glove made of cheverill or kid  
leather. "Proverbialc eat, he hath a conscience like a che-  
ver's skin, i.e., it will stretch," Upton.

34 As pilchards are to herrings.

The difference between the pilchard and the herring,  
observes Lord Teignmouth, "has been early ascertained.  
There is a singular mode of distinguishing the pilchard  
from the herring, resorted to in the West of England, by  
placing the fish in the frying-pan. The herring is said to  
be never fat enough to fry itself; whilst half a dozen pil-  
chards, in their best state, would supply a frying  
pan with fat. But this result arises, perhaps, from the  
different period at which the herrings and pilchards visit  
that part of the coast, the pilchards in their fat, the  
herrings in their lean, season."

33 The list of my voyage.

List, limit, bound, boundary line. The -ater is the true  
sense of the word. Topsell, in his Historie of Serpents,  
1698, p. 87, mentions worms "having a black list or line  
running along their backs."

34 Taste your legs, sir.

An affected expression, equivalent te, try your legs, from  
the old French. "Come, let me taste my horse."—Henry  
111. 4to. ed. 573
NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

25 To one of your receiving.

That is, as Warburton observes, to one of your ready apprehension.

26 No, not a grieve.

Grieve, a step. So in an old romance preserved in MS. in Lincoln cathedral,—

Up at a green schoe hym Ende,
To chambr seho hym broghte.

27 If thou knowst him some thrice.

"A Scholler that vaunted what especiall interest he had in a certaine faire Gentlewoman, went (he and his friend) on a time to visit her: And she, in discourses of him, still thou'd him at every word, and he as often tald her with Honour, Ladiship, and Majesty, whereas the Gentlewoman waxing tasticke and eurch, asked him why he so excelled her in title above her calling. He answered: May it please you to mount but one poyncter higher, and then will I fall one lower, so shall our musick well accord."—Opiey's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614.

29 The youngest son of nine.

The old copies read mine, which is probably incorrect. As Steevens observes, the verne generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatchet of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. Brton (not Sidney, as Mr. Knight has it) mentions the "multiplying wren."

Worth, wealth.

29 Nor after my degree, but fellow.

Fellow, as Dr. Johnson observes, which originally signified companion, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning, and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense.

40 To play at cherry-pit with Satan.

A childish game, pitching cherry-stones into a small hole. It is mentioned in the old interlince of the World and the Chyldre, 1522,—

I can play at the cherry- pytte,
And I can wyystell you a fytte.

41 And exceeding good—senseless.

The last word is either to be divided in pronuciation, or else spoken aside.

42 Hob-nob is his word.

This adverb, says Steevens, is corrupted from hop no hap, that is, let it happen or not; and signifies, at random, at the mercy of chance.

Opposite, enemy.

43 If you be an undertaker.

The simple meaning of the word, says Kitson, is, one who undertakes or takes up the quarrel or business of another.

44 This great lobber the world.

The meaning of this passage appears to be, I am afraid the whole of the large world will be infected with foppery and affectation—in other words, will prove a coxcomb.

45 A good report after fourteen years' purchase.

That is, according to Heath, purchase a good report or character at a very extravagant price.

46 In this unequil and unjust extent.

Mr. Knight thinks that extent may here be used in the sense of stretch; as we say, a stretch of power or violence.

Competitors, confederates.

46 It hath bay-windows.

A bay-window is a bow-window, or any projecting window forming a recess in a room. Middleton says,—

'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
To stand in a bay-window, and see gallants.

47 Hey Robin, jolly Robin.

The original of this song is preserved in a MS. containing poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and is entitled, "The careful Lover complaineth, and the happy Lover counsel letteth."

A BOUNT.

Jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lemon doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

My lady is unkynde, perde,
Alack! why is she so?
She loveth me no other better than me
And yet she will say, no.

RESPONSE.

I synde no such dublettens:  I synde women true,
My lady loveth me devoutens,
And will change for no new.

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doeth last:
But I say, as I synde,
That woman's love is but a lust,
And torneth with the wynde.

RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme,
Lerne this lesson of me,
At others fierce thy selfe to warme,
And let them warme with the.

LE PLAINTIF.

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
That can abide their torn.
But I, alas! can no way prove
In love but lake and morn.

48 Leave thy vain bible-babble.

"What is logick but the highe wato to wrangling, containing in it a world of bible-babble? Neede we anio of your Greecke, Latine, Hobru, or anio such gibriggs, when wee have the word of God in English?"—An Almound for a Parrot, n. d.

49 Who with dagger of lath.

Ben Jonson mentions the Vice, a faction's character introduced in the old moralities, "in his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger." There is no need to attempt a precise explanation of the verses here uttered by the clown. They are, and were no doubt intended to be, nonsense.

Credi, a thing believed to be a fact.
NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

82 Conclusions to be as kisses.
For love with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I traced the thing which ever she denied;
She, lightning Love, displaying Venus skyes,
Least once should not be heard, Twice said, no, no.
Sydney's Astrophel and Stella, 540.

83 With such scathful grasppe.
Scathful, destructive, pernicious; from the Anglo-Saxon. The substantive scathe, harm, loss, damage, is very common. A North country proverb says, "One doth the thistle, and another hath the scorn."

84 Kill what I love.
"In this simile," says Theobald, "a particular story is pre-supposed, which ought to be known, to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from Holinshed's Ethiopics, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This Egyptian thief was Thamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers, coming down upon Thamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast." There was a translation of Heliodorus by Thomas Underdowne, of which the second edition appeared in 4to, 1587. The first was probably that printed by H. Wykes, without a date.

85 A grizzle on thy case.
Case, that is, skin. "There are brought also into Scat land out of these lands great stores of sheepeles felles, ox hides, gate skinsnes, and caves of martirnes dried in the sunne," Holinshed, Description of Scotland, p. 18.

86 A passy measures passin.
An old dance so called, hero humourously applied to a drunkard.

87 The most notorious gook.
Gook, a fool, a subject for derision. The word occurs several times in old Scottish writers.

88 But when I came unto my bed.
"It is said among the folkes heere, that if a man die in his infancy, bee hath onely broke his fast in this world. If in his youth, he hath left us at dinner. That it is holden time with a man at three score and ten; and he that time to t hundred yeres, hath walked a mile after supper."—Chevy's New and Choice Character, 1615.
The Winter's Tale.

The Winter's Tale was founded on an old novel by Robert Greene, which was published in 1598, under the following quint title,—"Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie, that, although by the means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spight of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed: Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired cointent." A copy of this most rare edition is in the British Museum, and the tale continued a favourite with the public for upwards of two centuries under the title of "Dorastus and Fawnia." It emerged finally into the form of the popular chap-book, and within the last few years, a penny might have purchased of a North country pedlar a copy of the original story of the Winter's Tale, sold to a public ignorant of the dignified use to which it had been applied.

It is singular that in framing the play on the ground-work of the novel, Shakespeare should have reversed the circumstances and actions attributed in the latter to the kings of Bohemia and Sicily. It was this mode of dealing with the subject, which led the poet into the absurdity of giving a sea-shore to Bohemia, which is thus noticed in Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond,—"Shakespear, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, when ther is no sea near by some one hundred miles." There was nothing spiteful in this remark, which has been noticed by some of the editors as a proof of Jonson's malignity towards Shakespeare. It was one of those palpable blunders which would have been detected by most readers of the play, and is most readily to be accounted for by the reason above alluded to, independently of the circumstance that Bohemia is also mentioned in Pandosto as a maritime country.

The date of the Winter's Tale can be safely assigned to the year 1610, or very early in 1611, a memorandum in Sir II. Herbert's Diary declaring it was licensed by Sir George Buc, who was named Master of the Revels in October, 1610, and Dr. Forman having recorded an account of it as seen by him at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. The latter is contained in the Doctor's original manuscript preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and as it is most curious, and has not been given by former editors in its original form, I take the opportunity of adding a precise copy of it, carefully taken by myself from the MS.—

In the Winters Tale at the Globe, 1611, the 15 of May, Wednesday.

Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Ciciilia was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohernia, his friend, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him] who gave the King of Bohemia warning therof and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the answere of Apollo that she was gittles, and that the
In the Winter's Tale, the poet has intentionally violated all dramatic rules, and it may be questioned whether he did not himself intend it rather as a romance slightly woven into dramatic action than as a regular drama. It is heresy to say so, but it appears to me the romance of the tale overwhelms the play and the author's dramatic art. There is no ground-idea, for the jealousy of Leontes, which has been so considered, is introduced to us in its perfect development, and may almost be regarded as the effect of a distempered mind. It is not a leading idea philosophically delineated, and is chiefly necessary to the progress of the tale. Neither has the character of Perdita, fascinating as the poet has imagined it, a title to be considered the prominent feature in the drama. There are others, for example Autolycus, fully as deserving attention, and perhaps the reader is more impressed with either than with the dignity and eloquence of Hermione.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MAMILLUS, son to Leontes.
Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1.

CAMILLO, a Sicilian lord.
Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

ANTIGONUS, a Sicilian lord.
Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 8.

CLEOMENES, a Sicilian lord.
Appear, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DION, a Sicilian lord.
Appear, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sicilian lord.
Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.
Appear, Act V. sc. 1.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Appear, Act II. sc. 3.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

FLORIZEL, son to Polixenes.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.
Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

A Mariner.
Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

Keeper of a prison.
Appear, Act II. sc. 2.

An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Appear, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Clown, son to the old Shepherd.
Appear, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 9.

Time, as Chorus.
Appear, Act IV. (Induction).

Rustics dressed as Satyrs.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermiono.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
Appear, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.
Appear, Act II. sc. 2.

Two Ladies attending on the Queen.
Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

MOPSA, a shepherdess.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

DORCAS, a shepherdess.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendants, Shepherd, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.
The Winter's Tale.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. 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.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence in so rare—I know not 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.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd 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 attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden - time as long again.
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No snapping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!" Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tough nor, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow,

Leon. We 'll part the time between's then:
And in that
I 'll no gaiusaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
T were needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ti'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
Until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

Yet of your royal presence to Polix. I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission.
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leonites,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord.—You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner! or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your galder then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits never been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd

Heaven Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born t’ us: for
In those unblest’d days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross’d the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
Th’ offences we have made you do we’ll answer;
If you first sim’d with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp’d not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He’ll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok’st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when
Was ’t before? I prithee, tell me: Cram ’s with praise, and make’s
As fat as tame things: One good deed dying
tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride ’s
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spar we heat an acre. But to th’ goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th’ purpose: When?
Nay, let me have ’t; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sound’d themselves to
death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then dist thou utter,
“ I am yours for ever!”

Her. ’T is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th’ purpose twice;
The one for ever earn’d a royal husband;
Th’ other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Pol.]

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [Aside.

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may. I grant:
But to be paddling pains, and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis’d smiles,
As in a looking glass:—and then to sigh, as
’twere
The mort o’ the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamilius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I fecks?

Why, that ’s my bawcock. What, hast smutch’d thy nose?—
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; but not neat, but cleanly, captain:—
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call’d neat.—Still virginalling

[Observing Pol. and Her.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want’st a rough push, and the
shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: But were they false
As o’er-dil’d blacks, 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 villain
Most dear’st! my kollop!—Can thy dam?—may
’t be?
Affection, thy intention stabs the centre!—
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat’st with dreams:—(How can this be?!) With what’s unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow’st nothing: Then, ’t is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost:—
(And that beyond commission; and I find it.)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. I’ smell something seems unsettled.

Pol. How! my lord!

Leon. What cheer? how is ’t with you, best
brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mer’dy, my lord?

Leon. No, in good ear: est.—
How sometimes nature will betray ts folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy’s face, my thoughts I did recoi
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?*
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be 's done!—
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 parasite, 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
Offic'd 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 wel-
come;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, his 
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you
there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you 'll
be found,
Be you under the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [Aside. Observing Pol, and Herm.
How she holds up the neb' 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 Pol., Herm., and Attendants.
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will kiss me to my grave; contempt and glamour
Will be my knoll.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's ab-
sence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort
in 't,
While other men have gates, and those gates
open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there 's
none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful,
think it,
From cast, west, north, and south. Be it con-
cluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now,
boy!
Mam. 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.— [Exit Mamillius.
Camillo, this great sir 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 't, Camillo
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be
pertinent:
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding part 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 several
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think most under-
stand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
Th'entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't—thou art not honest; or, if thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes' honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be count'd
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that 's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,) My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say
My wife 's hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-pilgrimage: say 't, and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs
only
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is
nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,
If this be nothing,

Cam. Good, my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like a medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia:—Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thirsts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bend'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring charm, that should not work
Malignantly like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so mudd'ly, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blemish?
Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen; I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[Exit.
Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forsware 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak!—
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news? the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Waiting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know,
and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experience'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incendancy thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;
Which must be e'en as swiftly followed as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murther 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 '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 shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
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 pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 't is safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclos'd in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawning,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, 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's 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 revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades
me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your
higness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[Exeunt]
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Scetia. The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mammillus, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me, 'tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your playfellow?

Mamm. No, I 'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mamm. You 'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mamm. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best; so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught this?

Mamm. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now What colour are your eyebrows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mamm. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince, One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us, If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us, And tell 's a tale.

Mamm. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mamm. A sad tale 's best for winter:

I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.

Mamm. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mamm. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;

You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,

And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never Saw I men scour so on their way; I ey'd them Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I In my just censure!—in my true opinion! Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accrues'd In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup A spider steep'd;" and one may drink; depart, And yet partake no venom: for his knowledge Is not infected: but if one present The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:— There is a plot against my life, my crown; All 's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him: He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick For them to play at will:—How came the posterns So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevail'd than so, On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—

Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

_Her._ What is this? sport?

_Leon._ Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
About her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

_Her._ But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying
Howe'er you lean to th' hayward.

_Leon._ You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"T is pity she's not honest honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will see
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

_Her._ Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

_Leon._ You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camilla is
A fidarary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most wild principal, that she's
A bed-sweaver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

_Her._ No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me. Gentle my lord,
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 abus'd, and by some putter-on,  
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the  
villain,  
I would hand-damn' him: Be she honour-flaw'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 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
And I had rather glibb myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue.  
Leon. Cease; no more.  
You smelt this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,  
As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.  
Ant. If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.  
Leon. What! lack I credit?  
1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;  
Be blam'd for 't how you might.  
Leon. Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forcible instigation! Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ord'ren on 't, is all  
Properly ours,  
Ant. And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.  
Leon. How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou art born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to th' deed,) doth push on this proceed.  
Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were  
Most pitious to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?  
1 Lord. Well done, my lord.  
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to th' truth: So have we thought it  
good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd;  
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.  
Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The same. The outer Room of a Prison.  

Enter Paulina and Attendants.  
Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
[Exit an Attendant  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,  
Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.  
You know me, do you not?  
Keep. For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.  
Paul. Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.  
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.  
Paul. Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,  
To see her women? any of them! Emilia!  
Keep. So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.  

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Paul. I pray now, call her. Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants. Keep. And, madam, I must be present at your conference. Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [Exit Keeper. Here's such ado to make a stain a stain, As passes colouring. Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia. Dear gentlewoman, How fares our gracious lady? Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together: on her frowns, and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater,) She is, something before her time, deliver'd. Paul. A boy! Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you." Paul. I dare be sworn:— These dangerous unsafe lunes? the king shall beshrew them! He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me: If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister; And never to my red-look'd anger be The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia, Command my best obedience to the queen; If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to th' loud'st: We do not know How he may soften at the sight o' the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails. Emil. Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue; there is no lady living So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer; Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design; But dare not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be deny'd. Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't, As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted I shall do good. Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!

I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer. Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe, I know not what I shall incur, to pass it, Having no warrant. Paul. You need not fear it, sir: This child was prisoner to the womb; and is, By law and process of great nature, thence Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to The anger of the king; nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen. Keep. I do believe it. Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weakness To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if The cause were not in being;—part of the cause, She, th' adulteress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she I can hooch to me: Say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Attend. My lord! [Advancing Leon. How does the boy?

1 Attend. He took good rest to-night Tis hop'd his sickness is discharge'd. Leon. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply; Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself; Throw'd off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely:— go, See how he fares. [Exit Attendant.]—Fie, fie no thought of him; The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty: And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor Shall she, within my power.
Enter Paulina, with a child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.
1 Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heaving,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
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 off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Putting down the child.

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch!" Hence with her, out o' door.
A most intelligencing hand!

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 dotard, [to Antigonus] thou art womanish,
'tid, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't 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's; and
will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
Ho cannot be compelled to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callet9
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her
husband,
And now beats me:—This brat 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 th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
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The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley, The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles; 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 yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband’s!

Leon. A gross lag!

And, lovel, thou art worthy to be hang’d, That wilt not stay thy 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 an 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-hung’d fancy) something savours 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 durst 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; ‘t is 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. [Exit.

Leon. 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 ‘t is done, (And by good testimony) or I’ll seize 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 & 2 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 of us: And on our knees we beg, (As recompense of our dear services, Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose; 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 Ant You, that have been so tenderly officious With lady Margery, your midwife, there, To save this bastard’s life: for ‘t is a bastard, So sure as this beard’s grey,—what will you To save this innocent: anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail Of any point in’t shall not only be Death to thyself, but to thy low-tongued wife; Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee, As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it To some remote and desert place, quite out Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it. Without more mercy, to its own protection,
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Street.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate: the air most sweet;
Fertil the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was! th' offering!

Cleo. But, of all the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice of th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it

1 Attend. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exit.

Another's issue.

Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;
And gracious be the issue! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina and
Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned

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of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me To say, "Not guilty!" mine integrity, Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blushing, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know, (Whom, cast will seem to do so,) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,— A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing, To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it, As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'T is 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 inconstant I Have strain'd, 't 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 never 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 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. 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 command'd:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me:
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely.
That it was yours. Now, for conspirancy,
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 them selves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's 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 fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to 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 barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with inmodest hatred,
The childish privilege deny'd, which longs
To women of all fashion: Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 't the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. 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 it not a straw:—but for mine honour, (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemnda’d Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping 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.

I 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 flatness 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 Delphos; 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.

Cleo, Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] "Hermione is chaste," Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes 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 blessed be the great Apollo! Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i’ the oracle: The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it: The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear Of the queen’s speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo’s angry; and the heavens themselves 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.— I have too much believ’d mine own suspicion:— Beseech you, tenderly apply to her Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Her. My great profaneness ’gainst thine oracle!— I’ll reconcile me to Polixenes; New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo, Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy: For, being transported by my jealousies To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minister, to poison My friend Polixenes: which had been done, But that the good mind of Camillo tardied My swift command, though I with death, and with Reward, did threaten and encourage him, Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane, And fill’d with honour to my kingly guest, Unchas’d my practice; quit his fortunes here, Which you knew great; and to the hazard Of all uncertainties himself commended, No richer than his honour:—How he glisters Through my rust! and how his piety Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while! O, cut my face; lest my heart, cracking it, Break too!—

I Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me? What wheels? racks? fires? What playling? boiling, In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture Must I receive; whose every word deserves To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny Together working with thy jealousies,— Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle For girls of nine.—O, think what they have done And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all Thy by-gone fooleries were but speces of it. That thou betray’dst Polixenes, ’t was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereas I reckon
The casting forth to crown thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out o' fire, ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Hemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry Woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't: if word,
or oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her hair,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant
Do not repent these things: for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thouwert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bit'rest.
1 Lord. Say no more;
How'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To th' noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forgot. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,— a fool, again!—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much
better
Than to be pitted of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near
the Sea.
Enter Antigonus, with the Child Country near
and a Mariner.
Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord: and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present busters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be long weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.
Ant. Come, poor babe,—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits o' th
dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for n'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So ill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice how'd before me;  
And grasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife 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 squared 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. Blossom, speed thee well.  

[2aying down the Child.  
There lie; and there thy character: there these;  
[2aying down a bundle.  
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'rt like to  
have  
A hillyaby 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 ten  
and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep  
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between  
but getting wenches with child, wrangling the  
anciency, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—  
Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen  
and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have  
sca'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear,  
the wolf will sooner find than the master; if  
anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side,  
browning of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will  
what have we here? [Taking up the Child.]  
Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A  
boy, or a child," I wonder? A pretty one;  
a very pretty one: Sure, some scope: though I  
am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-  
woman in the scope. This has been some stair-  
work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work;  
they were warmer that got this than the poor  
thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I'll  
tarry till my son come; he holli'd but even now.  
Whoa, ho hoa!  

Enter Clown.  

Clo. Hilloa, loa!  

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a  
thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,  
come hither. What ails't 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 the sky; betwixt 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 chases,  
how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's  
ot to the point: O, the most piteous 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 hogshead. And then for the  
land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his  
shoulder-bone; 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-dragou'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls  
roared, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the  
poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him,  
both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.  

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?  

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw  
these sights: the men are not yet cold under  
water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman;  
he's at it now.  

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the  
old man!  

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to  
have help'd her; there thy charity would have  
back'd footing.  

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look  
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; then 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 't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some change-
ing: open 't: 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 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close," home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, 'ry 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. Impu't it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I glide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untired
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering 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. Leonedes leaving
Th' 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 mentioned 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 wond'ring: What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth: a shepherd's
daugher,

Clo. Go you the next way with your find'ings
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never cursed, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.
Shep. That's a good deed: If thou mayest discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.
Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.
Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on 't.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.
Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been ailed 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 alay, or I o'erween 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 think own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none 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 heaping
friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee 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 a fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou ££ prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, 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 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 removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom 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 cottages.

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. Prithee, 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 heigh! the doxy over the dale;
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet blossoming on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Oth set my prying tooth an edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tira-tira chants,
With heigh! with heyr! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer-songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time,
Wore three-pile, 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 leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
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 nam'd me Autolycus; who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: 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 prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every leven wether—tod; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the coak's mine.

[Aside.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she bays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty noseegays for the shearsers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.

Clo. I the name of me,—

[Groveling on the ground.

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou haste need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV.

SCENE III.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a mill an of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I will help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [Helping him up.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [picks his pocket] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that rob'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no vice whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig, he haunts fairs, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him he 'd have 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.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, 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.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. 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 base, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile a-
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile a.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Fluorizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering 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 elide at your extremities it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them; your high self,
The gracious mark of the land, you have obscure'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess like prank'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 attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

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 dread; your greatness
 Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
SOUNK

The winter’s tale.

ACT IV.

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 shapes, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flot. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbly their duties 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 rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when ’tis
Oppos’d, as it must be, by thi’ power of the king;
One of these two must be necessities.
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dear’st Perdita,
With these fore’d thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o’ the feast: Or I’ll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father’s: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle;
Strange such thoughts as these, with anything
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.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv’d,
upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom’d all; serv’d all:
Would sing her song; and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o’ the table, now i’ the 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 sip: 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’s welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o’ the feast: Come on
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [To Pol.
It is my father’s will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o’ the day:—You’re welcome,
sir! [To Cam.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,
For you there’s rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(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 gillyvors;**
Which some call nature’s bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden ’s barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I’ll not put
The dibble** in earth to set one slip of them:

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No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well; and only
therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Not lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: 'tis very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
mights
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet.
Your maidenheads growing: O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou hast fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violet, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,
I'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'ld have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,

And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstat'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. 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'II swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or
 seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself;
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look on 't: Good sooth, she is
The queen of cards and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa 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
manners.—
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 boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daugh-
ter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As't were, 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 feattly."

Shep. So she does anything: 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 pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several 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 doleful matter, merrily 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 burnsh of "dildos and finadins:" "jump her and thump her," and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a soul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man:" puts him off, slight him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares!

Serv. He hath ribbands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, calf-skins, cambries,\(^\text{a}\) lawns; why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smoke was a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on '.

Clo. Pridelo, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as ere was crow;\(^b\)
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quiffs, and stencanners,
For my ladys to give their dears;
Pins, and pokings-sticks of steel,
What maidens lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, love, or else your lasses cry: Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopea, thou shouldst take no money of me: but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame 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 kill-hole,\(^2\) to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tailing before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: charm your tongues,\(^3\) and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd 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?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a birth; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let 's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wedn'sday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not ex
change flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad
is very pitiful, and as true.
Dor. Is it true, too, think you?
Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses,
more than my pack will hold.
Clo. Lay it by too. Another.
Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty
one.
Mop. Let's have some merry ones.
Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and
goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man?'
there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it;
't is in request, I can tell you.
Mop. We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a
part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.
Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.
Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is
my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.
A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where it's not you to know.
B. Whither?
C. O, whither?
D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to th' strange or mill?
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither.
D. What, neither?
A. Neither.
M. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our-
selves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad
talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring
away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for
you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—
Follow me, girls.
Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty deck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest, and finest, first wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a mealler,
That does after all men's ware-a.

[Exeunt Clo, Aut., Don., and Mor.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shep-
herds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that
have made themselves all men of hair; they call
themselves salters: and they have a dance which
the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols,
because they are not in 't; but they themselves
are o' the nind, (if it be not too rough for some,
that know little but bowling,) it will please plen-
tifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't; here has been
too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir,
we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray,
let's see these four threes of herdsmen.
Serv. One three of them, by their own report,
sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a
half by th' squire.8

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men
are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.
Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rusties, habited like
Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that here-
after.—
Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.—
He's simple and tells much. [Aside.]—How
now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-
sack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily th' young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and
all:
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
ledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize
them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Com. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. 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
'Gain 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.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech 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 incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and allying rheums? Can he speak? hear!
Know man from man? dispute his own estate!
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unphilial: 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.


Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
Grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—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 fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
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 never see this knack, (as
never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from suc-
cession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Dacneil off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dear blow of it.—And you, enchant-
ment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, 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 afraid: for once, or twices,
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, begone?
to Florizel.

I told you what would come o' this: Beseech
you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

Step. 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; yea,
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 knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
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 afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash 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 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy 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 honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glem'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita, [Takes her aside
I'll hear you by and by. [to Camillo

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have ye a deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recomposed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens foreordain! your ruin) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereo you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: 'O'er and 'o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; 'tis one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be both to be: Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward of her breeding, as
She is 't the rear of your birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis a pity
She lacks instruction; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pommader, brooch table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-lace, braceline, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting.
they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. 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 petticoats till 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; it was nothing to geld a coachpiece of a purse; I would have filled keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoodbob against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [Cam, Flo, and Pen. come forward.]

Cam. Nay, i.e. 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 Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—

[Seeing Autolycus. We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so 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 a necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, 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, prithee, sir:— I know ye well enough. [Aside.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick on't. — [Aside.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.
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 being 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 these 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; yea, 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 furthest 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!

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Tis heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rusties? whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there; what; with whom; the condition of that fardel; the place of your dwelling; your names; your ages; of what having, breeding; and anything 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 stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these unfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touch from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier! I am courtier cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious then must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are gormand to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cot! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'pointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitae, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital! Tell me (for you seem to he honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd and flay'd alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety: Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[Exit.
SCENE I.—Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

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 unparallel'd.

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.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-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 't!

Paul. There is none: worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't 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 Antigonus 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 wills.—Care not for issue;

[To Leontes]
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to th'worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squad'red 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 speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse: and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now,) appear, soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. 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 eye; and tell me, for what dull part in’t
You chose her; then I’d shriek, that even your ears
Should rive to hear me; and the words that follow’d
Should be, "Remember mine!"

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else 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 his eye;—

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. 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
’T is 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.
ACT V.  THE WINTER'S TALE.  SCENE I.

(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo.  By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon.  O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee
stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome bither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo.  Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon.  Where the warlike Smailus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo.  Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon.  The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a noble father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless: and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might! I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord.  Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir
Bohemia greets you from himself by me
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.


Lord.  Here in your city; I now came from him
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
While he was last'nig, (in the close, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo.  Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord.  Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon.  Who? Camillo?

Lord.  Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per.  O, my poor father!—
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon.  You are married?

Flo.  We are not, sir, nor are we like to be:
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon.  My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo.  She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon.  That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo.  Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot

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THE WINTER’S TALE.

ACT V.

Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir, Remember since you owed no more to time Than I do now: with thought of such affections, Step forth mine advocate; at your request, My father will grant precious things as trilles.

Leon. Would he do so, I’d beg your precious mistress, Which he counts but a trille.

Paul. Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth in’t: not a month ‘Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her, Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [to Florizel.

Is yet unanswer’d: I will to your father; Your honour not o’erthrown by your desires, I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand I now go toward him; therefore follow me, And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 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 seem’d almost, with staring 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 ransom’d, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th’ importance were 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 fulfill’d; 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.

Hero comes the lady Paulina’s steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call’d 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 circumstance; that 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 majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother:—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding:—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king’s daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then you have 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 seem’d sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. 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 forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which James report to follow it, and undoes 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. Wrack'd, 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, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, 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 by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd 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 wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swoon'd; all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: the princess bearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd 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 apo: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all 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 removed 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 unthriftly to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over, fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discords.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother: and then the two kings call'd my father, brother: and then the prince, my brother, and the princes, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

_Enter_ Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants._

A. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

**Clo.** Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III._The same. A Chapel in Paulina's House._

_Leon._ O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

_Paul._ What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouch-
saf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-
tracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

_Leon._ O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much con-
tent
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

_Paul._ As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Exce's whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say, 't is
well.  
P[Paulina undoes a curtain, and discovers a statue.
I like your silence, it the more shows off

Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

_Leon._ Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed.
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

_Pol._ O, not by much.

_Paul._ So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes
her
As she liv'd now.

_Leon._ As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am amash'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

_Per._ And give me leave;
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

_Paul._ O, patience:
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

_Cam._ My lord, your sorrow was too sore
laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

_Pol._ Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece upon himself.

_Paul._ Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is
mine),
I'd not have show'd it.

_Leon._ Do not draw the curtain.

_Paul._ No longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your
fancy
May think anon it moves.
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**ACT V.**

**THE WINTER'S TALE.**

**SCENE III.**

Leon. Let be, let be. Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins I'd verily hear blood? Pol. Masterly done: The very life seems warm upon her lip. Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't, As 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. Let 't alone. Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you, but I could afflict you further. Leon. Do, Paulina; For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any 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 rumbliness 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. Per. So long could I Stand by, a looker-on. Paul. Either forbear, Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you For more amazement. 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 't is 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**

'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach: Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away; Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs: [HERMIONE descends 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 she was young you would her; now, in age, Is she become the suitor! Leon. O, she's warm! [Embracing her. If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating. Pol. She embraces him. Cam. She hangs about his neck; If she pertain to life, let her speak too. Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd, Or, how stolen from the dead! Paul. That she is living, Were it but told you. should be hoot'd 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; kneel, And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found. [Presenting Pen, 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 how found Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,— Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle Gave hope thou wast 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 peace, Paulina Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for 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: Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified

By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
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 disserter'd: Hastily lead away.

[Exeunt]
NOTES TO THE WINTER’S TALE.

1. As over a vast.

*At sea*, a waste, a vast space. The word was used sub-
stantively in Shakespeare’s time, and it is curious to ob-
serve that, owing to the changes the English language
underwent before the year 1632, the editors of the second
folio added the word sea.

2. At my request, he would not.

This is probably spoken aside. He has been o-
sering the demeanour and conversation of Hermione and Polixe-
nes, and here his suspicion begins to show itself.

3. Thou wantest a rough push.

That is, thou wantest the rough pressure on the mind,
and the breeding shots on the forehead (he is perpetually
harping on enemoidism), to be entirely like me. Push is a
Scotch term for head, but that is not, I think, the meaning
here, and I can find no such use of the word in old writers.

4. Affection, thy intention stabs the centre.

Affection, here, as in the Merchant of Venice, signifies
imagination, or, as Malone expresses it, “the disposition
of the mind when strongly affected or possessed by a par-
ticular idea.” Intention, i.e., eagerness of attention or of
desire.

5. Will you take eggs for money?

The following very curious notes on this phrase are
extracted, with a few alterations, from the variorum edi-
tion:—The meaning of this is, “Will you put up affronts?”
The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui rendez vous
coequilles?* i.e., whom do you design to affront? Malonius’s
answer plainly proves it. “Ha, No, my lord, I’ll fight.”
And in Rowe’s comedy, called *A Match at Midnight*,
1632:—“I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang
myself.”

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from
an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evi-
dent to be taken in that sense: “The French infantry
skirmisheth bravely afofe, and cavallry gives a fu-
rious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat,
they will take eggs for their money.”—*Relations of the most
famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths throughout the World*,
4to. 1609, p. 154.

In *A Method for Travell*, Shawed by taking the view of
France as it stood in the yeare of our Lord 1599, by
Robert Dallington, no date, we meet with the very sen-
tence quoted by Mr. Reed, given as a translation from the
French. This is the original: *L’infantriro Françoise esca-
ranceole bravement de loin et la Cavallerie une furieuse
bratce a l’affront, puis apres qu’elle s’accomode.*

This phrase seems to have meant originally,—“Are you
such a poltroon as to suffer another to use you as he pleases,
to compel you to give him your money, and to accept of a
thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it?”
He, who will take *eggs for money*, seems to be what, in *As
You Like It*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame
snake.*

The following passage in Campion’s History of Ireland,
folio, 1633, fully confirms Malone’s explanation of this
passage; and shows that by the words,—“Will you take
eggs for money,” was meant, “Will you suffer yourself to be
exjoled, or imposed upon?”—“What my cousin Des-
mond hath compassed, as I know not, so I bestraw his
naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose
he never be had; what is Killare to blame for it, more
than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his
high promises, having also the king’s power, is glad to take
*eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leisure.” These
words make part of the defence of the earl of Killare, in
answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal
Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeav-
ouring to take the earl of Desmond, then in rebellion.
In this passage, “to take eggs for his money,” undoubt-
edly means to be trifled with, or to be imposed upon.
“*For money*” means “in the place of money.” “Will
you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?”

6. And my young rover.

Compare Ben Jonson’s *Cynthia’s Revels*, act i. sc. 1,
*Why so, my little rover?*

7. How she holds up the rod.

Ray says that “*Rod* is of frequent use, tho’ not for the
nose of a man, yet for the bill of a bird, and metaphorically
for the point of a pen, or the long and slender nose of any
vessel;” and Nares shows that Drayton uses the term
“sharp-rod’d leece,” meaning the wood-pecker.

8. Whisp’ring, rounding.

Rounding is nearly, if not quite, equivalent to whispering.
The term is again used by Shakespeare, and occurs very
frequently in older writers.

Two risen up in rape,
And *rounded togidkeres*,
And praised these piny-worthes
A-part by himselve.

*Piers theoughman, ed. Wright, p. 97.*
<table>
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<th>NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.</th>
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### 1. To hide upon t.
A vernacular phrase, equivalent to, certainly, in my certain opinion.

### 10. Which hooves honesty behind.
Hic, to cut the hamstrings. "Thou fool, how could it come in, unless it had bin a leg? methought his horse were cut and drawne out with parity; I thrust my hand in to my pocket for a knife, thinking to box him, and so scratch."—Lillie's Mother Bumbie, ed. 1692.

### 11. In whose success we are gentle.
Success seems to be here used for succession, but this sense of the word is very unusual.

### 12. A spider steep'd.
It was a common opinion that spiders were venomous. Topsell, in his History of Serpents, 1608, says, "all spiders are venomous, but yet some more, and some lesse. Of spiders that neither doe nor can doe much harme, some of them are tame, familiar, and domesticall, and these be commonly the greatest among the whole packe of them."

### 13. A federary with her.
Federary, a fooldary, a confederate. Malone was perhaps right in thinking it a misprint for fooldary.

The same form is occasionally used in the West. "According to my overseer, there were twenty or some (i.e., about twenty) up to 1817," (i.e., the mine.) (Sandyson.)

### 15. Nine, and some five.
These dangerous unsafe tunes I the king.
A similar expression occurs in the Revenger's Tragedie, 1609, "I know't was but some peevish moone in him."

### 16. A mankind witch.
Mankind, masculine. This, applied to a woman, was a term of great contempt.

### 17. A nest of traitors.
Yet for to hang hym I wone it be not best.
For ye had he gone, we should have another goset
As sull as he, for noight they be all the hole nest.
And to yeere sille boyes the worke much wooc.

--- MS. Poems, temp. Eliz.---

### 18. A callat of booundless tongue.
Callat, a scold; a drah, generally a term of the greatest possible contempt.

### 19. And, lool, thou art worthy to be hang'd.
Loold, a bad worthless fellow, from the Anglo-Norman. The more usual form is lord.

### 21. The pretence whereof.
Pretence, scheme or design.

### 22. Hermione is chaste.
This, as Malone observes, is almost literally from Greene's novel: "The Oracle."—Suspicion is no proof; jealousy is an unequal judge; Belarius is chaste; Eginthus blameless; Francon a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

### 23. Thou art perfect then.
Perfect, certain, well assured. The word occurs in this sense in the Bible.

### 24. A boy or a child, I wonder.
A female infant is still termed a child in some of the provinces, in contradistinction to a male one. It is marked as a Devonshire word in a MS. glossary in my possession.

### 25. A bearing-cloth for a squire's child.
A bearing-cloth, says Percy, is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to church to be baptized.

### 26. Up with it, keep it close.
Alluding to the old notion that it was dangerous to mention the gifts of the fairies. So, in the Honest Man's Fortune,

A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,
Wholesome if kept, but poison if discover'd.

### 27. The doxy over the dale.
Doxy, a mistress, a strumpet.

### 28. My yapping tooth an edge.
Yapping, cheating, thieving. I retain the on, it being the old provincial form of on, not an idiom with that article, as conjectured by Mr. Knight.

### 29. In my time, wore three-pile.
Three-pile velvet was velvet of the strongest and richest quality.

### 30. To go about with trol-my-dames.
In the Benefit of the Ancient Brides of Backstones compiled by John Jones at the King's Meade, nigh Darby, 1572, 4to. p. 12, we read: "The ladies, gentle women, wyues, and maydes, may in one of the galleries walke; and if the weather bee not agreable to their expectation, they may have in the end of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to trowe pummates, or bowles of beade, bigger, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyleer yevdent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme trowle-in-madame is termed."

### 31. And streak'd gillygores.
Gillygores, gillyflowers. This is an old word, not a contracted form. Lyte calls them gillygores in his edition of Dodoens, 1578.
NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

32 I'll not put the dibble in earth.
This operation is otherwise called dropping; more commonly so called, and indeed more properly, for dibbling is in strictness making the holes. It is an old word, and Ray has, "A dibble, an instrument to make holes in the ground with, for setting beans, peas, or the like.—Of general use." Narce notices the word, and describes the tool as still in use: and shows it to occur in Tusser—

Through evening, with dibble, rake, matecock, and spade, By line and by level, trim garden is made.

33 She dances fealty.
Yes, I thanke God I am of that natur
Able to compass thys matter sure,
As ye shall see now, who lyest to marke yt,
How neatly and feestly I shall warke yt.

Play of Wit and Science, p. 3.

35 Caddas, caddises, cambrics.
Caddas, inferior tape. Caddis, worsted, or worsted ribbon. Caddas, or cruel ribbon," Book of Rates, 1673, p. 293. The dresses of servants were often ornamented with it, and there seems to have been a kind of woolen stuff so called. Palsgrave has, "caddas or cruel, sayette." This was used for stuffing dresses.

37 Cyprian, black as 'er was crow.
Cyprian was a kind of thin transparent cape, so called from being originally manufactured in the island of Cyprus. It is mentioned in the old comedy of the Puritan, Edmund, the widow's son, making his entry in a Cyprian hot; i.e., with a cape hatband in it. The transparency of it is taken notices of by Donne:

As men which thro' a Cyprus see
The rising Sun.

Elegy on the marriage of the Earl of Someret.

And in Ben Jonson's 73d epigram:

One half drawn
In solemn Cyprus, th' other colweb lawn.

38 Kill-hole, kiln-hole, the genuine old form.

39 Charm your tongues.
That is, silenced them. The word is common in our old dramatisers, but it is here misprinted clamon in the old copies. Speaking of this corruption, Gifford observes, "the painful endeavours of the commentators to explain the simple nonsense of the text by contradictory absurdities might claim our pity, if their unfounded assertions did not provoke our contempt."

40 Twelve foot and a half by th' squire.

41 The royal foot.
Misprinted food by Mr. Knight, in both editions. The same editor has omitted the word air in Paulina's speech in Act v. sec. 1.

42 Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
Mr. Dyce explains this, "Nor shall appear like Bohemia's son in Sicilia."

43 Pomander, brooch, table-book.
The following recipe for making a pomander is extracted from a rare little book entitled, "A Closet for Ladies and Gentlewomen," circa 1650,—

Take of Beazou one dram and a half, of Storex half a dram, of Lignum Alosa in fine powders half a scruple, of Labdanum half an ounce: powder all these very fine, and scarce them thorow Lavene: and then take of Musk a dram, Ambergrice ten grains, Civet ten grains, and dissolve them in a hot Mortier with a little Rose-water, and so make them into a Pomander, putting it into six grains of Civet.

44 Advocate's the court word for a phænous.
The following very curious illustration of this passage is taken from the Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665,—

"I gave to Mr. Cripps, solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10s., and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon and presenting my lord with two brace of phænous, 10s.; Charles, Lord Goring, Earl of Norwich, livith in the country at Laytonstone, on the way to Epping, and when in London, at his house in Queens Streete, next door to the Queen's Head Taverne."

45 What's in the fardel.
Fardel, a burden. It is worthy of observation that the old copies have the old form, farthell.

"Then should I of those two parishes undertake to carry all such passengers, either for twopenny each one with his fardel or truss, or otherwise, making the whole fare or passage worth fourshillings."—Lambard's Perambulation, 1596, p. 486.

46 Than to rejoice the former queen is well.
"The dead are well."—Antony and Cleopatra. A similar expression is used in Romeo and Juliet, and is supposed to be adopted from Scripture, 2 Kings, iv. 26.

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