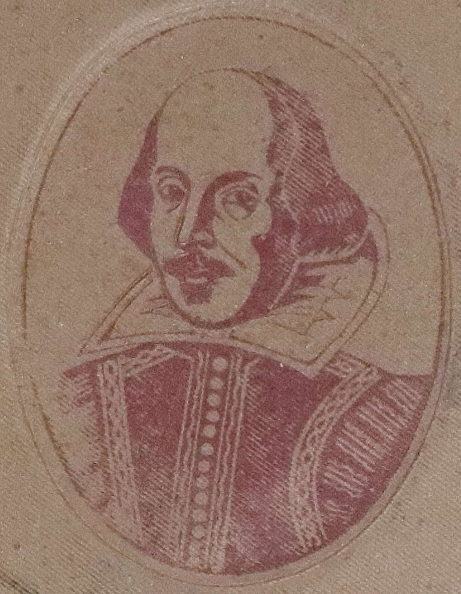
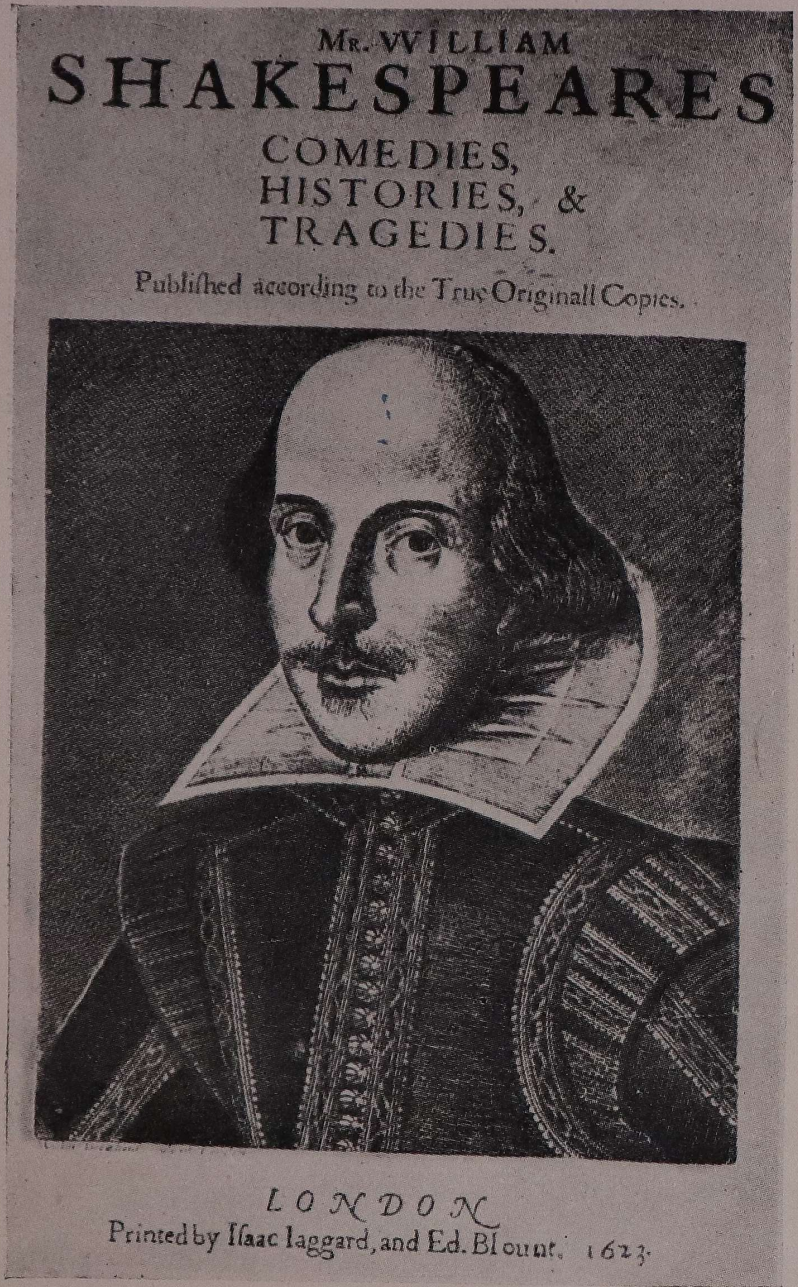
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SHAKESPEARE




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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE



TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO,
THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,
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THE WORKS OF
SHAKESPEARE

IN FOUR VOLUMES · VOL. I

Introduction by SERGEI DINAMOV

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AS YOU LIKE IT
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
TWELFTH NIGHT

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

IT IS MORE than three hundred years since Shakespeare died, in 1616. Three centuries have passed, filled with great events; generations of men have come and gone; but Shakespeare still lives on as a superb literary artist.

Why has Shakespeare always seemed so close, so "contemporary" as it were, to the best men of all subsequent ages? Why does his work live on, and not perish?

The reason why we love Shakespeare, the reason why he was so prized by Marx and Engels, by the best minds of all humanity and of our own country, is that he was, above all, an artist of tremendous breadth of culture. Shakespeare employed a vocabulary of twenty thousand words. But breadth of culture is not all. Shakespeare was an artist of audacity, who dealt with the most vital, the most bitter, the most decisive contradictions of his age. And of these, the main contradiction, in which the artist was caught as in a whirlpool, was the struggle of two worlds—feudalism and capitalism.

Today, capitalism, in its turn, is retiring from the scene, driven out by our socialist world. This fact brings Shakespeare all the closer to us, makes him all the more real to us. This makes us the real heirs of the legacy he has left, of the works that embody his genius.

Shakespeare stood in the very centre of the torrent of life, so that the buffetings of life struck him with full force, sank deep into his heart and consciousness. He did not withdraw from the struggle. He took the very greatest themes that an artist of his

time could handle. No work of any artist at that period was so sublime, so great, so significant, so beautiful as Shakespeare's. He chose the most important, the most basic, the most historically vital issue of all—the battle of two worlds, the death of the old and the birth of the new.

It has needed the work of whole generations of scholars, thinkers, producers, actors and artists to reveal Shakespeare to us even to the limited extent that we know him today. But the true genius of an artist lies in his being like life: the better you understand him, the more does he unfold himself before you, and the more of him remains to be understood. Shakespeare's genius is precisely one of this order.

The lively and unceasing interest in Shakespeare has served as a pretext for the idealist view that he was not associated with any particular class, that he was "common to all mankind." People have sought to explain Shakespeare's genius by the fact that he reproduced feelings and emotions proper to man as such. This conflicts with the very essence of Shakespeare's work. The very reason why Shakespeare has retained his significance throughout the ages is that he stood in the very centre of the social contradictions of the age in which he lived, that he was a combatant, a politician, a thinker, that he did not separate his art from real life. Shakespeare's characters are characters of his age, the events in his plays are stages in history, his strength lies in his broad and deep comprehension of the life of his time. Shakespeare was a realist; with all the objectiveness of which he, as an artist of a definite class, was capable, he portrayed the main social contradiction of his time—the struggle of two social and economic systems, of feudalism and capitalism. Shakespeare's realism is magnificent in its giant aspirations, in its comprehension of the world. Often lacking an outward resemblance to reality, it is filled with vast passions and emotions, replete with ideas so profound that they have been the subject of dispute for centuries. This is the realism of an artist standing in the centre of the world conflicts of his age, projecting his art into the very thick of the battle that was

then raging. Shakespeare's characters, without losing their individual traits and idiosyncrasies, while remaining live persons of flesh and blood, at the same time express the very movement of history itself. Shakespeare's heroes are like milestones in the evolution of the historical process, their amplitude of vitality conforming to the amplitude of their role in the struggle of the old society and the new.

I. Shakespeare's Time

Shakespeare lived in a great and troubled epoch, rich in events, men and deeds.

Nestor's words in *Troilus and Cressida* might serve as an epigraph to all Shakespeare's work:

> ". . . . There is seen
> The baby figure of the giant mass of things to come at large."
> (I. iii)

We have to understand what it was that produced a Shakespeare in this epoch.

Of great importance for the understanding of Shakespeare's age and of his work is a passage from Frederick Engels' book, *The Peasant War in Germany*. Engels says that in England there was "an alliance between the lower nobility and the towns, which led to the conversion of the monarchy of feudal estates into a bourgeois constitutional monarchy."

Engels makes another, no less important observation in this book. He writes: "In Germany the old nobility was preserved, but in England, thanks to the Wars of the Roses, it was destroyed, except for twenty-eight families, and its place taken by the new nobility of bourgeois origin and with bourgeois tendencies. . . . The nobility became converted into simple bourgeois landowners with a *bourgeois* source of income—land rent."

Engels reverts to this question in his article on Guizot's book on the English Revolution. Criticising Guizot, Engels asks why the English revolution was so conservative. And he gives the following answer: "The riddle of the conservative character of the

English revolution is explained by the long-standing alliance between the bourgeoisie and the most illustrious section of the big landowners, an alliance which constitutes the essential difference between the English revolution and the French. The latter destroyed big landownership by dividing up the landed estates." As we see from these words of Engels, the alliance between the bourgeoisie and the landed nobility was preserved for a long time after Shakespeare's death (he died in 1616 and Charles I was executed in 1649. Developing his idea further, Engels goes on to say that the basis for this alliance was the common interests of property-owners depending on a single source of income.

He says:

"This class of big landowners linked with the bourgeoisie—a class, by the way, that had arisen as early as the reign of Henry VIII—differed from the French feudal nobility of 1789 in that it did not conflict but, on the contrary, fully conformed with the conditions of existence of the bourgeoisie. The point is that the landed estates of this class represented not feudal but bourgeois property. These landowners, on the one hand, supplied the industrial bourgeoisie with the working hands needed for its manufactures, and, on the other hand, were in a position to develop agriculture in the direction required by industry and trade. This explains the community of their interests with those of the bourgeoisie, and this explains the alliance of these two classes."

Of great theoretical importance for an understanding of the English feudal system is another article by Frederick Engels first published in 1935 in the Soviet magazine, *Proletarskaya Revolyutsia*. Engels here points out that "while the furious battles of the ruling feudal nobility filled the Middle Ages with their din, the imperceptible work of the downtrodden classes was undermining the feudal system throughout western Europe, and creating conditions in which less and less room was left for the feudal lord."

The growth of the towns was a blow to the feudal nobility, who were becoming an ever more useless and unprofitable institu-

tion. Engels emphasises that the spread of money relations, in particular, was undermining the foundations of feudal society and building up the strength of the towns.

"Long before the walls of the knights' castles were pierced by the shots of the new cannon, their foundations were undermined by money. In fact it may be said that gunpowder was nothing but a bailiff executing the orders of money. Money was the burghers' great political leveller."

Engels holds that "by the end of the 15th century money had already undermined feudalism and corroded it from within. Shakespeare was born in 1564, and his first works appeared in the 'nineties of the 16th century. Consequently, he no longer found feudalism dominant in England, that system having completely collapsed during the Wars of the Roses"(1455-85).

Marx, too, wrote that "The old feudal nobility had been swallowed up by the great feudal wars, and the new was the child of its time, for whom money represented the supreme power." This new nobility recognised the "supreme power" of money and set about profit-making in order to get command of this "supreme power."

A similar process was later to be observed in France as well. Thus, at the beginning of 1774 there were only a little more than 50 ancient noble families in Troyes and the surrounding district, while 157 noble families were of bourgeois origin and belonged to the "new nobility." It is curious to note that Pope Sixtus V reproached Queen Elizabeth for having thrust the old nobility into the background and for relying on upstarts and promoted officials.

Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603) showed great ability in her efforts to reconcile the interests of the new nobility and the bourgeoisie at the expense of the people.

Those were the days when bold explorers were conquering the world for England. Englishmen penetrated even to far-off Russia, then a land of mystery to them. In 1556 the first English ship arrived in Archangel, seeking for a north-eastern passage

to India. Ivan the Terrible (1533-84) even considered marrying Queen Elizabeth.

It was the age in which the Invincible Armada was destroyed, an age of wars, an age of great scientific discoveries, a golden age of philosophic thought and of the arts.

The interests of Shakespeare's contemporaries were wide and varied. For example, when a certain Richard James, a Bachelor of Arts in divinity, found his way to Russia in the early 17th century and was forced to spend the winter of 1619-20 in Archangel, he made a collection of Russian songs, and his note-books with the songs in them are still preserved at Oxford. Shelley once remarked how many ideas must have been stirring in the world before such an author as Shakespeare was born.

Yes, ideas had indeed been stirring in the England of those days.

The ideas of the Italian Renaissance had already begun to penetrate to England towards the end of the 15th century, and by the time when Shakespeare was writing his first plays the Italian influence on contemporary English culture was very great indeed. This influence must have especially affected Shakespeare, who, to judge from his works, avidly drank in everything that could help to reveal the complex and swiftly changing scene of the world before him. England, then one of the most advanced countries of Europe, was by that time under the sway of Renaissance ideas.

The main distinguishing features of the Renaissance, in England as elsewhere, were interest in the exact sciences, study of the great legacy of the ancient world in philosophy, art and ethics, repudiation of medieval scholasticism and asceticism, love of optimistic and popular art, widening of the range of interests, and humanism in philosophy and art.

About 1445, when Gutenberg issued his first printed book at Mainz, civilization entered upon a new phase in its history, and the rapid growth of printing gave a mighty stimulus to the ever wider spread of culture.

The Renaissance age in which Shakespeare lived was marked

not only by cultural advances but also by new technical inventions (by "tremendous technical progress," to quote Frederick Engels again). The preceding centuries and decades had paved the way for this technical progress, and by the time Shakespeare made his appearance as an artist mankind was already familiar with printing (invented in the middle of the 15th century; by the beginning of the 16th century 30,000 books had been printed), gunpowder (used in the wars of the 14th century), drilling and turning lathes (end of the 15th century), rolling mills (beginning of the 15th century), while Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) had constructed excavating machines, etc., etc. The Italian Renaissance exercised such a tremendous influence that some of the nobles of that time even preferred Italian to French; the well-known poet and statesman, Sir Thomas Sackville (1536-1608), was so entranced with the Italian language that he did not want to learn French at all—a fact which he mentions in one of his letters.

Macaulay writes in his book on Bacon that at the time of Henry VIII and Edward VI a man who did not read Greek or Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing.

One of the greatest humanists of the Renaissance age, Erasmus of Rotterdam, visited England and wrote his famous book *Praise of Folly** there.

It was a time when the old social and economic system was being broken, and out of the ruins of this old dying world arose the great men of that epoch.

One of these was Shakespeare's contemporary, Sir Walter Raleigh, who later perished on the scaffold.

Raleigh was a man of diverse talents. Other men may have been eminent in one respect or another, but he was eminent in all respects. There was little that the best professors could teach him in their various fields. He made songs no worse than Spenser; danced better than Hatton, whom he eclipsed by his brilliance at

* *Moriæ ecomium*, with a pun on the name of his friend, Sir Thomas More.

court. Jonson consulted with him on the art of drama. Effingham praised him as a sailor. Bacon deemed it an honor to contest with him in eloquence. Hawkins, Frobisher and other bold seekers of adventure regarded him as the teacher of all navigators. Few of the writers of his age could vie with him in prose. Even in the trifling matter of physical beauty he had but few equals. Poet, scholar, soldier, sailor, courtier, orator, historian, statesman—in each of these many spheres he evinced peculiar force and special knowledge.

This is how William Dixon describes Raleigh. But bourgeois historians like to picture the England of those days as a paradise. Bribery was reduced to a system, the cruelty of the courts was unbelievable, and even the famous statesman, philosopher and poet, Lord Bacon, who was also noted for his extreme venality, made the following observation on his contemporaries in his book, *De Augmentis Scientiarium*: "In intellect, shining angels; in lust, crawling serpents." No, despite all the growth of culture, the English people of that time were subjected to unspeakable sufferings.

II. Shakespeare and the People*

Karl Marx writes in *Capital* that "The forcible exploitation of the popular masses received a new and terrible impulse in the 16th century as a result of the Reformation and the colossal plundering of church land that accompanied it. At the time of the Reformation the Catholic Church was the feudal landlord of a considerable part of English soil. The dissolution of the monasteries, etc., converted their inhabitants into proletarians."

The nobility, who had learned the "supreme power" of money, did all they could to acquire as much of this power as possible. Ploughland was converted into pasture, for the owners needed wool, the price of which had gone up in connection with the rise of the Flemish woollen industry. Sheep-pasturing was depopulating the countryside. Thomas More (1480-1535) wrote in his

* See also chapter X.

Utopia that sheep not only devoured men, but laid waste and destroyed fields, houses and towns. The small peasant farms were disappearing, and their luckless owners went to swell the ranks of the poor and needy. The laws enacted by Henry VII and Henry VIII were only a specious attempt to bring order into this ghastly process of expropriating the peasantry. Their actual effect was nugatory: the number of sheep went on increasing, there was a rapid decrease in the number of small peasant farms, and poverty continued to spread.

One of Henry VIII's ministers wrote that the prices on wool were growing greater every day, and the masters, meeting as usual in the market-place, and hearing how rapidly the prices on wool were rising, began to seek all possible means whereby to do away with the hard-won ploughland and increase the manufacture of wool, so as to have as much of it as possible.

The poverty and afflictions of the people had grown so insupportable that they began to revolt against the landed nobility.

Even at the king's court voices were raised in protest against the oppression of the tenant farmers. Towards the middle of the 16th century Bishop Latimer vigorously inveighed against the cupidity of the landlords who, he said, were trying to wring the uttermost farthing out of their estates by imposing exorbitant payments and duties, "and he who will not or cannot give all that they ask must go elsewhere, however honest he may be, however great want he may suffer."

In 1549 a certain French traveller visiting England wrote: "With the help of covetousness Satan hath so won over the hearts of men in our day that they not only acquire house after house for themselves but have got possession of many dwellings and even quarters of towns; they let houses go to wrack and ruin, so that whole towns are laid waste; and you may hardly meet a shepherd and his dog there."

Ronald Fuller, who has investigated the question of beggary in the time of Shakespeare, is of the opinion that the price of labour in England was never so cheap as between 1550 and 1600. Fuller

correctly connects the tremendous growth of beggary and crime with this drop in wages.

Fuller makes the interesting observation that the year 1600 may be reckoned as the end of the "good times," and that after this the contradictions of life began to grow more intense. Such theories cannot, of course, be taken on trust, and the exactitude of the date is obviously open to question, but since Fuller refers to a vast number of pamphlets and lampoons of that time, one may safely conclude that public opinion was beginning to be more and more tinged with a feeling of pessimism.*

Queen Elizabeth, of course, did nothing to alleviate the lot of the people, the more so since towards the end of her reign she inclined more and more towards a policy of reaction, which was continued with especial vehemence by her successor, James I.

Reactionary English historians are inclined to number James I among the "great men" of history, but to do this they have to resort to the most subtle and sophistical manipulation of the facts —a method that can hardly make up for lack of the necessary proofs.**

Meanwhile a spirit of opposition was growing. The people were attempting to resist.

As early as the 14th century John Ball had called for equality and the overthrow of the masters' rule. "The tares of England," he said, "are her oppressive rulers, and the time of the harvest is come, when it is the duty of all to gather together and be done with the wicked landlords, unjust judges, lawyers, and all who endanger the common weal. Englishmen will not have quiet in the present and surety in the future until the great ones of this world are destroyed, until all men enjoy the same freedom, the same rank, dignity and power."

What was Shakespeare's attitude towards the people? The tragedy *Coriolanus* gives us a very clear answer to this question.

* *The Beggar's Brotherhood* by Ronald Fuller, London, 1935.

** See, for example, *King James I* by Hugh Ross Williamson, in Duckworth's "Great Lives" series, London, 1935.

Coriolanus completes Shakespeare's cycle of dramas from ancient history. It is a profoundly political play, presenting the main problems of social life in England in the first decade of the 17th century. Queen Elizabeth was now dead, and James I was on the throne. The bourgeoisie had already become a powerful force, exercising tremendous influence on the whole course of social development. It was thrusting the nobility more and more into the background. The very reason why reaction was so strong during the reign of James I was that the bourgeoisie could not be kept from participating in the administration of the state or from claiming a share in the national income.

Absolute monarchy was becoming a hindrance to the landowning, commercial and industrial bourgeoisie and to that section of the nobility which could be called "bourgeois," since its interests had become identical with those of the bourgeoisie. The new Stuart dynasty (beginning with the accession of James I in 1603) commenced a struggle against the bourgeoisie; absolute monarchy began to seek support in the remnants of feudalism. This struggle culminated in the English revolution, and the premonitory rumblings of this revolutionary storm may be detected in *Coriolanus*. The two principal characters in this tragedy embody two policies which absolutism may employ in its struggle against the bourgeoisie. Coriolanus is for open struggle, for the brutal and unconcealed dictatorship of the nobility. For him, the people are "curs that like nor peace nor war."

> ". . . I say again,
> In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
> The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
> Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sow'd, and scatter'd." (III. i.)

For Coriolanus the main danger is "when two authorities are up, neither supreme," (III. i.) *i.e.*, when the people's delegates take part in the government (the parliamentary system, in fact).

But it is quite impossible to say that Shakespeare expressed these ideas himself, that he hated the people as Coriolanus did. No, in

this very play Shakespeare shows how the people become happier when they have driven out Coriolanus, how life becomes easier when Coriolanus, the enemy of the people, is gone.

Volumnia, Coriolanus' mother, and Menenius Agrippa stand for the other policy—that of a masked dictatorship. Volumnia combines in herself tremendous courage, an unbending will and great energy—a heroic type of warrior woman. Agrippa says of Coriolanus: "His nature is too noble for the world." (III. i.) Volumnia is different. She tells her son:

> "I have a heart as little apt as yours,
> But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage." (III. ii.)

She understands that it is no longer possible to govern without the people, and she seeks means to reconcile the warring tendencies. But Shakespeare, as a realist, could not give the victory either to her or to Coriolanus; he shows that neither policy can save Rome from downfall any longer; that ruin and destruction encompass the world of Coriolanus and Volumnia. He displays the insight of genius in depicting characters that are true to history, in correctly portraying the real essence of a historical conflict.

However, Coriolanus cannot be turned into an ideal fascist hero, as some people have lately tried to represent him. The French translator, Réné-Louis Pichaud, had to do all kinds of violence to the text in order to give Shakespeare's tragedy the requisite fascist slant when it was produced in the Comédie Française in 1934. Pichaud inscribed on the title-page of his translation: "The Tragedy of Coriolanus, freely translated from the English original and adapted to the conditions of the French stage"——which, of course, was nothing but a deception, since it was not a question of stage conditions but of carrying out fascist instructions.

The play *Henry VI* is likewise of great importance for an understanding of Shakespeare's attitude toward the people. In the Second Part of this play Shakespeare depicts the rebellion of Jack

Cade. Shakespeare's Jack Cade reminds one of Thersites in Homer's *Iliad*. Thersites was essentially voicing a popular demand when he spoke against war, but he is none the less presented as a comic figure. Homer's aristocratic epic sings the glories of men like Achilles and Agamemnon, not of their opponents, Thersites and his like. Shakespeare, while reproducing some features of objective reality in his treatment of the Jack Cade rebellion, nevertheless descends to caricature in his descriptions of the rebels.

In connection with the question of Shakespeare's attitude toward the people, it is worth while recalling what Maxim Gorky once said in regard to the character of Caliban. In answer to one of his correspondents, Gorky wrote: "And even Shakespeare, when reminded, as he probably was, of Wat Tyler, the Stepan Razin of England, and of others who disturbed the peace of the lords, answered by creating the figure of Caliban." And Gorky goes on to say: "The supreme significance of Shakespeare lies in the fact that you cannot possibly tell from his works whom he sympathized with or what he was opposed to, and this gives him his unquestionable advantage over all the other great literary masters."

Maxim Gorky thus regards the character of Caliban as an embodiment of Shakespeare's hostile attitude toward the English people's struggle for freedom.

But Shakespeare is none the less a poet of the English people, and not a reactionary.

The greatness of Shakespeare lies in the fact that, despite his negative attitude toward the English people's struggle for power, he nevertheless expressed the advanced ideas of his age and was not a poet of the old, feudal England.

III. Hatred of Feudalism

Shakespeare was not hemmed in by the bounds of his own time nor by the borders of his own country. He drew upon the past history of England, and even attempted to see into the future (*cf.*

the prophetic remarks of the Fool in *King Lear* and Gonzalo's words in *The Tempest*). He drew upon Rome, Venice, Denmark, ancient Greece, unfolding the action of his tragedies against this foreign background. He was a poet of the people, and was never a chauvinist (the character of the Moor Othello is in itself a vivid example of Shakespeare's breadth of mind).

Diderot held that none but those free of feudal prejudices could be considered real men, worthy of being depicted by a realistic artist. For him, the natural state meant freedom from feudalism. Shakespeare, who, by the way, was not afflicted by the bourgeois limitations of the great Diderot, could not conceive of real life under the conditions of feudalism any more than Diderot could have done. Feudalism, to Shakespeare, meant the doom of all genuinely human feeling and of natural human relations.

But why did Shakespeare vent such hatred upon feudalism if only a few pitiful remnants of feudal society existed in his day? Feudalism had perished as a social system, but its influence was not yet dead; it still lived on in the mentality of men. The pall of the Middle Ages still enshrouded people's minds, and this militated against the new humanistic ideas in science, philosophy, literature and the fine arts. It was during Shakespeare's lifetime that James I published his "*magnum opus*" on demonology, calling for the punishment of all those who did not believe in ghosts and witches.

Shakespeare drew upon the past history of England in order to show all the evils, all the ghastly oppression of feudal social relations.

Shakespeare's famous "chronicle plays" are a poetic history of England. They do not, of course, give us history in the direct sense of the word.

Lion Feuchtwanger, in his speech at the Congress for the Defence of Culture, Paris, 1935, rightly said:

"It is not hard to prove that Homer, the authors of the Bible, Shakespeare, and countless authors of historical works down to our own time displayed amazing boldness in their handling of real events well known to them from documentary sources. They

are justified by success. Their books, their fictitious legends, epics, dramas, novels, their fictitious men and deeds, their 'lies' have proved more vital than the authentic facts found by historians with the aid of critically examined documents."

This idea, expressed in somewhat paradoxical form, is nevertheless true; if the artist gives us the truth of the historic whole, then the minor parts and particulars, individual facts and details he may in some measure alter and refashion.

This is precisely what Shakespeare did, and his chronicle plays are to be viewed as poetic rather than scientific history. (We should not, of course, contrast poetic history with history as a science, as Feuchtwanger does; distortions are possible in both cases, but the Marxian artist and the Marxian historian will none the less agree in their appraisals of things.) What distinguishes Shakespeare from Schiller is that he reproduces the whole richness of history, that his work is not severed from time nor filled with historical abstraction, as Schiller's is. But Schlegel, of course, was wrong when he asserted that in Shakespeare's works "one could study history in all its truth." Shakespeare refashioned the past into a work of art. He discerned the main, the decisive factors in the past. Such an attitude to history has been very well defined by the German revolutionary writer, Anna Seghers, who writes as follows in the preface to her novel, *Der Weg durch den Februar:*

"The events that took place in Austria are here portrayed by me in the form of a novel. Many episodes are omitted, and one should not attempt to discover the real names of the heroes or of the streets. But the actions of people, which reveal the essence and law of events, are depicted without changes."

The essence and law of events becoming, in Shakespeare's hands, the essence and law of human action—this is the clue to an understanding of the Shakespeare's chronicle plays and tragedies.

In one of his articles entitled "Literary Diversions," published in *Pravda* in 1935, Maxim Gorky has the following interesting

idea. "Real art," he wrote, "has the right to exaggerate. Characters like Hercules, Prometheus, Don Quixote and Faust are not mere flights of the imagination, but perfectly legitimate and necessary poetical exaggeration of real facts. Our real living heroes, the men who are creating socialist culture, are much more sublime and great than the heroes of our tales and romances."

These words have a direct bearing on Shakespeare. He, of course, exaggerates, and the characters he creates are not trivial, everyday people, but this exaggeration of his splendidly expresses reality.

Shakespeare freely shifts events forward or backward, makes his heroes younger or older, and invents lives for them if he lacks real events to fill in the picture. The future Richard III appears in *Henry VI* as a full-grown warrior, whereas in actual fact he was too young at the time to have performed any of the deeds attributed to him. Again, the period separating Caesar's death from the struggle of Marcus Antonius against Brutus and his party was really quite a considerable one, packed with events. Shakespeare in *Julius Caesar* greatly contracts this period, for such a protracted span is inimical to tragedy. And for all that *Julius Caesar* is history, reality, but reality that has been generalized, re-fashioned, made into a work of art.

As the romanticist Novalis (1772-1802) noted: "History, as it exists for the poet, is presented in these dramas. History is transformed into dialogue. The direct opposite of real history, and yet history."

For example, the manners and customs of prehistoric pagan society cannot be studied by reading *King Lear;* but *King Lear* gives an excellent idea of the life of Shakespeare's age, of people and events in England at the beginning of the 17th century.

* * *

Shakespeare shows us the terrible world of feudal relations, of people who hate one another and are hateful to one another.

He aims his hardest blows at one of the characteristic pheno-

mena of feudal society—its costly and sanguinary internecine wars. Shakespeare depicts with hatred the feudal barons who thought only of themselves and utterly forgot the state as a whole. Engels' above-quoted article on the break-up of feudalism and the rise of the bourgeoisie contains the following lines, which have a direct bearing on our present subject: "But everywhere, both in town and countryside, there were growing numbers of people who were anxious that these endless and senseless wars should be stopped, that an end should be put to the quarrels of the feudal lords, which had brought things to such a pass that ceaseless war was going on in the country even when foreign enemies had invaded it, that an end should be put to this state of continual and utterly aimless devastation which had continued uninterrupted throughout the whole of the Middle Ages. Being themselves too weak as yet to realize their wish in practice, these people found strong support in the head of the whole feudal order—the king." And Engels adds: "That in all this general confusion the royal power (*das Königtum*) was a progressive element is quite obvious. It was the representative of order amid disorder, the representative of the incipient nation as opposed to dismemberment into rebellious vassal states. All revolutionary elements that had been forming beneath the surface of feudalism were attracted toward the royal power, just as the royal power was attracted toward them. The alliance between the royal power and the bourgeoisie dates from the 10th century; it was often broken as a result of conflicts, and things did not take the course of this union throughout the whole of the Middle Ages by any means, but all the same this alliance was renewed ever more firmly, ever more powerfully, until at last it helped the royal power to win the final victory, and the royal power, in gratitude for this, subjugated and plundered its ally."

Engels declares outright that "in the society of the later Middle Ages the feudal nobility was beginning to become superfluous, even to become a direct hindrance, in economic respects; so also in political respects it was barring the way both to the develop-

ment of the towns and to the national state, which at that time was possible only in its monarchist form."

Passing on to speak of England in particular, Engels writes: "England had at last ended her Quixotic wars of conquest in France, which would have bled her to death had they continued further; the feudal nobility tried to make up for this by the Wars of the Roses, and got more than they expected: they annihilated one another in mutual strife, and brought the Tudors to the throne, who exceeded all their predecessors and all their successors in the plenitude of their power."

One of the main themes touched on in the chronicle plays is the right to kill or depose a king. Shakespeare holds that it is right to depose a king if he is a bad one. Queen Elizabeth tried to prevent playwrights from writing evil of kings (after Shakespeare's death it was altogether forbidden to represent "Christian kings" on the stage), but this did not trouble Shakespeare. Macbeth, Richard II, Richard III, Julius Caesar and King Claudius (in Hamlet) all perish.

Shakespeare considered that a monarch should be overthrown if he is not a good ruler. Thus, in *King John* he shows us the king ordering the murder of his nephew, Prince Arthur, because he regards him as a pretender to the throne. Here is a murderer in king's clothing, a king who causes his own throne to totter, because he is a criminal and the people do not trust him.

In *Richard II* Shakespeare adds another picture to this gallery of royal criminals. Richard II is a weak and spineless character; he condemns and pardons according to the whims of his courtiers. When the Earl of Essex was conspiring against Queen Elizabeth, the London theatres put on this play in order to assist his rebellion.

Richard III is also a king, but he is as red with blood as a headsman's axe after a whole day's work. Richard murders all who cross his path. He is depicted as an utterly unscrupulous character.

Shakespeare develops the same ideas in his plays dealing with ancient history. *Julius Caesar* gives us, to some extent, a picture of Queen Elizabeth towards the end of her reign. Caesar wants to

be sole dictator; he ceases to understand that he cannot exist without the support of the aristocracy. Brutus places himself at the head of a conspiracy and kills Caesar. But in almost all his plays (except *Richard II*) Shakespeare dooms to destruction all those who lift hand against the crown. Brutus, in killing Caesar, is sacrificing himself; he regards the conspiracy as a bitter and dire necessity, but he cannot act otherwise. Not to kill would be wrong, but to kill is also wrong—therein lies his tragedy. He deliberately sacrifices himself, pays for his betrayal with his life. And the victory rests with Mark Antony—shrewd, cunning, brave, hypocritical, shaking the bloodstained hands of the conspirators and rousing the people against Brutus with his funeral oration. *Julius Caesar* sounds a twofold warning: to the crown and to the court, to the king and to the nobles. The royal power is sacred and must not be shaken—either by him who holds it or by those who should support it. Such is the sense of this tragedy.

Shakespeare was merciless in his exposure of the cruelty and inhumanity of feudalism. In his "chronicle plays" he presents us with a ghastly gallery of kings, courtiers and statesmen of feudal England. Shakespeare's historical tragedies serve as a splendid illustration to the words of Lenin, who said in 1907 in regard to the scandalous Moltke-Harden affair in Berlin: "The court camarilla . . . always and everywhere relies on the most reactionary sections of society, on the feudal nobility."

Power and property are what Shakespeare's negative heroes (King John, Claudius, Richard II, Richard III) live and fight for. Love and happiness are what Shakespeare's finest characters —those whom he loves and makes us love too—seek but can never attain.

IV. Attitude Towards Absolutism

In his plays Shakespeare expressed ideas that were common to a whole group of the nobility in his time. Thus, Bacon declared that it was the duty of the people to obey the crown. But he did

not attach absolute importance to the crown, and emphasized the need for a link between the people and the king.

If we take George Buchanan, tutor to James I in his youth, we shall find that this king's teacher uses even stronger language. According to him, the king is bound by the law. The king is a man. And since he is a man, since he is not of divine origin, then, of course, he may be deposed if he violates the law.

That remarkable thinker of the late 16th century, Hooker, in his book *Laws of Ecclesiastical Policy*, likewise connects the king with the law, and asserts that the king is bound to obey the law. These theories on the limitation of the royal power have a direct connection with the Roman law of the 5th and 6th centuries. Thus, the Institutes of Justinian (527-565) declare unequivocally that the emperor's rule must not be despotic or overstep the bounds of the law. Buchanan and Hooker go no farther than this; to their way of thinking there can be no law without a king and no king without law. While agreeing with the first of these propositions, James I was by no means inclined to uphold the second—any more than the Roman emperors had been in practice.

The spirit in which Shakespeare writes shows that he was in favour of setting limits to royal despotism.

In Shakespeare's works we find an echo of the idea expressed by the 13th century French poet, Jean de Meung:

> When a king's offspring hath base passions
> 'Tis shamefuller than were the swineherd his sire.

Shakespeare sees blood even on the royal ermine and a criminal beneath the royal crown.

It is no accident that Shakespeare presents the character of Henry V in such a favourable light. He is depicted as a good-hearted and magnanimous ruler.

The Chorus in Act II very well expresses the main trend of the play:

> "O England—model to thy inward greatness,
> Like little body with a mighty heart,—

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!"

What Shakespeare wants is a king who will unite England with an iron hand, a king who will not cause the throne to totter, but maintain and strengthen the monarchy.

Shakespeare's aim in Henry V is to present a type of the ideal king, a king of the whole nation, expressing the interests of the entire country, not of one group of barons. It is not only Henry V, however, who embodies Shakespeare's ideals. Rich lords and ladies living a carefree and contented life are portrayed in his plays in a very sympathetic light indeed (Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*, Olivia in *Twelfth Night*).

But none of these appear as really powerful characters; they cannot even be compared with those truly vast and profound characters in which Shakespeare embodies the full force of the contradictions of the age in which he lived.

One of the most sympathetically drawn figures in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses, expresses the main principle of Shakespeare's philosophy when he says that everything in the world must have its order and law:

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O when degree is shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick!" (I. iii.)

Ulysses personifies the sun and makes it into a king in order to express his thought more clearly.

The keynote of Shakespeare's works is contained in this thought —the world needs order. Hence, too, his vehement hatred of feudalism, which, for Shakespeare, embodied the hostile idea of self-will and lawlessness.

Shakespeare is not opposed to monarchy as such. All attempts to make Shakespeare a republican have proved futile. Shakespeare is a monarchist, Shakespeare is in favour of monarchy, but Shakespeare is against feudalism. Therein lies the peculiarity of his position.

Walt Whitman said that Shakespeare appeared to him as "a first-class astral genius, made for feudalism." Whitman considered that in Shakespeare's work "divinity" never fails to "hedge a king."

The great American poet was confusing feudalism with absolutism, and this prevented him from understanding Shakespeare.

* * *

Shakespeare lived in an age when the nobility and upper classes were very anxious to acquire all kinds of ranks and titles. To rule at that time meant to get rich and plunder ruthlessly, unconstrained by scruples or by censure. But Shakespeare in his plays emphasises again and again that the most important thing of all is man himself, the richness and purity of his inner world, and not power as such. There is no need to overstress these humanist tendencies in Shakespeare, who, it should be remembered, regarded the very principle of royal power as sacred; but neither should they be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Shakespeare was an artist of the nobility, but he broke beyond the bounds of his class. He was not a narrow-minded artist. He gave a realistic interpretation of his age.

But if Shakespeare was an artist of the nobility, why, it may be asked, does he depict with such force the downfall of the aristocracy (*Hamlet*, *Coriolanus*, etc.)? Let us recall what Engels said about Balzac. Balzac, in Engels' words, "saw how inevitable was the downfall of his beloved aristocrats, and described them as people deserving no better fate."

Shakespeare was the Balzac of his age, just as Balzac, in some degree, was the Shakespeare of his.

Shakespeare was no gloomy misanthrope. He did not accept the philosophy of Timon of Athens. He portrayed the world with all its disorder and all its sorrows, and the amplitude of his view of life is the depth and breadth of his comedies and tragedies, in which there is much grief but no less joy of life. He saw what was bad, observed what was new, fought what was old, overcame evil and defended humanism. And, if he laughed too little, the fault lay with that terrible world which evoked his tragedies. And none the less in his works "the flag of humanism was unfurled," as Sisson has well said.

In studying the class nature of Shakespeare one should be guided by the profound statement of Frederick Engels:

"One cannot but consider artificial the attempt to discover the roots of the Middle Ages in Corneille, or to apply a similar standard to Shakespeare, with the exception of the raw material which he borrowed from the Middle Ages."

V. Shakespeare and the Bourgeoisie

In connection with the problem of state power in Shakespeare's works and his attitude toward the people, we should consider also his attitude toward the bourgeoisie of his time.

The reign of Elizabeth was a period of rapid and decisive changes, during which all social life was set in motion as never before.

England was fighting for naval supremacy, and the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" in 1588 crippled the sea power of her

main rival, Spain, and greatly strengthened England's position at sea.

The whole world seemed to lie open before England, like a vast market or a field for conquest.

The bourgeoisie at that time was a *relatively* revolutionary class. It was a class that had broken free from the fetters of the Middle Ages, from the dead dogma of scholastic philosophy. This new class seemed to be standing at the dawn of humanity. For Shakespeare, bourgeois philosophy possessed a magnetic attraction.

The English bourgeoisie of that time was not yet fighting for power by force of arms. It represented a very strong and powerful economic class, and those who expressed the views of the more militant section of this class were the Puritans.

Puritanism was a highly advantageous form of religion for the English bourgeoisie. It inculcated great inner discipline, fostered a fanatical conviction of the righteousness of one's own deeds (the doctrine of predestination), and helped to create strong characters, men of property and rigidly "moral" people for whom even theatre-going was a sinful pleasure.

In the travestied character of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare has shown his unfavourable attitude toward the Puritan bourgeoisie, whose main aim in life was to accumulate riches.

The Puritans regarded Puritanism as a law even higher than the power of the crown; they formed a rallying-point for discontented and recalcitrant elements; they gave them assurance of their special mission in life (the doctrine of divine grace as a salvation for god's elect from the burden of original sin).* James I complained that the Puritans were forever discontented with the existing government and would obey no one. "No bishop, no

* In his book, *Ludwig Feuerbach and the Outcome of Classical German Philosophy*, Frederick Engels says of Calvin's doctrine of divine grace: "His dogma was adapted to the views of the boldest among the bourgeois of his time."

king," said James I. But it was just the bishops that the Puritans objected to.

The relation between crown and church in 16th century England is of great importance for an understanding of the relation between the royal power and the bourgeoisie. We must therefore consider this question in somewhat greater detail.

During the Middle Ages the Pope's power in England was so great that King John (1199-1216) acknowledged himself the vassal of Innocent III. However, the economic and political interests of the English nobility were radically opposed to Catholicism, and as early as the 14th century we find acts of parliament (the Statutes of Provisors) forbidding on pain of severe punishment the collection of money for the Pope's benefit (the so-called "provision") or the use of papal jurisdiction.

Henry VIII completed this process of reformation, merging the supreme clerical and the supreme secular power of the country into one whole.

In this respect England proved herself the most advanced country in the world, the power of the Catholic Church being completely destroyed there.

The crown had subjugated the church; during the Elizabethan era the Protestant church was wholly in the hands of the bishops, who in their turn were the obedient servants of the crown.

This was reformation from above, bringing colossal economic benefits to the crown and the nobility (the confiscation of the monasteries' wealth and lands and the concentration of all political power in the hands of the monarch).

Simultaneously there arose an opposition in the shape of Puritanism (the word was first used in the year of Shakespeare's birth, 1564). Originating among the Scotch evangelists who had fled abroad from the persecutions of "Bloody Mary" (in Zurich, Basle, Geneva, Strasbourg, and Frankfurt on Main), Puritanism first came to the fore in Scotland in the 'sixties of the 16th century, subsequently penetrating to England too. Besides objecting to the uniform mode of worship established by Elizabeth—which

is not a very essential point—the Puritans were also against the dependence of the church on the state, thereby encroaching directly upon the interests of the crown, which had had to expend such efforts in getting the upper hand over the church.

Robert Browne's "*Booke which sheweth the life and manners of all True Christians*" (1582), is one of the most interesting documents of the Puritan movement. Browne vehemently opposed any form of dependence of the church on the state. He proclaimed the sovereign rights of believers to rule themselves in their own community, denying all authority outside the community and thus going further than the Puritans, who held that the community should be governed by elders. Browne served several years in jail for his ideas, but afterwards he abased himself and joined the episcopal church. In a speech in the House of Commons in 1592 Raleigh said that there were more than 20,000 Brownists in England.

But we should not confuse the Puritans with the whole bourgeois class of that time. The Puritans were the advanced section of the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie as a whole, despite occasional resistance, supported the rule of Queen Elizabeth.

The compromise between the bourgeoisie and the crown was a temporary one, but it existed none the less, though towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, and above all under James I, the ties grew weaker and weaker.

Shakespeare reflects these peculiarities in the position of the English bourgeoisie of his day. His attitude toward the bourgeoisie is fully revealed in *The Merchant of Venice*. In the character of Antonio, Shakespeare presents a bourgeois of the Renaissance age, a humanist, a representative of the new culture. And side by side with Antonio, side by side with Portia, Shakespeare gives us Shylock, the abominable usurer. Gratiano calls Antonio a "royal merchant" (III. ii). These two words exactly hit off Antonio. The phrase "royal merchant" shows why this bourgeois is presented in a favourable light by Shakespeare. Antonio and Portia embody all the good qualities that Shakespeare

would have liked to see in the bourgeoisie. Of course, they are idealized, but that is all the more characteristic.

Antonio and Portia are representatives of the bourgeoisie, just as much as Shylock is. Antonio says:

> "The duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state;
> Since that the trade and profit of the city
> Consisteth of all nations." (III. iii.)

Shakespeare seems to dissect capitalism into two parts, exaggerating the evil element in one of them (Shylock) and enhancing the good in the other. Shakespeare takes the good and useful elements which capitalism has brought mankind, but with the insight of genius he lays bare the dual nature of the bourgeoisie, which has made the Shylocks the inevitable companions of the "royal merchants," the Antonios.

Shakespeare strove to take from the bourgeoisie the best that it had brought into the world—humanism. But it would be dangerous and incorrect to put Shakespeare in the same class as the bourgeois humanists.

The clue to an understanding of Shakespeare's humanism may be found in Engels' statement that Shakespeare is less of a humanist than Goethe. In his article "The Condition of England" (1844), Engels writes: "Goethe did not like to have dealings with 'god'; this word made him feel queer; he only felt at home in human surroundings, and this humanism, this liberation of art from the fetters of religion, is just what constitutes the greatness of Goethe. Neither the ancients nor Shakespeare can compare with him in this respect."

VI. Shakespeare and Religion

The question of Shakespeare's humanism inevitably gives rise to the further question: Was Shakespeare a religious writer? Did

he regard religion as the main thing in the life of man? Only one answer is possible: No.

As Sisson rightly notes in his book *The Mythical Sorrows of Shakespeare* (1934), the great dramatist cannot possibly be numbered among the fervent adherents of Christianity. One cannot detect in his plays that Christian spirit which Tolstoy was so anxious to find there.

Religious sentiment lies quite outside Shakespeare's field of vision, does not interest him in the least. The feeling which imbues his plays is a purely secular one.

Macbeth undergoes punishment for his treacherous murders. Lear suffers through a failure to understand the world that surrounds him. Hamlet is torn asunder by the contradictions of the new and the old. Troilus endures tortures from Cressida's infidelity. Romeo cannot overcome the morality of the dying feudal order. Timon is embittered by the hypocrisy of the men about him. Richard III perishes as a result of his own criminal nature. All these characters have to settle accounts, not with god, but with life.

We must therefore reject the statement made by Hegel in his *Aesthetics* that Shakespeare's tragedies are built on the basis of modern tragedy which, in its turn, was founded on the Christian view of life. Shakespeare is closer to Greek tragedy than to Christian, because his works lack the main thing that characterizes Christian art—belief in an all-powerful god.

In contrast to the heroes of "Christian" tragedy, not one of the heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies ever pleads for the intercession of god.

All emphasis is on human character; everything is achieved by the actions of human beings. Religion retires into the background before this impetuous onrush of human life. Shakespeare's plays contain no miracles, or, if miracles are introduced, they are the miracles of pagan myth, alien to Christianity (cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Tempest*).

Shakespeare does not subject the ministers of religion to such ridicule as do Petrarch, Erasmus and Boccaccio, but he presents

characters more damaging to religion than any satire could be (*e.g.*, Cardinal Beaufort, the Bishop of Winchester, in *Henry* VI).

In this connection it is worth recalling that Richard III screens his villainy and crimes with references to god and the holy scripture:

> "But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
> Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
> And thus I clothe my naked villainy
> With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
> And seem a saint when most I play the devil. (I. iii.)

Richard never ceases to make an outward show of piety. Even when he is called on to assume the crown, he delays appearing for a long time, being engaged in devout discussion with the bishops. (See also Act II, Scene ii.)

As Maxim Gorky observed in his speech at the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers, religion was the inspirer of feudalism.

This is perfectly correct. The church was one of the buttresses of feudal society in that it upheld and defended the most reactionary theories in philosophy and science, inculcated every kind of superstition, and rabidly opposed all that was new in life, science and art.

The Middle Ages proclaimed monasticism to be the best form of life, upheld celibacy as against marriage, virginity as against womanhood, and restriction of wants as against full vitality. The Renaissance denoted a struggle against these ideals, which had never been attained in practice and which were violated first and foremost by the priests and monks themselves (wealth and corruption in the monasteries and papal court, etc.) —a fact which began to arouse criticism in literature as early as the 11th century. Martin Luther, voicing the ideas of the Reformation, once said: "If our Lord God hath created such

great tasty pikes and good Rhenish wine, then have I the right to eat and drink my fill of them."

In his attitude toward religion Shakespeare cannot be called a feudal writer. Can he be called a bourgeois one? No, not under any circumstances! Shakespeare nowhere evinces the slightest interest in the religious problems that were engrossing the English bourgeoisie of his day. He is indifferent to the movement which was then uniting the bourgeoisie for its future struggle against the monarchy; he is indifferent to Puritanism.

VII. Shakespeare and Science

All the more interesting is it to consider the problem of Shakespeare's attitude toward the science of his age.

An examination of this question helps to throw light on Shakespeare's whole way of thinking, and provides excellent material for a solution of the problem: what class did he represent as an artist. I will here deal only with one aspect of the question, namely, the subject of astrology and astronomy, relying on the admirable researches of C. Clark, author of the book *Shakespeare and Science* (Birmingham, 1929).

The 16th century was an age of scientific discovery. England was beginning to send her captains and conquerors into remote parts of the world; her pirates swept the seas; her flag became a symbol of force, violence, wealth and power. England sent her conquerors into the realms of science too, for, as a rising country, she needed science in order to grow yet more powerful, and in order to know the world with which she traded and made war. In order to trade, one had to be able to count; in order to navigate, one had to know astronomy; in order to make war, one had to study chemistry.

In his first monologue in *King Lear* Edmund says:

"Thou, nature, art my goddess." (I. ii.)

These words might have been said by many English philosophers and scientists of Shakespeare's day, who were plunging

boldly into the secrets of matter, of the universe and of thought.

Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* fully expresses this respect for science and reason when he speaks before the Greek leaders in opposition to Achilles and Patroclus, who only acknowledge the power of the sword, and not that of the mind:

> "So that the ram that batters down the wall,
> For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
> They place before his hand that made the engine,
> Or those that with the fineness of their souls
> By reason guide his execution." (I. iii.)

In astronomy, too, discoveries were being made which ushered in a new epoch in this science and virtually laid the foundations of modern astronomy.

Up to the 16th century the system of Ptolemy held sway. For fifteen hundred years it was regarded as the unshakable foundation of astronomy.

The astronomy of Aristotle and Ptolemy (70-147) was regarded as of equal authority with the Bible. The earth was the centre of the universe, and the sun, the planets, the stars and the moon, set in their fixed spheres, all moved around the earth.

But by the 15th century new theories were already arising, until at last Copernicus struck the final blow. The theory of motion took up arms against the theory of immobility; science attacked religion and theology (for Copernicus, as Engels observes, sounded the death-knell of theology). The earth, according to Copernicus, is one of the planets and moves around the sun along with the rest.

In 1543 Copernicus published his treatise, *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium*. Twenty-three years later Shakespeare was born—in the same year as Giordano Bruno, who published his discoveries to the world forty-six years after. Copernicus' ideas thus became known some twenty years before Shakespeare's birth. However, they penetrated but slowly into England, for the country was still filled with the survivals of feudalism. Even in Shakespeare's day science had not yet freed itself of medieval

scholasticism; it made headway with difficulty amid the ruins of feudal society. Stalin's words at the First All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites (1935) incidentally throw light on the status of science in the age of Shakespeare: "They talk about science. They say that the data of science, the data contained in technical handbooks and instructions contradict the demands of the Stakhanovites for new and higher standards of output. But what kind of science are they talking about? The data of science has always been tested by practice, experience. Science which has severed contact with practice, with experience—what sort of science is that? If science were the thing it is depicted to be by certain of our conservative comrades, it would have perished for humanity long ago. Science is called science just because it does not recognise fetishes, just because it does not fear to raise its hand against the obsolete and antiquated, and because it lends an attentive ear to the voice of experience, of practice. If it were otherwise, we should have had no science at all; we should have had no astronomy, say, and we would still have had to get along with the outworn system of Ptolemy; we would have had no biology, and we would still be comforting ourselves with the legend of the creation of man; we would have had no chemistry, and we would still have had to get along with the auguries of the alchemists."*

The "outworn system of Ptolemy," the "auguries of the alchemists," the severance of science from life—all this characterizes science in the age of Shakespeare.

Robert Ricord mentioned Copernicus in his treatise *The Castle of Knowledge* (1556). The talented astronomist, John Field, confessed in 1557 that the ideas of Copernicus seemed true to him. John Dee, the well-known mathematician and astronomer (1527-1608), supported Copernicus in the same year. The prominent English scientist, William Gilbert, likewise upheld Copernicus in his work *De Magnete*, published in 1600. The new

* J. Stalin, Speech at the First All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites, Co-operative Publishing Society, Moscow, 1935, pp. 18-19.

system of ideas was gradually reversing and upsetting the doctrine of Ptolemy.

A controversy was going on in scientific circles, and many scientists were beginning to side with Copernicus. Bacon, who had tried to reconcile Ptolemy with Copernicus, was also, in some degree, approaching the new standpoint, while developing his own theory.

But classical legends and myths interested Shakespeare much more than exact science about the universe. One might think that Berowne in *Love's Labour's Lost* was voicing his thoughts when he said during his argument with the King that it is better to study the world than to pore over books, and that those

> "That give a name to every fixed star
> Have no more profit of their shining nights
> Than those that walk and wot not what they are." (I. i.)

The new ideas made slow headway in England. Even Milton in *Paradise Lost* says that it is uncertain which theory is correct.

Shakespeare was acquainted with the practical problems of astronomy, in particular with the art of steering by the stars in navigation (cf. *Othello*, II, 1., *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. iv.). It is also possible that he referred to the telescope, then called a "perspective glass" (cf. *Richard II*, ii. and *Twelfth Night*, V. i.).

If we read through his works to see how Shakespeare regarded the universe in the aspect under consideration, we shall arrive at the conclusion that his heroes are far more attracted by astrology than by astronomy.

The astrologers held that the heavenly bodies had a direct influence on the lives of men, that the destiny and future life of human beings could be determined by them.

By the 16th century the word "astronomy" had already become widely known, though it was still often used in the old connotation of astrology. Shakespeare's characters frequently make similar errors. Thus, in *Cymbeline* Imogen says:

"O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open." (III. ii.)

Shakespeare here used the word "astronomer" in precisely its astrological meaning, not in its scientific one. In *Troilus and Cressida* Thersites says of Diomedes: "When he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious. There will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word." (V. i.)

In *King Lear* Edgar asks Edmund how long he has been a "sectary astronomical" when the latter starts enumerating all the misfortunes and calamities that have been foretold in connection with an eclipse. (I. ii.)

In Sonnet 14 Shakespeare writes:

"Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality."

Astrology was considered a science. To people of the 16th century it did not appear absurd that huge worlds should be linked with the fate of each single human being. This was essentially a pagan belief, but one profitable to the church, which played upon the superstitions of the people.

Astrology was older than astronomy; it may be said to have paved the way for it, and Kepler once said: "Astrology is the stupid mother of a wise daughter, and though hundreds of years have passed, the wise daughter still cannot live without the help of her stupid mother."

It would be wrong, of course, to hold Shakespeare responsible for all the thoughts expressed by his heroes. Their astrological superstition was a real part of their characters, and the artist could not portray them other than they were in real life. But however that may be, the dramatist, except for the above-quoted remarks of Edmund in *King Lear*, never utters a word of criticism against these superstitions, whereas the bourgeois playwright Ben Jonson

devoted an entire play (*The Alchemist*) to an attack upon the pseudo-scientists whose scholasticism was hampering the development of science.

The great majority of Shakespeare's plays are interspersed with remarks and comparisons which show that his heroes were imbued with a belief in astrology.

In *Cymbeline* Jupiter himself says of Posthumus that "our Jovial star reign'd at his birth," and consequently

> "He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
> And happier much by his affliction made." (V. iv.)

King Lear swears

> "By all the operation of the orbs,
> From whom we do exist and cease to be." (I. i.)

Lucetta tells Julia in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* that Proteus' tears and vows may be used for deceit, whereupon Julia answers:

> "Base men, that use them to so base effect!
> But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
> His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
> His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate." (II. vii.)

Similar statements may be found in *A Winter's Tale* (IV. iii.), *All's Well That Ends Well* (I.i.), *The Tempest* (I.ii.), *Twelfth Night* (II. v.), *Much Ado About Nothing* (II. i.), etc.

At that time (and considerably later, too) people firmly believed that any disturbance in the heavens must inevitably presage some disturbance upon the earth. The appearance of new comets, eclipses of the sun, shooting stars—all these were held to be portents of danger and disaster. Shakespeare makes very skilful use of these superstitions to heighten the dramatic effect of his plays.

Let us recall the words of Gloster in *King Lear* that dread events in nature and in the skies presage bad times. Order in the heavens means order on the earth. If the sun and stars are in their places, all is well; but if a man has been born under an unlucky

star, or if the stars are turned out of their orbits, disasters will quickly ensue upon the earth. This is how Shakespeare links the destinies of his heroes with those of the planets; this is how he finds dramatic means to touch the hearts of his audience, arousing their terror and making them tremble. (And in this respect Shakespeare differed from bourgeois writers, who to some extent fought against superstition.)

It was believed in those days that even plagues were sent down to the earth by planets (tens of thousands of people died of them, and no remedy could be found). We find an echo of this superstition in Shakespeare. In *Timon of Athens* we have a direct reference to a "planetary plague" (IV. iii.; in *Love's Labour's Lost* Berowne exclaims: "Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury." (V. ii.)

Silvia in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* speaks of the "most unholy match" with Thurio to which her father wants to force her —a match which "heaven and fortune still reward with plagues." (IV. iii.)

We will not multiply examples of how Shakespeare's heroes believe that men's lives and fates are connected with planets, stars, eclipses, etc. There is no need to do this, for such examples are scattered throughout almost all Shakespeare's plays.

But Shakespeare is not responsible for all the superstitions of his heroes, provided these superstitions are nothing but a part of their characters. For example, Julia in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* says that "truer stars did govern Proteus' birth" (II. vii). This expresses a typically astrological belief. Does Shakespeare subscribe to it? It would seem that he does not, for he has already shown us Proteus as a vile deceiver of Julia and Valentine, so that in this case astrology renders Julia a very scurvy service. Again, he has other characters who deny superstition. Edmund, whose words are quoted above, is one of these. But Edmund is a treacherous villain, and his disbelief in the influence of the stars may, on the contrary, indicate that Shakespeare purposely depicted him as a man for whom there were no laws, whether

human or divine. But then Shakespeare puts the same doubts into the mouth of quite a different character—the brave and noble Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, who says to Brutus:

> "Men at some time are masters of their fates:
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings." (I. ii.)

Still more significant are the words of Helena who plays such a prominent part in *All's Well That Ends Well*, overcoming all obstacles by virtue of her wit and strength of character.

Saying at first that she is one of those

> "Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,"

she speaks in quite a different sense a few lines later in the same scene (I. i.):

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
> Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

Iago himself, after making Cassio drunk and setting him on to fight Montano, is quite ready to blame it all on the stars. "As if some planet had unwitted men," he tells Othello (II. iii.). In such a context Iago's words sound like a mockery of superstition, and this adds a new trait to our picture of Shakespeare himself.

The lines we have quoted from Sonnet XIV are valuable evidence in this regard, for here the poet speaks for himself. And Shakespeare here declares that he does not need astronomy for good or evil predictions. True, the poet's reference to astronomy in this case in nothing but a means to heighten his comparison: he can learn more from his mistress' eyes than from the stars. But none the less that note of superstition which we detect in so many of Shakespeare's heroes is quite absent here.

Shakespeare, as we see, contradicts himself. As a poet, he made use of all kinds of superstitions, introducing them freely into the speeches of his heroes, since they formed an inseparable part of their real characters; but at the same time he also por-

trayed people of another type, representing the new attitude towards nature—a more materialistic and, in this case, a more volitional attitude. These people no longer bow before the will of the stars and planets; they do not fear them, but consider that man is himself responsible for his actions.

From Shakespeare's attitude toward astronomy it is clear that the ideas of humanism exercised a tremendous influence over him.

VIII. Shakespeare and the Ancient World

For the bourgeoisie, the ancient world has become an escape from the contradictions of the present day.

For us, the ancient world is a great school of life and struggle.

The Greeks were not many-coloured butterflies fluttering about beneath the warm sun. They lived an intense intellectual life. But as a people they were optimists, who knew the value of life and realised that it was finite. Did not the Greeks create the charming myth of Persephone, who descended into the dreadful subterranean kingdom of death to her husband Pluto, but returned every year to the sun to confer life upon all living things? In this myth one can discern the profound faith of the Greeks that life ultimately triumphs over death and that the succession of generations is the proof of this radiant victory.

The ancient Greeks were not a people of limited horizons. They would have laughed heartily at the modern bourgeois politicians who preach narrow-minded nationalism and whose ideal is to make their frontiers as impenetrable as the Great Wall of China. No, the Greeks were avid students of the world, searching inquirers into the past, patient discoverers of all the secrets of life and nature. Ties with their colonies in Asia and Italy, bold sea voyages, extensive trade relations with the foreign world, love for science and philosophy, for scientists and philosophers—all these things opened up the world to them, widened their range of vision, fostered an acute sense of inquiry.

Independence and freedom were the things that fostered the

noble and sublime spirit of Greek art, that gave it the wings of a powerful and lucid imagination.

"A country which, like Athens, regards spongers, flatterers and parasites as outcasts of the popular reason, as idiots, is a country of independence," wrote Marx.

"The free, enlightened Hellenic mind" (Karl Marx)—this was what formed the essence of Greek art, this was what gave strength to the hand of the craftsman, ideas to his craftsmanship, and perfect form to his ideas.

The Greek encountered art on the very threshold of his life; art was his nurse and playfellow in childhood; it raised him to man's estate, and accompanied him to the very grave in the literal sense of the word—for Greek funeral monuments often presented the most exquisite works of sculptoral art and, which is specially noteworthy, did not inspire fear of death. (See, for example, the funeral monument preserved in the Louvre, representing a man and woman lovingly clasping hands and gazing tenderly at one another).

We should not, however, idealize the life and customs of ancient Greece, its philosophy and culture. An ideal system of society cannot be founded on slavery, nor could it have produced, in the field of art, such a comedian as Aristophanes or furnished such abundant material for his somewhat coarse and riotous, but always apt and brilliant satire.

The Renaissance denoted a revival of the study of ancient art, and the great culture of Hellas, united with the creative audacity and genius of the Renaissance masters, came to life anew, fecundating a new epoch.

"In the manuscripts rescued from the fall of Byzantium," wrote Frederick Engels, "in the ancient statues dug up from among the ruins of Rome, there arose before the astonished West a new world—Greek antiquity. Before its shining forms the shades of the Middle Ages faded away. In Italy there was an unprecedented flourishing of art, which came like a reflection of classic antiquity and which was never after to rise to such heights."

Engels strongly urged that mankind must turn to Hellenism in order to absorb the vast heritage of antiquity in philosophy and culture. "In philosophy," he wrote, "as in many other fields too, we shall be obliged to revert continually to the feats of that little people whose universal talent and activity have assured it a place in the history of mankind's development to which no other people can pretend."

Shakespeare's approach to the ancient world has a tremendous import of its own. He sought there support in his struggle against cruelty and inhumanity; he sought strong and powerful characters.

Closely linked as he was with the ancient world, penetrating into the very heart of it and absorbing its great heritage into his very self, Shakespeare was none the less able to create his own great works precisely because he did not attempt merely to imitate the ancients, but contributed new, modern factors of his own. He was a pupil only in order to become a master.

This fact is correctly noted by the German romanticist Novalis (1772-1801) in his *Fragments:*

"In Shakespeare the poetic always alternates with the antipoetic, harmony with discord, the common, base and ugly with the romantic, sublime and beautiful, the real with the fictitious. This is the direct antithesis of Greek tragedy."

Shakespeare is less akin to David, who dreamed of restoring the ancient world just as it really was, so that the ancients themselves might have taken it for reality, than to Delacroix, who looked at antiquity with the eyes of his own day.

In his plays dealing with the ancient world Shakespeare quite unceremoniously allots English names to his antique heroes. He has Dicks and Hobs in his *Coriolanus*, while the fair Helen in *Troilus and Cressida* is called Nellie for short.

It is not this, of course, that expresses Shakespeare's modern approach to antiquity.

Many years ago Bernard Shaw noted how relative was the antique atmosphere in these plays of Shakespeare, at the same

time acknowledging the force of their realism. In his article "The Sanity of Art" he wrote: "Shakespeare peopling that same Athens with Elizabethan mechanics and Warwickshire hunts, Ibsen photographing the local doctors and vestrymen of a Norwegian parish, Carpaccio painting the life of Saint Ursula exactly as if she were a lady living in the next street to him, are still alive and at home everywhere among the dust and ashes of many thousands of academic, punctilious, most archeologically correct men of letters and art who, spent their lives haughtily avoiding the journalist's vulgar obsession with the ephemeral."

What attracted Shakespeare to the ancient world was the fact that he found there heroes imbued with great ideas.

Shakespeare violates the law of unities (of place, time and action), so as not to confine the action of his plays within these conventional limits.

In regard to this, Goethe said very truly (in one of his conversations with Eckermann, February 24, 1825): "The plays (of Shakespeare.—*S. D.*) are full of graphic art (*Anschaulichkeit*); nothing could be more graphic, and for that reason even the Greeks would have acknowledged them as faultless."

Of this cycle plays dealing with antiquity, *Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles* are the weakest, and there are many grounds for thinking that Shakespeare had little hand in the writing of them (*Pericles* is omitted in several German editions of Shakespeare's works). *Timon of Athens* (1607-08) is likewise of dubious authorship, but many passages in this play are unquestionably from Shakespeare's pen, in particular Timon's famous monologue on gold, cited by Karl Marx in his *Capital*. *Julius Caesar* (1601), *Antony and Cleopatra* (1607) and *Coriolanus* (1610) are genuine Shakespearean productions in their content and style as a whole, though here, as always, Shakespeare made free use of other writers' works and drew his material from Plutarch.

I have already spoken of *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*, so I will not dwell upon them here.

The tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra* deals with a subject

which Shakespeare afterwards developed with great power in *Coriolanus*.

Private affairs intrude upon Anthony's life; his blind love for Cleopatra, making him forget his obligations and duties, wreck him and lead to his ruin. Shakespeare here appears as a militant poet, inculcating in his class the spirit of courage and absolute devotion to duty.

Troilus and Cressida is one of Shakespeare's most satirical plays. This is a comedy, but one with more tears than laughter in it. It is wrong to consider it, as some people do, a satire on the ancient world. Shakespeare finds genuinely heroic characters in ancient Greece (Ulysses and Hector, for example), but he bitterly ridicules bloodthirstiness (Troilus), stupidity (Ajax), dissoluteness (Cressida), vanity (Achilles) and other bad qualities. If he refutes traditions, it is not in order to vilify the heroes of Greece, but in order to give true guidance to the thoughts of people of his own age. This is why he speaks at such length about the folly of shedding blood on account of Helen, who is not worth such sacrifices.

Troilus and Cressida is a satire on medieval literature, on chivalry, and not on the ancient world, of which Shakespeare himself was such a brilliant student.

The main idea of *Troilus and Cressida* is fully expressed in Diomedes' answer to Paris' question as to who is more worthy of Helen—Paris or Menelaus. Diomedes answers:

"Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:

Both merits pos'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore." (IV. i.)

Shakespeare knew the ancient world, as was noted by Marx in his letter to Engels of February 27, 1861: "Any Roman general, a mere Crassus, would have annihilated Caesar six times over during the war in Epirus. But Caesar could afford to do anything with Pompey. It seems to me that when Shakespeare wrote his comedy *Love's Labour's Lost*, he already had a pretty good idea of what Pompey was actually worth."

But Shakespeare was not a mere imitator of the art of the ancient world. He does not employ a chorus, nor does he write his plays in trilogies. (Sophocles at first wholly adhered to this principle, though later he abandoned it.) He violates the unities of place, time and action, and rarely prefaces his plays with a prologue.

It is true that there are some plays of Shakespeare in which the unity of time is fully or almost fully observed, such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and to some extent also *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

But Shakespeare knows only one law in his dramatic writing —the law of life-like presentation. It is on the basis of this law that he creates his great works.

It would be wrong to place Shakespeare side by side with Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Plautus, and conjecture which of them is best. Let us recall the words written by Delacroix in his *Diary:*

"The Greek and the Englishman each have their own manner of being beautiful, and these manners have nothing in common between them. . . . One must grant that beauty has a multiplicity of forms."

By reading Shakespeare one comes to understand the ancients better. And by reading the ancients one comes to understand Shakespeare better. These strong foundations of antiquity can be discerned in the edifice of his dramatic works.

Shakespeare's drama is a thing of vast amplitude. He deals with the Middle Ages and with the England of his own day, with antiquity and with the Renaissance age. Shakespeare was a phenomenally ample and prolific writer. His drama is like a tremendous encyclopedia of feelings, experiences and passions.

IX. Characters and Actions

Dealing with many epochs, but always approaching the past from the standpoint of the present, always remaining the combatant of his own class Shakespeare transmuted all this vast material into the life of people, into living characters. Shakespeare took strata of human history, events of his own age, and cast them into character. Shakespeare's characters definitely belong to the age in which he lived. But it is wrong to suppose, as some people do, that Shakespeare's characters are simply passions and feelings, love, hatred, etc. Shakespeare's heroes are thinking people first and foremost, and it requires much thought and study to divine and reveal their ideas. Thought is fused with feeling, and feeling with thought. Instead of troubling to analyse the complex and profound characters of Shakespeare, many bourgeois critics prefer to say that these characters are mere creations of the poet's imagination, bearing little or no relation to reality. Hence great differences of opinion arise among these critics over the "problem" of whether Shakespeare's characters are the fruit of the poet's imagination or whether they are taken from real life.

Maurice Morgan in his essay an Falstaff (1777) bluntly declared that Shakespeare's characters were historical rather than dramatic figures, and that Shakespeare refrained from explaining the conduct of his heroes by their inner motives, even when the development of the action demanded this. Many other critics have repeated Morgan's view just as unequivocally as he.

It is not worth arguing against such criticism, for it is perfectly clear that Shakespeare's characters are genuinely dramatic just because they are historical, and that their life-like power on the stage is due to the fact that they express reality.

Certain critics and admirers of Shakespeare are disposed to think that the main thing in his works is his love of people with great passions and strong emotions. This is true, but it is only half the truth. These people see only a part of Shakespeare, not the whole of him. Shakespeare's ideal is above all rational and complete human beings whose minds cannot be unhinged by any access of baser passion, but aspire upward, while drawing strength from all the vital springs of life.

Marx found that the speeches of Shakespeare's heroes contained formulations on the most complex subjects with which he could fully concur. For example, he quotes Shakespeare's definition of money in *Timon of Athens* and endorses it, calling it an "apt" definition. Shakespeare's ideal is thinking people, in whom thought does not serve evil and malice, nor languish in inaction, but exists in activity and creates and strengthens character through action.

Hegel in his *Æsthetics* truly says that Shakespeare's tragedies are aflame with the subjective greatness of passion, that in his plays we see the action of characters—and not personifications of various passions, as in Seneca. Shakespeare's heroes are not abstract. They are real, living persons.

These Shakespearean tragedies are filled with storm. But their passion never degenerates into what Winckelmann aptly called "the insolent sensuality of pose." Such sensuality may be found in *Titus Andronicus* and *Timon of Athens*, but not in the best of his tragedies, which aspire to the highest peaks of human thought and feeling.

Shakespeare's heroes are open and intelligible. They do not conceal their feelings from us; their inner life is no secret to us.

They loudly proclaim their intentions, and their souls are open to the whole world. Orlando and Rosalind, Antonio, Bassanio, Portia, Iago, Desdemona, Othello—all of them are fully shown to every spectator, all sides of their psychology are brightly illuminated.

But this does not mean that all Shakespeare's characters are

simple and understandable at the first glance. They are remarkably complex and profound, and the more light is thrown on them, the harder it becomes for thought to grasp them fully and in their entirety, because these are vast characters which are being unfolded before us.

In his article "On Plays" (1932) Maxim Gorky has admirably defined the distinguishing features of great characters.

"People," he wrote, "are very complex, and unfortunately there are many who believe that this complexity is an ornament. But complexity is variegation, very convenient, of course, for adapting yourself to any surroundings, for 'mimesis.'

"Complexity is the woeful and unsightly result of the extreme dismemberment of the 'soul' by the conditions of life in bourgeois society, by the continual petty struggle for a quiet and profitable place in life. It is just 'complexity' that explains why among hundreds of millions we see so few big people, sharply defined characters, people possessed by a single passion—great people."

Shakespeare sought just such people as these, but he could not find whole-hearted, noble characters to portray. What Shakespeare found above all in the people of his day was a passion of evil.

Shakespeare could not find such heroes as those beside whom our Soviet writers live and work. On this point Maxim Gorky wrote as follows:

"Our young dramatists are in a fortunate position. They have before them a hero such as there has never been before; he is as simple and plain as he is great, and he is great because he is far more irreconcilable and insurgent than all the Don Quixotes and Fausts of the past. It is thus that the dramatist should see him, in order to help him feel himself to be such."

Shakespeare depicts profound characters profoundly. But in saying this, I do not want to be misunderstood. Shakespeare never indulges in such subtleties as Proust, James Joyce, or even some

of our Soviet dramatists. Shakespeare does not like lengthy excursions into the souls of his heroes; he does not engage in "psychoanalisis," dissecting emotions into tiny fragments and scrutinizing them beneath the microscope. No, his method is quite different. He takes a great emotion and presents it undivided, bringing it into collision with the stormy course of events hostile to the hero. And then, caught up in the tide of events and moving onward with them, the emotion is revealed in the action of the man, in his deeds. Real art is born of life, but it also gives birth to life, influences it, illuminates what is dark and unclear, associates what is dissevered.

Shakespeare, contrary to the assertions of many bourgeois critics, is a realist writer, and his drama is the representation of a vast world.

While singling out the principal passion in each of his heroes, Shakespeare never makes a character merely one-sided; the vividnes of the main feeling does not abscure the lustre of the others. Othello is brave, jealous, tender, trusting. Richard III is cruel, clever, resolute, evil, discreet, and so forth. Here we have complex unity.

Alexander's words in *Troilus and Cressida* show very clearly that the real heroes in Shakespeare's plays never lack singleness of purpose. In regard to Ajax, Alexander says contemptuously:

> "He is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of everything; but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight." (I. ii.)

It is only natural that Cressida should call him "this man that makes me smile."

Schücking has a very valuable observation in his book *The Problem of Shakespeare's Characters* (Leipzig, 1919): "The first information given in a play on circumstances essential to the

plot or for characterizing the main figure never contains any objective misrepresentation for the purpose of characterizing the secondary figures." This cannot be stated quite so categorically (for example Iago does all he can to give a distorted picture of Othello at the beginning of the play), but Schücking rightly notes that Shakespeare employs every means to reveal the main character completely.

Descriptions of a character are generally followed by the appearance of that character in action, and thus the action, when it comes, is not a matter of chance, but has its import.

Shakespeare's villains do not generally malign his heroes, even when in conflict with them. Iago, for example, acknowledges the nobility of Othello, though this does not stop him from scheming against him.

This openness in the psychology of his characters is a part of Shakespeare's realistic style. The characters he presents are clear in their main outlines, and the difficulty of understanding them lies in the fact that they are complex and profound characters, expressing with tremendous power the age in which they lived.

Nestor in *Troilus and Cressida* says:

> "In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men. . . .
> Even so
> Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
> In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
> The herd hath more annoyance by the breese [gadfly]
> Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
> Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
> And flies fled under shade,—why, then the thing of courage,
> As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
> And with an accent tun'd in self-same key
> Retorts to chiding fortune." (I. iii.)

These words have a direct bearing on all Shakespeare's principal characters. They reveal themselves in struggle. Their element is action. They are not given "profound" explorations of their own souls.

There are scarcely any heroes in Shakespeare's plays whose main aim is to reconcile warring factions or who regard struggle as a disturbing element in life. True, there is Edward IV in *Richard III*, and Prospero in *The Tempest*. They are colourless figures. Shakespeare found no hues in the life around him with which to paint characters such as these. In order to show Prospero's power, Shakespeare had to depart from realism and invest him with powers of a supernatural order.

It is a characteristic of Shakespeare's heroes that they are seldom shown overcoming natural obstacles. They are shown in conflict with people, not with nature. Natural phenomena play, as it were, an auxiliary role in Shakespeare's plays. The storm in *King Lear*, for example, helps Shakespeare to reveal Lear's state of mind, when driven out by his daughters.

Shakespeare's principal object is to disclose characters through their actions.

But actions do not simply follow one after the other. Shakespeare concentrates them around certain central ideas. He explains events. He takes great pains to see that the spectator understands his meaning to the full.

The statements of Shakespeare's heroes about themselves and those of other characters in regard to them are so ordered that these interlocking and conflicting opinions and confessions, framing the action of the play, shape themselves into a clear picture of the action of characters, become motivated, intelligible and not accidental.

There is no predestination in Shakespeare's characters; no destiny decides things for them. They take shape before our very eyes, though we can see at once that they are people of great emotions and great deeds. Man's will determines the fate of man, Shakespeare seems to say, and it lies within his power to be strong or weak. The hostile environment which generally surrounds Shakespeare's heroes stands out so vividly in his plays just because it has to be fought against. And those who overcome the influence of this environment come out victorious (Helena in

All's Well That Ends Well, Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, etc.).

No character in Shakespeare is a copy of another one. Shakespeare's heroes are all different from one another; they cannot be reproduced. Each of them comprises a whole world in himself—and yet Shakespeare gives his next hero a complete new world of his own, never using what he has already touched, never repeating what he has already discovered. This is the wealth of an infinitely great experience of life; it is the faculty of genius to create forever new and inimitable things.

Shakespeare's drama is further remarkable for the uncommonly tense and dramatic way in which he unfolds his plots, for the way in which all conflicts in his plays are decided by struggle. John Cournos, writing in the English magazine *Criterion*, has disputed my interpretation of Shakespeare on this point, declaring that Shakespeare was never a poet of struggle. It would seem that the people of his time fought, loved, worked and hated, while he played the role of a passive onlooker.

This is not true.

Shakespeare was the most courageous fighter of his age; he was in the very foremost rank of his class. His drama was the drama of struggle.

His plays unfold a vast epic of human feelings, passions and emotions.

It is as though molten time and history had been cast into one man, one character. And thus one Shakespearean character becomes an age, an epoch, because a colossal quantity of happenings and facts are contained in this one character.

We need Shakespeare. Our Soviet stage needs him, because he creates vast and passionate characters.

Shakespeare's characters are live, active people to us; they do not seem abstract or unintelligible. Maxim Gorky mentioned this fact in his speech at the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers: "Such types are still living a thriving existence to this day as, for instance, the scurrilous Thersites in bourgeois journalism, the

misanthrope Timon of Athens in literature, the money lender Shylock in politics. . . ."

X. The Folk Character of Shakespeare's Style

Shakespeare's art is militant; it teaches struggle and not rest.

Gerstenberg, the German dramatist of the *"Sturm und Drang"* period who fought for freedom and a new art, inscribed Shakespeare's name on his banner.

All the *"Sturm und Drang"* writers followed this banner. Shakespeare was their ideal, whom they aspired to imitate.

In their efforts to found a national popular drama they sought a firm basis on which to build, and found it in Shakespeare.

Maxim Gorky has rightly noted that: "Our magnificent comedies such as *The Woes of the Wise*, *The Inspector-General* and *The Fruits of Enlightenment* are no worse than the comedies of Molière and Beaumarchais, but we have had no Shakespeare, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Schiller, Kleist or Hugo, nor even such adroit and clever manufacturers of plays as Scribe, Ogier, Sardou and the rest. It is an acknowledged fact—indeed it is quite obvious—that the drama in our country did not reach such heights as it attained in the West as early as the Middle Ages, especially in Spain and England. The explanation is that in the West, drama drew its material from 'popular' art. Much earlier than Christopher Marlowe, and nearly three hundred years before Goethe, the artisans of England and Germany were acting a homespun version of the 'Comedy of Doctor Faustus' at their guild holidays. Goethe in his work on *Faust* used the verses of the Nuremberg shoemaker, Hans Sachs, who lived and died in the 16th century.

"European dramatists did not disdain folk-lore—the unwritten poetry of the toiling people. They used the songs of the troubadours and the master-singers."

In Shakespeare's plays we can clearly discern the influence of ballad and folklore.

Despite his political views, which connected him with the nobility, Shakespeare has become the great poet of the English people.

Engels in his article *Landschaften* declares that the real setting of all Shakespeare's plays, despite all shiftings of the scene, is "merry old England." He writes: "Oh, what marvellous poetry is to be found in the English countryside! You might often fancy that you were back in the golden days of merry England, and that you caught a glimpse of Shakespeare, with a gun on his shoulder, prowling through the bushes after someone else's game, or feel surprised that on this green lawn one of his divine comedies is not being enacted in real life. For wherever the scene of his plays is laid—whether in Italy, France or Navarre—what we really see before us is merry England, the home of his queer crazy simpletons, of his philosophizing schoolmasters, of his sweet strange women; from everything it is apparent that the action could take place only under English skies. Only in a few comedies, such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, can the influence of the South with its climate be felt in the characters as strongly as in *Romeo and Juliet*."

Shakespeare's greatness lies in the fact that he learnt from the people, learnt from life, that he did not become a mere court poet or one of a narrow caste.

Shakespeare's contemporary, Francis Beaumont, in a message to Ben Johnson, praised the direct, spontaneous character of the "unlearn'd Shakespeare's" work. It is just this living naturalness, as opposed to dry book-learning, that explains Shakespeare's tremendous influence on all English literature. He restored feeling to reason and gave reason to feeling. False, dry erudition was shown by him in its true light. Shakespeare is a truly national English poet. Worthy of special attention, therefore, is Hegel's observation on Shakespeare in his *Æsthetics*, where he calls him a poet who was able to invest the most diverse material with the English national character, while preserving the historical character of other nations, for example, the Romans.

Shakespeare's realistic style did not come of itself, without a struggle. We have no real idea of the fight Shakespeare fought against the literary canons of his day and those who upheld them, but the little that has come down to us indicates that this fight was a hard one.

In the theatre of Shakespeare's time there were two warring tendencies—the people and the court. The famous artist and producer, Inigo Jones, amused the court and queen with colorful masques, comedies and ballets, while Shakespeare's plays were performed on an open platform, surrounded by noisy spectators, who liked to see jesters on the stage, hear popular ballads sung, and listen to their own vernacular being spoken.

The court theatre had an influence on Shakespeare's later work (*The Tempest,* in particular), but Shakespeare's drama is nevertheless sharply defined from that of the court. And it was just for this reason that Shakespeare was so quickly forgotten in the 17th century when the court theatre was revived.

Even in later days Shakespeare was abridged, altered, toned down; Hamlet was married to Ophelia and Cordelia to Edgar, Lear saved from death, Desdemona restored to life; Shakespeare's allegedly coarse language was "purified" and every effort was made to fit him forcibly into pseudo-classical forms.

In his eighteenth letter on tragedy Voltaire wrote that Shakespeare had "many admirable scenes and magnificent, moving passages scattered about these monstrous farces (*farces monstreuses*) called tragedies." Voltaire was repelled by Shakespeare's roughness, though he was none the less obliged to acknowledge his power.

Nor was Voltaire the only one who held the rich expressiveness of Shakespeare's realistic style to be a fault.

The two volumes of Alfonso Par's researches entitled *Shakespeare in Spanish Literature* (1935) contain some extremely interesting material about the hostile attitude taken to Shakespeare by a number of prominent Spanish critics, who echoed Voltaire's views like parrots.

This is all the more curious because Shakespeare's drama is so akin to the popular drama of Spain. The lack of scenery did not trouble the audience. Night scenes were enacted in broad daylight, while seas and castles existed only in the spectator's imagination (though simple decorations were used, it is true). "Let not the spectator be offended that I should pass in an instant from Germany to Guinea, for indeed I do not leave this scene. The thought of man is impetuously swift: let the spectators accompany me therewith wherever we have to go, not losing sight of me nor growing weary." These words of Cervantes might have been said by Shakespeare too.

It is very interesting to note that Napoleon also tried to adapt the theatre to his own ends. In 1812, with the city of Moscow burning around him, he published his famous *Codex of the French Theatre.*

Napoleon declared that tragedy was "a school of great men." He wrote: "Kings and their subjects should learn from it. It is the sovereign's duty to support tragedy and give it scope. In order to understand it, there is no need to be a poet; it is enough merely to know life and people, and to be a citizen. Tragedy warms the soul, raises the heart. It can and should create heroes."

Napoleon preferred Corneille to Shakespeare, and this, of course, was no accident. The reason he himself gave for preferring Corneille was that the latter made his heroes more perfect, without any faults.

The tastes of monarchs often coincide, for Frederick the Great had indignantly declared in his day that Shakespeare wrote nothing but "ridiculous farces, fit only for Canadian savages."

Stendhal has very subtly defined this radical difference between Shakespeare and the classicism of Corneille and Racine, in the following passage: "Every work of art is a beautiful lie; everyone who has ever written knows this perfectly well. There is nothing more foolish than the advice given by people who have never written anything: imitate nature! Ah! I know well enough, devil take it, that one must imitate nature, but within what limits?

That is the question. Take two men of equal genius, Racine and Shakespeare; one of them depicted Iphigenia at the time when her father wanted to sacrifice her in Aulis, the other—young Imogen at the moment when she was to be slaughtered in the mountains near Milford-Haven at the orders of her husband, whom she adored.

"These great poets imitated nature, but one wanted to please country gentlemen who still retained the rude and stern simplicity that was the fruit of the long Wars of the Roses, while the other sought the approbation of polite courtiers who, in accordance with the etiquette established by Lauzun, wanted to please the king and win the favour of the ladies."

In his struggle against the admirers of the "gallant" school in art, Pushkin declared that "the popular laws of Shakespearean drama are proper to our theatre, not the court etiquette of Racine's tragedy."

Turgenev too, in his speech on Pushkin delivered in June 1880, rightly observed that Shakespeare was a people's poet "in the true sense of this word," while Belinsky expressed the same idea in his article on Hamlet.

Shakespeare created a popular form of tragedy; he broke all the laws of "gallantry" and all court traditions. He drew upon life, and by becoming a pupil of life, he became a master of art. But we cannot leave unnoticed the views of certain Shakespeare students who allege that Shakespeare did not contribute anything new in content to the art of his age.

Shakespeare did introduce new content into the drama of his time; he altered the whole course of its development, gave it world-wide significance. Had it not been for Shakespeare, the English drama of the 16th and 17th centuries would have had only a local importance.

Shakespeare did not write for a small "select" caste, for a narrow group of persons. He wrote for the people. Why then, it may be asked, is he so complex? But must art be simplified if it is to be understood by the people? No, Shakespeare, when writing

for the people, never forgot about simplicity of form and clarity of content, while directing his ideas to the most complex human feelings and to great emotions. The complexity of his art is the profundity of his thought. But the form is simple. He did not convert art into a complicated game of concepts and methods—a game which never begins until art has lost both its content and its vitality.

Shakespeare wrote naturally and simply. However, the naturalness of Shakespeare's work must not be understood in the sense that he simply and naively sketched what he saw before him. Some critics like to depict a naive Shakespeare of this sort; they deliberately distort the picture of Shakespeare the thinker, transforming him, to all intents and purposes, into a trivial empiricist.

There was a drama in England before Shakespeare, and there was a theatre in England before the Globe. But it was he who created a real drama, and it was he who raised the English theatre to those heights which it has never since attained.

Shakespeare wrought a revolution in the literature of his age; the great and sudden change of literature in the 16th century is connected, above all, with Shakespeare's name.

Shakespeare did not follow strict canons or rules. He created the laws of the stage for himself, taking them from the throbbing torrent of life itself. He was not afraid to set a king and a gravedigger, a clown and a duke side by side. The various classes of society are freely intermingled in his plays, and he was brilliantly able to bring them into collision in struggle and in action. George Whetstone in his *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) wrote regretfully about this intermingling of classes. And in 1581 Sir Philip Sidney complained that as a result of it there was no distinguishing comedy from tragedy. In *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* (1598-99) we find similar complaints about clowns and jesters occupying too much space in plays.

Essentially this was a movement against the popular stage in favour of strict canons of drama.

It is true, of course, that jesters sometimes played too great a role in tragedy and hindered the main action of the play. But in the present case it was not so much a question of jesters as of showing representatives of the people on the stage alongside of the aristocracy.

Shakespeare was neither a purely tragic nor a purely comic writer; he dealt with both the tragic and the comic sides of life, because in actual fact these two sides were intermingled.

Shakespeare did not slavishly follow the rules of poetics, but himself created new rules in his plays, without regard for existing canons. One of Corneille's defenders against the attacks of the "orthodox" conservative critics, the free thinker Balzac* declared during one dispute: "If Corneille has attained success despite his violation of the rules of art, that only means that he possesses some secret higher than art itself."

These words could with infinitely greater justification be applied to Shakespeare, for Shakespeare would never have said, as Corneille did, that he "always felt an aversion for that promiscuity with which dramatists presented Paris, Rome and Constantinople all on the same stage, and for my part, I have confined the scene of action to one city!"

Dr. Johnson in his preface to Shakespeare's works declared that "Addison speaks the language of poetry," Shakespeare the "language of life," that "art was not enough for him." There can be no higher praise for an artist than this.

Shakespeare's language is indeed the language of life; life itself speaks to us through his works. He can find dark words for what is gloomy and radiant words for what is bright. As the skin clothes the human body, so Shakespeare's style clothes the object of his description, exactly, graphically and fully expressing the world chosen by the poet.

* Not to be confused with the great writer, Honoré de Balzac.

Many translators of Shakespeare have been daunted by his language. It seems coarse to them, and they endeavour to polish it up, to tone it down, thereby distorting it and rendering it dry and lifeless. There is no need to change sunlight into twilight.

Coarse words are only a necessity for Shakespeare, not an end in themselves.

Shakespeare's words are an exact form for the expression of events. Shakespeare could be rude when he had to convey the rudeness of life, but he was not common or vulgar.

Heine once wrote: "But especially repulsive to me is Othello's remark about the moist hands of his Wife" (*Shakespeare's Girls and Women*). These indignant words of Heine's very vividly show how Shakespeare was able to produce the required psychological effect with words, and how truly his words served him. For example, there is nothing elegant or refined in the curses which Lady Anne heaps on the head of Richard, the murderer of her husband:

> "More direful hap betide that hated wretch
> That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
> Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
> Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
> If ever he have child, abortive be it,
> Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
> Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
> May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
> And that be heir to his unhappiness!" (I. ii.)

But must curses be refined, like compliments? Does not this rude, rough speech best convey the full measure of Lady Anne's indignation against Richard.

Shakespeare realizes to the full how realistic such language is, and he is not afraid to violate the traditions of courtly euphuistic literature. But in this very same scene he effects a brillant contrast: Lady Anne at the end of the scene does not reject the advances of the murderer Richard, but accepts a ring from him as a gift. And Richard himself exclaims in amazement:

"What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord. . .?" (I. ii.)

Thus Lady Anne's roughness becomes converted into tenderness, yet how course and loathsome is this tenderness, how unnatural is her conduct in this, artistically speaking, perfectly natural scene. Shakespeare convinces us that such things are possible when the whole world is rotten through and through, when there is no honour, conscience, friendship, faith, kinship, love or loyalty left in the world.

This scene is an unforgettable indictment against the feudal world.

Shakespeare's heroes think on a grand scale. Hence the exuberant and at the same time precise and concrete imagery of their speech. Shakespeare's heroes frequently address themselves to the heavens, the stars, the moon and the sun, as to things close at hand, participating in human affairs. Thus, Othello says after he has slain Desdemona:

"Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration." (V. ii.)

Thomas Heywood noted in his *An Apology for Actors* (1612) that the influence of the drama had converted English from a rough and clumsy language into a beautiful and sonorous one. Shakespeare exercised a tremendous influence on this process of purifying and perfecting the English language.

It is characteristic that Shakespeare's plays contain many passages ridiculing pompous and ceremonious speech. In *Troilus and*

Cressida Æneas, coming as herald from Troy to the Greek camp, expresses himself as follows:

> "I ask, that I might waken reverence,
> And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
> Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
> The youthful Phoebus:
> Which is that god in office, guiding men?
> Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?"

To which Agamemnon answers:

> "This Trojan scorns us; or the men for Troy
> Are ceremonious courtiers." (I. iii.)

The same satire on the florid euphuistic style then in vogue may be met with in other plays of Shakespeare *(King Lear,* for example).

Shakespeare is a people's poet because he awakens the very best feelings in his works, because he fought against the old world in which the "law of the wolf" was gospel, because he learnt from life, from the people, because he was not a narrow and restricted artist.

* * *

Shakespeare's drama is great beauty, great art. His is not that petty type of beauty in which beautiful details fail to make a beautiful whole, but remain disunited, sundered and separate. No, it is a whole, even though its parts are perfect—and they are not always perfect. But they drop out of this magnificent building without involving the whole structure in their fall. Does not the sun daily waste a gigantic quantity of energy and nevertheless shine so bright that our eyes cannot endure its splendour?

Shakespeare, living in a world of endlessly clashing and rending contradictions, strove to absorb into himself what was new and human. Shakespeare's work shines with the richness and fullness of its colours, for he always chose what was most vital, most essential in his age, embodying this in the great, the infinitely

great characters whom he created. His heroes are the microcosm of nations and classes. They are living history.

To feel and to understand Shakespeare is to come near understanding one of the sides of the vast life which created Shakespeare in order to be recreated by him.

Marx and Engels recommended greater "Shakespearization" to dramatic writers.

On April 19, 1859, Marx wrote to Lassalle: "You, of course, should have Shakespearized more. I consider your main mistake to be your Schillerism—converting personality into the mouthpiece of the *Zeitgeist*."

And Engels also reminded Lassalle: "Don't lose sight of the realistic factor for the idealist, of Shakespeare for Schiller."

The bourgeois philosopher Noltenius* regards it as certain that there will not be another Shakespeare either now or in the future, that writers of genius can no longer appear.

This assertion, while true for the capitalist system, is profoundly untrue in regard to the socialist system, which is bringing about all the conditions necessary for the creative development of each individuality and for art as a whole.

"He was not of an age, but for all time." These prophetic words of his contemporary, Ben Jonson, define Shakespeare's place in history.

He saw the future of Shakespeare, who was forgotten in the 18th century and returned to life again in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Shakespeare is not the sole writer of genius in all world literature, but one of its greatest representatives. Every people, on reaching a certain level of culture, has produced its Shakespeare—an artist, that is to say, who expressed his age in eternal artistic form. William Amiet, in his book *A Shakespeare or Two* (1935) has enumerated twenty-five such writers in world literature. It is worth noting that along with Dante, Goethe, Lope de Vega and

**Materie, Psyche, Geist* by Fr. Noltenius, 1934

other "national Shakespeares" Amiet places Pushkin as a poet of genuinely Shakespearean stature.

The well-known English critic, Huntley Carter, writes with great sympathy about the profound interest in Shakespeare in the U.S.S.R. "Shakespeare's being played everywhere!" Carter exclaims. He also notes the great work being done in the study and translation of Shakespeare in the Soviet Union (article in the *Manchester Guardian*, November 29, 1935).

Shakespeare has become a favourite author in the U.S.S.R. His plays are acted in the theaters of all the peoples inhabiting the Soviet Union.

The builders of socialist society understand and prize Shakespeare more than do bourgeois audiences, for whom Shakespeare has long since become a tedious but obligatory tradition.

In his novel, *The Life and Death of David Markand* (1934), Waldo Frank lets fall the remark that a plain workingman is closer to the truth in his view of Shakespeare than a bourgeois. Judging from the context, Frank must have meant that the worker's approach to Shakespeare is more natural than that of the bourgeois.

* * *

Our object in going back to the stormy and creative age of the Renaissance, our object in studying Shakespeare, is not merely to indulge in passive admiration of the past, but to build our own socialist culture.

In regard to this Maxim Gorky has well said: "At no time in the past, not even in the ages of supreme tension of energy, as, for example, the Renaissance age, did the number of talented people grow with such rapidity and in such abundance as has been the case in our country since the October Revolution. The main endeavour of our talented people is the audacious endeavour to alter all the conditions of life in their foundations, to build a new world."

Vast as are the poetic horizons of Shakespeare, great as is the world he encompasses, this greatness of his does not appear as a

general scheme of the life process—which is the case even with a great writer like Voltaire—but as life itself, throbbing and animate. Shakespeare takes huge happenings, great events, mighty clashes, the most abrupt turning-points in history, and moulds all this into characters, types and images.

The very name of Shakespeare brings before our minds the images of Othello, Desdemona, Cleopatra, Brutus, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth. They pierce through the piled-up strata of the centuries; they blaze like bright stars before the eyes of humanity. Wherein lies the strength of Shakespeare's characters?

The strength of Shakespeare's characters lies in the fact that behind each of them is a whole chapter of history, that they are embedded in history like the veins in marble. The hearts of Shakespeare's heroes are the heart of an age. The thoughts of Shakespeare's heroes are the brain of an epoch. The passions of Shakespeare's heroes are the passion of hundreds of thousands and millions of people.

Shakespeare was a realist, viewing the world from a high vantage-point with an eagle's gaze.

Shakespeare saw how the whole world of feudalism was departing into the past, into death and nothingness. He saw how new relations were coming into being, how science was coming in place of scholasticism, the philosophy of humanism in place of the dead dogma of religion, chemistry in place of alchemy, astronomy in place of astrology. Shakespeare saw this mighty changing of the ages.

Shakespeare was a realist. He wrought a great advance in the whole of English literature, for his genius was addressed to the earth, to living people, to real deeds, to great events.

Our art, our country has need of Shakespeare, for he is an artist of vast ideas, an impassioned poet, a dramatist who encompassed the whole contemporary world in his plays, to become immortal for future generations.

SERGEI DINAMOV

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus
AEGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS } twin brothers, and sons to
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE } Aegeon and Aemilia
DROMIO OF EPHESUS } twin brothers, and attendants on
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE } the two Antipholuses
BALTHAZAR, a merchant
ANGELO, a goldsmith
FIRST MERCHANT, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse
SECOND MERCHANT, to whom Angelo is a debtor
PINCH, a schoolmaster
AEMILIA, wife to Aegeon, an abbess at Ephesus
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus
LUCIANA, her sister
LUCE, servant to Adriana
A COURTEZAN

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants

Scene—Ephesus

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

ACT I

SCENE I—*A hall in the Duke's palace*

Enter Duke, Aegeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants

Aegeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke of Ephesus. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To Merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Aegeon. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke of Ephesus. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Aegeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed
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 Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; 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 inn,
A meaner 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.
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 embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced 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,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas waxt 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 of Ephesus. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Aegon. 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 splitted 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 seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrackt guests;
And what have reft the fishers 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 bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke of Ephesus. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What have befall'n of them and thee till now.
Aegeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—

Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
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 of Ephesus. Hapless Aegeon, whom the fates have markt
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 disannul,—
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged 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 life 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.

Aegeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Aegeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The Mart*

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant

First Merchant. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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.

Dromio of Syracuse. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit*

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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?

First Merchant. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,

And wander up and down to view the city.
First Merchant. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit*
Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 seeks 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.—
Here comes the almanack of my true date.
Enter Dromio of Ephesus
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dromio of Ephesus. Return'd so soon! rather approacht too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dromio of Ephesus. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Antipholus of Syracuse. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dromio of Ephesus. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dromio of Ephesus. To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dromio of Ephesus. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dromio of Ephesus. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dromio of Ephesus. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Beating him*

Dromio of Ephesus. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit*

Antipholus of Syracuse. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught 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—*Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus*

Enter Adriana and Luciana

Adriana. 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.

Luciana. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adriana. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luciana. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adriana. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luciana. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adriana. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luciana. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht 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,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adriana. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luciana. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adriana. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luciana. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adriana. How if your husband start some other where?
Luciana. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adriana. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid 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.
Luciana. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus

Adriana. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adriana. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dromio of Ephesus. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luciana. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adriana. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dromio of Ephesus. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adriana. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dromio of Ephesus. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired 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 home?' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he;
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold,' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luciana. Quoth who?

Dromio of Ephesus. 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 bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adriana. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dromio of Ephesus. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adriana. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dromio of Ephesus. And he will bless that cross with other beating;
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adriana. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dromio of Ephesus. 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*
Luciana. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!
Adriana. 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 cheek? 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 bait?
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 defeatures. 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 stale.
Luciana. Self-harming jealousy,—fie, beat it hence!
Adriana. 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 promised 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; and though gold bides still
The tester's touch, yet often-touching will
Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luciana. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The Mart*

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dromio of Syracuse. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Even now even here, not half an hour since.

Dromio of Syracuse. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 displeased.

Dromio of Syracuse. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beats Dromio*

Dromio of Syracuse. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dromio of Syracuse. 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 ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Dost thou not know?

Dromio of Syracuse. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Shall I tell you why?

Dromio of Syracuse. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dromio of Syracuse. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Antipholus of Syracuse. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Antipholus of Syracuse. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dromio of Syracuse. Basting.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.
Dromio of Syracuse. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Your reason?
Dromio of Syracuse. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.
Dromio of Syracuse. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.
Antipholus of Syracuse. By what rule, sir?
Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Let's hear it.
Dromio of Syracuse. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.
Antipholus of Syracuse. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dromio of Syracuse. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?
Dromio of Syracuse. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.
Dromio of Syracuse. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain-dealers without wit.
Dromio of Syracuse. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.
Antipholus of Syracuse. For what reason?
Dromio of Syracuse. For two; and sound ones too.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Nay, not sound, I pray you.
Dromio of Syracuse. Sure ones, then.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.
Dromio of Syracuse. Certain ones, then.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Name them.
Dromio of Syracuse. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
Antipholus of Syracuse. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.
Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.
Antipholus of Syracuse. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
Dromio of Syracuse. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.
Antipholus of Syracuse. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana

Adriana. 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 unurged 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 spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, 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 ruffian 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,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possest with an adulerate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luciana. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Antipholus of Syracuse. By Dromio!

Dromio of Syracuse. By me!

Adriana. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dromio of Syracuse. I, sir, I never saw her till this time.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dromio of Syracuse. I never spake with her in all my life.
Antipholus of Syracuse. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adriana. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an 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, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Antipholus of Syracuse [*aside*]. 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 offer'd fallacy.
Luciana. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dromio of Syracuse. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luciana. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dromio of Syracuse. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Antipholus of Syracuse. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dromio of Syracuse. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Thou hast thine own form.
Dromio of Syracuse. No, I am an ape.
Luciana. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dromio of Syracuse. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass: else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adriana. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
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 shrive 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.
Antipholus of Syracuse [*aside*]. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dromio of Syracuse. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adriana. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luciana. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—*Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus*

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar

Antipholus of Ephesus. 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 charged 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?
Dromio of Ephesus. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Antipholus of Ephesus. I think thou art an ass.
Dromio of Ephesus. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kickt; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Antipholus of Ephesus. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here!
Balthazar. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Antipholus of Ephesus. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Balthazar. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Antipholus of Ephesus. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Balthazar. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part:
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lockt.—Go bid them let us in.

Dromio of Ephesus. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. Mome, 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.

Dromio of Ephesus. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Wherefore! for dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Antipholus of Ephesus. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dromio of Ephesus. 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 changed 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?

Dromio of Ephesus. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce [*within*]. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so to tell your master.

Dromio of Ephesus. O Lord, I must laugh!—
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce [*within*]. Have at you with another; that's,—When? can you tell?

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. If thy name be call'd Luce,—
Luce, thou has answer'd him well.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce [*within*]. I thought to have askt you.

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. And you said no.

Dromio of Ephesus. So, come, help:—well struck! there was blow for blow.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce [*within*]. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dromio of Ephesus. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce [*within*]. Let him knock till it ache.

Antipholus of Ephesus. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce [*within*]. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adriana [*within*]. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adriana [*within*]. Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dromio of Ephesus. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Angelo. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Balthazar. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dromio of Ephesus. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Antipholus of Ephesus. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dromio of Ephesus. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dromio of Ephesus. 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.

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. It seems thou want's breaking: out up thee, hind!

Dromio of Ephesus. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dromio of Syracuse [*within*]. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me a crow.

Dromio of Ephesus. 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.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.
Balthazar. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.
Antipholus of Ephesus. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Angelo. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Antipholus of Ephesus. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The same*

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse

Luciana. 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 attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds is 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:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, 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!

Luciana. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luciana. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Antipholus of Syracuse. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luciana. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Antipholus of Syracuse. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luciana. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thy sister's sister.

Luciana. That's my sister.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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.

Luciana. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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.

Luciana. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit*

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dromio of Syracuse. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Antipholus of Syracus. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dromio of Syracuse. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What claim lays she to thee?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What is she?

Dromio of Syracuse. A very reverend 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What complexion is she of?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dromio of Syracuse. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What's her name?

Dromio of Syracuse. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Then she bears some breadth?

Dromio of Syracuse. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Antipholus of Syracuse. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Where Scotland?

Dromio of Syracuse. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Where France?

Dromio of Syracuse. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Where England?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Where Spain?

Dromio of Syracuse. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Where America, the Indies?

Dromio of Syracuse. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dromio of Syracuse. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that, I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Go hie thee presently post to the road:—
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dromio of Syracuse. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit*

Antipholus of Syracuse. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possest with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain

Angelo. Master Antipholus,—

Antipholus of Syracuse. Ay, that's my name.

Angelo. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Angelo. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Angelo. 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.

Antipholus of Syracuse. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit*

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 public place*

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer

Second Merchant. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or, I'll attach you by this officer.

Angelo. 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.

Officer. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the Courtezan's

Antipholus of Ephesus. 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.

Dromio of Ephesus. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit*

Antipholus of Ephesus. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
You promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Antipholus of Ephesus. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Antipholus of Ephesus. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo. 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.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it.
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Second Merchant. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!—

Antipholus of Ephesus. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Second Merchant. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Antipholus of Ephesus. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Angelo. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Antipholus of Ephesus. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Antipholus of Ephesus. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Second Merchant. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Officer. I do;—
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Angelo. This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Antipholus of Ephesus. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Angelo. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Officer. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Antipholus of Ephesus. 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.
Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, doubt it not.
Enter Dromio of Syracuse from the Bay
Dromio of Syracuse. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Antipholus of Ephesus. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dromio of Syracuse. A ship you sent to, to hire waftage.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dromio of Syracuse. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Second Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Antipholus of Ephesus*

Dromio of Syracuse. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit*

SCENE II—*The house of Antipholus of Ephesus*

Enter Adriana and Luciana

Adriana. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luciana. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adriana. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luciana. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adriana. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luciana. Then pleaded I for you.

Adriana. And what said he?

Luciana. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adriana. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luciana. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adriana. Didst speak him fair?

Luciana. Have patience, I beseech.

Adriana. 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 sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luciana. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adriana. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse

Dromio of Syracuse. Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.

Luciana. How has thou lost thy breath?

Dromio of Syracuse. By running fast.

Adriana. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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 all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dryfoot well;
One that, before the judgement, carries poor souls to hell.

Adriana. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dromio of Syracuse. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adriana. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dromio of Syracuse. 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?

Adriana. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [*Exit Luciana*
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dromio of Syracuse. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing.—
A chain, a chain:—do you not hear it ring?

Adriana. What, the chain?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, no, the bell:—'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adriana. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dromio of Syracuse. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adriana. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dromio of Syracuse. Time is a very bankrout, 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 Time 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 with the purse

Adriana. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am prest down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III—*A public place*

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse

Antipholus of Syracuse. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy;—
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd 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

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?

Antipholus of Syracuse. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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 foresake your liberty.

Antipholus of Syracuse. I understand thee not.

Dromio of Syracuse. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and 'rests them; he,

sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dromio of Syracuse. 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!'

Antipholus of Syracuse. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dromio of Syracuse. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan

Courtezan. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Antipholus of Syracuse. It is the devil.

Dromio of Syracuse. 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 as 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.

Courtezan. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, so bespeak a long spoon.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Why, Dromio?

Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Avoid, thou 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.

Courtezan. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dromio of Syracuse. 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.

Courtezan. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dromio of Syracuse. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse*

Courtezan. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he 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 shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie 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*

SCENE IV—*A Street*

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer

Antipholus of Ephesus. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end

How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?
Dromio of Ephesus. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Antipholus of Ephesus. But where's the money?
Dromio of Ephesus. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Antipholus of Ephesus. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dromio of Ephesus. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
Antipholus of Ephesus. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
Dromio of Ephesus. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.
Antipholus of Ephesus. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him*
Officer. Good sir, be patient.
Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.
Officer. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dromio of Ephesus. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dromio of Ephesus. 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 waked with it when I sleep; raised with in when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan and a schoolmaster call'd Pinch

Dromio of Ephesus. Mistress, *respice finem,* respect your end;—or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's-end.'

Antipholus of Ephesus. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him*

Courtezan. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adriana. 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.

Luciana. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Courtezan. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Antipholus of Ephesus. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed 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!

Antipholus of Ephesus. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adriana. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Antipholus of Ephesus. You minion, you, are these your customers?
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?

Adriana. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Antipholus of Ephesus. Dined at home!—Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dromio of Ephesus. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Were not my doors lockt up, and I shut out?

Dromio of Ephesus. Perdy, your doors were lockt, and you shut out.

Antipholus of Ephesus. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dromio of Ephesus. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dromio of Ephesus. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd ye.

Antipholus of Ephesus. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dromio of Ephesus. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adriana. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adriana. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dromio of Ephesus. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adriana. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luciana. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dromio of Ephesus. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch [*aside to Adriana*]. Mistress, both man and master is possest;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day—
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adriana. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dromio of Ephesus. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lockt out.

Adriana. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Antipholus of Ephesus. 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 those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adriana. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company!—The fiend is strong within him.

Luciana. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him; he strives.

Antipholus of Ephesus. What, will you murder me?—Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Officer. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They bind Dromio of Ephesus*
Adriana. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? 110
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Officer. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adriana. 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!
Antipholus of Ephesus. O most unhappy strumpet! 120
Dromio of Ephesus. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Antipholus of Ephesus. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dromio of Ephesus. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, 'The devil!'
Luciana. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adriana. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants, with Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus*
Say now whose suit is he arrested at?
Officer. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adriana. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Officer. Two hundred ducats.
Adriana. Say, how grows it due?
Officer. Due for a chain your husband had of him. 130
Adriana. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Courtezan. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adriana. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.
Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse
Luciana. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adriana. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Officer. Away! they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Adriana, etc., as fast as may be, frighted*
Antipholus of Syracuse. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dromio of Syracuse. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence: I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dromio of Syracuse. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Antipholus of Syracuse. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*Before an abbey*

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo

Angelo. 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.
Second Merchant. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Angelo. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Second Merchant. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.
Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.
Angelo. '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, not 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:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Antipholus of Syracuse. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Second Merchant. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Second Merchant. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.
Antipholus of Syracuse. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.
Second Merchant. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw*
Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others
Adriana. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dromio of Syracuse. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse to the abbey*

Enter Lady Abbess

Abbess. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adriana. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Second Merchant. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adriana. 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.
Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack 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?
Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adriana. Why, so I did.
Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abbess. Haply, in private.
Adriana. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. Ay, but not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbess. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom-clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons 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 sauced 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 say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale 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 scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luciana. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough-rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adriana. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adriana. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abbess. 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.

Adriana. 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.
Abbess. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used 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.
Adriana. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abbess. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit*
Luciana. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adriana. 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.
Second Merchant. 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 death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Angelo. Upon what cause?
Second Merchant. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Angelo. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luciana. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Aegeon bareheaded; 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.

Adriana. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke of Ephesus. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adriana. 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 desp'rately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order 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 both his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued 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 of Ephesus. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged 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

Servant. 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 singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, 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.

Adriana. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Servant. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke of Ephesus. Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—Guard with halberds!

Adriana. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus

Antipholus of Ephesus. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid 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.

Aegeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio,

Antipholus of Ephesus. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me 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 of Ephesus. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Antipholus of Ephesus. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke of Ephesus. A grievous fault.—Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adriana. 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!
Luciana. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Angelo. O perjured woman!—They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Antipholus of Ephesus. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lockt 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 parted 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 perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received 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 peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th'way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possest. 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.

Angelo. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lockt out.

Duke of Ephesus. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Angelo. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Second Merchant. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Antipholus of Ephesus. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal!
Duke of Ephesus. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?
Dromio of Ephesus. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
Courtezan. He did; and from my finger snatcht that ring.
Antipholus of Ephesus. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke of Ephesus. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Courtezan. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke of Ephesus. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.— [*Exit one to the Abbess*
I think you are all mated or stark mad.
Aegeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke of Ephesus. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Aegeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dromio of Ephesus. 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.
Aegeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dromio of Ephesus. 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?
Aegeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I never saw you in my life till now.
Aegeon. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Antipholus of Ephesus. Neither.
Aegeon. Dromio, nor thou?
Dromio of Ephesus. No, trust me sir, nor I.
Aegeon. I am sure thou dost.
Dromio of Ephesus. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Aegeon. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine 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.
Antipholus of Ephesus. I never saw my father in my life.
Aegeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Antipholus of Ephesus. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke of Ephesus. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse

Abbess. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them*

Adriana. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke of Ephesus. 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?

Dromio of Syracuse. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dromio of Ephesus. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Aegeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dromio of Syracuse. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abbess. 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 Aemilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia!

Aegeon. If I dream not, thou art Aemilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abbess. 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 of Ephesus. 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 wrack at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Antipholus of Syracuse. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke of Ephesus. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Antipholus of Ephesus. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dromio of Ephesus. And I with him.
Antipholus of Ephesus. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adriana. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Antipholus of Syracuse. I, gentle mistress.
Adriana. And are not you my husband?
Antipholus of Ephesus. No; I say nay to that.
Antipholus of Syracuse. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—[*to Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Angelo. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Antipholus of Syracuse. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Antipholus of Ephesus. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Angelo. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adriana. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dromio of Ephesus. No, none by me.
Antipholus of Syracuse. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these errors are arose.
Antipholus of Ephesus. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke of Ephesus. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Courtezan. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Antipholus of Ephesus. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abbess. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;—
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.—
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me;
After so long grief, such felicity!

Duke of Ephesus. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Aegeon, Courtezan, Second Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants*

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Antipholus of Ephesus. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarkt?

Dromio of Syracuse. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Antipholus of Syracuse. 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 Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus, Adriana and Luciana*

Dromio of Syracuse. 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.

Dromio of Ephesus. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dromio of Syracuse. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dromio of Ephesus. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dromio of Syracuse. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dromio of Ephesus. 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*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Lord
Christopher Sly, a tinker
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants } Persons in the Induction
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa
Lucentio, son to Vincentio in love with Bianca
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina
Gremio, Hortensio } suitors to Bianca
Tranio, Biondello } servants to Lucentio
Grumio, Curtis } servants to Petruchio
Pedant
Katharina the shrew, Bianca } daughters to Baptista
Widow
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants

Scene—Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION

SCENE I—*Before an alehouse on a heath*

Enter Hostess and Sly

Christopher Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Christopher Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the Chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: sessa!

Hostess. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Christopher Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hostess. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit*

Christopher 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. Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is imbost;
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.

First Huntsman. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pickt out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Huntsman. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Second Huntsman. He breathes, my lord. Were 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 practice on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt 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?

First Huntsman. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Second Huntsman. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say 'Will'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 lunatic;
And when he says he is—, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Huntsman. 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.

[*Sly is borne out. Sound trumpets*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit servant*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Enter Servant

How now! who is it?

Servant. An it 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?

Second Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd,
First Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for, I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
First Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick 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.
[*Exit one with the Players*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
[*to another Servant*
And see him drest 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 observed 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 embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed 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 dispatcht 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 drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*A bedchamber in the Lord's house*

Enter aloft the drunkard Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, basin, ewer, and other appurtenances; and Lord

Christopher Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Servant. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Second Servant. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Servant. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Christopher Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship: I ne'er 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 over-leather.

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!

Christopher Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, 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—

First Servant. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Second Servant. O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns 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 lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
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 trapt,
Their harness studded 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 welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Servant. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
Second Servant. 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 surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
Third Servant. 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.
First Servant. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Christopher Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again a pot o' th' smallest ale.
Second Servant. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands? [*Servants present a ewer, 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 waked, so waked as if you slept.

Christopher Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

First Servant. 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 leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Christopher Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Servant. 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 of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Christopher Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Christopher Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Christopher Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Christopher 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.

Christopher Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Christopher Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Christopher 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.
Christopher 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 charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Christopher 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 Messenger

Servant. 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.
Christopher Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-trick?
Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.
Christopher Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Christopher Sly. Well, we'll see't.—Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

ACT I

SCENE I—*Padua. A public place*

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio

Lucentio. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
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 approved 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, come of the Bentivolii.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. *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 ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
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.

Lucentio. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost 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?

Tranio. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katharina and Bianca; Gremio, a pantaloon; and Hortensio, suitor to Bianca. Lucentio and Tranio stand by

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolved 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.

Gremio. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Katharina [*to Baptista*]. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me among these mates?

Hortensio. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Katharina. 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-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hortensio. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gremio. And me too, good Lord!

Tranio [*aside to Lucentio*]. Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Lucentio [*aside to Tranio*]. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tranio [*aside to Lucentio*]. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Baptista. 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.

Katharina. A pretty peat! it is best put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bianca. 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.

Lucentio [*aside to Tranio*]. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

Hortensio. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gremio. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Baptista. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:—
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.—Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit*

Katharina. 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, ha? [*Exit*

Gremio. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.—Our 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 him to her father. 109

Hortensio. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brookt 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.

Gremio. What's that, I pray?

Hortensio. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gremio. A husband! a devil.

Hortensio. I say, a husband.

Gremio. 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? 122

Hortensio. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults and money enough.

Gremio. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipt at the high-cross every morning.

Hortensio. 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 far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio*

Tranio. I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Lucentio. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But, see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
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.

Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have toucht you, naught remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Lucentio. Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tranio. Master, you lookt so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you markt not what's the pith of all.

Lucentio. 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 kist the Cretan strand.
Tranio. Saw you no more? markt you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Lucentio. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tranio. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Lucentio. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tranio. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Lucentio. I have it, Tranio.
Tranio. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Lucentio. Tell me thine first.
Tranio. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Lucentio. It is: may it be done?
Tranio. 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?
Lucentio. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;

Nor can we be distinguisht 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.
'Tis hatcht, 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 charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tranio. 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 charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense,—
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Lucentio. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t'achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.—
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello

Sirrah, where have you been?

Biondello. 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?

Lucentio. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis 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?

Biondello. I, sir! Ne'er a whit.

Lucentio. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Biondello. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tranio. So could 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.

Lucentio. 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*

The Presenters above speak

First Servant. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Christopher Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Christopher Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark*

Scene II—*The same. Before Hortensio's house*

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio

Petruchio. Verona, for awhile 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.

Grumio. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petruchio. 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 him by the ears*

Grumio. Help, masters, help; my master is mad.

Petruchio. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio

Hortensio. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say.

Hortensio. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.—
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Grumio [*rising*]. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—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?
Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Petruchio. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grumio. 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?

Petruchio. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hortensio. 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?

Petruchio. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply 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.

Hortensio. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'ldst 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.

Petruchio. 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 wooing dance,—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, 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.

Grumio. 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.

Hortensio. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broacht 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 faults enough—
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petruchio. 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.

Hortensio. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petruchio. 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.

Grumio. 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 withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hortensio. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,—
For those defects I have before rehearsed,—
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Grumio. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hortensio. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguised 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.

Grumio. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hortensio. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.—
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Grumio. A proper stripling and an amorous! [*They stand aside*

Gremio. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
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 perfumed;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Lucentio. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron,—stand you so assured,—
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Grumio. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Petruchio. Peace, sirrah!

Hortensio. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward*] God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gremio. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promised 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.

Hortensio. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised 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 beloved of me.

Gremio. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio [*aside*]. And that his bags shall prove.

Hortensio. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me; and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gremio. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Petruchio. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gremio. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Petruchio. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
Gremio. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petruchio. Will I live?
Grumio. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Petruchio. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th'ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.
Grumio. For he fears none.
Gremio. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hortensio. I promised we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gremio. And so we will,—provided that he win her.
Grumio. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello

Tranio. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Gremio. He that has the two fair daughters,—is't he you mean?
Tranio. Even he.—Biondello,—
Gremio. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tranio. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Petruchio. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tranio. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.
Lucentio [*aside*]. Well begun, Tranio.
Hortensio. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tranio. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tranio. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gremio. But so is not she.
Tranio. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gremio. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hortensio. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tranio. 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,

Gremio. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!
Lucentio. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.
Petruchio. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hortensio. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tranio. 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.
Petruchio. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gremio. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Petruchio. 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
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
Hortensio. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. 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 mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Grumio and Biondello. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

Hortensio. The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I—*Padua. A room in Baptista's house*

Enter Katharina, and Bianca with her hands bound

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gauds,
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.
Katharina. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Katharina. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?
Bianca. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Katharina. O, then, belike you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bianca. 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.
Katharina. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her*

Enter Baptista

Baptista. 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 ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Katharina. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca*

Baptista [*holding her back*]. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit Bianca*

Katharina. 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*

Baptista. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gremio. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Baptista. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

Petruchio. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Baptista. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gremio. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Petruchio. 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 and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*presenting Hortensio*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Baptista. 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.

Petruchio. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Baptista. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Petruchio. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Baptista. I knew him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gremio. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Petruchio. O pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gremio. 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 music and mathematics: his name is Cambio: pray, accept his service.

Baptista. 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?

Tranio. 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.
Lucentio is my name.

Baptista. Of whence, I pray?

Tranio. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Baptista. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*to Hortensio*] the lute, and you [*to Lucentio*] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello*

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.

Petruchio. 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 decreased:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Baptista. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Petruchio. 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.
Baptista. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Petruchio. 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.
Baptista. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
Petruchio. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio, with his head broke

Baptista. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
Hortensio. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Baptista. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hortensio. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Baptista. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hortensio. 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 fume 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 pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Petruchio. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten time more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Baptista. 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 Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Petruchio. I pray you do; I will attend her here.—

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio and Hortensio*

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 washt 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, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Katharina. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Petruchio. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates,—and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Katharina. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Petruchio. Why, what's a moveable?

Katharina. A joint-stool.

Petruchio. Thou has hit it: come, sit on me.

Katharina. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katharina. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Petruchio. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Katharina. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio. Should be! should—buzz!

Katharina. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Petruchio. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Katharina. Ay, for a turtle,—as he takes a buzzard.

Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Katharina. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Katharina. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Petruchio. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Katharina. In his tongue.

Petruchio. Whose tongue?

Katharina. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Petruchio. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Katharina. That I'll try. [*She strikes him*
Petruchio. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Katharina. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Petruchio. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Katharina. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Petruchio. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Katharina. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Petruchio. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Katharina. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Petruchio. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Katharina. There is, there is.
Petruchio. Then show it me.
Katharina. Had I a glass, I would.
Petruchio. What, you mean my face?
Katharina. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Petruchio. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Katharina. Yet you are wither'd.
Petruchio. 'Tis with cares.
Katharina. I care not.
Petruchio. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.
Katharina. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Petruchio. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas 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 slanderous 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.

Katharina. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Petruchio. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Katharina. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petruchio. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Katharina. O witty mother! witless else her son.

Petruchio. Am I not wise?

Katharina. Yes; keep you warm.

Petruchio. 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, nill 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 Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio

Baptista. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with

My daughter?

Petruchio. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Baptista. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Katharina. 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 mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Petruchio. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talkt of her, have talkt 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 Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Katharina. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gremio. Hark, Petruchio; she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tranio. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Petruchio. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be 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! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock 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.
Baptista. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gremio and Tranio. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Petruchio. 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.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally*
Gremio. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?
Baptista. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tranio. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Baptista. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gremio. 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.
Tranio. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gremio. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tranio. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gremio. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tranio. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Baptista. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gremio. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuft my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras-counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bost with pearl,
Valance 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 milch-kine to the pail,
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.

Tranio. 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 pincht you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have: besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tranio. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, what'er thou offer'st next.

Gremio. Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tranio. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Baptista. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tranio. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gremio. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Baptista. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved:—on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gremio. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit*

Tranio. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I—*Padua. A room in Baptista's house*

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca

Lucentio. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hortensio. But, wrangling pedant, this' 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.
Lucentio. 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.
Hortensio. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bianca. Why, gentlemen, 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 tuned.
Hortensio. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[*To Bianca. Hortensio retires*
Lucentio. That will be never:—tune your instrument.
Bianca. Where left we last?
Lucentio. Here, madam:— [*Reads*

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bianca. Conster them.

Lucentio. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic 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 beguile the old pantaloon.

Hortensio [*coming forward*]. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bianca. Lets' hear. [*Hortensio plays*

O, fie! the treble jars.

Lucentio. Spit in the hole, man,
And tune again.

Bianca. Now let me see if I can conster it:—
Hac ibat Simois, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hortensio. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Lucentio. All but the base.

Hortensio. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.—
[*aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bianca. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lucentio. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Aeacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bianca. 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 thus pleasant with you both.

Hortensio [*to Lucentio*]. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Lucentio. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hortensio. 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.
Bianca. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hortensio. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bianca [*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 old inventions.

Enter a Servant

Servant. 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.
Bianca. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant*
Lucentio. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit*
Hortensio. 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 wandering 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, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, with Attendants

Baptista [*to Tranio*]. Signior Lucentio, 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?

Katharina. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd 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 feasts, invite friends, 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!'

Tranio. 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.

Katharina. Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit weeping, follow'd by Bianca and others*

Baptista. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello

Biondello. Master, master! news, old news and such news as you never heard of!

Baptista. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Biondello. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Baptista. Is he come?

Biondello. Why, no, sir.

Baptista. What then?

Biondello. He is coming.

Baptista. When will he be here?

Biondello. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tranio. But, say, what to thine old news?

Biondello. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipt with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheekt bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and new-repair'd with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Baptista. Who comes with him?

Biondello. 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, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies* prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like

a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tranio. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Baptista. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Biondello. Why, sir, he comes not.

Baptista. Didst thou not say he comes?

Biondello. Who? that Petruchio came?

Baptista. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Biondello. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Baptista. Why, that's all one.

Biondello. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio

Petruchio. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Baptista. You're welcome, sir.

Petruchio. And yet I come not well.

Baptista. And yet you halt not.

Tranio. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Petruchio. 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?

Baptista. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tranio. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petruchio. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tranio. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Petruchio. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Baptista. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petruchio. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' 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,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio*

Tranio. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Baptista. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Attendants*

Tranio. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—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.
Lucentio. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tranio. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter Gremio

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gremio. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tranio. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gremio. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tranio. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gremio. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tranio. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gremio. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoopt again to pick it up,
The 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.'
Tranio. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gremio. Trembled and shook; for why he stampt 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 aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaft off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kist 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 rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music plays*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Grumio; with Hortensio and Tranio

Petruchio. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Baptista. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Petruchio. 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.

Tranio. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Petruchio. It may not be.
Gremio. Let me entreat you.
Petruchio. It cannot be.
Katharina. Let me entreat you.
Petruchio. I am content.
Katharina. Are you content to stay?
Petruchio. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Katharina. Now, if you love me, stay.
Petruchio. Grumio, my horse.
Grumio. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Katharina. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not 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 be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Petruchio. O, Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
Katharina. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Gremio. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Katharina. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Petruchio. 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 he
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 Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio*

Baptista. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gremio. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tranio. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Lucentio. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bianca. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gremio. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Baptista. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast:—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tranio. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Baptista. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*Petruchio's country house*

Enter Grumio

Grumio. 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, ho!—Curtis!

Enter Curtis

Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grumio. 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.

Curtis. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grumio. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curtis. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Grumio. 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.

Curtis. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Grumio. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curtis. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Grumio. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curtis. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Grumio. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' and as much news as wilt thou.

Curtis. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!—

Grumio. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold.

Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order? 43

Curtis. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Grumio. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curtis. How?

Grumio. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curtis. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grumio. Lend thine ear.

Curtis. Here.

Grumio. There. [*Striking him*

Curtis. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grumio. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:— 58

Curtis. Both of one horse?

Grumio. What's that to thee?

Curtis. Why, a horse.

Grumio. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crost 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. 72

Curtis. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Grumio. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blue coats brusht, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy 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?

Curtis. They are. 82

Grumio. Call them forth.

Curtis. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress!

Grumio. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curtis. Who knows not that?

Grumio. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curtis. I call them forth to credit her.

Grumio. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Serving Men

Nathaniel. Welcome home, Grumio! 92

Philip. How now, Grumio!

Joseph. What, Grumio!

Nicholas. Fellow Grumio!

Nathaniel. How now, old lad!

Grumio. Welcome, you!—how now, you!—what, you!—fellow, you!—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nathaniel. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master. 102

Enter Petruchio and Katharina

Petruchio. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Servants. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Petruchio. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolisht grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Grumio. Here, sir: as foolish as I was before.
Petruchio. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinkt i' th' heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat.
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Petruchio. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt Servants*
[*Sings*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!
Enter Servants with supper
Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*sings.*] 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 off the other.—
[*Strikes him*
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit Servant*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Enter one with water

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him*
Katharina. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Petruchio. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?
First Servant. Ay.
Petruchino. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Petruchio. '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, etc., at them*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
[*Exeunt Servants*
Katharina. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Petruchio. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt*

Enter Servants severally

Nathaniel. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her
In her own humour.

Enter Curtis

Grumio. Where is he?
Curtis. 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*

Enter Petruchio

Petruchio. 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-gorged,
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 reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll raid 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 shew. [*Exit*

SCENE II—*Padua. Before Baptista's house*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio

Tranio. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hortensio. 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

Lucentio. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bianca. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Lucentio. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bianca. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Lucentio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
[*They retire*
Hortensio. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio,—
Tranio. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hortensio. Mistake no more: I am not Licio.,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tranio. 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.
Hortensio. 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 fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tranio. 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!
Hortensio. 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 loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so, I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit Hortensio; Lucentio and Bianca advance*
Tranio. Mistress Bianca, bless you such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.
Bianca. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
Tranio. Mistress, we have.
Lucentio. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tranio. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bianca. God give him joy!
Tranio. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bianca. He says so, Tranio.
Tranio. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bianca. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tranio. 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
Biondello. O master, master, I have watcht so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied

An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tranio. What is he, Biondello?

Biondello. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surly like a father.

Lucentio. And what of him, Tranio?

Tranio. 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.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca. Enter a Pedant*

Pedant. God save you, sir!

Tranio. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Pedant. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;
But then up further, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tranio. What countryman, I pray?

Pedant. Of Mantua.

Tranio. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tranio. '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 publisht and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Pedant. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tranio. 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?
Pedant. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
Tranio. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Pedant. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tranio. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Biondello [*aside*]. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tranio. 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 lodged:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Pedant. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tranio. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here lookt for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III—*A room in Petruchio's house*

Enter Katharina and Grumio

Grumio. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Katharina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms:
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starved 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 I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.—
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?

Katharina. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Grumio. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Katharina. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Katharina. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Katharina. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grumio. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Katharina. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Katharina. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him*
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 and Hortensio with meat

Petruchio. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hortensio. Mistress, what cheer?
Katharina. Faith, as cold as can be.
Petruchio. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee;
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.
Katharina. I pray you, let it stand!
Petruchio. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Katharina. I thank you, sir.
Hortensio. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Petruchio [*aside to Hortensio*]. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—
[*to Katharina*] 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 bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher

What news with you, sir?
Haberdasher. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd 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.
Katharina. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hortensio [*aside*]. That will not be in haste.
Katharina. 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.
Petruchio. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.
Katharina. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Petruchio. 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, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hortensio [*aside*]. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Petruchio. 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.
Katharina. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Petruchio. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee
Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Petruchio. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Braved in mine own house with a skein 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 livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tailor. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Grumio. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
Tailor. But how did you desire it should be made?
Grumio. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tailor. But did you not request to have it cut?
Grumio. Thou hast faced many things;—
Tailor. I have.
Grumio. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. 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.
Tailor. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Petruchio. Read it.
Grumio. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.
Tailor [*reads*]. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:—
Grumio. 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.

Petruchio. Proceed.

Tailor [*reads*]. With a small compast cape:—

Grumio. I confess the cape.

Tailor [*reads*]. With a trunk sleeve:—

Grumio. I confess two sleeves

Tailor [*reads*]. The sleeves curiously cut.

Petruchio. Ay, there's the villainy.

Grumio. Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' 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 arm'd in a thimble.

Tailor. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Grumio. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hortensio. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Petruchio. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Grumio. You are i' th' right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Petruchio. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Grumio. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Petruchio. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grumio. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Petruchio [*aside to Hortensio*]. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—
[*to Tailor*] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hortensio. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher*

Petruchio. 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 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Katharina. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Petruchio. 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.

Hortensio. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun!

[*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*Padua. Before Baptista's house*

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio

Tranio. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Pedant. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tranio. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Pedant. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter Biondello

Tranio. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Biondello. Tut, fear not me.
Tranio. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Biondello. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you lookt for him this day in Padua.
Tranio. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
[*to the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Pedant. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matcht; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Baptista. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tranio. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Baptista. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tranio. 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.

Baptista. It likes me well. Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened—
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Biondello. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tranio. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
[*Exit Biondello*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Baptista. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista. Enter Biondello*

Biondello. Cambio,—

Lucentio. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Biondello. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Lucentio. Biondello, what of that?

Biondello. Faith, nothing; but 'has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio. I pray thee, moralize them.

Biondello. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Lucentio. And what of him?

Biondello. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Lucentio. And then?

Biondello. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio. And what of all this?

Biondello. I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to th' 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*

Lucentio. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Biondello. 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, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit*

Lucentio. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit*

Scene V—*A public road*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio

Petruchio. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Katharina. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Petruchio. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Katharina. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Petruchio. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crost and crost; nothing but crost!
Hortensio [*aside to Katharina*]. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Katharina. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Petruchio. I say it is the moon.
Katharina. I know it is the moon.
Petruchio. Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Katharina. Then, God be blest, 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 named, even that it is;
And so it shall be still for Katharine.
Hortensio [*aside*]. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Petruchio. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But, soft! what company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio

[*to Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—

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.

Hortensio [*aside*]. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Katharina. 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!

Petruchio. 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.

Katharina. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Petruchio. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed 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.

Petruchio. What is his name?

Vincentio. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Petruchio. 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 grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
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 joyous.

Vincentio. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hortensio. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Petruchio. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio*

Hortensio. 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

Scene I—*Padua. Before Lucentio's house*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio is out before

Biondello. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Lucentio. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Biondello. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.
[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello*

Gremio. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, and Attendants

Petruchio. 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.

Vincentio. 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.*

Gremio. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window

Pedant. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vincentio. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vincentio. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Pedant. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Petruchio. 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.

Pedant. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vincentio. Art thou his father?

Pedant. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio [*to Vincentio*]. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pedant. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Enter Biondello

Biondello. 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.

Vincentio. Come hither, crack-hemp.

Biondello. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vincentio. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Biondello. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vincentio. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Biondello. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vincentio. Is't so, indeed? [*He beats Biondello*

Biondello. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit*

Pedant. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

Petruchio. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire*

Enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and servants

Tranio. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant? 50

Vincentio. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tranio. How now! what's the matter?

Baptista. What, is the man lunatic?

Tranio. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 61

Vincentio. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Baptista. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vincentio. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Pedant. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio. 70

Vincentio. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.— O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tranio. Call forth an officer. [*Servant brings in an officer*
Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.
Vincentio. Carry me to the gaol!
Gremio. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
Baptista. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.
Gremio. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catcht in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
Pedant. Swear, if thou darest.
Gremio. Nay, I dare not swear it.
Tranio. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
Gremio. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Baptista. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!
Vincentio. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:—
O monstrous villainy!
Enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca
Biondello. O, we are spoil'd! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Lucentio. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling*
Vincentio. Lives my sweet son?
[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be*
Bianca. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling*
Baptista. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?
Lucentio. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gremio. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vincentio. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?
Baptista. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bianca. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.
Lucentio. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vincentio. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Baptista [*to Lucentio*]. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vincentio. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit*

Baptista. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit*

Lucentio. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca*

Gremio. 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 come forward

Katharina. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Petruchio. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katharina. What, in the midst of the street?

Petruchio. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Katharina. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Petruchio. Why, then, let's home again: come, sirrah, let's away.

Katharina. Nay, I will give thee a kiss [*kisses him*]: now, pray thee, love, stay.

Petruchio. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*A room in Lucentio's house*

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio and widow, Tranio, Biondello and Grumio; the servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet

Lucentio. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,

To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame 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*

Petruchio. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Baptista. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Petruchio. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hortensio. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Petruchio. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Petruchio. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense: I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Widow. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Petruchio. Roundly replied.

Katharina. Mistress, how mean you that?

Widow. Thus I conceive by him.

Petruchio. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hortensio. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Petruchio. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

Katharina. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Katharina. A very mean meaning.

Widow. Right, I mean you.

Katharina. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Petruchio. To her, Kate!

Hortensio. To her, widow!

Petruchio. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hortensio. That's my office.
Petruchio. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio*
Baptista. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gremio. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bianca. Head and butt! and hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vincentio. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bianca. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Petruchio. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bianca. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and widow*
Petruchio. 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 mist.
Tranio. O, sir, Lucentio slipt me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Petruchio. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tranio. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Baptista. O, ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Lucentio. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hortensio. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Petruchio. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Baptista. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petruchio. 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.
Hortensio. Content. What is the wager?
Lucentio. Twenty crowns.
Petruchio. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Lucentio. A hundred, then.
Hortensio. Content.
Petruchio. A match! 'tis done.
Hortensio. Who shall begin?
Lucentio. That will I.—
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Biondello. I go. [*Exit*
Baptista. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Lucentio. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Enter Biondello

How now! what news?
Biondello. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Petruchio. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gremio. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Petruchio. I hope, better.
Hortensio. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello*
Petruchio. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hortensio. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter Biondello

Now, where's my wife?
Biondello. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Petruchio. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio*
Hortensio. I know her answer.
Petruchio. What?
Hortensio. She will not come.
Petruchio. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Baptista. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Enter Katharina

Katharina. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Petruchio. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Katharina. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Petruchio. Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina*
Lucentio. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hortensio. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Petruchio. 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?
Baptista. 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 changed, as she had never been.
Petruchio. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot. [*She obeys*
Widow. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bianca. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Lucentio. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime.
Bianca. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Petruchio. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Widow. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
Petruchio. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Widow. She shall not.
Petruchio. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.
Katharina. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow:
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots 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 moved 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,
Whilst 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,
Unapt to toil 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 husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Petruchio. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Lucentio. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vincentio. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Lucentio. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Petruchio. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*to Lucentio*
And being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina*

Hortensio. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrow.

Lucentio. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia

VALENTINE } the two Gentlemen
PROTEUS }

ANTONIO, father to Proteus

THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine

EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine

LAUNCE, the like to Proteus

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio

HOST, where Julia lodges

OUTLAWS, with Valentine

JULIA, beloved of Proteus

SILVIA, beloved of Valentine

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia

Servants, Musicians

Scene—Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua

ACT I

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place*

Enter Valentine and Proteus

Valentine. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were'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 sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Proteus. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
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 beadsman, Valentine.
Valentine. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Proteus. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.
Valentine. That's on some shallow story of deep love;
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Proteus. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Valentine. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,

And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Proteus. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Valentine. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Proteus. What?

Valentine. 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 vanquished.

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

Valentine. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Proteus. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Valentine. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

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

Valentine. 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 council thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Proteus. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Valentine. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Proteus. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Valentine. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit*

Proteus. 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 metamorphosed me, —
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Proteus. 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.

Proteus. 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?

Proteus. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep

Proteus. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Proteus. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Proteus. 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.

Proteus. 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.'

Proteus. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

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

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Proteus. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Proteus. 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.

Proteus. But what said she?

Speed [*nodding*]. Ay.

Proteus. Nod, Ay?—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Proteus. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together take it for your pains.

Proteus. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

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

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

Proteus. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Proteus. 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 deliver'd.

Proteus. Well, sir, here is for your pains [*Giving him money*]. What said she?

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

Proteus. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Proteus. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Proteus. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore. [*Exit Speed*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit*

Scene II—*The same. Julia's garden*

Enter Julia and Lucetta

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lucetta. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so-so.

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

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

Julia. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Lucetta. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Julia. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Lucetta. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Julia. Your reason?
Lucetta. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Julia. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Lucetta. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Julia. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Lucetta. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Julia. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Lucetta. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Julia. They do not love that do not show their love.
Lucetta. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Julia. I would I knew his mind.
Lucetta. Peruse this paper, madam.
Julia [*reads*]. *To Julia.*—Say, from whom?
Lucetta. That the contents will show.
Julia. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Lucetta. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it to you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Julia. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Lucetta. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Julia. Will ye be gone?
Lucetta. That you may ruminate. [*Exit*

Julia. 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 angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Enter Lucetta

Lucetta. What would your ladyship?
Julia. Is't near dinner-time?
Lucetta. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Julia. What is't that you took up so gingerly?
Lucetta. Nothing.
Julia. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Lucetta. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Julia. And is that paper nothing?
Lucetta. Nothing concerning me.
Julia. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Lucetta. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Julia. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Lucetta. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune,
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Julia. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' Love.*
Lucetta. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Julia. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Lucetta. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Julia. And why not you?
Lucetta. I cannot reach so high.
Julia. Let's see your song [*taking the letter*]. How now, minion!
Lucetta. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Julia. You do not?
Lucetta. No, madam; 'tis too sharp.
Julia. You, minion, are too saucy.
Lucetta. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Julia. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Lucetta. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Julia. 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 fingering them, to anger me.
Lucetta. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit*
Julia. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
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 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.

Enter Lucetta

Lucetta. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Julia. Well, let us go.
Lucetta. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Julia. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Lucetta. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Julia. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Lucetta. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Julia. Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*The same. Antonio's house*

Enter Antonio and Panthino

Antonio. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Panthino. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Antonio. Why, what of him?
Panthino. He 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.

Antonio. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Panthino. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Antonio. I know it well.

Panthino. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
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.

Antonio. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Panthino. 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.
Antonio. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus

Proteus. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Antonio. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Proteus. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Antonio. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Proteus. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Antonio. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Proteus. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Antonio. 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 resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus 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.
Proteus. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Antonio. 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.
[*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino*

Proteus. 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 resembleth
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!

Enter Panthino

Panthino. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Proteus. Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I—*Milan. The Duke's palace*

Enter Valentine and Speed

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Valentine. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Valentine. Ha, let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!
Valentine. How now, sirrah!
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Valentine. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Valentine. Well, you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Valentine. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Valentine. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy 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; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, 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 look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.
Valentine. Are all these things perceived in me?
Speed. They are all perceived without ye.
Valentine. 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.
Valentine. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?
Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?
Valentine. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.
Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.
Valentine. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?
Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?
Valentine. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Valentine. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favour'd.

Valentine. 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.

Valentine. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Valentine. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Valentine. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Valentine. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Valentine. 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!

Valentine. 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.

Valentine. 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 swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Valentine. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Valentine. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Valentine. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Valentine. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Speed [*aside*]. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia

Valentine. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows!

Speed [*aside*]. O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Silvia. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed [*aside*]. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Valentine. 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.

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

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

Silvia. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

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

Silvia. 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 [*aside*]. And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

Valentine. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

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

Valentine. Madam, they are for you.

Silvia. 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.
Valentine. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
Silvia. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Valentine. If it please me, madam! what then?
Silvia. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant.
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?
Valentine. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
Valentine. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.
Valentine. To whom?
Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.
Valentine. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I should say.
Valentine. 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?
Valentine. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?
Valentine. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.
Valentine. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.
Valentine. 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 fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Valentine. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Verona. Julia's garden*

Enter Proteus and Julia

Proteus. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Julia. I must, where is no remedy.

Proteus. When possibly I can, I will return.

Julia. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Gives him a ring*

Proteus. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
[*Gives her another*

Julia. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Proteus. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips 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:
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia*
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

Panthino. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Proteus. Go; I come, I come:— 20

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III—*The same. A street*

Enter Launce, leading his dog

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, 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 'tis: 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 a wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan 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.

Enter Panthino

Panthino. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Panthino. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

Panthino. 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?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Panthino. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Panthino. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! 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.

Panthino. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Panthino. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*Milan. The Duke's palace*

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed

Silvia. Servant,—

Valentine. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Valentine. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.
Valentine. Of my mistress, then.
Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.
Silvia. Servant, you are sad.
Valentine. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
Thurio. Seem you that you are not?
Valentine. Haply I do.
Thurio. So do counterfeits.
Valentine. So do you.
Thurio. What seem I that I am not?
Valentine. Wise.
Thurio. What instance of the contrary?
Valentine. Your folly.
Thurio. And how quote you my folly?
Valentine. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thurio. My jerkin is a doublet.
Valentine. Well, then, I'll double your folly.
Thurio. How!
Silvia. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Valentine. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thurio. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Valentine. You have said, sir.
Thurio. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
Valentine. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Silvia. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Valentine. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Silvia. Who is that, servant?
Valentine. 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.
Thurio. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Valentine. 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 liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Silvia. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter Duke

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

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

Duke of Milan. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

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

Duke of Milan. Hath he not a son?

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

Duke of Milan. You know him well?

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

Duke of Milan. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,

With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Valentine. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke of Milan. 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*
Valentine. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.
Silvia. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Valentine. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Silvia. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Valentine. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thurio. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Valentine. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Silvia. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus

Valentine. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Silvia. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Valentine. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Silvia. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Proteus. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Valentine. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Proteus. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Silvia. And duty never yet did want his meed:

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Proteus. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Silvia. That you are welcome?
Proteus. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant

Servant. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Silvia. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant*
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.
Proteus. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio*
Valentine. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Proteus. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Valentine. And how do yours?
Proteus. I left them all in health.
Valentine. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Proteus. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Valentine. 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-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
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.

Proteus. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Valentine. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Proteus. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Valentine. Call her divine.
Proteus. I will not flatter her.
Valentine. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Proteus. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
Valentine. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Proteus. Except my mistress.
Valentine. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Proteus. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Valentine. 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 everlastingly.
Proteus. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Valentine. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Proteus. Then let her alone.
Valentine. 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 see'st 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.
Proteus. But she loves you?
Valentine. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined 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,
Proteus. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
Valentine. Will you make haste?
Proteus. I will. [*Exeunt Valentine and Speed*
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 mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's 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:
O, but I love his lady too-too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!

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

SCENE V—*The same. A street*

Enter Speed and Launce severally

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

Launce. 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?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

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

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

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

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

Speed. What thou say'st?

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

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

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

Launce. 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.

Launce. 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?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

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

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

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

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

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI—*The same. The duke's palace*

Enter Proteus

Proteus. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'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 wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'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,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he 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 enraged, 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. Julia's house*

Enter Julia and Lucetta

Julia. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Lucetta. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Julia. 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.
Lucetta. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Julia. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time,
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Lucetta. 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.
Julia. The more thou damm'st 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 overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wide 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.

Lucetta. But in what habit will you go along?

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

Lucetta. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Julia. 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.

Lucetta. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Julia. That fits as well as—'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why, even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Lucetta. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Julia. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Lucetta. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Julia. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

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

Julia. Nay, that I will not.

Lucetta. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Julia. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Lucetta. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Julia. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Lucetta. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Julia. Now, as thou lovest 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 reputations;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—*Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace*

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus

Duke of Milan. 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?
Proteus. 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 determined 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.
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 unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke of Milan. 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 judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed 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 tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Proteus. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke of Milan. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Proteus. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit*

Enter Valentine

Duke of Milan. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Valentine. 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 of Milan. Be they of much import?

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

Duke of Milan. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

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

Duke of Milan. 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 cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
Valentine. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke of Milan. There is a lady of Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Valentine. 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 of Milan. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Valentine. A woman sometimes scorns 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, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no 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 of Milan. But she I mean is promised 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.
Valentine. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke of Milan. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Valentine. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke of Milan. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Valentine. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke of Milan. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Valentine. When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke of Milan. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Valentine. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke of Milan. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Valentine. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke of Milan. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Valentine. Ay, my good lord.
Duke of Milan. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.
Valentine. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke of Milan. 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 herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
What's here?
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—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 bestow'd 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 lovest thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit Duke*

Valentine. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce

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

Launce. So-ho, so-ho!

Proteus. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Proteus. Valentine!

Valentine. No.

Proteus. Who then? his spirit?

Valentine. Neither.

Proteus. What then?

Valentine. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Proteus. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Proteus. Villain, forbear.

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

Proteus. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Valentine. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possest them.

Proteus. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Valentine. Is Silvia dead?

Proteus. No, Valentine.

Valentine. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Proteus. No, Valentine.

Valentine. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.
Proteus. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Valentine. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Proteus. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, 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 chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Valentine. 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 dolour.
Proteus. 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 lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Valentine. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Proteus. Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

Valentine. O my dear Silvia!—Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus*

Launce. 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 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her conditions. [*Reads*] '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 mas-tership?

Launce. 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?

Launce. The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?
Launce. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Llaunce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.
Speed. Thou liest; I can.
Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
Launce. 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.
Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!
Speed [*reads*]. 'Imprimis, She can milk.'
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. 'Item, She brews good ale.'
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.
Speed. 'Item, She can sew.'
Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?
Speed. 'Item, She can knit.'
Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed. 'Item, She can wash and scour.'
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.
Speed. 'Item, She can spin.'
Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
Speed. 'Item, She hath many nameless virtues.'
Launce. 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.'
Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. 'Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item, She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item, She doth talk in her sleep.'

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

Speed. 'Item, She is slow in words.'

Launce. 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.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item, She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item, she is curst.'

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

Speed. 'Item, She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. 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.'

Launce. 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.'

Launce. 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,'—

Launce. 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,'—

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

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. 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?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me!

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. 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*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit*

SCENE II—*The same. The Duke's palace*

Enter Duke and Thurio

Duke of Milan. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thurio. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke of Milan. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, 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?

Proteus. Gone, my good lord.
Duke of Milan. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Proteus. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke of Milan. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some signs of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Proteus. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke of Milan. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?
Proteus. I do, my lord.
Duke of Milan. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Proteus. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke of Milan. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Proteus. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke of Milan. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Proteus. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke of Milan. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Proteus. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
Duke of Milan. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Proteus. 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.

Thurio. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke of Milan. 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.

Proteus. 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 wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke of Milan. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Proteus. 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 leviathans
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 of Milan. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thurio. 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 skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke of Milan. About it, gentlemen.

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

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

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*A forest*

Enter certain Outlaws

First Outlaw. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

Second Outlaw. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed

Third Outlaw. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Valentine. My friends,—

First Outlaw. That's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

Second Outlaw. Peace! we'll hear him.

Third Outlaw. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Valentine. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Second Outlaw. Whither travel you?

Valentine. To Verona.

First Outlaw. Whence came you?

Valentine. From Milan.

Third Outlaw. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Valentine. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

First Outlaw. What, were you banish'd thence?

Valentine. I was.

Second Outlaw. For what offence?

Valentine. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Outlaw. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Valentine. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

Second Outlaw. Have you the tongues?

Valentine. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

Third Outlaw. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Outlaw. We'll have him:—sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honorable kind of thievery.

Valentine. Peace, villain!

Second Outlaw. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Valentine. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Outlaw. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
Second Outlaw. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
First Outlaw. And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—
Second Outlaw. 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?
Third Outlaw. 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 ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
First Outlaw. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Second Outlaw. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Valentine. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.
Third Outlaw. 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 Duke's palace*

Enter Proteus

Proteus. 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 forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
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 fawneth 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

Thurio. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?
Proteus. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thurio. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Proteus. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thurio. Who? Silvia?
Proteus. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thurio. I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes

Host. Now, my young guest,—methinks you're allicholy: I pray you, why is it?
Julia. 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.

Julia. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Julia. That will be music. [*Music plays*

Host. Hark, hark!

Julia. 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.

Julia. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Julia. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Julia. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.
Julia. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Julia. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Julia. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Julia. 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 loved her out of all nick.
Julia. 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.
Julia. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Proteus. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thurio. Where meet we?
Proteus. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thurio. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians*

Silvia appears above, at her window

Proteus. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Silvia. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Proteus. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Silvia. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Proteus. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Silvia. What is your will?
Proteus. That I may compass yours.
Silvia. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived 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.
Proteus. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Julia [*aside*]. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Silvia. 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 importunacy?
Proteus. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Silvia. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Proteus. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Silvia. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Julia [*aside*]. He heard not that.
Proteus. 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.
Julia [*aside*]. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Silvia. 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.

Proteus. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia above*

Julia. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Julia. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

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

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

Scene III—*The same*

Enter Eglamour

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

Silvia above, at her window

Silvia. Who calls?

Eglamour. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Silvia. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Eglamour. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Silvia. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself hast loved; 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 rewards 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.

Eglamour. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Silvia. This evening coming.

Eglamour. Where shall I meet you?

Silvia. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Eglamour. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.

Silvia. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt Eglamour, and Silvia above*

Scene IV—*The same*

Enter Launce, with his Dog

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a 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 gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,' says one; 'What cur is 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 fellow 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; ' 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, 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 stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't.—Thou think'st not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia; did not I bid thee

still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus, and Julia in boy's clothes

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

Julia. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Proteus. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Proteus. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Proteus. But she received my dog?

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

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

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman 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.

Proteus. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame! [*Exit Launce*
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond 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 thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:

She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Julia. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Proteus. Not so; I think she lives.

Julia. Alas!

Proteus. Why dost thou cry, 'Alas'?

Julia. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Proteus. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Julia. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'Alas!'

Proteus. 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, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit*

Julia. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou has 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 dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed 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, by my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

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

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

Silvia. From whom?

Julia. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Silvia. O,—he sends you for a picture?

Julia. Ay, madam.

Silvia. Ursula, bring my picture there.—
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Julia. Madam, please you peruse this letter:—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

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

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

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

Julia. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

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

Julia. She thanks you.

Silvia. What say'st thou?
Julia. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Silvia. Dost thou know her?
Julia. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Silvia. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Julia. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.
Silvia. Is she not passing fair?
Julia. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved 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 starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Silvia. How tall was she?
Julia. 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, 'twas 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!
Silvia. She is beholding 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 lovest her.
Farewell.

Julia. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

[*Exit Silvia, attended*

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.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used 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—*Milan. An abbey*

Enter Eglamour

Eglamour. 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.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia

Lady, a happy evening!

Silvia. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Eglamour. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*The same. The Duke's palace*

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia in boy's clothes

Thurio. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Proteus. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exception at your person.
Thurio. What, that my leg is too long?
Proteus. No; that it is too little.
Thurio. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Julia [*aside*]. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thurio. What says she to my face?
Proteus. She says it is a fair one.
Thurio. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Proteus. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Julia [*aside*]. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thurio. How likes she my discourse?
Proteus. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thurio. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Julia [*aside*]. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thurio. What says she to my valour?
Proteus. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Julia [*aside*]. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thurio. What says she to my birth?
Proteus. That you are well derived.
Julia [*aside*]. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thurio. Considers she my possessions?
Proteus. O, ay; and pities them.
Thurio. Wherefore?
Julia [*aside*]. That such an ass should owe them.
Proteus. That they are out by lease.
Julia. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke of Milan

Duke of Milan. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thurio. Not I.
Proteus. Nor I.
Duke of Milan. Saw you my daughter?
Proteus. Neither.
Duke of Milan. Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis 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 confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit*

Thurio. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit*

Proteus. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit*

Julia. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit*

Scene III—*The forest*

Enter Outlaws with Silvia

First Outlaw. Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

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

Second Outlaw. Come, bring her away.

First Outlaw. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Outlaw. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

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

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

Scene IV—*Another part of the forest*

Enter Valentine

Valentine. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
[*Noise within*
What halloing 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? [*Retires*

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia in boy's clothes

Proteus. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced 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.
Valentine [*aside*]. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Silvia. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Proteus. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Silvia. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Julia [*aside*]. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Silvia. 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 be—
I do detest false perjured Proteus!
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Proteus. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look.
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved!

Silvia. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
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'dst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Proteus. In love
Who respects friend?

Silvia. All men but Proteus.

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

Silvia. O heaven!

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

Valentine [*coming forward*]. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,—
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Proteus. Valentine!

Valentine. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured 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 accurst!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Proteus. My shame and guilt confounds 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.

Valentine. 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 pleased,
By penitence th' Eternal wrath's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Julia. O me unhappy! [*Faints*

Proteus. Look to the boy.

Valentine. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter?
Look up; speak.

Julia. O good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Proteus. Where is that ring, boy?

Julia. Here 'tis; this is it. [*Gives a ring*

Proteus. How! let me see:—
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Julia. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring*

Proteus. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Julia. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Proteus. How! Julia!

Julia. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft has thou with perjury cleft 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.

Proteus. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all 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?

Valentine. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Proteus. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Julia. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Valentine. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke of Milan. Sir Valentine!

Thurio. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Valentine. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thurio. 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 of Milan. 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, repeal 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 derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Valentine. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke of Milan. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Valentine. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke of Milan. 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.

Valentine. 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 of Milan. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Valentine. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke of Milan. What mean you by that saying?

Valentine. 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*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FERDINAND, King of Navarre

BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE — lords attending on the King

BOYET, MERCADÉ — lords attending on the Princess of France

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster

DULL, a constable

COSTARD, a clown

MOTH, page to Armado

A FORESTER

PRINCESS of France

ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHERINE — ladies attending on the Princess

JAQUENETTA, a country wench

LORDS, ATTENDANTS, etc.

Scene—Navarre

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

ACT I

SCENE I—*Navarre. A park with a palace in it*

Enter the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine

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, Berowne, Dumaine, 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 it too.

Longaville. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat pauches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.
Dumaine. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortify'd:
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.
Berowne. 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.
Berowne. 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.
Longaville. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.
Berowne. 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.
Berowne. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Berowne. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Berowne. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, 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:
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 heed,
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 others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dumaine. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Longaville. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Berowne. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.
Dumaine. How follows that?
Berowne. Fit in his place and time.
Dumaine. In reason nothing.
Berowne. Something, then, in rime.
King. Berowne is like an envious-sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Berowne. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled earth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you—to study now it is too late—
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Berowne: adieu.
Berowne. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Berowne [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been proclaim'd?
Longaville. Four days ago.
Berowne. Let's see the penalty.—[*reads*] 'on pain of losing her tongue.'—Who devised this penalty?
Longaville. Marry, that did I.
Berowne. Sweet lord, and why?
Longaville. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Berowne. A dangerous law against gentility!

[*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 Aquitaine
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.

Berowne. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire,—so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Berowne. 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. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Berowne. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Longaville. 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?

Berowne. 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.

Berowne. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Costard. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Berowne. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Longaville. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Berowne. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Longaville. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Berowne. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Costard. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Berowne. In what manner?

Costard. 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.

Berowne. For the following, sir?

Costard. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Berowne. As we would hear an oracle.

Costard. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre my soul's earth's god and body's fostering patron,—

Costard. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. So it is,—

Costard. It may be so: but if he says it is so, he is, in telling true, but so—

King. Peace!

Costard. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Costard. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing 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 call'd supper; so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walkt upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did

encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—

Costard. Me?

King [*reads*]. that unletter'd small-knowing soul,—

Costard. Me?

King [*reads*]. that shallow vassal,—

Costard. Still me?

King [*reads*]. which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

Costard. O, me!

King [*reads*]. sorted and consorted, contrary to thy establish'd proclaim'd edict and continent canon, with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Costard. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him—I as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on—have sent to thee, to receive the 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 Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel call'd 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 complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado

Berowne. This is not so well as I look't for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Costard. Sir, I confess the wench.
King. Did you hear the proclamation?
Costard. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.
King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.
Costard. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.
King. Well, it was proclaim'd damsel.
Costard. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.
King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd virgin.
Costard. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.
King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.
Costard. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.
Costard. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er:—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumaine*
Berowne. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.
Costard. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefor, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!
[*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The same*

Enter Armado and Moth, his Page

Armado. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Armado. Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.
Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.
Armado. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?
Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.
Armado. Why tough signior? why tough signior?
Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?
Armado. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.
Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.
Armado. Pretty and apt.
Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?
Armado. Thou pretty, because little.
Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?
Armado. And therefore apt, because quick.
Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?
Armado. In thy condign praise.
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.
Armado. What, that an eel is ingenious?
Moth. That an eel is quick.
Armado. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heat'st my blood.
Moth. I am answered, sir.
Armado. I love not to be crost.
Moth [*aside*]. He speaks the mere contrary,—crosses love not him.
Armado. I have promised to study three years with the duke.
Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.
Armado. Impossible.
Moth. How many is one thrice told?
Armado. I am ill at reck'ning,—it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Armado. 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 deuce-ace amounts to.

Armado. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Armado. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: 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.

Armado. A most fine figure!

Moth [*aside*]. To prove you a cipher.

Armado. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the 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-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Armado. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,—for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Armado. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel 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.

Armado. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Armado. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Armado. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too. 79

Armado. 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.

Armado. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are maskt under such colours.

Armado. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

Armado. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red, 90

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 rime, master, against the reason of white and red. 99

Armado. 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.

Armado. 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 [*aside*]. To be whipt; and yet a better love than my master.

Armado. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Armado. 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 allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Armado. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid,—

Jaquenetta. Man.

Armado. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaquenetta. That's hereby.

Armado. I know where it is situate.

Jaquenetta. Lord, how wise you are!

Armado. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaquenetta. With that face?

Armado. I love thee.

Jaquenetta. So I heard you say.

Armado. And so, farewell.

Jaquenetta. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away! [*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta*

Armado. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Costard. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Armado. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Costard. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Armado. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Costard. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Costard. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Costard. 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. 149

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard*

Armado. 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, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit,—write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. 166

ACT II

SCENE I—*The same*

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:

Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine,—a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Princess. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement 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 outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth 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 dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Princess. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*Exit Boyet*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Princess. Know you the man?
Maria. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort 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 comes within his power.
Princess. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Maria. They say so most that most his humours know.
Princess. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Katharine. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplisht youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
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.
Rosaline. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Berowne 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 expositor—

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Princess. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet

Princess. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addrest 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, Dumaine, Berowne, and Attendants

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Princess. '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 base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Princess. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath.

Princess. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Princess. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Princess. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis 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 beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming.
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Princess. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Rosaline. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Berowne. I know you did.
Rosaline. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
Berowne. You must not be so quick.
Rosaline. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Berowne. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rosaline. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Berowne. What time o' day?
Rosaline. The hour that fools should ask.
Berowne. Now fair befall your mask!
Rosaline. Fair fall the face it covers!
Berowne. And send you many lovers!
Rosaline. Amen, so you be none.
Berowne. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one-half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we—as neither have—
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine 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 Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine,
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Princess. 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'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Princess. We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
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 lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Princess. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exit King attended*

Berowne. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Rosaline. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Berowne. I would you heard it groan.

Rosaline. Is the fool sick?

Berowne. Sick at the heart.

Rosaline. Alack, let it blood.

Berowne. Would that do it good?

Rosaline. My physic says ay.

Berowne. Will you prick't with your eye?

Rosaline. *No point,* with my knife.

Berowne. Now, God save thy life!

Rosaline. And yours from long living!

Berowne. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring*

Dumaine. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dumaine. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit*

Longaville. I beseech you, a word; what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Longaville. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Longaville. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Longaville. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Longaville. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Longaville*
Berowne. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Berowne. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Berowne. You are welcome, sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Berowne. Ladies unmask*
Maria. That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Princess. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Maria. Two hot sheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Maria. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her*
Maria. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Maria. To my fortunes and me.
Princess. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis 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.
Princess. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Princess. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print imprest,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride exprest:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lockt in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did cote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Princess. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosaline. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Maria. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Rosaline. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear my mad wenches?

Maria. No.

Boyet. What then? do you see?

Rosaline. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—*The same*

Enter Armado and Moth

Armado. Warble, child; make passionate my sense o' hearing.

[*Singing*

Moth. Concolinel—

Armado. 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?

Armado. 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 swallow'd love with singing love,—sometime through the nose, as if you snuft up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms 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 snip and away. 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 me?—that most are affected to these.

Armado. How has thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Armado. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Armado. 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 forgot your love?

Armado. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Armado. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Armado. 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.

Armado. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more,—and yet nothing at all.
Armado. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.
Armado. 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.
Armado. The way is but short: away!
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Armado. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. *Minime,* honest master; or rather, master, no.
Armado. I say lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?
Armado. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump, then, and I flee.
[*Exit*
Armado. A most acute juvenal; 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.

Enter Moth with Costard

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.
Armado. Some enigma, some riddle; come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.
Costard. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, sir, but a plantain!
Armado. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling,—O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the incon-

siderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Armado. No, page: it is an epilogue 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 *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Armado. 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 *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Armado. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Costard. The boy hath sold him a bargain, 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 *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.

Armado. 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 *l'envoy*.

Costard. True, and I for a plaintain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Armado. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Costard. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Armado. We will talk no more of this matter.

Costard. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Armado. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee,

Costard. O, marry me to one Frances:—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Armado. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrain'd, captivated, bound.

Costard. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Armado. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving money*]; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [*Exit*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Costard. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!— [*Exit Moth*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?' 'A penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne

Berowne. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Costard. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Berowne. What is a remuneration?

Costard. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Berowne. O, why, then, three-farthing-worth of silk.
Costard. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!
Berowne. 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.
Costard. When would you have it done, sir?
Berowne. O, this afternoon.
Costard. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
Berowne. O, thou knowest not what it is.
Costard. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Berowne. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Costard. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Berowne. 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.
[*Giving money*
Costard. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit*
Berowne. O,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This signior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
Th'anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, 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!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watcht that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, 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 deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*The same*

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants and a Forester

Princess. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Princess. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?
Forester. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Princess. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
Forester. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Princess. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
Forester. Yes, madam, fair.
Princess. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
[*Giving him money*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
Forester. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Princess. See, see, my beauty will be saved 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 I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Princess. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard

Costard. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Princess. Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that have no heads.

Costard. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Princess. The thickest and the tallest.

Costard. 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.

Princess. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Costard. I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.

Princess. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Princess. 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 infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici;* which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet,* 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 enricht: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: 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 shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? 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 standest 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.

Princess. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Princess. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Princess. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Costard. I told you; my lord.

Princess. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Costard. From my lord to my lady.

Princess. From which lord to which lady?

Costard. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Princess. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess attended*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Rosaline. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosaline. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Rosaline. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Rosaline. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Maria. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Rosaline. 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.

Rosaline. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Rosaline and Katharine*

Costard. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Maria. 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 mete at, if it may be.

Maria. Wide o' th' bow hand! i'faith, your hand is out.

Costard. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Costard. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Maria. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Costard. 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*

Costard. 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!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' 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 o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shout within. Exit Costard, running*

Scene II—*The same*

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull

Sir Nathaniel. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Sir Nathaniel. Truly, 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.

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

Holofernes. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere* as it were,

replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undrest, unpolisht, uneducated, unpruned, untrain'd, or, rather, unletter'd, or, ratherest, unconfirm'd fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

Holofernes. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Sir Nathaniel. 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 replenisht; 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?

Holofernes. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Sir Nathaniel. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Holofernes. 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. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Holofernes. 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 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitath on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd a pricket.

Sir Nathaniel. Perge, good Master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Holofernes. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prickt
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-hooting.
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.*

Sir Nathaniel. A rare talent!

Dull [*aside*]. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Holofernes. 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, nourisht in the womb of *pia mater,* and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Sir Nathaniel. 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.

Holofernes. *Mehercle,* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard

Jaquenetta. God give you good morrow, master person.

Holofernes. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Costard. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Holofernes. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaquenetta. 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.

Holofernes. *Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat,*—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non te vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his —What, my soul, verses?

Sir Nathaniel. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Holofernes. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Sir Nathaniel [*reads*]. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,—
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder.
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

Holofernes. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaquenetta. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords.

Holofernes. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Berowne.'—Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaquenetta. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Costard. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta*

Sir Nathaniel. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Holofernes. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Sir Nathaniel. Marvellous well for the pen. 147

Holofernes. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the 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. 154

Sir Nathaniel. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Holofernes. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*to Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*The same*

Enter Berowne, with a paper in his hand, alone

Berowne. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitcht a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'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 rime, and to be mallicholy; and here is part of my rime, and here my mallicholy. Well, she hath one o' 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 groan!

[*He stands aside*

The King ent'reth

King. Ay me!

Berowne [*aside*]. Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. —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 half so 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 ridest 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 love 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?

[*Steps aside*

What Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Berowne [*aside*]. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville

Longaville. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Berowne [*aside*]. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King [*aside*]. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!
Berowne [*aside*]. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Longaville. Am I the first that have been perjured so?
Berowne [*aside*]. I could put thee in comfort,—not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.
Longaville. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!—
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Berowne [*aside*]. O, rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his shop.
Longaville. This same shall go.— [*Reads*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world can not 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 goddess, I foreswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest 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?
Berowne [*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' th' way.
Longaville. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside*
Berowne [*aside*]. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumaine

Dumaine transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dumaine. O most divine Kate!

Berowne [*aside*]. O most profane coxcomb!

Dumaine. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Berowne [*aside*]. By earth she is not, corporal: there you lie.

Dumaine. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Berowne [*aside*]. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dumaine. As upright as the cedar.

Berowne [*aside*]. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dumaine. As fair as day.

Berowne [*aside*]. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dumaine. O, that I had my wish!

Longaville [*aside*]. And I had mine!

King [*aside*]. And I mine too, good Lord!

Berowne [*aside*]. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dumaine. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Berowne [*aside*]. A fever in your blood! why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

Dumaine. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Berowne [*aside*]. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dumaine [*reads*]. 'On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wisht himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;—
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
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 Ethiop 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 fasting pain.
O, would the king, Berowne, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Longaville [*advancing*]. Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King [*advancing*]. Come sir, you blush: as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria? Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rimes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one: O Jove! the other cries;
One her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Longaville*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To Dumaine*

What will Berowne say when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Berowne. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. [*Advancing*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys,
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumaine?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Berowne. Not you to me, but I betray'd by 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 you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning 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?

Berowne. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard

Jaquenetta. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Costard. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Costard. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaquenetta. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:
Our person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Berowne, read it over. [*Giving him the letter*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaquenetta. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Costard. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Berowne tears the letter*

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Berowne. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Longaville. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dumaine. It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces*

Berowne [*to Costard*]. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Berowne. That you three fools lackt me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dumaine. Now the number is even.

Berowne. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence sirs; away!

Costard. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta*

Berowne. 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 were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Berowne. 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 inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Berowne. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne:
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 crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Berowne. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the stole of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Berowne. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dumaine. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Longaville. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
Dumaine. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Berowne. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be washt away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not washt to-day.
Berowne. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dumaine. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Longaville. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Berowne. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dumaine. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walkt overhead.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Berowne. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Berowne, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dumaine. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Longaville. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dumaine. Some salve for perjury.
Berowne. '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 'gainst the kingly 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 have 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 Promethean fire.]
Why, universal plodding poisons 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 causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty 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,
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 the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enricht you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce 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,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Berowne. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Longaville. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Berowne. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand

Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Berowne. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*The same*

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull

Holofernes. Satis quod sufficit.

Sir Nathaniel. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or call'd, Don Adriano de Armado.

Holofernes. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical! He is too pickt, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Sir Nathaniel. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book*

Holofernes. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-device companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he

should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf; neighbour *vocateur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie; *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Sir Nathaniel. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Holofernes. *Bone?—bone* for *bene!* Priscian a little scratcht, 'twill serve.

Sir Nathaniel. *Videsne quis venit?*

Holofernes. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard

Armado. Chirrah! [*To Moth*

Holofernes. *Quare* chirrah, not sirrah?

Armado. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Holofernes. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth [*aside to Costard*]. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Costard. O, they have lived 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 *honorificabilitudinitatibus;* thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Armado [*to Holofernes*]. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Holofernes. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Holofernes. *Quis, quis,* thou consonant?

Moth. The last of the five vowels if You repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Holofernes. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Armado. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet

touch, a quick venue 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.

Holofernes. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Holofernes. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Costard. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Holofernes. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Armado. Arts-man, *præambula*, we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the chargehouse on the top of the mountain?

Holofernes. Or *mons*, the hill.

Armado. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Holofernes. I do, sans question.

Armado. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavillion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Holofernes. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Armado. 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 thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other importunate and most serious designs, 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, dally 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 antick, or firework. 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, to the end to crave your assistance.

Holofernes. 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 render'd 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.

Sir Nathaniel. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Holofernes. Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Armado. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Holofernes. 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.

Armado. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Holofernes. I will play three myself.
Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!
Armado. Shall I tell you a thing?
Holofernes. We attend.
Armado. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.
Holofernes. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.
Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.
Holofernes. Allons! we will employ thee.
Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Holofernes. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*The same. Before the Princess's pavilion*

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria

Princess. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.
Rosaline. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Princess Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rime
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Rosaline. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Katharine. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Rosaline. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.
Katharine. 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 ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Rosaline. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Katharine. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Rosaline. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Katharine. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Rosaline. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
Katharine. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Rosaline. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Katharine. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.
Rosaline. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Princess. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Rosaline. 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 Berowne:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Princess. Any thing like?
Rosaline. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Princess. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Katharine. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Rosaline. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Princess. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?
Katharine. Madam, this glove.
Princess. Did he not send you twain?
Katharine. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Maria. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Princess. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Maria. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Princess. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Rosaline. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by th' 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 rimes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So pertaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.
Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatcht,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Maria. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Princess. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her Grace?
Princess. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Princess. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear':
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
With that, all laught and clapt him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Princess. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Princess. And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt;
For, ladies, we will every one be maskt;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Rosaline. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.
Katharine. But in this changing what is your intent?
Princess. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Rosaline. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Princess. No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Princess. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er 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 mockt, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be maskt; the maskers come.

[*The Ladies mask*

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth with a speech; the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine, disguised as Russians

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Berowne [*aside to Moth*] 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—

Berowne [*aside to Moth*]. 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.

Berowne. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

[*Exit Moth*

Rosaline. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Berowne. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosaline. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosaline. 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 this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Rosaline. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Berowne. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Rosaline. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Berowne. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Rosaline. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Rosaline. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Rosaline. 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 estranged?
Rosaline. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it,

Rosaline. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Rosaline. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Rosaline. Only to part friends:
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Rosaline. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Price you yourselves: what buys your company?
Rosaline. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Rosaline. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Rosaline. In private, then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart*
Berowne. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Princess. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Berowne. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
Princess. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Berowne. One word in secret.
Princess. Let it not be sweet.
Berowne. Thou grievest my gall.
Princess. Gall! bitter.
Berowne. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart*
Dumaine. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.
Dumaine. Fair lady,—
Maria. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dumaine. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart*

Katharine. What, was your visard made without a tongue?

Longaville. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Katharine. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Longaville. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visard half.

Katharine. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

Longaville. A calf, fair lady!

Katharine. No, a fair lord calf.

Longaville. Let's part the word.

Katharine. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Longaville. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Katharine. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Longaville. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Katharine. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart*

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.

Rosaline. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Berowne. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Princess. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puft out.

Rosaline. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Princess. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visards, show their faces?
This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.
Rosaline. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Princess. Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.
Maria. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Katharine. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Princess. Qualm, perhaps.
Katharine. Yes, in good faith.
Princess. Go, sickness as thou art!
Rosaline. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Princess. And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.
Katharine. And Longaville was for my service born.
Maria. Dumaine 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.
Princess. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows.
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Princess. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies maskt are roses in their bud;
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Princess. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Rosaline. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,

Lets mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Princess. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria*

Enter the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine, 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. [*Exit*

Berowne. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kist his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as 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 my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Berowne. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?
Enter the Princess, usher'd by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Princess. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Princess. 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.
Princess. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Princess. You nickname 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,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Princess. Not so, my lord!; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Princess. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Rosaline. 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 talkt 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.

Berowne. This jest is dry to me. Fair 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.

Rosaline. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Berowne. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Rosaline. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Berowne. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Rosaline. All the fool mine?

Berowne. I cannot give you less.

Rosaline. Which of the visards was it that you wore?

Berowne. Where? when? what visard? why demand you this?

Rosaline. There, then that visard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dumaine. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

Princess. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Rosaline. Help, hold his brows! he'll swound! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Berowne. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in visard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Rosaline. Sans sans, I pray you.

Berowne. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Princess. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Berowne. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Rosaline. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Berowne. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Rosaline. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Berowne. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.
Princess. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Princess. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Princess. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Princess. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Princess. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Princess. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Rosaline. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Princess. 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.
Rosaline. 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.
Princess. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Berowne. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours: and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you [*to Boyet*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,
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 leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Berowne. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Costard. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Berowne. What, are there but three?

Costard. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Berowne. And three times thrice is nine.

Costard. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Berowne. —Is not nine.

Costard. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Berowne. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Costard. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reck'ning, sir.

Berowne. How much is it?

Costard. 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 parfect one man in one poor man, Pompey the Great, sir.

Berowne. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Costard. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Berowne. Go, bid them prepare.

Costard. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit*

King. Berowne, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Berowne. 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.

Princess. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Berowne. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado

Armado. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper*

Princess. Doth this man serve God?

Berowne. Why ask you?

Princess. A' speaks not like a man of God his making.

Armado. That is 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 fortune de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit*

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 Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Berowne. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Berowne. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey

Costard. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Costard. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Berowne. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Costard. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dumaine. The Great.

Costard. It is 'Great,' sir.—

Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Princess. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Costard. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Berowne. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander

Sir Nathaniel. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Berowne. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Princess. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Sir Nathaniel. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

Berowne. Pompey the Great,—

Costard. Your servant, and Costard.

Berowne. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Costard [*to Sir Nathaniel*]. O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame Alisander [*Sir Nathaniel retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas; you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Princess. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules

Holofernes. 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. [*Moth retires*
Judas I am,—

Dumaine. A Judas!

Holofernes. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dumaine. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Berowne. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

Holofernes. Judas I am,—

Dumaine. The more shame for you, Judas.

Holofernes. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Holofernes. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Berowne. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Holofernes. I will not be put out of countenance.

Berowne. Because thou hast no face.

Holofernes. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dumaine. The head of a bodkin.

Berowne. A Death's face in a ring.

Longaville. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dumaine. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Berowne. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dumaine. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Berowne. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Holofernes. You have put me out of countenance.

Berowne. False; we have given thee faces.

Holofernes. But you have out-faced them all.
Berowne. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dumaine. For the latter end of his name.
Berowne. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!
Holofernes. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Holofernes retires*
Princess. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector

Berowne. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dumaine. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Longaville. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dumaine. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Berowne. This cannot be Hector.
Dumaine. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Armado. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dumaine. A gilt nutmeg.
Berowne. A lemon.
Longaville. Stuck with cloves.
Dumaine. No, cloven.
Armado. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dumaine. That mint.

Longaville. That columbine.

Armado. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Longaville. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dumaine. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Armado. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Berowne steps forth*

Princess. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Armado. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet [*aside to Dumaine*]. Loves her by the foot.

Dumaine [*aside to Boyet*]. He may not by the yard.

Armado. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Costard. The party is gone.

Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Armado. What meanest thou?

Costard. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Armado. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Costard. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dumaine. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Berowne. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dumaine. Hector trembles.

Berowne. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dumaine. Hector will challenge him.

Berowne. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Armado. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Costard. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dumaine. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Costard. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dumaine. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Armado. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dumaine. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Armado. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Berowne. What reason have you for't?

Armado. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Mercadé

Mercadé. God save you, madam!

Princess. Welcome, Mercadé;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mercadé. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Princess. Dead, for my life!

Mercadé. Even so; my tale is told.

Berowne. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Armado. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies*

King. How fares your majesty?
Princess. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Princess. 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 over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme pace of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of 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 purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Princess. I understand you not: my griefs are double.
Berowne. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed 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.

Princess. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining 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.

Dumaine. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Longaville. So did our looks.

Rosaline. We did not cote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Princess. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured 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 forlorn 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 insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence hermit then, my heart is in thy breast.

Berowne. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Rosaline. You must be purged too, your sins are rackt,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dumaine. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Katharine. A wife?—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dumaine. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Katharine. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say;

Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dumaine. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Katharine. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Longaville. What says Maria?
Maria. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Longaville. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Maria. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Berowne. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Rosaline. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this 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.
Berowne. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Rosaline. 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,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Berowne. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Princess [*to the King*]. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Berowne. 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.

Berowne. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado

Armado. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Princess. Was not that Hector?

Dumaine. The worthy knight of Troy.

Armado. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteem'd greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have follow'd in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Armado. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others

This side is Heims, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song

Spring. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds 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!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
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!

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 nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

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,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Armado. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way. [*Exeunt*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens
EGEUS, father to Hermia
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS } in love with Hermia
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus
QUINCE, a carpenter
SNUG, a joiner
BOTTOM, a weaver
FLUTE, a bellows-mender
SNOUT, a tinker
STARVELING, a 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
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED } fairies
PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION } characters in the interlude perform'd by the Clowns

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

Scene—Athens, and a wood near it

ACT I

SCENE I—*Athens. The palace of Theseus*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hippolyta. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Theseus. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,—
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate*
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 and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

Theseus. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Egeus. 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 rimes,
And interchanged 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, nosegays, sweatmeats,—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.

Theseus. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed 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.

Hermia. So is Lysander.

Theseus. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Hermia. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.

Theseus. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.
Hermia. 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.
Theseus. 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 shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier-happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
Hermia. 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.
Theseus. 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.
Demetrius. Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lysander. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Egeus. 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.
Lysander. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possest; 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 beloved 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.
Theseus. 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.

Egeus. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, Demetrius, and Train*

Lysander. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Hermia. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lysander. Ay 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,—

Hermia. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lysander. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Hermia. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lysander. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Hermia. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lysander. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied 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.

Hermia. If, then, true lovers have been ever crost,
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.

Lysander. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I 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 lovest 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.

Hermia. 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 knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan 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.

Lysander. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena

Hermia. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Helena. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go,
My hair should catch your hair, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'ld give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Hermia. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Helena. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Hermia. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Helena. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Hermia. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Helena. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Hermia. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Helena. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
Hermia. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!
Lysander. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silvery visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.
Hermia. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
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.
Lysander. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Hermia*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit*
Helena. How happy some o'er other-some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit*

SCENE II—*The same. A room in Quince's house*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Tailor

Quince. Is all our company here?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quince. 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.

Bottom. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quince. Marry, our play is *The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.*

Bottom. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bottom. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bottom. 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 in 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.

Quince. Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quince. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bottom. 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!'

Quince. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling the tailor.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom. 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.'

Quince. 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.

Bottom. I grant you, friends, if 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 'twere any nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced 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.

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow 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.

Bottom. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously.

Quince. Take pains; be perfit: adieu. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bottom. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I—*A wood near Athens*

Enter a Fairy at one door and Puck at another

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
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 dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear,
Farewell, 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 perforce 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.

Fairy. 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 villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
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 not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st 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.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fairy. And here my mistress,—Would that he were gone!

Enter Oberon, at one door, with his Train, and Titania, at another, with hers

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania. What, jealous Oberon!—Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Titania. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy-land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phyllida. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Oberon. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox 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 murrion 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 blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Oberon. 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.

Titania. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossipt by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laught to see the sails conceive
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 trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Oberon. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Titania. 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.

Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Titania. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her Train*

Oberon. 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.

Oberon. 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 throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred-thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free,
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'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*

Oberon. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
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

Demetrius. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto 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.

Helena. 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.

Demetrius. 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?

Helena. 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 worser 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?

Demetrius. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Helena. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Demetrius. 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 the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Helena. 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?
Demetrius. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild-beasts.
Helena. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed,—
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!
Demetrius. 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.
Helena. 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.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Helena*

Oberon. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Enter Puck

Hast thou the flower, there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Oberon. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleep Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed 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. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*Another part of the wood*

Enter Titania, with her Train

Titania. 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 rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Song

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, 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, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do not offence.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody, *etc.*

First Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps*

Enter Oberon

Oberon. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids*

Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit*

Enter Lysander and Hermia

Lysander. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Hermia. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lysander. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Hermia. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lysander. 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 interchained 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.
Hermia. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew 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!
Lysander. 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!
Hermia. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!

[*They sleep*

Enter Puck

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he 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
[*Squeezes the flower on Lysander's eyelids*
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, 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

Helena. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Demetrius. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Helena. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Demetrius. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit*

Helena. O, I am out of breath in this fond 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 oftener washt 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 eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lysander [*starting up*]. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Helena. 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.
Lysander. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason 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,
Reason 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.
Helena. 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 lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit*
Lysander. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit*

Hermia [*awaking*]. Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander!—what, removed?—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 swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I—*The wood. Titania lying asleep*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling

Bottom. Are we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bottom. Peter Quince,—

Quince. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword

to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Starveling. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottom. 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.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bottom. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Starveling. I fear it, I promise you.

Bottom. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies,—I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:'—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bottom. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bottom. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;—and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Bottom. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quince. Odours, odours.

Bottom. —odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit*

Puck [*Aside*]. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Exit*

Flute. Must I speak now?

Quince. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes

but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flute. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quince. 'Ninus' tomb,' man:—why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Flute. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass-head

Bottom. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.—
Pray masters! fly, masters!—Help!

[*Exit with Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling*

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*

Bottom. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bottom. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout*

Enter Quince

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou are translated. [*Exit*

Bottom. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place. do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings*

The ousel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill:—

Titania [*awaking*]. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bottom [*sings*]. 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?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom. 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.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate,—
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies

First Fairy. Ready.

Second Fairy. And I.

Third Fairy. And I.

Fourth Fairy. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Titania. 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:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fairy. Hail mortal!

Second Fairy. Hail!

Third Fairy. Hail!

Fourth Fairy. Hail!

Bottom. I cry your worships mercy heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cobweb. Cobweb.

Bottom. 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-Blossom. Peas-blossom.

Bottom. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mustard-Seed. Mustard-seed.

Bottom. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well:

that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Titania. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Another part of the wood*

Enter Oberon

Oberon. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.—
Here comes my messenger.

Enter Puck

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 thickskin 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 nowl I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic 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 madly 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, lost 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 waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Oberon. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latcht the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finisht too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Hermia and Demetrius

Oberon. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Demetrius. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Hermia. 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 stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored; 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 dead, so grim.
Demetrius. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Hermia. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Demetrius. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Hermia. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have lookt upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Demetrius. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Hermia. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.
Demetrius. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Hermia. 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*
Demetrius. 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 bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps*
Oberon. What has 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 troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Oberon. 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 costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit*

Oberon. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[*Squeezes the flower on Demetrius's eyelids*
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 wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Oberon. 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 Helena and Lysander

Lysander. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Helena. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
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.
Lysander. I had no judgement when to her I swore.
Helena. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lysander. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Demetrius [*awaking*]. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'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!
Helena. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
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 manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lysander. 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.
Helena. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Demetrius. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
Lysander. Helen, it is not so.
Demetrius. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia

Hermia. 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?
Lysander. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Hermia. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lysander. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,—
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's 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?
Hermia. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Helena. 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 conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-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 neelds 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.
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent 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.
Hermia. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
Helena. 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 spurn 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 tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Hermia. I understand not what you mean by this.

Helena. Ay, do, persever, 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.

Lysander. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Helena. O excellent!

Hermia. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Demetrius. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lysander. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Demetrius. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lysander. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Demetrius. Quick, come!

Hermia. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lysander. Away, you Ethiop!
Demetrius. No, no, sir;
Seem to break loose, take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lysander. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Hermia. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lysander. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion, hence!
Hermia. Do you not jest?
Helena. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lysander. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Demetrius. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
Lysander. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Hermia. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lysander. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Hermia. O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Helena. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Hermia. Puppet! why, so; ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Helena. 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 is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Hermia. Lower! hark, again.
Helena. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood,
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn 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.
Hermia. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
Helena. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Hermia. What, with Lysander?

Helena. With Demetrius.
Lysander. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Demetrius. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Helena. 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.
Hermia. Little again! nothing but low and little!—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lysander. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Demetrius. 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.
Lysander. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Demetrius. Follow! nay! I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius*
Hermia. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Helena. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company,
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit*
Hermia. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit*
Oberon. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries 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 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Oberon. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie 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 lead 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 wonted 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 shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;

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.

Oberon. 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*

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

Lysander. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lysander. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice*

Enter Demetrius

Demetrius. Lysander! speak agen:
Thou runaway, 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 defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Demetrius. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt*

Enter Lysander

Lysander. 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 fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps*

Enter Puck and Demetrius

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?
Demetrius. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Demetrius. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight 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.
[*Lies down and sleeps*

Enter Helena

Helena. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia

Hermia. 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!

[*Lies down and sleeps*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the herb on Lysander's eyelids*

When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown;
Jack shall have Jill;
Naught shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*The wood. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep*

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery 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.

Bottom. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas-blossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt 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 loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mustard-seed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray, you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mustard-seed. What's your will?

Bottom. 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.

Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and bones. [*Tongs. Rural music*

Titania. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bottom. 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.

Titania. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee hence new nuts.

Bottom. 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.

Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.—

[*Exeunt Fairies*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep*

Enter Puck

Oberon [*advancing*]. 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 favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid 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 flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
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 as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb*
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania: wake you, my sweet queen.
Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Oberon. There lies your love.
Titania. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Oberon. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Titania. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
[*Music, still*
Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Oberon. Sound, 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 prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Oberon Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Titania. 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. Wind horns*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds:
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—

[*Exit an Attendant*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'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 all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapt like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matcht in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Egeus. 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.

Theseus. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rites of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my lord.
Theseus. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Horns, and they wake. Shout within, and they all start up*
Good morrow, friends.—Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lysander. Pardon, my lord.
Theseus. 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?
Lysander. 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,
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.
Demetrius. 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 loathe 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.

Theseus. 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 purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train*

Demetrius. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Hermia. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Helena. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a gemel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Demetrius. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Hermia. Yea; and my father.

Helena. And Hippolyta.

Lysander. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Demetrius. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him; 197
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt*

Bottom [*awaking*]. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus,'—Heigh-ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!—God's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, —past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patcht fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit*

SCENE II—*Athens. A room in Quince's house*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling

Quince. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Starveling. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flute. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice. 10

Flute. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

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.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom

Bottom. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quince. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bottom. 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.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bottom. 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, 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 preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away!

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*Athens. An apartment in the palace of Theseus*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants

Hippolyta. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

Theseus. More strange than true: I never may believe

These antick fables nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:—
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is, the madman: the lover, all 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,
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 supposed a bear!

Hippolyta. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Theseus. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena

Helena. Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lysander. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Theseus. 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.

Philostrate Here mighty Theseus.

Theseus. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostrate. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper*

Theseus [*reads*]. 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—
[*Reads*] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—
[*Reads*] 'The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.—
[*Reads*] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostrate. 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 tragical, 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.
Theseus. What are they that do play it?
Philostrate. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
Theseus. And we will hear it.
Philostrate. 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,
Extremely stretcht and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
Theseus. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate*
Hippolyta. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.
Theseus. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hippolyta. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
Theseus. 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 practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pickt 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

Philostrate. So please your grace, the Prologue is addrest.
Theseus. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets*

Enter the Prologue

Prologue. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.
Theseus. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lysander. 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.
Hippolyta. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
Theseus. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady, Thisbe is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are 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, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,
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 mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling 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 Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion and Moonshine*

Theseus. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Demetrius. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Theseus. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Demetrius. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Theseus. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus

Pyramus. O grim-lookt night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!
[*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 bliss!
Cursed by thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Theseus. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bottom. 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

Thisbe. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kist thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyramus. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.—
Thisbe!

Thisbe. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyramus. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Thisbe. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyramus. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Thisbe. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyramus. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
Thisbe. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyramus. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
Thisbe. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*
Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [*Exit*
Theseus. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
Demetrius. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.
Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hippolyta. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Theseus. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear,
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I one Snug the joiner am,
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.
Theseus. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Demetrius. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
Lysander. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
Theseus. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Demetrius. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
Theseus. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for

the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moonshine. This lantern doth the horned moon present;—

Demetrius. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Theseus. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moonshine. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man-i-th'-moon do seem to be.

Theseus. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man-i'-th'-moon?

Demetrius. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hippolyta. I am a-weary of this moon: would he would change!

Theseus. 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.

Lysander. Proceed, moon.

Moonshine. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man-i'-th'moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Demetrius. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. O— [*The Lion roars; Thisbe runs off*

Demetrius. Well roar'd, lion.

Theseus. Well run, Thisbe.

Hippolyta. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit*

Theseus. Well moused, lion.

Demetrius. And then came Pyramus.

Lysander. And so the lion vanisht.

Enter Pyramus

Pyramus. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
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;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

Theseus. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hippolyta. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that lookt with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus,—
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:— [*Stabs himself*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight:— [*Exit Moonshine*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Demetrius. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lysander Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theseus. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover; and prove an ass.

Hippolyta. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back to find her lover?

Theseus. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe

Hippolyta. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Demetrius. 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.

Lysander. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius. And thus she moans, *videlicet*:

Thisbe. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover up thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
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 imbrue; [*Stabs herself*
And, farewell, friends,—
Thus Thisbe ends,—
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies*

Theseus. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius. Ay, and Wall too.

Bottom. 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?

Theseus. 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 hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy-time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatcht.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
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 behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
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 hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering 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.

[*Song and dance*]

Oberon. 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 blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-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;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have 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*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon
DON JOHN, his bastard brother
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua
LEONTO, governor of Messina
ANTONIO, his brother
BALTHAZAR, attendant on Don Pedro
BORACHIO, CONRADE } followers of Don John
FRIAR FRANCIS
DOGBERRY, a constable
VERGES, a headborough
A SEXTON
A BOY
HERO, daughter to Leonato
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato
MARGARET, URSULA } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

Scene—Messina

ACT I

SCENE I—*Before Leonato's house*

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger

Leonato. I learn in this letter than Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Messenger. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leonato. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Messenger. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leonato. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestow'd much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Messenger. Much deserved on his part, and equally remember'd 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 better'd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leonato. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Messenger. I have already deliver'd 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.

Leonato. Did he break out into tears?

Messenger. In great measure.

Leonato. 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!

Beatrice. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the wars or no?

Messenger. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leonato. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Messenger. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beatrice. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt,—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leonato. Faith, niece you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Messenger. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Messenger. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beatrice. And a good soldier to a lady:— but what is he to a lord?

Messenger. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuft with all honourable virtues.

Beatrice. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuft man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leonato. 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.

Beatrice. 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.

Messenger. Is't possible?

Beatrice. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Messenger. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beatrice. 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?

Messenger. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beatrice. 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 a' be cured.

Messenger. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beatrice. Do, good friend.

Leonato. You will never run mad, niece.

Beatrice. No, not till a hot January.

Messenger. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthazar

Don Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leonato. 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.

Don Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Benedick. Were you in doubt, sir, that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Don 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.

Benedick. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beatrice. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Benedick. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beatrice. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Benedick. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find it in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beatrice. 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 bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Benedick. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beatrice. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Benedick. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beatrice. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Benedick. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beatrice. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

Don 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.

Leonato. 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.

Don John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leonato. Please it your Grace lead on?

Don Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio*

Claudio. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Benedick. I noted her not; but I lookt on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest young lady?

Benedick. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement, or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a profest tyrant to their sex?

Claudio. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Benedick. Why, i' 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.

Claudio. Thou think'st I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Benedick. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claudio. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Benedick. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claudio. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I lookt on.

Benedick. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possest 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?

Claudio. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Benedick. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore 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 return'd to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro

Don Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Benedick. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Don Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Benedick. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret 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.

Claudio. If this were so, so were it utter'd.

Benedick. Like the old tale, my lord; 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Don Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claudio. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Don Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claudio. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Benedick. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claudio. That I love her, I feel.

Don Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Benedick. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

Don Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claudio. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Benedick. 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 recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, 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.

Don Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Benedick. 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 ballet-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Don Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Benedick. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam.

Don Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Benedick. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehand; and let me be vilely 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.'

Claudio. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

Don Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Benedick. I look for an earthquake too, then.

Don Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, 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.

Benedick. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you,—

Claudio. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it),—
Don Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.
Benedick. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit*
Claudio. My liege, your highness now may do me good.
Don 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.
Claudio. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
Don Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claudio. O, my lord
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
Don Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claudio. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

Don Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit; 'tis once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*A room in Leonato's house*

Enter, severally, Leonato and Antonio

Leonato. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Antonio. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leonato. Are they good?

Antonio. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleacht alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discover'd 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.

Leonato. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Antonio. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leonato. 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.—[*Exit Antonio.—Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exit*

SCENE III—*Another room in Leonato's house*

Enter Don John and Conrade

Conrade. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

Don John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conrade. You should hear reason.

Don John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conrade. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Don John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have 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.

Conrade. Yea, 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.

Don John. I had rather be a canker 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 enfranchised with a clog; 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.

Conrade. Can you make no use of your discontent?

Don John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.—Who comes here?

Enter Borachio

What news, Borachio?

Borachio. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Don John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Borachio. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

Don John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Borachio. Even he.

Don John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Borachio. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

Don John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Borachio. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

Don John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath 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?

Conrade. To the death, my lord.

Don 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?
Borachio. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I—*A hall in Leonato's house*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?
Antonio. I saw him not.
Beatrice. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.
Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.
Beatrice. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway 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.
Leonato. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—
Beatrice. 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 a' could get her good-will.
Leonato. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.
Antonio. In faith, she's too curst.
Beatrice. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.
Leonato. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.
Beatrice. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.
Leonato. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. 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-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leonato. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beatrice. 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.

Antonio. Well, niece [*to Hero*], I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beatrice. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsey, and say, 'Father, as it please you:'—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsey, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leonato. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leonato. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beatrice. 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 is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero:—wooing, wedding, and re-

penting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, 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 sink into his grave.

Leonato. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leonato. The revellers are ent'ring, brother: make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, maskt; with a drum

Don Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

Don Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Don Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatcht.

Don Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside*

Balthazar. Well, I would you did like me.

Margaret. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balthazar. Which is one?

Margaret. I say my prayers aloud.

Balthazar. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Margaret. God match me with a good dancer!

Balthazar. Amen.

Margaret. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balthazar. No more words: the clerk is answer'd.

Ursula. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Antonio. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Antonio. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Ursula. 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. 101

Antonio. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. 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.

Beatrice. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Benedick. No, you shall pardon me.

Beatrice. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Benedick. Not now.

Beatrice. 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. 112

Benedick. What's he?

Beatrice. I am sure you know him well enough.

Benedick. Not I, believe me.

Beatrice. Did he never make you laugh?

Benedick. I pray you, what is he?

Beatrice. Why, he is 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 villainy; for he both pleases 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 boarded me. 123

Benedick. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beatrice. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not markt, 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.

Benedick. In every good thing.

Beatrice. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Music. Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio*

Don 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.

Borachio. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

Don John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claudio. You know me well; I am he.

Don John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

Don John. I heard him swear his affection.

Borachio. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her tonight.

Don John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio*

Claudio. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
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.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Enter Benedick

Benedick. Count Claudio? 160

Claudio. Yea, the same.

Benedick. Come, will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Benedick. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio. I wish him joy of her.

Benedick. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claudio. I pray you, leave me. 173

Benedick. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claudio. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit*

Benedick. 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 thought, bitter disposition, of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may. 184

Enter Don Pedro

Don Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Benedick. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt. 192

Don Petro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Benedick. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Don Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Benedick. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's-nest.

Don Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Benedick. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Don Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Benedick. O, she misused 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 endow'd with all that Adam had left him before he transgrest: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. 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 go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and peturbation follow her.

Don Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, & Leonato

Benedick. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies;—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Don Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Benedick. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit*

Don Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick. 242

Beatrice. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

Don Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beatrice. 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.

Don Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claudio. Not sad, my lord.

Don Pedro. How then? sick?

Claudio. Neither, my lord.

Beatrice. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count,—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Don Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here Claudio, I have woo'd in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have

broke with her father, and, his good-will obtain'd, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leonato. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beatrice. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claudio. 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.

Beatrice. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Don Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatrice. 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.

Claudio. And so she doth, cousin.

Beatrice. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

Don Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice. 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.

Don Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beatrice. 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.

Don Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beatrice. 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!

Leonato. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beatrice. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit*

Don Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leonato. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

Don Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband. 304

Leonato. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Don Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

Don Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claudio. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leonato. 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.

Don Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully 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. 322

Leonato. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claudio. And I, my lord.

Don Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Don Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,

of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his 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—*Another room in Leonato's house*

Enter Don John and Borachio

Don John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

Don John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Borachio. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

Don John. Show me briefly how.

Borachio. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

Don John. I remember.

Borachio. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

Don John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Borachio. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

Don John. What proof shall I make of that?

Borachio. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

Don John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Borachio. 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 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 me 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 truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 42

Don 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.

Borachio. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Don Juan. I wil presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III—*Leonato's orchard*

Enter Benedick alone

Benedick. Boy,—

Enter Boy

Boy. Signior?

Benedick. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir. 5

Benedick. 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 laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walkt ten mile a-foot 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 is he turn'd orthography; 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 have 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 come 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 near 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 Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. 33

[*Withdraws into the arbour*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Leonato, Balthazar, and Musicians

Don Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claudio. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,
As husht on purpose to grace harmony!

Don Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.
Don Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.
Balthazar. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
Don 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.
Balthazar. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.
Don Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balthazar. Note this before my notes,—
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Don Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [*Music*
Benedick [*aside*]. Now, 'Divine air!' now is his soul ravisht!—Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar sings

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe

Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

Don Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balthazar. And an ill singer, my lord.

Don Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Benedick [*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, come what plague could have come after it.

Don Pedro. Yea, marry, 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.

Balthazar. The best I can, my lord.

Don Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.*]—Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claudio. O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits [*aside to Pedro*].—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leonato. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Benedick [*aside*].—Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leonato. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

Don Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claudio. Faith, like enough.

Leonato. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Don Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claudio [*aside*]. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leonato. What effects, my lord!—She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claudio. She did, indeed.

Don Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leonato. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Benedick [*aside*]. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claudio [*aside*]. He hath ta'en th'infection: hold it up.

Don Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claudio. 'Tis 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?'

Leonato. 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.

Claudio. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leonato. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claudio. That.

Leonato. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'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 writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claudio. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leonato. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

Don Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claudio. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Don Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent-sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Don Pedro. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leonato. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Don Pedro. I would she had bestow'd this dotage on me: I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leonato. Were it good, think you?

Claudio. 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 accustom'd crossness.

Don Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claudio. He is a very proper man.

Don Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claudio. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

Don Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leonato. And I take him to be valiant.

Don Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them

with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leonato. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep the peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Don 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? 182

Claudio. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leonato. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

Don Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. 190

Leonato. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claudio [*aside*]. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Don Pedro [*aside*]. Let there be the same net 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 dotage, 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. 199

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato*

Benedick [*coming forward*]. 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 censured: 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 reprove 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. 222

Enter Beatrice

Beatrice. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Benedick. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatrice. 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.

Benedick. You take pleasure, then, in the message? 229

Beatrice. 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*

Benedick. 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 orchard*

Enter Hero and two gentlewomen, Margaret and Ursula

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
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, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Make proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose. This is thy office:
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Margaret. 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 hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Ursula. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars 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 bower*
No, truly, Ursula, she's too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Ursula. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
Ursula. 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 loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Ursula. 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 framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising 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.
Ursula. 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-featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursula. 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.

Ursula. 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 slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Ursula. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized 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.

Ursula. 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.
Ursula. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every 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.
Ursula [*aside*]. She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
Hero [*aside*]. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula*
Beatrice [*coming forward*]. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say, thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit*

Scene II—*A room in Leonato's house*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato

Don Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Claudio. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.
Don Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, so to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his

tongue is the clapper,—for what his hearts thinks, his tongue speaks.

Benedick. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leonato. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in love.

Don Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly toucht with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Benedick. I have the toothache.

Don Pedro. Draw it.

Benedick. Hang it!

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Don Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leonato. Where is but a humour or a worm?

Benedick. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I he is in love.

Don 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 Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claudio. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Don Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claudio. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuft tennis-balls.

Leonato. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Don Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.
Don Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
Claudio. And when was he wont to wash his face?
Don Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.
Claudio. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and new-govern'd by stops.
Don Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.
Claudio. Nay, but I know who loves him.
Don Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.
Claudio. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.
Don Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.
Benedick. Yet is this no charm for the toothache.—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 Benedick and Leonato*

Don Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.
Claudio. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John

Don John. My lord and brother, God save you!
Don Pedro. Good den, brother.
Don John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.
Don Pedro. In private?
Don John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear: for what I would speak of concerns him.
Don Pedro. What's the matter?
Don John [*to Claudio*]. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
Don Pedro. You know he does.
Don John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claudio. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Don 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 holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestow'd.

Don Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

Don John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claudio. Who, Hero?

Don John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claudio. Disloyal!

Don John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, 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.

Claudio. May this be so?

Don Pedro. I will not think it.

Don 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.

Claudio. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed her, there will I shame her.

Don Pedro. And, as I woo'd for thee to obtain her, I will join thee to disgrace her.

Don John. I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

Don Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!

Claudio. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Don John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*A street*

Enter Dogberry and his compartner Verges, with the Watch

Dogberry. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogberry. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watchman. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read. 11

Dogberry. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blest you with a good name; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Second Watchman. Both which, master constable,—

Dogberry. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name. 23

Second Watchman. How if a' will not stand?

Dogberry. 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.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry. 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.

Second Watchman. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Second Watchman. How if they will not?

Dogberry. 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.

Second Watchman. Well, sir.

Dogberry. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watchman. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry. 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.

Verges. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Second Watchman. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dogberry. 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 he bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dogberry. 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.

Verges. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dogberry. 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.

Verges. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry. Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.—Come neighbour.

First Watchman. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry. 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 vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges*

Enter Borachio and Conrade

Borachio. What, Conrade!—

First Watchman [*aside*]. Peace! stir not.

Borachio. Conrade, I say!—

Conrade. Here man; I am at thy elbow.

Borachio. Mass, and my elbow itcht; I thought there would a scab follow.

Conrade. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Borachio. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

First Watchman [*aside*]. Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Borachio. Therefore know I have earn'd of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conrade. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Borachio. 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.

Conrade. I wonder at it.

Borachio. 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.

Conrade. Yes, it is apparel.

Borachio. I mean, the fashion.

Conrade. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Borachio. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deform'd thief this fashion is?

First Watchman [*aside*]. I know that Deform'd; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Borachio. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Conrade. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Borachio. Seest thou not, I say, what a deform'd thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smircht worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Conrade. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Borachio. 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 possest by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conrade. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Borachio. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possest them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watchman. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Second Watchman. Call up the right master constable. We have here recover'd the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watchman. And one Deform'd is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Conrade. Masters, masters,—

Second Watchman. You'll be made bring Deform'd forth, I warrant you.

Conrade. Masters,—

First Watchman. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Borachio. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Conrade. A commodity in question, I warrant you.—Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*A room in Leonato's house*

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Ursula. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursula. Well. [*Exit*

Margaret. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Margaret. By my troth, 's not good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this. 11

Margaret. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Margaret. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth-o'-gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it; for my heart is exceeding heavy. 23

Margaret. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Margaret. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband'; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'! None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beatrice. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beatrice. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Margaret. Clap's into *Light o' love;* that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beatrice. Ye light o' love, with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Margaret. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beatrice. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!

Margaret. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Margaret. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beatrice. What means the fool, trow?

Margaret. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beatrice. I am stuft, cousin; I cannot smell.

Margaret. A maid, and stuft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beatrice. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profest apprehension?

Margaret. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beatrice. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Margaret. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance 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 Benedick 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. 78

Beatrice. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Margaret. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula

Ursula. 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 the Constable Dogberry and the Headborough Verges

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogberry. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leonato. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dogberry. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verges. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leonato. What is it, my good friends?

Dogberry. 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. 11

Verges. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dogberry. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leonato. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogberry. 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.

Leonato. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dogberry. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verges. And so am I.

Leonato. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verges. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogberry. 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'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipt: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour!

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogberry. Gifts that God gives.

Leonato. I must leave you.

Dogberry. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leonato. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogberry. It shall be suffigance.

Leonato. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leonato. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger*

Dogberry. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men. 52

Verges. And we must do it wisely

Dogberry. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*A church*

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and Attendants

Leonato. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar Francis. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claudio. No.

Leonato. To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.

Friar Francis. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar Francis. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it. 12

Claudio. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar Francis. Know you any, count?

Leonato. I dare make his answer,—none.

Claudio. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Benedick. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as Ah, ha, he!

Claudio. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leonato. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claudio. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Don Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claudio. 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.

Leonato. What do you mean, my lord?

Claudio. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approved wanton.

Leonato. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claudio. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claudio. Out on thee, 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?
Claudio. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
Don Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leonato. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
Don John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Benedick. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True!—O God!
Claudio. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
Leonato. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
Claudio. 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.
Leonato. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claudio. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. It it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claudio. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talkt with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talkt with no man at that hour, my lord.

Don Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confest the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
Don John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them.—Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claudio. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But 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.
Leonato. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons*
Beatrice. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
Don John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, and Attendants*
Benedick. How doth the lady?
Beatrice. Dead, I think:—help, uncle:—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!
Leonato. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wisht for.
Beatrice. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar Francis. Have comfort, lady.
Leonato. Dost thou look up?
Friar Francis. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leonato. 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 ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid 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 mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine, that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fall'n
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!
Benedick. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beatrice. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Benedick. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beatrice. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leonato. 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 loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washt it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar Francis. 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 markt
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath 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 biting error.

Leonato. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou see'st 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 Francis. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father
Prove you that any man with me conversed
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 Francis. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Benedick. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practise of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leonato. 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 blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar Francis. 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.
Leonato. What shall become of this? what will this do?
Friar Francis. Marry, this well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lackt 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,
Th'idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accused 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 levell'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.

Benedick. 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.

Leonato. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar Francis. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.
[*Exeunt Friar Francis, Hero, and Leonato*

Benedick. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beatrice. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Benedick. I will not desire that.

Beatrice. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Benedick. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beatrice. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Benedick. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beatrice. A very even way, but no such friend.

Benedick. May a man do it?

Beatrice. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Benedick. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beatrice. 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.

Benedick. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beatrice. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Benedick. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beatrice. Will you not eat your word?

Benedick. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beatrice. Why, then, God forgive me!

Benedick. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beatrice. You have stay'd me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Benedick. And do it with all thy heart.

Beatrice. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Benedick. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beatrice. Kill Claudio.

Benedick. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beatrice. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Benedick. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beatrice. I am gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Benedick. Beatrice,—

Beatrice. In faith, I will go.

Benedick. We'll be friends first.

Beatrice. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Benedick. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beatrice. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Benedick. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beatrice. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Benedick. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beatrice. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Benedick. Beat—

Beatrice. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; 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 curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, an swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Benedick. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beatrice. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Benedick. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beatrice. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Benedick. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I 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 and Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the watch, with Conrade and Borachio

Dogberry. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verges. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogberry. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verges. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogberry. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Borachio. Borachio.

Dogberry. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Conrade. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogberry. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Conrade and *Borachio.* Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogberry. 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?

Conrade. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogberry. 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.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dogberry. 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.

Dogberry. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watchman. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogberry. Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Borachio. Master constable,—

Dogberry. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Second Watchman. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogberry. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verges. Yea, by th'mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

First Watchman. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogberry. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Second Watchman. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before

and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogberry. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verges. Let them be in the hands—

Conrade. Off, coxcomb!

Dogberry. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Conrade. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogberry. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; find a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt*

ACT V

Scene I—*Before Leonato's house*

Enter Leonato and his brother Antonio

Antonio. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leonato. 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 loved 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 for 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,
Bid sorrow wag, 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 preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no, 'tis 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.

Antonio. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee, peace,—I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Antonio. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leonato. 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.

Antonio. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Don Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

Leonato. Hear you, my lords,—

Don Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leonato. 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.

Antonio. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claudio. Who wrongs him?

Leonato. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, 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.

Leonato. 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 mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise 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,—
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy!

Claudio. My villainy!

Leonato. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
Don Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leonato. 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 lustihood.
Claudio. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leonato. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Antonio. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leonato. Brother,—
Antonio. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
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, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
Leonato. Brother Antony,—
Antonio. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.
Leonato. But, brother Antony,—
Antonio. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
Don Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:

But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leonato. My lord, my lord,—

Don Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leonato. No?—
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.

Antonio. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for't.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

Don Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick

Claudio. Now, signior, what news? 110

Benedick. Good day, my lord.

Don Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claudio. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Don Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Benedick. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claudio. 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? 122

Benedick. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

Don Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claudio. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Don Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claudio. What, courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care. 131

Benedick. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claudio. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

Don Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claudio. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Benedick. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claudio. God bless me from a challenge!

Benedick. 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 protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claudio. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Don Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claudio. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Benedick. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Don Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman,' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claudio. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

Don Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly:—the old man's daughter told us all.

Claudio. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Don Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claudio. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick, the married man'?

Benedick. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. —My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit*

Don Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claudio. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Don Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claudio. Most sincerely.

Don Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claudio. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Don Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry and Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio

Dogberry. Come, you sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Don Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claudio. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Don Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogberry. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; more-

over, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Don 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 you lay to their charge.

Claudio. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Don 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?

Borachio. 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 disgraced 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.

Don Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claudio. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

Don Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Borachio. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Don Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claudio. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogberry. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters,

do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verges. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leonato. 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?

Borachio. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leonato. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Borachio. Yea, even I alone.

Leonato. 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;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claudio. 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.

Don 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.

Leonato. 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 given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claudio. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leonato. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Borachio. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogberry. 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 remember'd in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deform'd: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,—the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leonato. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogberry. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leonato. There's for thy pains.

Dogberry. God save the foundation!

Leonato. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogberry. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I

beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wisht, God prohibit it!—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges*

Leonato. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Antonio. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

Don Pedro. We will not fail.

Claudio. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*

Leonato [*to the watch*]. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally*

Scene II—*Leonato's garden*

Enter, severally, Benedick and Margaret

Benedick. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Margaret. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Benedick. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Margaret. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Benedick. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,—it catches.

Margaret. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Benedick. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Margaret. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Benedick. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Margaret. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Benedick. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret*

[*He sings*

The god of love,
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 pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,—why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rime; I have tried: I can find out no rime to 'lady' but 'baby,'—an innocent rime; for 'scorn,' 'horn,'—a hard rime; for 'school,' 'fool,'—a babbling rime; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a riming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Beatrice. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Benedick. O, stay but till then!

Beatrice. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Benedick. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beatrice. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkist.

Benedick. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible 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?

Beatrice. 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?

Benedick. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beatrice. 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.

Benedick. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beatrice. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Benedick. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived 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 monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beatrice. And how long is that, think you?

Benedick. Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, 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?

Beatrice. Very ill.

Benedick. And how do you?

Beatrice. Very ill too.

Benedick. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula

Ursula. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beatrice. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Benedick. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III—*A church*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers

Claudio. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Attendant. It is, my lord.

Claudio [*reads from a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies;
Death, in guerdon 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;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily;
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claudio. Now, unto thy bones good night!—
Yearly will I do this rite.

Don Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
Claudio. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
Don Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*A room in Leonato's house*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero

Friar Francis. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leonato. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused 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.
Antonio. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Benedick. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leonato. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither maskt:
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother:
[*Exeunt Ladies*
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Antonio. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Benedick. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar Francis. To do what, signior?
Benedick. 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.

Leonato. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Benedick. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leonato. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?
Benedick. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good-will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leonato. My heart is with your liking.
Friar Francis. And my help.—
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants

Don Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leonato. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claudio. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.
Leonato. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio*

Don Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claudio. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Benedick. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claudio. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings.

Enter Antonio, with the Ladies maskt

Which is the lady I must sieze upon?

Antonio. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claudio. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.
Leonato. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claudio. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claudio. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
Don Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leonato. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar Francis. 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.
Benedick. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beatrice [*unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?
Benedick. Do not you love me?
Beatrice. Why, no; no more than reason.
Benedick. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.
Beatrice. Do not you love me?
Benedick. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beatrice. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
Benedick. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beatrice. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Benedick. 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me?
Beatrice. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leonato. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claudio. 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 brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Benedick. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beatrice. 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.

Benedick. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her*]

Don Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Benedick. 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 at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claudio. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'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.

Benedick. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leonato. We'll have dancing afterward.

Benedick. First, of my word; therefore play, music!—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Benedick. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers!

[*Dance. Exeunt*

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, living in banishment
FREDERIC, his brother, and usurper of his dominions
AMIENS, JAQUES } lords attending on the banisht Duke
LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys
ADAM, DENIS } servants to Oliver
TOUCHSTONE, a clown
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar
CORIN, SILVIUS } shepherds
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey
A person representing *Hymen*
ROSALIND, daughter to the banisht Duke
CELIA, daughter to Frederick
PHEBE, a shepherdess
AUDREY, a country wench
Lords, *Pages*, and *Attendants*, *etc.*

Scene—Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest in Arden

ACT I

SCENE I—*Orchard of Oliver's house*

Enter Orlando and Adam

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques 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 hired: 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. 22

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?
Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.
Oliver. What mar you then, sir?
Orlando. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.
Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?
Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?
Orlando. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.
Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?
Orlando. 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.
Oliver. What, boy!
Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.
Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; 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 pull'd 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.
Oliver. Let me go, I say.
Orlando. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged 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 allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. 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.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. 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.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam*

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Denis!

Denis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Denis. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit Denis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good morrow, Monsieur Charles.—What's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banisht 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.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banisht with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have follow'd 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.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live? 101

Charles. 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 fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. 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 disguised 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 foil 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. 119

Oliver. 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 ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 137

Charles. 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!

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly 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—*Lawn before the Duke's palace*

Enter Rosalind and Celia

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. 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 banisht father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banisht father, had banisht 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 righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celia. 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.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when

Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and 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?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learn'd you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. 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.

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not 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.

Celia. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest 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.

Rosalind. With his mouthful of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Celia. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau

Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! of what colour!

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Celia. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rosalind. 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.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Rosalind. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over

them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come

but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. 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 judgement, 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.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, 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.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mockt me before: but come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Wrestle*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house,
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, Train, and Le Beau*

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father loved 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 ventured.

Celia. 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 deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
—Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando. 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.

Rosalind. 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.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Rosalind. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia*

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Enter Le Beau

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconsters all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orlando. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banisht duke
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company: whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

Scene III

A room in the palace

Enter Celia and Rosalind

Celia. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Celia. 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.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Celia. 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?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Celia. 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.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'est found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. 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 Frederick. 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.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Rosalind: So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banisht 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.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke Frederick. 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 irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banisht.
Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke Frederick. 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 Frederick and Lords*
Celia. 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.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banisht me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me 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 the 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.
Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not beter,

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;
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Rosalind. 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?
Celia. 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*

Act II

Scene I—*The Forest of Arden*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters

Duke Senior. 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:
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First 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 banisht you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay alone
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls 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 heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest 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;
'Tis 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;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, 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 Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Senior. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*A room in the palace*

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First 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.
Second Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
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 Frederick. Send to his brother's; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*Before Oliver's house*

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting

Orlando. 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 bony priser 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 sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. 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; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither so you come not here.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters 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.

Orlando. 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 prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*The Forest of Arden*

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone

Rosalind. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. 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 hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Celia. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. 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.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Corin. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Silvius. 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?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved:
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit*

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milkt: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touchstone. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much opprest,
And faints for succour.
Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote 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.
Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Corin. 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 forest*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others

Amiens [*sings*]. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Amiens. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you'em stanzos?

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like th' 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.

Amiens. 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.

Jaques. 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 doth ambition shun [*All together here*
And loves to live i'th'sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaques. 'Tis 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.

Amiens. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared

[*Exeunt severally*

Scene VI—*The forest*

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.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing 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 comfortable; 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 cheerly; 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 any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII—*The forest. A table set out*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and Lords like Outlaws

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i'th'forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and baskt 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 'twill 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 crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke Senior. What fool is this?

Jaques. 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 coat.

Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
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 most must 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 anatomized
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 Senior. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jacques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th'imbossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. 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 weary 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

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more!

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke Senior. 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?
Orlando. 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.
Jaques. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.
Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orlando. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orlando. 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 boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have lookt on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke Senior. 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 wiped 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.
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limpt in pure love: till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orlando. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit*
Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaques. 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. As, first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, 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 the 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 lined,
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 saved, 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.

Enter Orlando, with Adam

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Senior. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! etc.

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—*A room in the palace*

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver

Duke Frederick. 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, wheresoe'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.

Oliver. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The forest*

Enter Orlando, with a paper

Orlando. 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 every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit*

Enter Corin and Touchstone

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. 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 vile 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?

Corin. 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 learn'd no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damn'd.

Corin. Nay, I hope—

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. 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.

Corin. 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.

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. 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.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Corin. 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 perfumed with civet.

Touchstone. Most shallow man! thou 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.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Corin. 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 ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touchstone. 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, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading

Rosalind. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:
If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that swetest 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?

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th'country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. III

Enter Celia, with a writing

Rosalind. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Celia. [*reads*]
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 120
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 charged 130
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle pulpiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Celia. How now! back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Exeunt Corin and Touchstone

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. 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 berimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'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 apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour this conceal'd 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.

Celia. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rosalind. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. 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.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tript up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Celia. I'faith, coz. 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How lookt 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.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis 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.

Rosalind. 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?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies 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 dropt acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretcht along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnisht like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous, he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire*

Enter Orlando and Jaques

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God b'wi'you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing lovesongs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas 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.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques. Celia and Rosalind come forward*

Rosalind [*aside to Celia*]. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me, what time o'day: there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. 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.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. 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.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, 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.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place? 309

Rosalind. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. 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 toucht with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxt their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women? 321

Rosalind. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, 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 quotidian of love upon him. 332

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. 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.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. 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 hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man,—you are rather point-devise in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orlando. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punisht and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly 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 drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Rosalind. 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?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*The forest*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques [*aside*]. O knowledge ill-inhabited,—worse than Jove in a thatcht house!

Touchstone. 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.

Audrey. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touchstone. 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.

Audrey. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques [*aside*]. A material fool!

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaques [*aside*]. I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'Many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? even so; poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier

than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.—Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver Martext. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver Martext. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques [*coming forward*]. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touchstone [*aside*]. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—
Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not,
O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;—
but,
Wind away,
Be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey*

Sir Oliver Martext. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit*

Scene IV—*The forest*

Enter Rosalind and Celia

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. 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 cover'd goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. '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.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laught, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. 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 puisny tilter, 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

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
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.

Celia. Well, and what of him?

Corin. 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.

Rosalind. 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—*The forest*

Enter Silvius and Phebe

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
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 and Celia; Corin behind

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but 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.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
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.

Phebe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Rosalind [*coming forward*]. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you 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 pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek 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 properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis 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:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Rosalind. He's fall'n in love with her 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 sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?
Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.
Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin*
Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'
Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—
Phebe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Silvius. 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 extermined.
Phebe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Silvius. I would have you.
Phebe. 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.
Silvius. 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.
Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phebe. 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 mixt in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they markt 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
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had 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; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. 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*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*The forest*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why, then 'tis good to be a post. 9

Jaques. 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 sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rosalind. 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. 22

Jaques. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Rosalind. 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!

Enter Orlando

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaques. Nay, then, God b'wi'you, an you talk in blank verse! [*Exit*

Rosalind. 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. 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.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. 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 clapt him o'th'shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail!

Rosalind. Ay, of 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.

Orlando. What's that? 50

Rosalind. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes arm'd in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orlando. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Rosalind. And I am your Rosalind.

Celia. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind. 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?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. 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 cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando. What, of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.

Orlando. Then, in my own person, I die.

Rosalind. 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-cause. Troilus had his brains dasht out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had 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 chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. 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.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. 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?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando,'—

Celia. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say,—'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. 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.

Orlando. So do all thoughts,—they are wing'd.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her.

Orlando. For ever and a day.

Rosalind. 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 clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to weep. 134

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 142

Orlando. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Wit, whither wilt?'

Rosalind. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orlando. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosalind. 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!

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. 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? 161

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-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. 170

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando*

Celia. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou 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. 182

Celia. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, 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, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The forest*

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters

Jaques. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. 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?

Forester. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home!
[*The rest shall bear this burthen*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*The forest*

Enter Rosalind and Celia

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock—and here much Orlando!

Celia. 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

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Gives 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,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. 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 phœnix. 'Od'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.

Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rosalind. 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 verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Silvius. Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women'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?

Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rosalind. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—
Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius. Call you this railing?

Rosalind [*reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?—
Did you ever hear such railing?—
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance to me.—
Meaning me a beast.—
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid 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.

Silvius. Call you this chiding?

Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rosalind. 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 endured! 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

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Celia. 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.

Oliver. 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 owners of the house I did inquire for?

Celia. It is no boast, being askt, to say we are.

Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin;—are you he?

Rosalind. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oliver. 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.

Celia. I pray you, tell it.

Oliver. 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 oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald 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 her head, nimble in threats, approacht
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinkt 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 catlike 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.
Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.
Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Rosalind. But, to Orlando:— did he leave him there,
Food to the suckt and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed 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 awaked.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was't you he rescued?
Celia. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
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 stript 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 his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
[*Rosalind faints*

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede!

Oliver. Look, he recovers.

Rosalind. I would I were at home.

Celia. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it! Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliver. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards—Good sir, go with us.

Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosalind. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—will you go? [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*The forest*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone. 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.

Enter William

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover they head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i'th'forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touchstone. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man

knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. 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.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. 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 perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit*

Enter Corin

Corin. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The forest*

Enter Orlando and Oliver

Orlando. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving,

woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [*Exit*

Rosalind. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they lookt; no sooner lookt, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they askt 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.

Orlando. 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 tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. 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.

Orlando. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life I do; which I tender 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.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius and Phebe

Phebe. Youth, you have done me ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.
Rosalind. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.
Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And I for Ganymede.
Orlando. And I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And I for no woman.
Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And I for Ganymede.
Orlando. And I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And I for no woman.
Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all deservings;—
And so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orando. And so am I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.
Phebe [*to Rosalind*]. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Silvius [*to Phebe*]. It this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Rosalind. Who do you speak to,—'Why blame you me to love you?'
Orlando. To her that is not here, not doth not hear.
Rosalind. 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-morrow;—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-morrow.—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. 113

Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orlando. Nor I. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*The forest*

Enter Touchstone and Aubrey

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. 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 banisht duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you: sit i'th'middle.

First 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? 11

Second Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

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 spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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, etc.
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, etc.
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, etc.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'wi'you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*The forest*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver and Celia

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged;—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*to the Duke*].
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind [*to Orlando*]. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rosalind. [*to Phebe*]. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind [*to Silvius*]. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rosalind. I have promised to make this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia*

Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. 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.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd 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.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Senior. I like him very well.

Touchstone. 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 Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. 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 judgement: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. 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 peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen leading Rosalind in woman's clothes, and Celia

Still music

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind [*to Duke Senior*]. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*to Orlando*]. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu!

Rosalind [*to Duke Senior*]. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*to Orlando*]. I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[*to Phebe*]. Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis 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 his love must accord, [*to Phebe*
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!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Senior. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree!
Phebe [*to Silvius*]. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys

Jaques de Boys. 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,
Addrest 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 meetings with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banisht brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Senior. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured 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 measures heap'd in joy, to th'measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de Boys. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*to Duke Senior*] to your former honour I bequeath;
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 land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to Silvius*] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [*to Touchstone*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage.
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit*

Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance*

EPILOGUE

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; 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 furnisht 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 simpering, none of you hates them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would

kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt*

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria
SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian
A SEA CAPTAIN, friend to Viola
VALENTINE, CURIO } gentlemen attending on the Duke
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia
FABIAN, CLOWN } servants to Olivia
OLIVIA
VIOLA, sister to Sebastian
MARIA, Olivia's woman

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and *Attendants*

Scene—A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it

ACT I

SCENE I—*The Duke's palace*

Enter Duke, Lords, and Curio; Musicians attending

Duke of Illyria. 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;
'Tis 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, naught 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.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke of Illyria. What, Curio?

Curio. The hart.

Duke of Illyria. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine

How now! what news from her?

Valentine. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,
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 of Illyria. 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,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The sea-coast*

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors

Viola. What country, friends, is this?
Captain. This is Illyria, lady.
Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—what think you, sailors?
Captain. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Viola. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Captain. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Viola. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Captain. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Viola. Who governs here?

Captain. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Captain. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Captain. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Viola. What's she?

Captain. 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 loss,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Viola. O, that I served that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Captain. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Viola. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Captain. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Viola. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III—*Olivia's house*

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria

Sir Toby Belch. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby Belch. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby Belch. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too,—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my

lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir Toby Belch. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Sir Toby Belch. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Maria. What's that to th'purpose?

Sir Toby Belch. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir Toby Belch. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th'viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby Belch. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby Belch. 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 coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o'th'toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano volto;* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Sir Toby Belch,—how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir Toby Belch. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Bless you, fair shrew.

Maria. And you too, sir.

Sir Toby Belch. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. What's that?

Sir Toby Belch. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir Toby Belch. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby Belch. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Maria. Sir, I have not you by th'hand.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Maria. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th'buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Maria. It's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit*

Sir Toby Belch. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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 Toby Belch. No question.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby Belch. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir Toby Belch. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Toby Belch. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir Toby Belch. 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 Andrew Aguecheek. 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 woos her.

Sir Toby Belch. She'll none o'th'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 Andrew Aguecheek. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th'strangest mind i'th'world; I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Toby Belch. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with a nobleman.

Sir Toby Belch. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby Belch. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir Toby Belch. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts 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 dost 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 Andrew Aguecheek. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir Toby Belch. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir Toby Belch. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper [*Sir Andrew dances*]: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*The Duke's palace*

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire

Valentine. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. 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?

Valentine. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants

Duke of Illyria. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke of Illyria. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclaspt
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke of Illyria. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke of Illyria. 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.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke of Illyria. 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.

Viola. I'll do my best
To woo your lady:—[*aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt*

Scene V—*Olivia's house*

Enter Maria and Clown

Maria. 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.

Clown. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world need to fear no colours.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of,—I fear no colours.

Clown. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. 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?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are resolute, then?

Clown. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. 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.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit*

Clown. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio

God bless thee, lady!

Olivia. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia. Go to, y'are a dry fool: I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. 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: any thing that's mended is but patcht: virtue that transgresses is but patcht with sin; and sin that amends is but patcht with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. 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.

Olivia. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Olivia. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Olivia. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Olivia. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Olivia. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Malvolio. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. 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.

Olivia. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. 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, no better than the fools' zanies.

Olivia. 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 those 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 reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria

Maria. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Olivia. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Olivia. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Olivia. 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.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for—

here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby

Olivia. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir Toby Belch. A gentleman.

Olivia. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir Toby Belch. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o'these pickle-herring!—How now, sot!

Clown. Good Sir Toby!— 110

Olivia. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir Toby Belch. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Olivia. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir Toby Belch. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit*

Olivia. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. 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. 120

Olivia. 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.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit*

Enter Malvolio

Malvolio. 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 foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Olivia. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 132

Malvolio. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Olivia. What kind o'man is he?

Malvolio. Why, of mankind.

Olivia. What manner of man?

Malvolio. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia. Of what personage and years is he?

Malvolio. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en 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.

Olivia. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Malvolio. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit*

Enter Maria

Olivia. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Olivia. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Viola. 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 penn'd, 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.

Olivia. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. 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.

Olivia. Are you a comedian?

Viola. 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?

Olivia. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. 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.

Olivia. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Olivia. It is the more like to be feign'd: 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 mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Malvolio. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. 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.

Olivia. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. 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.

Olivia. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Olivia. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

Oliva. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Olivia. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?
Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.
Olivia. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was, this presents: is't not well done?

[*Unveiling*

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.
Olivia. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
Olivia. 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 labell'd to my will:—as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?
Viola. I see you what you are,—you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
Olivia. How does he love me?
Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Olivia. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant;
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
Olivia. Why, what would you?
Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Olivia. You might do much. What is your parentage?
Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Olivia. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Viola. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit*
Olivia. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon:—not too fast;—
Soft, soft!—
Unless the master were the man.—How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio

Malvolio. Here, madam, at your service.

Olivia. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Malvolio. Madam, I will. [*Exit*

Olivia. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be,—and be this so! [*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE I—*The sea-coast*

Enter Antonio and Sebastian

Antonio. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Sebastian. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Antonio. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Sebastian. 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 Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, 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.

Antonio. Alas the day!

Sebastian. 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, overfar 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.

Antonio. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Sebastian. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

Antonio. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Sebastian. 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*

Antonio. 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

Malvolio. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Malvolio. 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.

Viola. She took no ring of me;—I'll none of it.

Malvolio. Come, sir, you peevishly threw 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*

Viola. 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, sure, 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 fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now, alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie! [*Exit*

SCENE III—*Olivia's house*

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew

Sir Toby Belch. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere,* thou know'st,—

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir Toby Belch. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'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. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking. 11

Sir Toby Belch. Th'art a scholar: let us therefore eat and drink. —Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter Clown

Clown. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of We Three?

Sir Toby Belch. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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 fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 24

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir Toby Belch. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby Belch. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clown [*sings*]

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 Andrew Aguecheek. Excellent good, i'faith.

Sir Toby Belch. Good, good.

Clown

What is love? 'tis 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 will not endure.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby Belch. A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir Toby Belch. 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? shall we do that?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave,'

Clown. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good, i'faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung*

Enter Maria

Maria. 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 Toby Belch. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling. 77

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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 Toby Belch. 'O, the twelfth day of December,—'

Maria. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio

Malvolio. 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 ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cosiers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you? 88

Sir Toby Belch. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck-up!

Malvolio. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, 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 Toby Belch. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Malvolio. Is't even so?

Sir Toby Belch. 'But I will never die.'

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio. This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby Belch. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clown. 'What an if you do?'

Sir Toby Belch. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clown. 'O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir Toby Belch. 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?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'th'mouth too.

Sir Toby Belch. Th'art i'th'right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoup of wine, Maria!

Malvolio. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit*

Maria. Go shake your ears.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 'Twere 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 Toby Belch. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, 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 Toby Belch. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. O, if I thought that, I'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir Toby Belch. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds 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 Toby Belch. What wilt thou do?

Maria. 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 expressure 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 Toby Belch. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I have't in my nose too.

Sir Toby Belch. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Toby Belch. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. O, 'twill be admirable!

Maria. 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 Toby Belch. Good night, Penthesilea. [*Exit Maria*

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir Toby Belch. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I was adored once too.

Sir Toby Belch. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir Toby Belch. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i'th'end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir Toby Belch. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*The Duke's palace*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others

Duke of Illyria. 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 giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke of Illyria. Who was it?

Curio. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke of Illyria. Seek him out: and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays*

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 beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke of Illyria. . . 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?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke of Illyria. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke of Illyria. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke of Illyria. 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 giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke of Illyria. 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.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so,—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown

Duke of Illyria. 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 dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke of Illyria. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music*

Clown

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 of Illyria. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke of Illyria. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke of Illyria. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god 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 every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit*

Duke of Illyria. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke of Illyria. I cannot be so answer'd.

Viola. 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 of Illyria. There is no woman' sides
Can bide 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 suffer surfeit, cloyment, 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.

Viola. Ay, but I know,—

Duke of Illyria. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke of Illyria. And what's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th'bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined 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 of Illyria. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. 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 of Illyria. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt*

Scene V—*Olivia's garden*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian

Sir Toby Belch. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fabian. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir Toby Belch. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fabian. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o'favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir Toby Belch. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir Toby Belch. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria

How now, my metal of India!

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i'the sun practising behaviour

to his own shadow this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit*

Enter Malvolio

Malvolio. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir Toby Belch. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fabian. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby Belch. Peace, I say.

Malvolio. To be Count Malvolio,—

Sir Toby Belch. Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir Toby Belch. Peace, peace!

Malvolio. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Malvolio. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir Toby Belch. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Malvolio. Calling my officers about me, in my brancht velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir Toby Belch. Fire and brimstone!

Fabian. O, peace, peace!

Malvolio. 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 Toby Belch. Bolts and shackles!

Fabian. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Malvolio. 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 Toby Belch. Shall this fellow live?

Fabian. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Malvolio. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir Toby Belch. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips, then?

Malvolio. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir Toby Belch. What, what?

Malvolio. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir Toby Belch. Out, scab!

Fabian. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Malvolio. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. That's me, I warrant you.

Malvolio. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Malvolio. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter*

Fabian. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby Belch. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Malvalio. 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 Andrew Aguecheek. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Malvolio [*reads*]. To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fabian. This wins him, liver and all.

Malvolio [*reads*]. Jove knows I love:
But who? 89
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.'—What follows? the numbers alter'd! —'No man must know:'—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir Toby Belch. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolio [*reads*]. 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.

Fabian. A fustian riddle! 99

Sir Toby Belch. Excellent wench, say I.

Malvolio. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fabian. What dish o'poison has she drest him!

Sir Toby Belch. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Malvolio. '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 portent? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,— 110

Sir Toby Belch. O, ay, make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fabian. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fabian. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby Belch. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Malvolio. And then I comes behind.

Fabian. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio. 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.—[*reads*] 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 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, 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 commended thy yellow stockings, and wisht to see thee ever cross-garter'd: 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-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of

late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; 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-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st 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 every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit*

Fabian. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 161

Sir Toby Belch. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. So could I too.

Sir Toby Belch. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Nor I neither.

Fabian. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter Maria

Sir Toby Belch. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Or o'mine either?

Sir Toby Belch. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I'faith, or I either?

Sir Toby Belch. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir Toby Belch. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 176

Maria. 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-garter'd, 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 Toby Belch. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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 turn'd outward!

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clowns. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

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 con-

science, 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 pilchers are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 33

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. 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? 44

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.

Viola. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit*

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; 55
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;
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew

Sir Toby Belch. Save you, gentleman!

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Viola. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir Toby Belch. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir Toby Belch. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Viola. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir Toby Belch. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gait and entrance:—but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria

Most excellent accomplisht lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. [*aside*]. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours:'—well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek [*aside*]. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Olivia. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Olivia. What is your name?

Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Olivia. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Olivia. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Olivia. 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.
Viola. Dear lady,—
Olivia. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase 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 cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So, let me hear you speak.
Viola. I pity you.
Olivia. . . That's a degree to love.
Viola. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Olivia. Why, then, methinks 'tis 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,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Viola Then westward-ho!—
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Olivia. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Viola. That you do think you are not what you are.

Olivia. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viola. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Olivia. I would you were as I would have you be!

Viola. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Olivia. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Viola. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Olivia. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Olivia's house*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. No, faith I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir Toby Belch. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fabian. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw't i'th'orchard.

Sir Toby Belch. Did she see thee the while old boy? tell me that.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. As plain as I see you now.

Fabian. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 'Slight, will you make an ass o'me?

Fabian. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir Toby Belch. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fabian. 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-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was lookt for at your hand, and this was balkt: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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 Toby Belch. 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.

Fabian. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir Toby Belch. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou '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 Andrew Aguecheek. Where shall I find you?

Sir Toby Belch. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew*

Fabian. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby Belch. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

Fabian. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir Toby Belch. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'anatomy.

Fabian. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir Toby Belch. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter Maria

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; 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 Toby Belch. And cross-garter'd?

Maria. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; 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 Toby Belch. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*A street*

Enter Sebastian and Antonio

Sebastian. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Antonio. 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 me 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 unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear.
Set forth in your pursuit.

Sebastian. 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?

Antonio. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Sebastian. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
Antonio. Would you'ld 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.
Sebastian. Belike you slew great number of his people?
Antonio. Th'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.
Sebastian. Do not, then, walk too open.
Antonio. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Sebastian. Why I your purse?
Antonio. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Sebastian. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Antonio. To th'Elephant.
Sebastian. I do remember. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*Olivia's garden*

Enter Olivia and Maria

Olivia. 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.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Where is Malvolio?

Maria. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possest, madam.

Olivia. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Maria. 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's wits.

Olivia. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Maria, with Malvolio

How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically*

Olivia. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio. 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.'

Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolio. 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.

Olivia. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Malvolio. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio. At your request! yes: nightingales answer daws.

Maria. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'twas well writ.

Olivia. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. 'Some are born great,'—

Olivia. Ha!

Malvolio. 'Some achieve greatness,'— 40

Olivia. What say'st thou?

Malvolio. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Olivia. Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Olivia. Thy yellow stockings!

Malvolio. 'And wisht to see thee cross-garter'd.'

Olivia. Cross-garter'd!

Malvolio. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

Olivia. Am I made?

Malvolio. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.' 50

Olivia. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter a servant

Servant. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia. I'll come to him. [*Exit servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be lookt 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*

Malvolio. O, 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, 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 lookt to:' fellow! Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram 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 thankt. 76

Enter Maria with Sir Toby and Fabian

Sir Toby Belch. Which ways is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possest him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fabian. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Malvolio. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Maria. 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.

Malvolio. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir Toby Belch. 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 mankind.

Malvolio. Do you know what you say?

Maria. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitcht!

Fabian. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

Maria. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say. 95

Malvolio. How now, mistress!

Maria. O Lord!

Sir Toby Belch. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fabian. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby Belch. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Malvolio. Sir!

Sir Toby Belch. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Maria. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Malvolio. My prayers, minx!

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Malvolio. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit*

Sir Toby Belch. Is't possible?

Fabian. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Toby Belch. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fabian. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby Belch. 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 pastime, 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.

Fabian. More matter for a May morning

Enter Sir Andrew

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fabian. Is't so saucy?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir Toby Belch. Give me. [*reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fabian. Good, and valiant.

Sir Toby Belch [*reads*]. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fabian. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir Toby Belch [reads]. Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fabian. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir Toby Belch [*reads*]. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fabian. Good.

Sir Toby Belch [*reads*]. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fabian. Still you keep o'th'windy side of the law: good.

Sir Toby Belch [*reads*]. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Maria. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir Toby Belch. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit*

Sir Toby Belch. 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 excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek 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.

Fabian. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir Toby Belch. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria*

Enter Olivia, with Viola

Olivia. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's griefs.

Olivia. 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 saved may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Olivia. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Olivia. Well, come again to-morrow; fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit*

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian

Sir Toby Belch. Gentleman, God save thee!

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Toby Belch. 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 despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Viola. 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 Toby Belch. 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.

Viola. I pray you, what is he?

Sir Toby Belch. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatcht 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 implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give't or take't.

Viola. 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 Toby Belch. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola. 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 Toby Belch. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit*

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fabian. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fabian. 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.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt*

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew

Sir Toby Belch. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, 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 Andrew Aguecheek. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir Toby Belch. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'ld have seen him damn'd ere I'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

Sir Toby Belch. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola

[*to Fabian*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fabian. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Toby Belch [*to Viola*]. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath-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.

Viola [*aside*]. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fabian. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir Toby Belch. 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 Andrew Aguecheek. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws*

Viola. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws*

Enter Antonio

Antonio. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir Toby Belch. You, sir! why, what are you?

Antonio [*drawing*]. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir Toby Belch. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws*

Fabian. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir Toby Belch [*to Antonio*]. I'll be with you anon.

Viola [*to Sir Andrew*]. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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.

Enter Officers

First Officer. This is the man; do thy office,
Second Officer. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
Antonio. You do mistake me, sir.
First Officer. 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.
Antonio. I must obey. [*to Viola*] 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 amazed;
But be of comfort.
Second Officer. Come sir, away.
Antonio. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Viola. What money, Sir?
For the fair kindness you show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.
Antonio. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Viola. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Antonio. O heavens themselves!

Second Officer. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Antonio. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Officer. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Antonio. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty: but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourisht by the devil.

First Officer. The man grows mad: away with him!—come, come, sir.

Antonio. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers*

Viola. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir Toby Belch. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Viola. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit*

Sir Toby Belch. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fabian. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir Toby Belch. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An I do not,— [*Exit*

Fabian. Come, let's see the event.

Sir Toby Belch. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*Before Olivia's house*

Enter Sebastian and Clown

Clown. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Sebastian. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'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.

Sebastian. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clown. 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.— 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?

Sebastian. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen year's purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian*

Sebastian. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there!
[*Beating Sir Andrew*
Are all the people mad?

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian

Sir Toby Belch. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit*

Sir Toby Belch. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 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. 34

Sebastian. Let go thy hand.

Sir Toby Belch. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesht; come on.

Sebastian. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws*

Sir Toby Belch. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws*

Enter Olivia

Olivia. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir Toby Belch. Madam!

Olivia. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 45
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preacht! out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botcht 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.

Sebastian. 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!

Olivia. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

Sebastian. Madam, I will.

Olivia. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*Olivia's house*

Enter Maria and Clown

Maria. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit*

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled 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 and Maria

Sir Toby Belch. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master parson, am master parson; for, what is that but that, and is but is?

Sir Toby Belch. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir Toby Belch. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Malvolio [*within*]. Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir Toby Belch. Well said, master parson.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! 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?

Malvolio. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Malvolio. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Malvolio. 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.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits;

and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir Toby Belch. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.

Maria. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir Toby Belch. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, 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*

Clown [*singing*]

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Malvolio. Fool,—

Clown. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Malvolio. Fool,—

Clown. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Malvolio. Fool, I say,—

Clown. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Malvolio. Good fool, as ever thou wilt 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.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Malvolio. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Malvolio. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Malvolio. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness,

send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.— Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Malvolio. Sir Topas,—

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas!—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Malvolio. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Malvolio. 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.

Clown. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Malvolio. 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.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Malvolio. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Malvolio. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clown [*singing*]

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 lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit

Scene III—*Olivia's garden*

Enter Sebastian

Sebastian. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes 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
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if t'were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and a Priest

Olivia. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
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?

Sebastian. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Olivia. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*Before Olivia's house*

Enter Clown and Fabian

Fabian. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fabian. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fabian. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Attendants

Duke of Illyria. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke of Illyria. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke of Illyria. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke of Illyria. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke of Illyria. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke of Illyria. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. [*Gives money*

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke of Illyria. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke of Illyria. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. [*Gives money*

Clown. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

Duke of Illyria. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit*

Viola. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Officers, with Antonio

Duke of Illyria. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scatheful 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?

First Officer. Orsino, this is that Antonio

That took the Phœnix 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.

Viola. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke of Illyria. 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?

Antonio. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased 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 enraged 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.

Viola. How can this be?

Duke of Illyria. When came he to this town?

Antonio. To-day, my lord: and for three months before—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.
Duke of Illyria. 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.

Enter Olivia and Attendants

Olivia. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Viola. Madam!
Duke of Illyria. Gracious Olivia,—
Olivia. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
Viola. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Olivia. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke of Illyria. Still so cruel?
Olivia. Still so constant, lord.
Duke of Illyria. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Olivia. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke of Illyria. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th'Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy.
That sometimes savours nobly.—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 spite.—
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.

Viola. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Olivia. Where goes Cesario?

Viola. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Olivia. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Olivia. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant*

Duke of Illyria. Come, away! [*to Viola*

Olivia. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke of Illyria. Husband!

Olivia. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke of Illyria. Her husband, sirrah!

Viola. No, my lord, not I.

Olivia. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Attendant, with Priest

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke of Illyria. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Viola. My lord, I do protest,—

Olivia. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Olivia. What's the matter?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. '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.

Olivia. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke of Illyria. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. 'Od'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.

Viola. 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 Andrew Aguecheek. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. —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.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown

Duke of Illyria. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir Toby Belch. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'th'morning.

Sir Toby Belch. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Olivia. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir Toby Belch. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Olivia. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be lookt to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew*

Enter Sebastian

Sebastian. 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 of Illyria. One face, once voice, one habit, and two persons,—
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Sebastian. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rackt and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Antonio. Sebastian are you?

Sebastian. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Antonio. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Olivia. Most wonderful!
Sebastian. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*to Viola*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Viola. 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.
Sebastian. 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!'
Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow,—
Sebastian. And so had mine.
Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Sebastian. Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurpt attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Sebastian [*to Olivia*]. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,—
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke of Illyria. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—
[*to Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night

Duke of Illyria. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. 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.

Olivia. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banisht his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you today morning, but as a

madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Olivia. Open't, and read it.

Clown. Look, then, to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Olivia. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Olivia. Prithee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Olivia. Read it you, sirrah. [*to Fabian*

Fabian [*reads*]. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken 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

Olivia. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke of Illyria. This savours not much of distraction.

Olivia. 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 th'alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke of Illyria. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.—
[*to Viola*] Your master quits you; 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.

Olivia. A sister!—you are she.

Enter Fabian, with Malvolio

Duke of Illyria. Is this the madman?

Olivia. Ay, my lord, this same.—
How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Olivia. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Malvolio. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,—
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not 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 geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Olivia. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: thou camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practic hath most shrewdly past 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.

Fabian. Good madam, hear me speak:
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived in him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.

Olivia. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one,—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;'—but do you remember? 'Madam, why laught you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd?' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Malvolio. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit*

Olivia. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke of Illyria. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown*

Clown [*sings*]. 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,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
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 beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
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*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sir John Falstaff
Fenton, a gentleman
Shallow, a country justice
Slender, cousin to Shallow
Ford, Page } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor
William Page, a boy, son to Page
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson
Doctor Caius, a French physician
Host of the Garter Inn
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym } followers of Falstaff
Robin, page to Falstaff
Simple, servant to Slender
Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius
Mistress Ford
Mistress Page
Anne Page, her daughter
Mistress Quickly, servant to Doctor Caius

Servants to Page, Ford, etc

Scene—Windsor, and the neighbourhood

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

ACT I

SCENE I—*Windsor. Before Page's house*

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram.*

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slender. Ay, and *rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero,*—in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shallow. It is an old coat.

Sir Hugh Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant, it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shallow. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slender. I may quarter, coz?

Shallow. You may, by marrying.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shallow. Not a whit.

Sir Hugh Evans. 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 compremises between you.

Shallow. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Sir Hugh Evans. 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.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shallow. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Sir Hugh Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shallow. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Sir Hugh Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shallow. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Sir Hugh Evans. 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 peat the door for Master Page.

[*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page [*within*]. Who's there?

Sir Hugh Evans. 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 worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shallow. 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.

Shallow. Sir, I thank you; by yea, and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slender. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slender. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shallow. That he will not.—'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shallow. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shallow. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shallow. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: 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

Sir John Falstaff. Now, Master Shallow,—you'll complain of me to the king?

Shallow. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Sir John Falstaff. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shallow. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Sir John Falstaff. I will answer it straight; I have done all this:—that is now answer'd

Shallow. The Council shall know this.

Sir John Falstaff. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Sir Hugh Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John, goot worts.

Sir John Falstaff. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slender. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol; they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket.

Bardolph. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slender. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Sir Hugh Evans. Peace, I pray you.—Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Sir Hugh Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-

book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Sir John Falstaff. Pistol,—

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Sir Hugh Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Sir John Falstaff. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slender. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Sir John Falstaff. Is this true, Pistol?

Sir Hugh Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. 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!

Slender. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, 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.

Slender. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bardolph. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

Sir Hugh Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bardolph. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with

those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Sir Hugh Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Sir John Falstaff. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[*Exit Anne Page.*

Slender. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Sir John Falstaff. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*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.

[*Exeunt all except Shallow, Slender and Evans*

Slender. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simple. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shallow. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz;—there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shallow. Nay, but understand me.

Slender. So I do, sir.

Sir Hugh Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will

description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slender. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Sir Hugh Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shallow. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Sir Hugh Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slender. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Sir Hugh Evans. But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shallow. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slender. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Sir Hugh Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shallow. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slender. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shallow. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slender. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul is in the ort 'dissolutely:' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely:'—his meaning is goot.

Shallow. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.
Slender. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.
Shallow. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Enter Anne Page

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!
Anne Page. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.
Shallow. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.
Sir Hugh Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans*
Anne Page. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?
Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.
Anne Page. The dinner attends you, sir.
Slender. 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 beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what thought? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.
Anne Page. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.
Slender. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.
Anne Page. I pray you, sir, walk in.
Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th'town?
Anne Page. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.
Slender. 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 Page. Ay, indeed, sir.
Slender. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sacker-

son loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:— but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Page

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne Page. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne Page. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*The same*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple

Sir Hugh Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Sir Hugh Evans. Nay, it is petter 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, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese to come. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin

Sir John Falstaff. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Sir John Falstaff. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Sir John Falstaff. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Sir John Falstaff. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit*

Sir John Falstaff. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bardolph. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Pistol. 'Convey' the wise it call. 'Steal'! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Sir John Falstaff. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Sir John Falstaff. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Sir John Falstaff. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Sir John Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Sir John Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol:—indeed, I am in the

waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, 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.'

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her well,—out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Sir John Falstaff. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse:—he hath a legion of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain; and, 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Sir John Falstaff. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œilliades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Sir John Falstaff. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, 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.

Pistol. 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 haviour of reputation.

Sir John Falstaff. [*to Robin*]. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.
[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin*

Pistol. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pistol. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pistol. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pistol. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pistol. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*A room in Doctor Caius's house*

Enter Mistress Quickly and Simple

Mistress Quickly. What, John Rugby!

Enter 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 any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rugby. I'll go watch.

Mistress Quickly. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

Simple. Ay, for fault of a better.

Mistress Quickly. And Master Slender's your master?

Simple. Ay, forsooth.

Mistress Quickly. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simple. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-colour'd beard.

Mistress Quickly. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simple. 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.

Mistress Quickly. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Simple. Yes, indeed, does he.

Mistress Quickly. 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—

Enter Rugby

Rugby. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Mistress Quickly. We shall all be shent. [*Exit Rugby.*]—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet:—he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*]—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.

[*Sings*

And down, down, adown-a, *etc.*

Enter Doctor Caius

Doctor Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert*,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box

Mistress Quickly. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.—[*aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Doctor Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Mistress Quickly. Is it this, sir?

Doctor Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: *dépêche*, quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Mistress Quickly. What, John Rugby! John!

Enter Rugby

Rugby. Here, sir.

Doctor Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rugby. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Doctor Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ai-j'oublié*! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Mistress Quickly. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Doctor Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*]—Rugby, my rapier!

Mistress Quickly. Good master, be content.

Doctor Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Mistress Quickly. The young man is an honest man.

Doctor Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Mistress Quickly. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Doctor Caius. Vell.

Simple. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Mistress Quickly. Peace, I pray you.

Doctor Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Simple. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Mistress Quickly. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Doctor Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baille* me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes*

Mistress Quickly. 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 you 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,—

Simple. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Mistress Quickly. Are you avised 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.

Doctor Caius. You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-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 trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple*

Mistress Quickly. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Doctor Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de

Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Mistress Quickly. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Doctor Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby*

Mistress Quickly. 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.

Fenton [*within*]. Who's within there? ho!

Mistress Quickly. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton

Fenton. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Mistress Quickly. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fenton. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Mistress Quickly. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fenton. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Mistress Quickly. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fenton. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Mistress Quickly. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, in-

deed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fenton. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me.

Mistress Quickly. Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fenton. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Mistress Quickly. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE I—*Before Page's house*

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter

Mistress Page. What, have I scaped 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 physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of 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 unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd—with the devil's name—out of my conversaton, 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 fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings. 29

Enter Mistress Ford

Mistress Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mistress Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mistress Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mistress Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mistress Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mistress Page. What's the matter, woman? 39

Mistress Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mistress Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mistress Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mistress Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry. 48

Mistress 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 may tuns 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? 62

Mistress Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mistress Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us? 74

Mistress Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mistress Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck. 81

Mistress Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead

him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mistress 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.

Mistress 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.

Mistress Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mistress 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.

Pistol. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pistol. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. 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.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym [*to Page*]. And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd 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 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

[*Exit*

Page. 'The humour of it,' quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o'th'-town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

[*Mistress Page and Mistress Ford come forward*

Page. How now, Meg!

Mistress Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mistress Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mistress Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mistress Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mistress Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mistress Ford [*aside to Mistress Page*]. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly

Mistress Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Mistress Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mistress Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress 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 misdoubt 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.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!
Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow

Shallow. 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, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.
Shallow. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.
Ford. Good mine host o'th'Garter, a word with you.
Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They go aside*

Shallow [*to Page*]. Will you go with us to behold 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. [*They go aside*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My 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, mynheers? 191

Shallow. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shallow. 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? 199

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour, if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit*

Scene II—*A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstaff and Pistol

Sir John Falstaff. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pistol. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 damn'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 hadst it not.

Pistol. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Sir John Falstaff. 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 unconfinable 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 God 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 ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pistol. I do relent:—what would thou more of man?

Sir John Falstaff. Well, go to, away, no more!

Enter Robin

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Sir John Falstaff. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly

Mistress Quickly. Give your worship good morrow.

Sir John Falstaff. Good morrow, good wife.

Mistress Quickly. Not so, an't please your worship.

Sir John Falstaff. Good maid, then.

Mistress Quickly. I'll be sworn;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Sir John Falstaff. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Mistress Quickly. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Sir John Falstaff. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Mistress Quickly. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Sir John Falstaff. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Mistress Quickly. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Sir John Falstaff. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Mistress Quickly. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Sir John Falstaff. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Mistress Quickly. Why, sir, she's a good creature.— Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!—

Sir John Falstaff. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Mistress Quickly. 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; smelling so sweetly—all musk—and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk 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.

Sir John Falstaff. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Mistress Quickly. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Ten and eleven? 79

Mistress Quickly. 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 and ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Sir John Falstaff. Ten and eleven:—woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. 86

Mistress Quickly. 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 ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Winsdor, 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. 96

Sir John Falstaff. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Mistress Quickly. Blessing on your heart for't.

Sir John Falstaff. But, I pray thee, tell me this,—has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me? 102

Mistress Quickly. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Why, I will.

Mistress Quickly. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Sir John Falstaff. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] —This news distracts me!

Pistol. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit*

Sir John Falstaff. 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 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph, with a cup of sack

Bardolph. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Brook is his name?

Bardolph. Ay, sir.

Sir John Falstaff. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*

Enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised

Ford. 'Bless you, sir!

Sir John Falstaff. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance 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 embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Sir John Falstaff. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Sir John Falstaff. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her: follow'd 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; briefly, I have pursued 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 and flying what pursues.

Sir John Falstaff. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Sir John Falstaff. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 mistaking the place where I erected it.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 war-like, court-like, and learned preparations,—

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She 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 her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Sir John Falstaff. 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!

Sir John Falstaff. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Sir John Falstaff. Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his

wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him. 247

Sir John Falstaff. 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 o'er 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 fixt, 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 gnawn 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; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' 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 Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vita bottle, 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 praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three

hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit*

SCENE III—*A field near Windsor*

Enter Caius and Rugby

Doctor Caius. Jack Rugby,—

Rugby. Sir?

Doctor Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rugby. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Doctor Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rugby. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Doctor 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.

Rugby. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Doctor Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rugby. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shallow. 'Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slender. 'Give you good morrow, sir.

Doctor Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Aesculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Doctor Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Doctor Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shallow. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shallow. Bodikins Master Page, though I 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.

Shallow. 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.—A word, Monsieur Mockwater.

Doctor Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Doctor Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-water as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Doctor Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doctor 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.

Doctor Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, 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?

Shallow. We will do it.

Page, Shallow, and Slender. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender*

Doctor Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page. 71

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? said I well?

Doctor Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients. 79

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Doctor Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Doctor Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—*A field near Frogmore*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple

Sir Hugh Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serv-ingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Simple. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Sir Hugh Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way. 8

Simple. I will, sir. [*Retires*

Sir Hugh Evans. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling 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 goot opportunities for the ork:—Pless my soul!— [*Sings*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.—[*Sings*

Melodious birds sing madrigals;— 21
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Simple [*coming forward*]. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Sir Hugh Evans. He's welcome.— [*Sings*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simple. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way. 32

Sir Hugh Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender

Shallow. 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 wonderful.

Slender [*aside*]. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh! 39

Sir Hugh Evans. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shallow. 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?

Sir Hugh Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Sir Hugh Evans. Fery 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.

Shallow. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Sir Hugh Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renown'd French physician.

Sir Hugh Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Sir Hugh Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates 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.

Slender [*aside*]. O sweet Anne Page!

Shallow. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shallow. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Doctor Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Sir Hugh Evans [*aside to Caius*]. Pray you, use your patience: in goot time.

Doctor Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Sir Hugh Evans [*aside to Caius*]. 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.—[*aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-comb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doctor Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Sir Hugh Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Doctor Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shallow. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow gentlemen, follow.

Slender [*aside*]. O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page and Host*

Doctor Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Sir Hugh Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion; the host of the Garter.

Doctor Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Sir Hugh Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*The street, in Windsor*

Enter Mistress Page and Robin

Mistress 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?

Robin. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mistress Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mistress Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mistress Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mistress Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Robin. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mistress 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.

Mistress Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.
[*Exeunt Mistress 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 point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's in-

clination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her:—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby

Shallow, 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.

Shallow. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slender. 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.

Shallow. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. 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.

Doctor Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursha Quickly 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, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of

no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz: he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home wth 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.

Shallow. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shallow and Slender*

Doctor 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. [*Exit*

Ford [*aside*]. I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*A room in Ford's house*

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page

Mistress Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mistress Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the buck-basket—

Mistress Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket

Mistress Page. Come, come, come.

Mistress Ford. Here, set it down.

Mistress Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mistress 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 whitsters

in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mistress Page. You will do it?

Mistress Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Begone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants*

Mistress Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin

Mistress Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Robin. My master, Sir John, is come in at your backdoor, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mistress Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Robin. 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.

Mistress Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mistress Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin*

Mistress Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit*

Mistress Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff

Sir John Falstaff. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mistress Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Mistress Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Sir John Falstaff. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arch'd beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mistress Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Sir John Falstaff. By the Lord, thou art a traitor 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 semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mistress Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Sir John Falstaff. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping 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 deservest it.

Mistress Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Sir John Falstaff. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mistress Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Sir John Falstaff. Keep that in mind; I'll deserve it.

Mistress Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Robin [*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.

Sir John Falstaff. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mistress Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

[*Falstaff hides himself behind the arras*

Enter Mistress Page and Robin

What's the matter? how now!

Mistress Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever! 81

Mistress Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mistress Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mistress Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mistress Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mistress Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mistress 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. 92

Mistress Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mistress Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 101

Mistress Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril! I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mistress 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 deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and

throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mistress Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Enter Falstaff

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Mistress Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Sir John Falstaff [*aside to Mistress Page*]. I love thee, and none but thee:—[*aloud*] help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[*Goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen*

Mistress Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight! [*Exit Robin*

Mistress Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-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! whither bear you this?

Servants. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mistress Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt 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, find out: I'll warrant we'll unken-

nel the fox.—Let me stop this way first [*Locks the door*]. So, now uncape.

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*

Sir Hugh Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Doctor Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans*

Mistress Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mistress Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mistress Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mistress Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mistress Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mistress Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mistress Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mistress Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mistress Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mistress Page [*aside to Mistress Ford*]. Heard you that?

Mistress Ford [*aside to Mistress Page*]. Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay,I do so.

Mistress Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mistress Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Sir Hugh Evans. If there be any pody in the-house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Doctor Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Sir Hugh Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Doctor Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentleman; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Sir Hugh Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Doctor Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Sir Hugh Evans. In your teeth: for shame!

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Sir Hugh Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Doctor Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.
Sir Hugh Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*A room in Page's house*

Enter Fenton and Anne Page

Fenton. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne Page. Alas, how then?
Fenton. 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 Page. May be he tells you true.
Fenton. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'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 Page. 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 Mistress Quickly

Shallow. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.
Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.
Shallow. Be not dismay'd.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Mistress Quickly. Hark ye: Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne Page. I come to him.—[*aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Mistress Quickly. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shallow. 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.

Shallow. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slender. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloster-shire.

Shallow. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slender. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shallow. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne Page. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shallow. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne Page. Now, Master Slender,—

Slender. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne Page. 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 Page. 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 hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! 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.

Fenton. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mistress Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fenton. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender*

Mistress Quickly. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fenton. 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 Page. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mistress Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Mistress Quickly. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne Page. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th'earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mistress 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.

Fenton. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mistress Page and Anne Page*

Mistress Quickly. 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. 92

Fenton. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Mistress Quickly. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit*

Scene V—*A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

Sir John Falstaff. Bardolph, I say,—

Bardolph. Here, sir.

Sir John Falstaff. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's 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'th'litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity 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. 16

Enter Bardolph with sack

Bardolph. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Bardolph. Come in, woman!

Enter Mistress Quickly

Mistress Quickly. By your leave; I cry you mercy:—give your worship good morrow.

Sir John Falstaff. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bardolph. With eggs, sir?

Sir John Falstaff. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Mistress Quickly. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Sir John Falstaff. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Mistress Quickly. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Sir John Falstaff. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Mistress Quickly. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Mistress Quickly. I will tell her.

Sir John Falstaff. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Mistress Quickly. Eight and nine, sir.

Sir John Falstaff. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Mistress Quickly. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit*

Sir John Falstaff. 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 disguised

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Sir John Falstaff. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Sir John Falstaff. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue 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?

Sir John Falstaff. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Sir John Falstaff. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence 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!

Sir John Falstaff. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—ramm'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?

Sir John Falstaff. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good.

Being thus cramm'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 asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked 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 suffer'd 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 head; and then, to be stopt 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 am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing 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, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more? 109

Sir John Falstaff. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir. 115

Sir John Falstaff. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, 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 'tis to be married! this 'tis 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; 'tis 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 one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*The street*

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William

Mistress Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Mistress Quickly. 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.

Mistress 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?

Sir Hugh Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play. 10

Mistress Quickly. Blessing of his heart!

Mistress 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.

Sir Hugh Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mistress Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Sir Hugh Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

William Page. Two.

Mistress Quickly. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's-nouns.

Sir Hugh Evans. Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

William Page. Pulcher.

Mistress Quickly. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Sir Hugh Evans. You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

William Page. A stone.

Sir Hugh Evens. And what is a stone, William?

William Page. A pebble.

Sir Hugh Evans. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

William Page. Lapis.

Sir Hugh Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

William Page. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Sir Hugh Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

William Page. Accusativo, hinc.

Sir Hugh Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Mistress Quickly. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Sir Hugh Evans. Leave your prabbles, oman.—What is the focative case, William?

William Page. O,—vocativo, O.

Sir Hugh Evans. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Mistress Quickly. And that's a good root.

Sir Hugh Evans. Oman, forbear.

Mistress Page. Peace!

Sir Hugh Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

William Page. Genitive case!

Sir Hugh Evans. Ay.

William Page. Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.

Mistress Quickly. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Sir Hugh Evans. For shame, oman.

Mistress Quickly. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call whorum:—fie upon you! 61

Sir Hugh Evans. 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.

Mistress Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Sir Hugh Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

William Page. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is *qui, quæ, quod*: if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go. 71

Mistress Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Sir Hugh Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mistress Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Evans.*]—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*A room in Ford's house*

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford

Sir John Falstaff. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. 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?

Mistress Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mistress Page [*within*]. What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mistress Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falstaff*

Enter Mistress Page

Mistress Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself? 11

Mistress Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mistress Page. Indeed!

Mistress Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mistress Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mistress Ford. Why?

Mistress Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes 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 buffets 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 in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here. 24

Mistress Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mistress Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd 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. 31

Mistress Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mistress Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mistress Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mistress Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mistress Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter Falstaff

Sir John Falstaff. No, I'll come no more i'th'basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mistress 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?

Sir John Falstaff. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mistress Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mistress Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Sir John Falstaff. Where is it?

Mistress Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, 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.

Sir John Falstaff. I'll go out, then.

Mistress Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mistress Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mistress 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mistress Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mistress Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mistress Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mistress Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff*

Mistress Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mistress Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mistress Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mistress Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mistress 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.

Mistress Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mistress Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit*

Mistress 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 eats all the draff. [*Exit*

Enter Mistress Ford with two Servants

Mistress 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, dispatch. [*Exit*

First Servant. Come, come, take it up.

Second Servant. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Servant. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain!—Somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out

here!—O you pandarly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. —What, wife, I say! come, come forth! behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Mistress Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Sir Hugh Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shallow. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Enter Mistress Ford

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?

Mistress Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling the clothes out of the basket*

Page. This passes!

Mistress Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Sir Hugh Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mistress 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.

Mistress Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shallow. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Sir Hugh Evans. 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.

Mistress Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mistress Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th'figure; and such daubery as this is beyond our elements; we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mistress Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband,—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, led by Mistress Page

Mistress Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—[*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff*

Mistress Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mistress Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Sir Hugh Evans. By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; 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.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Evans*

Mistress Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mistress Ford. Nay, by th'mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mistress Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mistress Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mistress Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mistress Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mistress 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.

Mistress 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.

Mistress Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt*

Scene III—*A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Host and Bardolph

Bardolph. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not

of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bardolph. 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 house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*A room in Ford's house*

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans

Sir Hugh Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mistress 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. 'Tis well, 'tis 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 public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Sir Hugh Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mistress Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mistress 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 eld
Received, 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?
Mistress Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised 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?
Mistress 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, ouphs, 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-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mistress Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mistress Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Sir Hugh Evans. 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.

Mistress 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:—[*aside*] and in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
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.

Mistress Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

Sir Hugh Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans*

Mistress Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mistress 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 effects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit*

SCENE V—*A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Host and Simple

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simple. 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.

Simple. 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.

Sir John Falstaff [*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

Sir John Falstaff. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simple. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise-woman of Brainford?

Sir John Falstaff. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her?

Simple. My master, sir, 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.

Sir John Falstaff. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simple. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Sir John Falstaff. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.

Simple. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Sir John Falstaff. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simple. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Simple. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Sir John Falstaff. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simple. What, sir?

Sir John Falstaff. To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Simple. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Sir John Falstaff. Ay, sir Tike!—who more bold?

Simple. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Sir John Falstaff. 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

Bardolph. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bardolph. 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 Dr. 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

Sir Hugh Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Sir Hugh Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd. Fare you well. [*Exit*

Enter Doctor Caius

Doctor Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer? 71

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Doctor Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere 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!

[*Exeunt Host and Bardolph*

Sir John Falstaff. 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 transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'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-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. 88

Enter Mistress Quickly

Now, whence come you?

Mistress Quickly. From the two parties, forsooth.

Sir John Falstaff. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd

more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Mistress Quickly. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 Brainford: 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' the' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

Mistress Quickly. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. 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.

Fenton. 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 your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fenton. 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 fat 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 tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, 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 vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, 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?

Fenton. 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.

Fenton. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly

Sir John Falstaff. Prithee, no more prattling; go:—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Mistress Quickly. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Sir John Falstaff. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mistress Quickly*

Enter Ford disguised

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Sir John Falstaff. 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 Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what

'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow: —strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow. [*Exeunt*

Scene II—*Windsor Park*

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'th'castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum;' she cries 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

Shallow. 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 leading to the Park*

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius

Mistress 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 dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Doctor Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mistress Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*]—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mistress Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mistress Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mistress Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mistress Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

Mistress Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mistress Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery 20
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mistress Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt*

Scene IV—*Windsor Park*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised as a Satyr, with Anne Page . . and others as Fairies

Sir Hugh Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt*

Scene V—*Another part of the Park*

Enter Falstaff, with a buck's head upon him

Sir John Falstaff. 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, i'th'forest.

—Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page

Mistress Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Sir John Falstaff. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eryngoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her*

Mistress Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Sir John Falstaff. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: 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 of horns within*

Mistress Page. Alas, what noise?

Mistress Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Sir John Falstaff. What should this be?

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. Away, away! [*They run off*

Sir John Falstaff. 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 as a Satyr, Pistol as Hobgoblin, Anne Page as Fairy Queen, and others as fairies

Anne Page. Fairies, black, gray, 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 oyes.

Pistol. Elves ,list your names. silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Sir John Falstaff. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face*

Sir Hugh Evans. Where's Pead?—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,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne Page. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In site 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 precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
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 *Honi 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 charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.

Sir Hugh Evans. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pistol. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne Page. 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.

Pistol. A trial, come.

Sir Hugh Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They put the tapers to his fingers and he starts*

Sir John Falstaff. O, O, O!

Anne Page. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Sir Hugh Evans. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

Song

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie 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 villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

[*Here they pinch him and sing about him, and the Doctor comes one way, and steals away a Boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a Boy in white; and Fenton steals Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises*

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mistress 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 enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mistress 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.

Sir John Falstaff. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Sir Hugh Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Sir Hugh Evans. 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.

Sir John Falstaff. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Sir Hugh Evans. Seese is not to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Sir John Falstaff. 'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived 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.

Mistress 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?

Mistress Page. A puff'd man?

Ford. 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?

Sir Hugh Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Sir John Falstaff. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: 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 pandar: over and above that you have suffer'd I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mistress Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here is my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mistress Page [*aside*]. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th'church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been 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?

Slender. 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 postmaster's boy.

Sir Hugh Evans. Jeshu, Master Slender! cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart! what shall I do?

Mistress 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.

Enter Caius

Doctor Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd: I ha' married *un garçon,* a boy; *un paysan,* by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mistress Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Doctor Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit*

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 Page. Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress,—how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mistress Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze 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 unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Sir John Falstaff. 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 embraced.

Sir John Falstaff. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Sir Hugh Evans. I will also dance and eat plums at your weddings.

Mistress Page. Well, I will muse no further.—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let be so.—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon
LAFEU, an old lord
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram
Several young French Lords, who serve with Bertram in the Florentine war

STEWARD
LAVACHE, a Clown } servants to the Countess of Rousillon
A PAGE

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess
A WIDOW of Florence
DIANA, her daughter
VIOLENTA
MARIANA } neighbours and friends to the Widow

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, Etc., French and Florentine

Scene—Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles

ACT I

SCENE I—*Rousillon. A hall in the house of the Countess*

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black

Countess. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Bertram. 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, evermore in subjection.

Lafeu. 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.

Countess. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Lafeu. 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.

Countess. 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 stretcht 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.

Lafeu. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Countess. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Lafeu. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately

spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Bertram. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Lafeu. A fistula, my lord.

Bertram. I heard not of it before.

Lafeu. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Countess. His sole child, my lord; and bequeath'd to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes 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.

Lafeu. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Countess. '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—

Helena. I do affect a sorrow; indeed; but I have it too.

Lafeu. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy of the living.

Countess. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Lafeu. How understand we that?

Bertram. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Countess. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be checkt for silence,

But never taxt for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Lafeu. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Countess. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit*

Bertram [*to Helena*]. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Lafeu. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exit Bertram and Lafeu*

Helena. 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. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His 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 reliques.—Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i'th'cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter Parolles

Parolles. Save you, fair queen!

Helena. And you, monarch!

Parolles. No.

Helena. And no.

Parolles. Are you meditating on virginity?

Helena. 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?

Parolles. Keep him out.

Helena. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defense, yet is weak: unfold to us some war-like resistance.

Parolles. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Helena. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Parolles. 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: 'tis too cold a companion; away with't!

Helena. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Parolles. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that

hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with't!

Helena. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Parolles. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: 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 any thing with it?

Helena. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Parolles. What one, i'faith?

Helena. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Parolles. What's pity?

Helena. 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*

Parolles. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Helena. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Parolles. Under Mars, I.

Helena. I especially think, under Mars.

Parolles. Why under Mars?

Helena. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars?

Parolles. When he was predominant.

Helena. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Parolles. Why think you so?

Helena. You go so much backward when you fight.

Parolles. That's for advantage.

Helena. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Parolles. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember

thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit*

Helena. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath not been can't be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. [*Exit*

SCENE II—*Paris. A room in the King's palace*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers Attendants

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch't 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.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest 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.

Second Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father' face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Bertram. 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 our 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 awaked 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 used 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 them now
But goers backward.

Bertram. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof 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 plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:'—this he wisht:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

Second Lord. You are loved, 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 famed.

Bertram. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;

My son's no dearer.

Bertram. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish*

SCENE III—*Rousillon. A room in the house of the Countess*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown

Countess. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Steward. 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 deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Countess. 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 folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Countess. Well, sir.

Clown. 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 your woman and I will do as we may.

Countess. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Countess. In what case?

Clown. 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 o' my body; for they say barns are blessings.

Countess. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh: and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Countess. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Countess. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Countess. Thy marriage,—sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Countess. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. Y'are 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 in 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: *ergo,* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i'th'herd.

Countess. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Countess. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Steward. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Countess. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clown. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
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.

Countess. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o'th'song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'ld find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but 'fore every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Countess. You'll begone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clown. 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 surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit*

Countess. Well, now.

Steward. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Countess. 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.

Steward. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wisht me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they toucht not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or

ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Countess. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods 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*

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth 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 imprest in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; nor then we thought them none.

Enter Helena

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Helena. What is your pleasure, madam?

Countess. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Helena. Mine honourable mistress.

Countess. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought 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: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress 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?

Helena. That I am not.

Countess. I say, I am your mother.

Helena. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Countess. Nor I your mother?

Helena. You are my mother, madam; would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Countess. 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 catcht your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, 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 clew;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Helena. Good madam, pardon me!

Countess. Do you love my son?

Helena. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Countess. Love you my son?

Helena. Do not you love him, madam?

Countess. 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 appeacht.

Helena. 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 loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
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!

Countess. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

Helena. Madam, I had.

Countess. Wherefore?
Tell true.

Helena. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved 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, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Countess. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Helena. 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.

Countess. 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?

Helena. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
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'ld venture
This well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Countess. Dost thou believe't?

Helena. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Countess. 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. [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I—*Paris. A room in the King's palace*

Enter the King, with divers young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, Parolles, and Attendants. Flourish of cornets

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

First 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 lated 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.

Second 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 Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [*Exit, attended*

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Parolles. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Second Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Parolles. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Bertram. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and ' 'tis too early.'

Parolles. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Bertram. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Parolles. Commit it, count.

Second Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

Bertram. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Second Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Parolles. 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 entrencht it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

Second Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Parolles. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords*

What will ye do?

Bertram. Stay; the king!

Enter King; Bertram and Parolles retire

Parolles. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Bertram. And I will do so.

Parolles. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu

Lafeu [*kneeling*]. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Lafeu [*rising*]. 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 askt thee mercy for't.

Lafeu. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Lafeu. 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,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Lafeu. Why, doctor she: my lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,—
For that is her demand,—and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Lafeu. . . Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Enter Lafeu, with Helena

Lafeu. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Lafeu. 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; fare you well. [*Exit*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Helena. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father; one,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Helena. 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 th' 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 toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound 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 inaidable state,—I say we must not
So stain our judgement, 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.

Helena. 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:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Helena. 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 judgement 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 fits.

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.

Helena. 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;
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
Hopest thou my cure?

Helena. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quencht 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 darest thou venture?

Helena. Tax of impudence,—

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse, if worse, extended.
With vilest 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 slay
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 prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Helena. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Helena. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Helena. 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 observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved 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 camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Rousillon. A room in the house of the Countess*

Enter Countess and Clown

Countess. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Countess. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. 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's 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. 12

Countess. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks,—the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Countess. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. 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, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin. 24

Countess. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Countess. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clown. 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.

Countess. 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?

Clown. 'O Lord, sir!'—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Countess. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clown. 'O Lord, sir!'—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Countess. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. 'O Lord, sir!'—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Countess. You were lately whipt, sir, as I think.

Clown. 'O Lord, sir!'—Spare not me.

Countess. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare me not'? 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.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Countess. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. 'O Lord, sir!'—why, there't serves well again.

Countess. 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.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Countess. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.
Countess. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE III—*Paris. A room in the King's palace*

Enter Lafeu and Parolles

Lafeu. 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. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Parolles. And so 'tis.

Lafeu. To be relinquisht of the artists,—

Parolles. So I say.

Lafeu. Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentic fellows,— 12

Parolles. Right; so I say.

Lafeu. That gave him out incurable,—

Parolles. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Lafeu. Not to be helpt,—

Parolles. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Lafeu. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Parolles. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Lafeu. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Parolles. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do ye call there?— 22

Lafeu. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Parolles. That's it I would have said, the very same.

Lafeu. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Parolles. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Lafeu. Very hand of heaven—

Parolles. Ay, so I say.

Lafeu. In a most weak 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.

Parolles. As to be—

Lafeu. Generally thankful.

Parolles. I would have said it; you say well.—Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants

Lafeu. Lustig, 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.

Parolles. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Lafeu. '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 banisht sense
Thou has repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords and Bertram

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 has power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Helena. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Lafeu. I'ld give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of these but had a noble father.

Helena. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Helena. 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 refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Helena. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—[*to First Lord*] Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Helena. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Lafeu. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Helena [*to Second Lord*]. 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!

Second Lord. No better, if you please.

Helena. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Lafeu. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'ld have them whipt; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Helena [*to Third Lord*]. Be not afraid 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!

Lafeu. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Helena [*to Fourth Lord*]. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Lafeu. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Helena [*to Bertram*]. I dare not say I take you; 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.

Bertram. 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?

Bertram. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Bertram. 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!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislikest
A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislikest
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's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied 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 foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosht on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'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.

Bertram. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose

Helena. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle 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 disdain, 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 lapse
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.

Bertram. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, 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.

Bertram. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles*

Lafeu. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Parolles. Your pleasure, sir?

Lafeu. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Parolles. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Lafeu. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Parolles. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Lafeu. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Parolles. To any count,—to all counts,—to what is man.

Lafeu. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Parolles. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Lafeu. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Parolles. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Lafeu. I did think thee, for two ordinaries to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly 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.

Parolles. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Lafeu. 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.

Parolles. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Lafeu. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Parolles. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Lafeu. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Parolles. Well, I shall be wiser—

Lafeu. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'th'contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, 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.

Parolles. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Lafeu. 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*

Parolles. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;

scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering 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.

Enter Lafeu

Lafeu. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Parolles. 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.

Lafeu. Who? God?

Parolles. Ay, sir.

Lafeu. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'ld beat thee: methinks't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breath themselves upon thee.

Parolles. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Lafeu. 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 heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit*

Parolles. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good; let it be conceal'd awhile.

Enter Bertram

Bertram. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Parolles. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Bertram. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.
Parolles. What, what, sweet-heart?
Bertram. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.
Parolles. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to th'wars!
Bertram. There's letters from my mother: what th'import is,
I know not yet.
Parolles. Ay, that would be known. To th'wars, my boy, to th'wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky 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'wars!
Bertram. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; 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.
Parolles. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?
Bertram. 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.
Parolles. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis 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, hush, 'tis so. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—*Paris. The King's palace*

Enter Helena and Clown

Helena. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clown. 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'th'world; but yet she is not well.

Helena. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Helena. What two things?

Clown. 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

Parolles. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Helena. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Parolles. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Parolles. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. 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.

Parolles. Away! th'art a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Parolles. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clown. 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.

Parolles. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.— 33
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, 40
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Helena. What's his will else?

Parolles. That you will take your instant leave o'th'king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Helena. What more commands he?

Parolles. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Helena. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Parolles. I shall report it so.

Helena. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles*
Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt*

Scene V—*Paris. The King's palace*

Enter Lafeu and Bertram

Lafeu. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Bertram. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Lafeu. You have it from his own deliverance.

Bertram. And by other warranted testimony.

Lafeu. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Bertram. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Lafeu. I have, then, sinn'd against his experience, and transgrest

against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles

Parolles [*to Bertram*]. These things shall be done, sir.

Lafeu. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Parolles. Sir?

Lafeu. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Bertram [*aside to Parolles*]. Is she gone to the king?

Parolles [*aside to Bertram*]. She is.

Bertram [*aside to Parolles*]. Will she away to-night?

Parolles [*aside to Bertram*]. As you'll have her.

Bertram [*aside to Parolles*]. I've 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.

Lafeu. 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 nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Bertram. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Parolles. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Lafeu. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Bertram. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Lafeu. 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.—Fare-

well, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have worth or wit to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit*

Parolles. An idle lord, I swear.

Bertram. I think so.

Parolles. Why, do you not know him?

Bertram. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena

Helena. 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.

Bertram. 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. Prepared 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 shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Helena. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Bertram. Come, come, no more of that.

Helena. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my good fortune.

Bertram. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell, hie home.

Helena. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Bertram. Well, what would you say?

Helena. 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.

Bertram. What would you have?

Helena. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Bertram. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Helena. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Bertram. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

[*Exit Helena*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

Parolles. Bravely, coragio!

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—*Florence. A room in the Duke's palace*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords and a troop of 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.

First 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.

Second 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 incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Second Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nation,
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 avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Rousillon. A room in the house of the Countess*

Enter Countess and Clown

Countess. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Countess. By what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Countess. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter*

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'th'country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'th'court: the brains of my Cupid's knockt out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Countess. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have there. [*Exit*

Countess [*reads*]. I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recover'd the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Enter Clown

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Countess. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Countess. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. 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

First Gentleman. Save you, good madam.

Helena. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Second Gentleman. Do not say so.

Countess. 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?
Second Gentleman. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Helena. 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 of 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.
Countess. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
First Gentleman. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.
Countess. 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?
Second Gentleman. Ay, madam.
Countess. And to be a soldier?
Second Gentleman. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Countess. Return you thither?
First Gentleman. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Helena. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
'Tis bitter.
Countess. Find you that there?
Helena. Ay, madam.

First Gentleman. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Countess. Nothing in France, until he have no 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?

First Gentleman. A servant only and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Countess. Parolles, was't not?

First Gentleman. Ay, my good lady, he.

Countess. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

First Gentleman. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Countess. Y'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.

Second Gentleman. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Countess. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen*

Helena. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
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 you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing 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't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
The angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit*

SCENE III—*Florence. Before the Duke's palace*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Solders, Drum, and Trumpets

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Bertram. 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!
Bertram. 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 house of the Countess*

Enter Countess and Steward

Countess. 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.
Steward [*reads*]. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Countess. 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.
Steward. Pardon me, madame:
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.
Countess. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak:
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V—*Without the walls of Florence. A tucket afar off*

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, with other Citizens

Widow. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Diana. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Widow. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mariana. 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.

Widow. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mariana. I know that knave; hang him! one 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 wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed 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.

Diana. You shall not need to fear me.

Widow. 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.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilgrim

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Helena. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Widow. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Helena. Is this the way?

Widow. 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.

Helena. Is it yourself?

Widow. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Helena. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Widow. You came, I think, from France?

Helena. I did so.

Widow. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Helena. His name, I pray you.
Diana. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Helena. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.
Diana. Whatsom'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?
Helena. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Diana. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Helena. What's his name?
Diana. Monsieur Parolles.
Helena. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Diana. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Widow. I write good creature; wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.
Helena. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Widow. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mariana. The gods forbid else!

Widow. So, now they come:—

Drum and Colours

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Helena. Which is the Frenchman?

Diana. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

Helena. I like him well.

Diana. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yon's that same knave
That leads him to these passes: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Helena. Which is he?

Diana. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Helena. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Parolles. Lose our drum! well.

Mariana. He's shrewdly vext at something: look, he has spied us.

Widow. Marry, hang you!

Mariana. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, etc.*

Widow. The troop is past. Come pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Helena. 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.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI—*Camp before Florence*

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords

First Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

Second Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

First Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Bertram. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

First 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. 11

Second 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.

Bertram. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Second Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

First 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 and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing. 28

Second Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch off 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.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter Parolles

Bertram. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Second Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Parolles. 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! 42

Second Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Bertram. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Parolles. It might have been recover'd.

Bertram. It might; but it is not now.

Parolles. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.* . . 53

Bertram. 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.

Parolles. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Bertram. But you must not now slumber in it. 62

Parolles. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself in my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Bertram. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Parolles. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Bertram. I know th'art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Parolles. I love not many words. [*Exit*

First Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't? 77

Second Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Bertram. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

First Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embost him,—you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 87

Second Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him: which you shall see this very night.

First Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Bertram. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

First Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you [*Exit*

Bertram. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

Second Lord. But you say she's honest.

Bertram. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

Second Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII—*Florence. A room in the Widow's house*

Enter Helena and Widow

Helena. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Widow. 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.

Helena. 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.

Widow. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Helena. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it;
Now his impatient blood will naught deny
That she'll 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 repented after.

Widow. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Helena. 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.

Widow. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Helena. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot: which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in unlawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I—*Without the Florentine camp*

Enter First French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers, in ambush

First Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally 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.

First Soldier. Good captain, let me be th'interpreter.

First Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Soldier. No, sir, I warrant you.

First Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again? 11

First Soldier. E'en such as you speak to me.

First Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i'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: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. —But couch, ho! here he comes,—to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. 21

Enter Parolles

Parolles. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knockt too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. 28

First Lord [*aside*]. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Parolles. 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.

First Lord [*aside*]. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Parolles. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

First Lord [*aside*]. We cannot afford you so.

Parolles. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

First Lord [*aside*]. 'Twould not do.

Parolles. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stript—

First Lord [*aside*]. Hardly serve.

Parolles. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the citadel—

First Lord [*aside*]. How deep?

Parolles. Thirty fadom.

First Lord [*aside*]. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Parolles. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recover'd it.

First Lord [*aside*]. You shall hear one anon. [*Alarum within*

Parolles. A drum now of the enemy's!

First Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Parolles. O, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him*

First Soldier. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Parolles. 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'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Soldier. Boskos vauvado:—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—sir,

Betake thee to thy fate, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Parolles. O!

First Soldier. O, pray, pray, pray!—
Manka revania dulche.

First Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Soldier. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwinkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Parolles. 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.

First Soldier. But wilt thou faithfully?

Parolles. If I do not, damn me.

First Soldier. *Acordo linta:*—
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within*

First 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.

Second Soldier. Captain, I will.

First Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:—
Inform 'em that.

Second Soldier. So I will, sir.

First Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Florence. A room in the Widow's house*

Enter Bertram and Diana

Bertram. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Diana. No, my good lord, Diana.

Bertram. 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.

Diana. She then was honest.

Bertram. So should you be.

Diana. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Bertram. No more o'that,—
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Diana. 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.

Bertram. How have I sworn!

Diana. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved 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 unseal'd;
At least in my opinion.

Bertram. 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.

Diana. I see that men make ropes in such a scarr,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Bertram. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Diana. Will you not, my lord?

Bertram. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

Diana. 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.

Bertram. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Diana. 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,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that 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.

Bertram. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit*

Diana. For which live 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 has sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit*

Scene III—*The Florentine camp*

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Second Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Second Lord. Especially he hath incurr'd the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Second Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Second 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 abhorr'd ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not, then, have his company to-night?

Second Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Second Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Second Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Second Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Second Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplisht; 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.

Second Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

Second Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Second Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Second Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not: and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherisht by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger

How now! where's your master?

Messenger. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offer'd him letters of commendations to the king. [*Exit*

Second Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Bertram. I have to-night dispatcht sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Second Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Bertram. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of

it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Second Lord. Bring him forth [*Exeunt Soldiers*]:—has sat i'the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Bertram. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Second 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 hath shed her milk: he hath confest himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks: and what think you he hath confest?

Bertram. Nothing of me, has a'?

Second 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.

Enter Soldiers with Parolles muffled

Bertram. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me.

First Lord. Hush, hush! Hoodman comes.—*Portotartarossa.*

First Soldier. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'm?

Parolles. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Soldier. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Soldier. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Parolles. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Soldier [*reads*]. 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Parolles. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor

rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Soldier. Shall I set down your answer so?

Parolles. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Bertram. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. Y'are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Second Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Soldier. Well, that's set down.

Parolles. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Bertram. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Parolles. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Soldier. Well, that's set down.

Parolles. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth,—the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Soldier [*reads*]. 'Demand of him of what strength they are afoot.' What say you to that?

Parolles. By my troth, sir, if I were to live but this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Bertram. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Soldier. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Parolles. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Soldier. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Parolles. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[*First Lord lifts up his hand in anger*]

Bertram. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Soldier. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Parolles. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Soldier. What is his reputation with the duke?

Parolles. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o'the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Soldier. Marry, we'll search.

Parolles. 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.

First Soldier. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Parolles. I do not know if it be it or no.

Bertram. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Soldier [*reads*]. Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,—

Parolles. 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 Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Soldier. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Parolles. 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 up all the fry it finds.

Bertram. Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Soldier [*reads*]. 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 mell with, boys are but to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES

Bertram. He shall be whipt through the army, with this rime in's forehead.

Second Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Bertram. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Soldier. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Parolles. 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, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Soldier. We'll see what may be done, so you confess free-

ly; 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?

Parolles. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels 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 every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing. 237

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Bertram. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

First Soldier. What say you to his expertness in war?

Parolles. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership 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. 247

First Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Bertram. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Soldier. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Parolles. Sir, for a cardecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut th'entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Soldier. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Second Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Soldier. What's he? 258

Parolles. E'en a crow o'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.

First Soldier. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Parolles. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Soldier. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Parolles [*aside*]. 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?

First Soldier. 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 held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Parolles. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Soldier. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him*

So, look about you: know you any here?

Bertram. Good morrow, noble captain.

Second Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Second Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First 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'ld compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords*

First Soldier. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Parolles. Who cannot be crusht with a plot?

First Soldier. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit with soldiers*

Parolles. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould 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 foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit*

SCENE IV—*Florence. A room in the Widow's house*

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana

Helena. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
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.

Widow. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Helena. 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.

Diana. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Helena. 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 prepared, 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 house of the Countess*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown

Lafeu. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Countess. I would he 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.

Lafeu. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or rather, the herb of grace.

Lafeu. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave; they are noseherbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Lafeu. Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Lafeu. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Lafeu. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Lafeu. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

Lafeu. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Lafeu. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, sir a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Lafeu. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Lafeu. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain

in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Lafeu. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well lookt to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit*

Lafeu. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Countess. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Lafeu. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Countess. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Lafeu. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Countess. 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.

Lafeu. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Countess. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Lafeu. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clown. 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 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Lafeu. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Lafeu. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to walk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I—*Marseilles. A street*

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants

Helena. 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;—

Enter a Gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gentle Astringer. And you.

Helena. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gentle Astringer. I have been sometimes there.
Helena. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues; for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gentle Astringer. What's your will?
Helena. 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.
Gentle Astringer. The king's not here.
Helena. Not here, sir!
Gentle Astringer. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Widow. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Helena. All's Well that Ends Well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gentle Astringer. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Helena. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend 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.
Gentle Astringer. This I'll do for you.
Helena. And you shall find yourself to be well thankt,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II—*Rousillon. Before the house of the Countess*

Enter Clown and Parolles

Parolles. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu 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.

Clown. 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. Prithee, allow the wind.

Parolles. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Parolles. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh, prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu

Here is a pur of Fortune's sir, or of Fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fall'n into the unclean fishpond 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, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit*

Parolles. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratcht.

Lafeu. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd 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 cardecu for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Parolles. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Lafeu. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Parolles. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Lafeu. You beg more than 'word,' then.—Cox my passion! give me your hand:—how does your drum?

Parolles. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Lafeu. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Parolles. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Lafeu. 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.

Parolles. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III—*The same. A room in the house of the Countess*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, etc.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lackt the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Countess. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high-bent upon him,
And watcht the time to shoot.

Lafeu. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord

Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence 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
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, 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 reliques of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

First Gentleman. I shall, my liege. [*Exit*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Lafeu. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That sets him high in fame.

Enter Bertram, with First Gentleman.

Lafeu. He looks well on't

King. I am not a day of season,
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.

Bertram. My high-repented 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
Th'inaudible and noiseless foot of Time

Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Bertram. 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 infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warpt the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or exprest it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: 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 rasher 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 old 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.

Countess. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Lafeu. 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.—
[*Bertram gives a ring to Lafeu*
By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Bertram. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Bertram. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Countess. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Lafeu. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Bertram. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapt in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
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.

Bertram. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill 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.

Bertram. 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, guarded*

King. I am wrapt in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentle Astringer

Gentle Astringer. 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,
Vanquisht 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 Rousillon 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 it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPULET

Lafeu. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discov'ry.—Seek these suitors.—
Go speedily and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants*
I am afeared the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatcht.

Countess. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, 154
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Gentleman, with Widow and Diana.

What woman's that?

Diana. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Widow. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour 160
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: do you know these women?

Bertram. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?
Diana. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Bertram. She's none of mine, my lord.
Diana. 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.
Lafeu [*to Bertram*]. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Bertram. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laught with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!
Diana. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Bertram. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Diana. 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 o'the camp,
If I be one.
Countess. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,

Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed 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.

Diana. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Lafeu. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an attendant*

Bertram. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world taxt and debosht;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Bertram. I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me;
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Diana. I must be patient:
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Bertram. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Diana. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Diana. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story, then, goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Diana. I have spoke the truth.
Bertram. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Enter Parolles, with Attendant
Is this the man you speak of?
Diana. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Parolles. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
Parolles. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Parolles. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Parolles. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—What an equivocal companion is this!
Parolles. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Lafeu. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Diana. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Parolles. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Parolles. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as

I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talkt 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. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Diana. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Diana. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Diana. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Diana. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Diana. I never gave it him.

Lafeu. 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.

Diana. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Diana. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Diana. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Diana. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Diana. 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'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to Lafeu*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Diana. 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 defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Widow, with Helena

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? 300
Is't real that I see?

Helena. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Bertram. Both, both:—O, pardon!

Helena. 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, etc.' This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Bertram. If, she, my liege, can make me know this clearly, 310
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever, dearly.

Helena. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Lafeu. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—
[*to Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so. I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones,

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*to Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolved more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the King.

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.*

COMMENTARIES AND GLOSSARIES

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS was first printed in the Folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works published in 1623. It was number five in the comedies, was divided into acts but not scenes and was short of the *dramatis personæ* which was added in the edition of 1709. The text is evidently a reproduction from a rather careless manuscript and contains a number of errors whereof the majority were corrected in later editions.

The earliest reference to the play is found in the list of Shakespearean pieces given by Francis Meres in '*Palladis Tamia* (*Wit's Treasury*) in 1598, where it follows after *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Critics hold the opinion that it was written long before *Two Gentlemen of Verona* because the style, verse and the portrayal of character are reminiscent of Shakespeare's earlier work. There are traces, too, of the pre-Shakespearean stage: doggerel—the bad, irregular verse conspicuous in the crude patter of clowns, the couplets generally reserved for the curtain, the peculiar play upon words so frequent in Shakespeare's early work which, in the maturity of his genius, evolves from superficial badinage and mere play upon letters into play upon meanings and philosophical aphorisms, from facetious quibbles into the height of tragic paradox. The allusion to topical events in Act. III.ii., namely, the people's war in France in the reign of Henry IV, provides a clue to the time of writing. Most critics conclude from this that the piece was written between 1589 and 1593. There is data to show that in December 1594 a piece was played in London at Gray's Inn under the title of '*Comedy of Errors*' which in all probability was the Shakespearean play which had held the stage for several years and had been selected for presentation at Gray's Inn on account of its popularity.

The story of the twins on which the comedy is based is of venerable origin. Before Plautus (Roman poet, B.C. 254-184), the fairy-tale and supernatural element predominated in it. Plautus gave it comedy and realism. His comedies were in vogue during the Renaissance and Shakespeare used *Menaechmi* for his *Comedy of Errors*. Whether Shakespeare knew Plautus' comedies in the Latin original or in a manuscript translation (it was printed only in 1595) is a problem. We know, however, that a list of court entertainments included a piece called '*The Historie of Errors*' which was put on for the New Year season of 1576-77. The text of this play has been lost, but it may be considered a more or less free comic version of Plautus' comedy and the source of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*.

The setting and the plot in Shakespeare are much more involved than in Plautus. The twin servingmen were borrowed from *Amphitruo*, another Plautus comedy. The following characters were added: the Duke of Ephesus, Aegean, Dromio, Balthazar, Angelo and the second merchant. The action was removed from Epidamnum to Ephesus. Notwithstanding some superficiality of treatment, lack of stylistic originality and instances of carelessness, Shakespeare added much to the elements of comedy and tragedy, interwove these and ennobled the characters.

GLOSSARY

NOTE: *The definitions below, and in the succeeding glossaries, should be read with the context of the play in which the word appears.*

adverse, hostile. I.i.15.
advised, 'I am advised,' I know very well. V.i.214.
accords, consent, wishes. II.i.25.
almanack of my true date, one born at the same time as I. I.ii.41.
amain, swiftly. I.i.93.
angel, a coin worth ten shillings. IV.iii.39.
arrant, errand; 'So that my arrant, due unto my tongue,' *i.e.* so that my message, which should be verbal, etc. II.i.71.
a-row, successively, one after another. V.i.170.
assaying, endeavouring to do. V.i.97.
attach, arrest. IV.i.6.
attaint, guilt. III.ii.16.
avaunt, depart. IV.iii.77.
band, bond, bandage. IV.ii.49
bankrout, bankrupt, 'time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to season,' always owes more than he is worth to date, *i.e.* at a given time. IV.ii.58.
balsamum, balsam. IV.i.90.
basting, it was thought that meat without gravy caused spitefulness and ill temper. II.ii.62.
become disloyalty, grace your infidelity. III. ii.11.
belike, it is likely, probably. IV.iii.90.
beseem, become. V.i.110.
beshrew, an expletive, not meant seriously, like 'cuss it!' II.i.49.
bespoke, persuaded. V.i.233.
bestrid, stood over. V.i.192.
bides, 'though gold bides still the tester's touch,' *i.e.* gold stands the test, but too much testing wears it away. II.i.109.
breaking gulf, whirlpool. II.ii.125.
carcanet, necklace of gold and jewels. III.i.4.
caracks, 'armadoes of caracks,' fleets of large freight-ships. III.ii.135.
cates, provisions, delicacies. III.i.28.
certes, truly. IV.iv.71.
chargeful, expensive. IV.i.29.
Circe's cup, those who drank therefrom became mad. V.i.271.

coil, perplexity, bustle, ado. III.i.48.

common, 'make a common of my serious hours,' *i.e.* make free with. II.ii.29.

compact, 'compact of credit,' composed of credulity. III.ii.22.

compass, to reach round, circumvent. IV.i.112.

conceit, apprehension. IV.ii.65.

consort you, go with you. I.ii.28.

contraries, perversities. IV.iv.75.

copy, 'it was the copy of our conference,' *i.e.*, was typical of when we were together. V.i.62.

countermands, prohibits by his presence. IV.ii.37.

cozenage, deception. To cozen is to act as *cousin* or kinsman, to sponge upon, beguile. I.ii.97.

crow, crowbar. III.i.80.

crupper, ordinarily the loop which goes under a horse's tail; here means a saddle. I.ii.56.

curtal dog, a dog with a docked tail, an inferior kind of animal, useless for hunting, leashed to a wheel to turn the spit in the kitchen. III.ii.144.

dark room, it was the custom to shut a madman in a dark room. IV. iv.90.

decline, lean, incline. III.ii.44.

defeatures, melancholy looks. II.i.97.

defeatures, changes, deteriorations. V.i.300.

despite of mirth, mean to be merry, *i.e.* although I feel far from mirthful at the moment, I'll go and be merry. III.i.108.

dial, clock. V.i.118.

discover, relate, explain. V.i.203.

disannul, annul, cancel. I.i.145.

dispose, disposal, disposition. I.i.21.

distemperatures, disorders, illnesses. V.i.82.

diviner, wizard. III.ii.138.

doubtful, double, from Lat. *dubius*, doubtful, moving from two directions. I.i.69.

elvish, elves were regarded as the companions or incarnations of evil spirits. II.ii.189.

ergo (L.), therefore. IV.iii.54.

everlasting garment, a leathern garment worn by Elizabethan constables. IV.ii.33.

excrement, outgrowth on the human body, particularly hair. II.ii.77.

exempt, estranged, neglectful. II. ii.170.

fairy, Pope, the English poet, emended this to 'fury.' IV.ii.35.

falsing, falsifiable. II.ii.93.

fashion, 'mourn'd for fashion,' cried from their nature. I.i.74.

fool-begged, stupid, ridiculous; an expression derived from 'to beg somebody for a fool,' to ask somebody to look after a madman who could not look after himself. II. i.41.

formal man, a normally behaved man. V.i.105.

fraughtage, freight, cargo. IV.i. 88.

Genius, the Greeks believed that every man had his good or evil genius. V.i.332.

gossip, to make merry. V.i.407.

gravity, dignity. II.ii.167.

guilders, gold coin formerly current in the Netherlands; money in general. I.i.8.

hap, luck. I.i.39.

hatch, half-door. III.i.33.

heady-rash, hot-headed. V.i.216.

healthful, hearty. I.i.115.

heart's meteors, complexion, colour, as the sign of emotion. IV.ii.6.

heir, allusion to Henry IV, heir presumptive to the French throne, cause of the people's war in France (1589-1593). III.ii.122.

helpful, help-able, *i.e.* helpless. I.i.104.

hit of, hit on, know. III.ii.30.

holp, helped. IV.i.22.

horn-mad, said of a mad bull, but mostly used in allusion to a cuckold, *i.e.*, one whose wife is unfaithful. II.i.58.

host, stay as guests. I.ii.9.

hoy, a small coasting vessel. IV.iii.37.

intestine, internecine. I.i.11.

keeps, makes. III.i.61.

labour'd, suffered. I.i.131.

Lapland, then considered the home of black magic. IV.iii.11.

large, 'at large,' in detail. IV.iv.138.

latter-born, the younger twin. I.i.79.

lets, hinders. II.i.104.

liberties, libertines. I.ii.102.

lifeless, 'to procrastinate his lifeless end,' to drag out his last luckless and dejected hours. I.i.159.

like, similarly. I.i.83.

like right berefit, to be similarly treated, dispossessed of rights. II.i.40.

limbo, confines of hell, here a debtor's prison. IV.ii.32.

lose myself, *i.e.* wander freely. I.ii.30.

low'reth, frowns. II.i.85.

mace . . . morris-pike, the constable will do more with his truncheon than his morris-pike, a pointed weapon common at the time. IV.iii.27.

mad, to enrage. IV.iv.122.

Marry, an exclamation derived from the name of Mary the Virgin; it was used to express indignant surprise, to affirm a wish or thing, or as a mere expletive. II.ii.101.

mated, confounded, stupified. V.i.282.

maw, stomach. I.ii.66.

mean, opportunity. I.ii.18.

meanly, 'not meanly proud,' uncommonly proud. I.i.59.

mend, correct. II.ii.105.

mend, 'mend our dinner,' supply the deficiency. IV.iii.57.

mickle, little. III.i.45

midst, middle. I.i.104.

mome, blockhead. III.i.32.

motion, 'we in your motion turn,' *i.e.* we are governed by your moods and through them you can do as you please with us. III.ii.24.

motions,-proposals. I.i.60.

narrow lands, a narrow strip of the coast between a township and the sea, refuge for vagrants. These places were guarded by constables. IV.ii.38.

nicks him like a fool, Dromio cut off Pinch's hair as was the custom with madmen. V.i.175.

nose, symbolises the Spanish colonies rich in precious minerals. III.ii.135.

o'er-raught, over-reached, tricked. I.ii.96.

offended, beset. I.i.90.

offer, attempt. IV.iv. *Stage direction between lines* 104-5.

Old Adam, a constable dressed in a leathern garment like Adam who dressed himself in the skins of animals after his fall. IV.iii.13.

owe, own. III.i.42.

order, 'take order,' repair, restore, make arrangements for. V.i.146.

pack'd, made a pact with, in collusion. V.i.219.

parrot, 'prophecy like the parrot,' alludes to the custom of teaching parrots sayings, such as 'Beware the rope's end.' IV.iv.39

patch, a paltry fellow. III.i.32.

perdy, par dieu, by God! IV.iv.67.

persever, persevere. II.ii.214.

Phœnix, a mythical and ornately feathered bird, of which there was a picture on the house of Antipholus of Ephesus. I.ii.75.

Poland winter, Poland as a northern country with a very long winter. III.ii.98.

post, a pun on 'post,' a courier and 'post,' a stump, which formerly was used for 'posting up' or 'scoring' the amounts owed by customers in ale-houses. I.ii.63.

puddled mire, muddy water.V.i.173.

punishment, 'pleasing punishment,' pregnancy; 'pleasing' in the sense of 'willing.' I.i.46.

quarter, 'keep fair quarter,' *i.e.* keep on good terms with, be true to. II.i.107.

respice finem (L.), look to the end! IV.iv.38.

reverted, in rebellion. III.ii.22.

rout, mob. III.i.101.

runs counter . . . draws dry foot, hunting terms. To 'run counter' is to double back on a wrong scent; here the allusion is also to the 'Counter,' a London debtors' prison. 'Draw dry-foot' means to track down game. IV.ii.39.

sans fable (Fr.) , without romancing, IV.iv.69.

scanted, been scanty with. II.ii.79.

sconce, facetious for 'head'; also, a small fort, bulwark, helmet. II.ii.34.

sinking-ripe, on the point of sinking. I.i.78.

sob, a rest given to a horse to regain its wind. IV.iii.24.

soothe, to humour. IV.iv.75.

spoon-meat, liquid food which has to be taken with a spoon. IV.iii.58.

stale, laughing-stock, dupe, anything used as a deception. II.i.100.

stand, to duel, fight. V.i.31.

staying on our controversy, waiting on our dispute. V.i.20.

stigmatical in making, deformed from birth. IV.ii.22.

strange, assuming or dissembling ignorance. V.i.296.

strike, start. I.ii.67.

strokes, blows, to be beaten. II.ii.8.

suit of durance, a dress made of stout cloth, also an allusion to prison-durance. IV.iii.25.

swear me down, declare with oaths, swear me out. V.i.227.

Tartar, a name for the nether world. IV.ii.32.

tiring, dressing, adorning oneself. II.ii.97.

trim, ready to sail. IV.i.91.
ungalled, 'ungalled estimation,' *i.e.* unsullied reputation. III.i.102.
villain, a servant, bondman. I.ii.19.
waftage, passage by water. IV.i.96.
wafts, beckons. II.ii.108.
warrant, threat. I.i.69.
whe'r, whether. IV.i.60.
within, close to. V.i.34.
wont, is wont to, customarily. IV.iv.35.
worthily, justly. I.i.100.
wot, know. V.i.148.
would mad or man or beast, would enrage either man or beast. V.i.84.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW was first printed in the Folio of 1623. There is data to show that publication in quarto was intended in 1607 but this separate edition only materialized in 1631. The Folio is evidently based on a stage copy of the play; it contains no major errors. The quarto is a complete reprint of the Folio text.

The plot was very popular in pre-Shakespearean literature. In 1594 a play by an anonymous author was published which, beyond all doubt, was the predecessor of Shakespeare's. This play bore the title of: 'A pleasant conceited Historie, called The Taming of A Shrew. . .' Shakespeare's play was evidently an adaptation of this. Some critics maintain that he did not work on it alone but had a coadjutor who cannot be identified. They regard the uneven quality of the adapted text as corroboration of this theory: there is much doggerel, the style is rough and the text overseasoned with Italian and Latin phrases. Shakespeare himself is credited with three-fifths of the text and the elaboration of all the scenes between Petruchio and Katherine.

The Taming of the Shrew does not appear in Francis Meres' list but Meres may not have regarded it as an original work. After much disagreement the critics, prompted by the peculiarities of the metre, finally came to the conclusion that *The Taming of the Shrew* belongs to 1593-94, Shakespeare's early period.

The principal theme of *The Taming of the Shrew* is an old favourite in oriental plays and European folk-lore. The fullest version was developed in the pre-Shakespearean play mentioned above.

The Induction preserved by Shakespeare comes from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, the wooing of Bianca from *Gli Suppositi* (*Supposes*), a comedy by the Italian author Ariosto. Although Shakespeare's version is, on the whole, a reproduction of the old play, he made many additions and changes (Athens became Padua, the one wooer became three); he touched up the principal characters, refurbished the verse and toned down the pre-Shakespearean uncouthness of the men in their relations to the women as the property of men.

Nothing is definitely known concerning the first presentations. Critics think that it may have been first performed in 1594 in the Newington-Butts theatre where two companies were playing alternately. These were the Henslowe and the Blackfriars companies. Shakespeare was a member of the latter. The production was revived in 1603 and 1633. *The Taming of the Shrew* became very popular and many adaptations were made from it.

a', he.

advice, reflection. I.i.112.

advised, 'Art thou not advised?' do you not understand? I.i.180.

afeard, afraid. V.ii.17.

affied, affianced, betrothed. IV.iv.49.

aglet-baby, small figure cut on the tag of a lace (Fr. *aiguillette*). I.ii.78.

Alcides' twelve, Hercules' twelve labours. I.ii.253.

Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio, welcome to our abode, much esteemed Sir Petruchio; Grumio mistakes these Italian greetings for Latin. I.ii.25.

amends, recovery. Ind.ii.96.

amort, dejected, dispirited. IV.iii.36.

an, if. Ind. i. 74.

an I had thee in a place where etc., if I had you in a suitable place I'd give you a drubbing. IV.iii. 146.

an it like you, if you like. IV.iv.55.

Anna, sister and confidante of Dido, queen of Carthage, whom Aeneus deserted. (Vergil's Aeneid). I.i.148.

antick, buffoon of the old plays. Ind.i.98.

appendix, meaning Bianca. IV.iv.99.

arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic. II.i.217.

arras-counterpoints, tapestry. II.i. 342.

arrived for, arrived from. 1.i.3.

Art to Love, allusion to verses from Ovid's *Ars Amandi*, Art of Love. IV.ii.8.

as, as if. V.i.14.

assurance, legal settlement. II.i. 387.

awful, winning respect. V.ii.110.

baccare, go back, a spurious Latin word. II.i.72.

balm, bathe with perfume. Ind.i. 45.

basta, (It.), enough. I.i.192.

bate, beat their wings. IV.i.177.

bear-herd, leader of tame bear, bear-keeper. Ind.ii.19.

bear my countenance, act my part. IV.i.65.

bears, is situated (stands). V.i.8.

bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement. IV.ii.3.

beholding, beholden. I.ii.269.

belike, probably. Ind.i.72.

be-mete, chastise with a yardstick. IV.iii.112.

bemoil'd, besmirched, bedraggled. IV.i.65.

bestraught, distraught, distracted. Ind.ii.24.

bias, weight in side of a bowl which affects its direction. IV.v.25.

board, woo. I.ii.93.

books, 'put me in thy books,' books of heraldry in which coats of of arms were painted, *i.e.*, good opinion. II.i.220.

boot, profit, advantage. V.ii.177.

bost, embossed, studded. II.i.344.

bots, larvae of botfly, which infest stomach and intestines of horses. III.ii.51.

bottom, ball of thread. IV.iii.133.

bow'd, bent. II.i.148.

brach, hound-bitch. Ind.i.14.

brave, handsomely clad. Ind.i.37.

braved, defied. IV.iii.110.
bravery, finery. IV.iii.57.
braves, bullying manners. III.i.15.
breathed, full-winded, in full career. Ind.ii.47.
breeching scholar, schoolboy. III.i.18.
buckler, to shield. III.ii.231.
bugs, hobgoblins, 'fear boys with bugs,' frighten boys with hobgoblins. I.ii.207.
Burton-heath. Burton on the Heath, a village in Warwickshire where Shakespeare's relatives lived. Hacket was a real person. Wincot is a village near Stratford, where Shakespeare's maternal grandfather lived. Ind.ii.18-21.
buttery, place for keeping provisions, especially liquor. Ind.i.99.
Cambio, name assumed by Lucencio.
candle-cases, cases for candles or tapers. III.ii.43.
carouse full measure to her maidenhead, toss off full bumpers to her maidenhood. III.ii.217.
cart, to punish by carting, punishment akin to the ducking-stool. I.i.55.
case, condition. IV.ii.45.
cast on no water, alluding to the old catch, 'Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth, fire, fire, fire, fire. Cast on no water, cast on no water.' IV.i.16.
cates, provisions. II.i.187.
censer, fire-pan for burning perfumes. IV.iii.91.
'cerns, concerns. V.i.59.
chapeless, a chape is the metal guard at the end of the scabbard. III.ii.45.
charm, persuade. I.i.203.
charm, curb. IV.ii.58.
clapt up, unceremoniously arranged. II.i.316.
Cock's, corruption for 'God's'. IV.i.102.
colour'd hat, people of quality wore coloured hats. I.i.201.
comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool, an old expression. I.i.64.
commonty, Sly's blunder for 'comedy.' Ind.ii.135.
compast, round. IV.iii.136.
conceit, idea. IV.iii.156.
conceive by, think of. V.ii.22.
conster, construe, interpret. III.i.30.
con tutto il cuore ben trovato (It.), I greet you with all my heart. I.ii.24.
cony-catching, trickery. IV.i.37.
cony-catcht, deceived. V.i.81.
copatain, high crowned hat. V.i.53.
countenance, do honour to. IV.i.84.
coxcomb, ornament on a fool's cap, cut to resemble the comb of a cock. II.i.221.
crab, crab apple. II.i.226.
crack-hemp, a rogue who deserves hanging. V.i.36.
craven, a beaten cock (cock-fighting). II.i.223.
credit, do honour to. IV.i.90.
Cretan strand, 'When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand,' when Zeus knelt on the Cretan shore. I.i.164.
cullion, base fellow. IV.ii.20.
cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum (L.), with exclusive copyright; figuratively with refer-

ence to marriage rights. IV.iv. 89.

cunning, skilled, clever, knowing. I.i.95, II.i.79.

curious, punctilious. IV.iv.36.

curst, bad-tempered. I.i.174.

curst shrow, bad-tempered shrew. V.ii.189.

curster, more ill-tempered. III.ii. 147.

custard-coffin, the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin. IV. iii.82.

Cytherea, Greek name for Venus. Ind.ii.50.

dance barefoot on her wedding day, an old custom whereby elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter. II.i.33.

Daphne, a nymph pursued by Apollo, the sun-god. Ind.ii.56.

daughter of Agenor, Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phoenicia; Zeus, in the form of a bull, carried her off to Crete. I.i.162.

deep-mouthed, having a deep-sounding bark. Ind.i.15.

demi-cannon, a kind of ordnance. IV.iii.88.

denier, a very small coin, one-twelfth of a sou. Ind.i.7.

dough, 'our cake's dough on both sides,' *i.e.* we are disappointed, a popular proverb. I.i.106.

dough, 'my cake is dough,' I am disappointed. V.i.118.

dumps, angry mood. II.i.275.

duty, services. Ind.i.79.

duty, obedience. V.ii.126.

eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of One and Thirty. IV.ii.57.

encounter, greeting. IV.v.53.

event, outcome. III.ii.120.

face, defy. IV.iii.125.

faced it with a card of ten, played the trump card. II.i.396.

fashions, farcin, skin disease in horses; also 'fives.' III.ii.49.

fault, 'coldest fault'; absolute loss of the scent in hunting. Ind.i.17.

few, 'in a few,' in a few words. I.ii.51.

figure, 'throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her,' *i.e.* a figure of speech. I.ii.111.

fine, smart. IV.i.119.

fit the time, is fashionable. IV.iii. 69.

Florentius' love, an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confession Amantis*; a knight, Florentius, agrees to marry an old hag if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends. I.ii.68.

frets, stops of the lute. II.i.147.

fretting, spoiling. II.i.319.

froward, refractory. I.i.69.

full, exactly. I.i.192.

furniture, dress. IV.iii.176.

gale, breeze. I.ii.47.

galliasses, large galleys. II.i.369.

gamut, scale. (In medieval sol-fa the notes were ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.) III.i.66.

garters of an indifferent knit, tied in the ordinary way, not looped. IV.i.78.

gauds, ornaments. II.i.3.

gentles, gentlemen. III.ii.86.

gird, gibe. V.ii.58.

give thanks, say grace. IV.i.142.

go by, Jeronimy, an expression from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, 'the common butt of raillery to all the

poets of Shakespeare's time.' Ind.i.7.

gogs-wouns, God's wounds. III.ii.153.

grace, kindness. I.ii.128.

gramercies, "grands mercies," great thanks. I.i.157.

grissel, Griselda, heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*, a typically patient woman. II.i.286.

haggard, wild hawk. IV.i.174.

haled, dragged. V.i.88.

hand, 'at any hand,' in any case. I.ii.143.

hap, luck. I.ii.264.

haply, with good luck. I.ii.55.

hap what hap may, let what will, happen. IV.iv.102.

'has, he has. IV.iv.77.

ha't, have it. IV.i.50.

hatcht, thought of, conceived. I.i.200.

ha'to thee: here's to you. V.ii.37.

have to my widow, I go to my widow. IV.v.77.

have to't, set to it. I.i.133.

Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus; Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis (L. Ovid, Heroides. 1.33); Here ran the river Simois, here is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of old Priam. III.i.28, 29.

high-cross, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected. I.i.128.

hilding, slut. II.i.26.

hipt, hipped, *i.e.*, saddled. III.ii.46.

hit the white, hit the centre of the archer's target, alluding to Bianca (white). V.ii.187.

holidame, halidom, sacred, word. V.ii.100.

humour of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather, 'the humour of forty fancies' is assumed to be the title of a collection of ballads. Biondello applies it to the bunch of coloured ribbons which Petruchio's lackey wore in his hat instead of a feather. III.ii.63.

hungerly, scantily. III.ii.168

imbost, foaming at the mouth. Ind.i.14.

imprimis (L.), in the first place. IV.i.57.

indifferent, equally. I.ii.177.

Io, daughter of legendary king of Argos, loved by Zeus. Ind.ii.53.

I wis, *i.e.* iwis, truly; here used to mean 'I think.' I.i.62.

jade, worthless nag. I.ii.244.

joint-stool, folding chair. II.i.196.

joltheads, blockheads. IV.i.149.

junkets, dainties. III.ii.240.

kated, perhaps with a play on 'cat.' III.ii.237.

keep you warm, refers to proverb, 'to have wit enough to keep one's self warm.' II.i.257.

kennel, gutter. IV.iii.98.

kill a wife with kindness, a proverbial expression. IV.i.189.

kindly, in a natural manner. Ind.i.63.

kites, hawks. IV.i.176.

knack, knick-knack, pretty trifle. IV.iii.67.

knavery, trinkets. IV.iii.58.

lampass, disease in horses. III.ii.47.

lead apes in hell, old saying about spinsters. II.i.34.

Leda's daughter, the beautiful Helen, daughter of Leda by Zeus, and beloved of Paris. I.ii.239.

leet, feudal land-owner's domestic

court of justice. Ind.ii.86.

'leges, alleges. I.ii.28.

let him come and kindly, used like the colloquial 'you're welcome' and to express indifference. Ind.i.11.

let me, leave me. IV.ii.71.

lewd, vile. IV.iii.65.

Licio, the name assumed by Hortensio. III.i.55.

light, meet, encounter. I.i.107.

link, a kind of blacking. IV.i.116.

list, inclination, to incline. III.i.90, III.ii.58, IV.v.7.

list, strip of cloth. III.ii.61.

logger-headed, blockheaded. IV.i.108.

'longeth, belongs. IV.ii.45.

longly, intently. I.i.159.

Lucrece, a Roman matron who, raped by the son of king Tarquin, stabbed herself. II.i.287.

lure, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training hawks. IV.i.173.

malt-horse, brewer's horse, expression of contempt. IV.i.112.

man, tame. IV.i.174.

marry! an expletive. IV.ii.11.

masking, masquerading. IV.iii.87.

meacock, timorous, worthless, spiritless. II.i.304.

meaner, of lower rank. I.i.199.

mend, improve. IV.i.131.

mercantante, merchant. IV.ii.63.

merry passion, mirth. Ind.i.94.

mess, course. IV.iv.70.

mew up, shut up, to encage, confine. I.i.85.

mi perdonate, corruption of *me pardonato* (It.), pardon me. I.i.25.

modesties, moderation, self-control. Ind.i.91.

modesty, moderation. Ind.i.65.

mose in the chine, a disease in horses. III.ii.48.

moved, angry. V.ii.143.

mum! be silent! I.ii.159.

neat, ox. IV.iii.17.

nail, one sixteenth of a yard, two and a quarter inches. IV.iii.108.

oats have eaten the horses, a jest as to their having been ready a long time. III.ii.198.

odds, advantage. IV.iii.150.

offer me, introduce me. I.ii.129.

order, procedure. I.ii.123.

other more, others. I.ii.118.

over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing. Ind.i.92.

overleather, the uppers (footwear) Ind.ii.12.

o' your back, behind you. V.i.4.

packing, plotting. V.i.98.

parle, parley. I.i.111.

parting, parting of the lips. III.ii.172.

part's, party's. IV.iv.50

pass assurance, certify a dowry, make a legal settlement. IV.ii.117.

passing, surpassing. II.i.110.

paucus pallabris, Sly's corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras*, few words. Ind.i.5.

peat, pet, darling. I.i.77.

pedant, teacher, pedagogue. (*Dramatis Personæ*).

pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster. III.i.49.

peereth, appears. IV.iii.170.

pheeze, to chase away, harass. Ind.i.1.

pieced, sewn. III.ii.56.

plash, pool. I. i.23.

port, style of living. I.i.197.

practice, play a deceit. Ind.i.33
prefer, recommend. I.i.95.
present, immediate. IV.iii.5.
Presenters, Sly and his attendants in the balcony above. I.i. *Stage direction between lines 241 and 242.*
prick't, tricked out, bedecked. III.ii.63.
put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner. I.i.77.
quaff carouses, drink without heeltaps. I.ii.272.
rated, driven away by scolding. I.i 154.
ray'd, dirtied. III.ii.49.
rebused, Grumio's blunder for 'abused.' I.ii.7.
redime te captum quam queas minimo (L,), 'Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst.' A quotation from the Latin author Terence. I.i.156.
remember'd, 'if you be remember'd,' if you remember. IV.iii.96.
resolve, explain, tell. IV.ii.7.
Richard Conqueror, Sly confuses Richard I with William the Conqueror. Ind.i.4.
road, roadstead. II.i.366.
rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter, knavish tricks: Grumio's distortion of '*rhetorics*.' I.ii.109.
roundly, straightway, directly, bluntly. I.ii.58, III.ii. 206.
roundly, without needless ceremony. IV.iv.102.
rout, crowd. III.ii.174.
rudesby, rude fellow. III.ii.10.
ruffling, rustling. IV.iii.60.
sack, Spanish or Canary wine. Ind. ii.2.
scapes, escapes. V.ii.3.
score, reckoning, tally. Ind.ii.22.
scrivener, writer of contracts. IV. iv.59.
seem, pretend to be. IV.ii.68.
sessa! equivalent to 'shut up,' 'leave me be!' Ind.i.5.
sharp, keenly hungry. IV.i.171.
sheathing, having a new sheath made for it. IV.i.118.
sheer ale, good ale. Ind.ii.22.
shipping, speeding, luck. V.i.34.
shoulder-shotten, with a sprained shoulder. III.ii.52.
shrewd, shrewish. I.ii.59.
Sibyl, a prophetess in ancient Roman legends. I.ii.69.
sith, since. I.i.205.
skipper, used contemptuously for frivolous youth. II.i.330.
small ale, cheap beer. Ind.ii.1.
snip and nip, and cut: refers to slashed sleeves. IV.iii.90.
sops, heeltaps, dregs. III.ii.166.
sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose. IV.iii.43.
Soto, a character in *Women Pleased*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Ind.i.85.
soud, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued. IV.i.125.
specialties, special deeds (legal). II.i.124.
sped, undone. V.ii.186.
speed, succeed. I.ii.242, II.i.136, II.i.272.
spleen, sudden impulse of mirth. Ind.i.134.
spleen, choler. III.ii.10.
spruce, sprightly. IV.i.98.

stale, a laughing stock. I.i.58, III.i.89.

stead, aid. I.ii.261.

stocks, 'a pair of stocks,' you'll sit in the stocks. Ind.i.2.

stocks, wooden posts. I.i.31.

stoop, yield. In falconry, stoop means to swoop on the prey. Petruchio, training his Kate (as a falcon is trained) will keep her hungry until she submits. IV.i.172.

straight, straightway, immediately, directly. Ind.i.49, IV.i.148.

suits, 'in all suits,' in every respect. Ind.i.103.

supposes, assumed characters. V.i. 97.

surly, grave. IV.ii.65.

sway'd in the back, hollow backed. III.ii.51.

sweeting, sweetheart. IV.iii.36.

swinge, lash. V.ii.105.

ta'en, given, II.i.204.

ta'en, caught, IV.ii.46.

tall, fine. IV.iv.17.

thirdborough, constable. Ind.i.9.

thrall'd, enthralled. I.i.214.

tight, water-tight, staunch. II.i.370.

took, gave. III.ii.156.

toward, at hand. I.i.68. V.i.12.

toy, a trifle, nonsense. II.i.393.

trapt, trapped, dressed in ornately decorated harness. Ind.ii.40.

trot, hag. I.ii.78.

trow, trust, believe. I.ii.4.

turn, purpose. II.i.62.

twangling, twanging. II.i.156.

twink, twinkling. II.i.301.

two-and-thirty, a pip out, an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of bone-ace or One-and-Thirty; *pip*, spot or mark on a playing card. I.ii.32.

unable, weak. V.ii.170.

unapt, unfit. V.ii.167.

uncase, undress. I.i.201.

under my countenance, pretending to be me. V.i.32.

unpinkt, unpinked (unpierced) with eyelet holes. IV.i.116.

untoward, unmannerly. IV.v.78.

usurp, assume. Ind.i.128.

vail your stomachs, lower your pride. V.ii.177.

velure, velvet. III.ii.56.

vied, here means 'kissed rapidly.' II.i.300.

wanton, play. Ind.ii.51.

were best, had better. V.i.13.

We three are married, but you two are sped, All three of us (Petruchio, Lucentio and Hortensio) are married, but you two (Lucentio and Hortensio) are undone, are the losers. V.ii.186.

what not, everything. V.ii.111.

will you, nill you, willy-nilly whether you will or not. II.i. 262.

wish, commend. I.i.109.

workmanly, skilfully. Ind.ii.59.

worthy memory, worth remembering. IV.i.70.

Xanthippe, wife of Socrates, the philosopher, notorious for her shrewishness. I.ii.70.

yellows, jaundice in horses. III.ii. 50.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA was published after Shakespeare's death, in the First Folio. It was the second play and the text was divided into acts and scenes with a *dramatic personae*. The language, the preponderance of the lyric element over the dramatic, with a certain superficiality in the treatment of the characters and the development of the action, place *Two Gentlemen* in Shakespeare's early period, when he wrote *Comedy of Errors, Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice*. It is mentioned among the comedies in Francis Meres' list. The majority of critics are of opinion that it was written about 1594-5. There is no data extant on the first performances of the play. It is known that the role of Launce was played by the comedian, Kemp.

Generally speaking, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is one of Shakespeare's first original pieces. The main episode was evidently borrowed from *The Beloved Diana*, a popular pastoral romance written by the Spanish-Portuguese writer, Jorge Montemayor, and published about 1558. Here we find the love story of Felix and Philomena, similar to that of Proteus and Julia. It is true that the English translation of the romance was only published in 1598, but Shakespeare might have seen it before it was printed. Furthermore, an adaptation from the story of Felix and Philomena was evidently produced in 1584. This we know from the 'Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I: the history of Felix and Philomena shewed and enacted before his higheness by her Majesties servants on the sondaie next after neweyeare's daie, at night at Grenewiche, whereon was imployed one battlement and a house of canvas.'

Philomena also disguises herself as a man and sets out after her lover who has been sent to another city by his father. There Felix falls in love with Celia, but Celia falls in love with Philomena, who is disguised as a page, and dies of unrequited love. In Shakespeare the development and the sequel of the story are different. He extended the plot by introducing Valentine and a complementary conflict between love and friendship so characteristic of Renaissance plays, and enlivened the characters of Eglamour, the Duke, Lucetta, Thurio and the noble outlaws. The most original and life-like characters are Proteus, Julia and Valentine. In this play Shakespeare shows a great mastery of blank verse.

GLOSSARY

a-good, much, thoroughly. IV.iv 159.

ale, an English country festival. II.v.49.

allicholy, melancholy. IV.ii.26.

angerly, angrily. I.ii.62.

awful, law-abiding. IV.i.45.

base, rustic game. 'Bid the base,' challenge to a race. I.ii.97.

beadsman, inmate of an almshouse whose duty it was to pray for the soul of its founder. I.i.18.

beholding, beholden. IV.iv.167.

betideth, happens. I.i.59

boots, 'give me not the boots,' refers to the instrument of torture which was used to extort confessions. I.i.27.

boots, profits, helps. I.i.28.

bottom, base. III.ii.53.

break, break the news. I.iii.44.

broken, parted. II.v.16.

broker, agent, go-between. I.ii.41.

burthen, refrain. I.ii.85.

cate-log, catalogue, III.i.269.

chameleon, according to popular fallacy a reptile which fed on air and changed its colour at will. II.iv.24.

change, modulation. IV.ii.63.

change, change of affection. IV.ii. 64.

chronicled, recorded. I.i.41.

circumstance, point of view. I.i.36.

circumstance, condition. I.i.37.

cite, summon. II.iv.79.

codpiece, front part of a man's breeches. II.vii.53.

coil, 'here is a coil with protestation,' *i.e.* here's a to-do, upon my word! I.ii.99.

compass, to possess. II.iv.208.

compass, bring about. IV.ii.85.

conceit, opinion. III.ii.17.

consort, 'sweet consort,' company of musicians. III.ii.84.

consort, company. IV.i.63.

curst, bad-tempered. III.i.330.

deign, esteem worthy. I.i.140.

depart, departure. V.iv.95.

deploring dump, mournful song. III.ii.85.

descant, to sing a variation; to comment.I.ii.94.

drier death, an allusion to the proverb: 'he that is born to be hanged cannot be drowned.' I.i.139.

earnest, encouragement. II.i.140.

elegies, lovers' laments. III.ii.82.

emperor, meaning the duke ruling over Milan. I.iii.27.

end, 'still an end,' continually. IV. iv.56.

exhibition, allowance. I.iii.69.

eye, 'be in eye of every exercise,' to be practised. I.iii.32.

fain, 'I must be fain to bear with you,' I must make the best of it. I.i.113.

garter his hose, a man's untidiness in dress, particularly if he went ungartered, was regarded as a sign that he was in love. II.i.68.

gossips, sponsors. III.i.266.

grievous labour, an unhappy condition. I.i.33.

Hallowmas, celebrated on October 1. On this day beggars were given cake called soulcake. II. i.23.

hammering, puzzling out. I.iii.18.
hap, fortune. I.i.15.
hapless, luckless, unlucky. I.i.32.
haply, perchance. I.i.12.
hard, 'It shall go hard, etc.' it will be difficult if I cannot. I.i.83.
heir, heiress. IV.i.48.
Hellespont, now called the Dardanelles. I.i.22.
impeachment, disadvantage. I.iii.15.
impose, command. IV.iii.8.
include, conclude. V.iv.160.
inly, inward. II.vii.18.
kept, consorted with. V.iv.152.
kill your stomach, calm your stomach. I.ii.68.
laced mutton, an old nickname for prostitutes. I.i.93-94.
Leander, swam the Hellespont each evening to Hero, his lover, and was eventually drowned. I.i.22.
learn'd, taught. V.iii.4.
leave, relinquish. II.vi.17.
leave to be, cease to be. III.i.182.
lesson, teach. II.vii.5.
leviathan, fabulous sea monster. III.ii.80.
likes, pleases. IV.ii.53.
lime, viscous substance laid on twigs to catch birds. III.ii.68.
lions, possibly the famous lions which were kept in the Tower of London. II.i.25.
longing, long. II.vii.85.
mean, a part between soprano and bass; alto or tenor. I.ii.95.
mean, way, manner. II.vii.5.
means, professions. V.iv.137.
meed, reward. II.iv.106.
month's mind, strong desire or inclination. An obsolete English expression which used to be common. I.ii.137.
motion, a puppet show. II.i.84.
nick, 'out of all nick,' beyond all reckoning. IV.ii.70.
noddy, simpleton. I.i.109.
orderly, methodically, duly. I.i.115.
owe, own. V.ii.28.
parle, conversation. I.ii.5.
parted, departed. I.i.71.
passenger, traveller. IV.i.1.
peasant, here used as a term of abuse. V.ii.35.
Pentecost, fiftieth, Whitsuntide; a Jewish festival on the fiftieth day after the Passover, adopted by the Christian church. Shakespeare had in mind the old English plays, originally of a religious character, which were given on Trinity Sunday which follows immediately after Whitsunday. IV.iv.152.
Phaethon, son of Phœbus the sun-god by the mortal Climena, begged his father's sun chariot for a day and in his inexperience would have set the world on fire had not Zeus struck him down with a thunderbolt. He was called Merops' son, *i.e.*, son of Climena's husband, the inference being that he was not of immortal origin. III.i.153.
pinfold, penfold, pound. I.i.101.
pound, impound. I.i.98.
pray her to, ask her to do. I.ii.52.
prefer, put forward, promote. IV.ii.4.
presently, immediately. II.vii.83.
principality, angel. II.iv.146.
prodigious son, prodigal son. II.iii.3.

quality, trade, profession. IV.i.57.
quote, note. II.iv.18.
resort, going and coming, meeting acquaintances. I.ii.4.
Robin Hood's fat friar, the celebrated Friar Tuck portrayed by Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe*. IV.i.36.
Saint Nicholas, patron saint of school-children and men of learning. III.i.291.
scape, escape. V.iii.11.
several paper, separate piece. I.ii.108.
she'ld, she would. IV.iii.3.
shipp'd, on shipboard; one of Shakespeare's geographical inaccuracies: Milan and Verona are not ports. I.i.54.
shot, reckoning (ale-house jargon). II.v.5.
sith, since, as. I.ii.126.
sort, pick out. III.ii.92.
sorted, in keeping with. I.iii.63.
sovereign, healing. I.ii.116.
speed, succeed. IV.iv.101.
spite, (what is pathetic, touching) what hurts. IV.ii.64.
stays, is waiting. I.ii.131.
stead, help. II.i.100.
stick, stab; literally and figuratively. I.i.97.
stocks, pillory. IV.iv.28.
suggested, tempted. III.i.34.
sun-expelling mask, ladies out riding wore muslin masks or 'vizors' against the sun. IV.iv.147.
swarthy Ethiop, a dark complexion or dark hair was considered a defect in women. II.vi.26.
tarriance, delay. II.vii.90.
tender, consider. IV.iv.134.
testern'd, rewarded with a tester, *i.e.*, sixpence. I.i.134.
tire, head-dress. IV.iv.179.
tongues, gift of tongues. IV.i.33.
toy, a light song, a trifle. I.ii.82.
trencher, dish. IV.iv.8.
triumphs, festivals of knights and courtiers. V.iv.161.
true-love knots, young men often tied ribbons in their hair. II.vii.46.
urinal, allusion to making diagnoses from urine. II.i.35.
visit, 'I likewise will visit thee with mine:' I also will send you my news. I.i.60.
waxen image 'gainst a fire, allusion to the wax figures witches melted by fire to destroy the people they represented. II.iv.195.
way, 'in the way,' being by, at hand. I.ii.39.
wood woman, mad woman. II.iii.25.
yoked, enslaved, in bond to. I.i.40.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

THIS PLAY was one of the works of Shakespeare which were published in his lifetime. It appeared in 1598 in quarto with the following title: '*A pleasant Conceited Comedie called Loues Labours lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare.*' There is no trace of its original form before it was 'corrected and augmented.' In the first edition of Shakespeare's collected works, the Folio of 1623, it was seventh in the comedies and its text differs little from the Quarto of 1598. It was divided into acts but not into scenes, and lacked the *dramatis personae*, which was added in the edition of 1709. The play was reprinted in 1631 without any considerable changes.

The play was mentioned in Meres' list of Shakespeare's plays (1598). The words in the title of the 1598 edition, stating that it was performed 'this last Christmas', warrant the assumption that it was written about 1594-95. The number of editions published in Shakespeare's lifetime and the title itself point to the success and popularity of the piece. The play shows the influence of the masque—merry mummeries with clowns which were generally performed at Christmastide before the queen or courtiers. It contains an excess of mythological names, foreign words, doggerel and rhymed aphorisms in the style of folk poetry typical of Shakespeare's first manner, such as characterise his early work in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *the Comedy of Errors*. *Love's Labour's Lost* is one of the first original comedies created by the dramatist notwithstanding traces from the common literary influences of the time such as the medieval ballad *King Cophetua and the beggar-maid* and the collection of epigrams by Thomas Bastard (1598). The plot, however—the story of several young people of quality who want to devote themselves to ascetism for three years but break their good resolutions when they meet a woman—is Shakespeare's invention. Attempts to find an analogy in the history of Henry of Navarre, later Henry IV of France, who, as a protestant, fled to Navarre after the Bartholomew's Eve massacre (1572) and there met his wife Marguerite, the sister of Charles IX of France, have inadequate foundation. Moreover, the main thing in this play is not the plot (it is scarcely a plot) but the dialogue. Here we have word duels wrought to a fine art, each character seizing upon the words of the other with the result of a surfeit of witticism, metaphor and puns in which 'play upon meanings' becomes

'play upon words' and even 'play upon letters.' Such exhibitions were in keeping with the frivolity of the Elizabethan aristocracy at a time when people, as Taine says, 'adorned their language and their dress with gold and pearls.'

The more finished characters of the play, embryos of Shakespeare's comic types, are Holofernes the bookworm, and Armado, the braggart.

GLOSSARY

a', he.

abate, to bar, except. V.ii.538.

abhominable, abominable. V.i.22.

accompt, account, reckoning. V.ii. 200.

Achilles, first warrior among the Greek besiegers of Troy; Hector was his chief opponent among the Trojans. V.ii.623.

affect, like. I.ii.150.

affection, affectation. V.i.4.

Alisander the Conqueror, Alexander the Great; his coat of arms was described in an old book called the "Nine Worthies." IV.iii.236.

amber, 'her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted,' *i.e.* amber is poor in comparison with her amber-coloured hair. IV.iii.84.

an, if.

annothanize, anatomize, explain. IV.i.67.

Aquitaine, the Roman Province, Gaul. In Shakespeare's day it was part of France and included Guienne. I.i.135.

Argus, mythological creature with a hundred eyes. III.i.182.

arm'd, prepared. I.i.22.

Ates, incitement (*Ate*, goddess of mischief). V.ii.675.

bankrout, bankrupt. I.i.27.

bate, blunt. I.i.6.

beadle, an inferior parish officer; here refers to his punitive function. III.i.158.

behaviours, 'all his behaviours did make their retire to. . .' *i.e.* his feelings showed in his eye. II. i.233.

ben venuto (It.), good welcome. IV.ii.152.

best-moving, most persuasive. II.i. 29.

betime, exist as time. IV.iii.378.

bias leaves, tendencies, inclinations. IV.ii.109.

bis coctus (L), twice cooked. IV. ii.21.

blood, be bled. II.i.185.

book, the Bible. IV.iii.246.

bowler, player at bowls. V.ii.575.

brawl, the branle, a spirited French dance which scandalised the Puritans. III.i.6.

broken, barked. III.i.60.

but even now, a short while ago. V.ii.433

butt-shaft, unbarbed arrow. I.ii. 158.

canary, an old Spanish dance. III..i 9.

capon, an emasculated cock, here used as a quibble. IV.i.55.

caret (L), is wanting. IV.ii.122.

carve, be ceremonious. V.ii.323.
caudle, a warm drink or broth. IV. iii.171.
Cerberus, mythological dog with three heads which stood at the gates of the nether kingdom. Hercules severed the three heads with one blow. V.ii.580.
certes, truly.
chapman, bagman, pedlar. II.i.16.
charge-house, boarding school. V. i.69.
chuck, darling, dear. V.i.95.
cittern-head, guitar. V.ii.602.
claw, flattery; with a quibble on 'talents.' IV.ii.66.
clean-timber'd, clean-limbed. V.ii. 629.
clepeth, calls. V.i.20.
climb, rise. I.i.195.
close-stool, privy. V.ii.570.
clout, bullseye of a target, centre of the butt in archery. IV.i.131.
cockle, corncockle, a weed in cornfields. IV.iii.379.
cockled snails, snails with shells (Fr. *Coquille*). IV.iii.334.
codpiece, front part of man's breeches. III.i.167.
cog, to cheat. V.ii.235.
common, free pasture. II.i.222.
complements, 'a man of complements,' a man of parts. I.i.166.
complexion, Aristotle, Greek philosopher and scientist, classified people under four temperaments or complexions: choleric, sanguine, melancholic and phlegmatic. This viewpoint was widely held in Renaissance times. I.ii.73.
conceit, wit. V.ii.399.
conn'd his embassage, learnt his part. V.ii.98.
consent, plot. V.ii.460.
contempts, blunder for 'contents.' I.i.187.
converse of breath, conversation. V.ii.720.
corner-cap, corner-stone, keystone. IV.iii.530.
costard, a large kind of apple, applied humorously to the head. III.i.60.
cote, comprehend, interpret. V.ii. 771.
cote, an enclosure: 'his face's own margent did cote such amazes,' *i.e.* his eyes contained (enclosed) such wonderment; *margent* is used in the sense of margin as a place for writing comment on a text, in this case it means his eyes. II.i.245.
couplement, couple, pair. V.ii.528.
crack, to brag, boast. IV.iii.264.
crutch, old age. IV.iii.241.
cull'd sovereignty, the choicest. IV. iii.230.
curious-knotted garden, garden curiously laid out. I.i.236.
Dan Cupid, Master Cupid. III.i. 163.
dancing horse, probably a performing horse of the time, called 'Morocco.' I.ii.50.
day-woman, dairywoman. I.ii.117.
deep, solemn. I.i.23.
Dick, *i.e.* some Jack, an officious fellow. V.ii.464.
disposed, in good spirits. II.i.249.
dry-beaten, cudgelled. V.ii.263.
duello, etiquette of duelling. I.ii. 161.
enrolled, written down. L.i.46.
excrement, body outgrowths, such as hair, whiskers. V.i.89.

fadge, to succeed, to suit. V.i.126.

fairings, gifts. V.ii.2.

falchion, sword. V.ii.606.

fast and loose, a trick whereby one thinks he holds what has been taken from him. To say one thing and do another. III.i.92.

Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat, I pray thee, Faustus, while all our cattle are ruminating in the cool shade. (From a Latin eclogue by *Babtista Spagnolus*, a fifteenth century poet.) IV.ii.94.

festinately, quickly. III.i.4.

fiery numbers, spirited, impassioned verses. IV.iii.318.

fire-new, as money from the mint. I.i.176.

fitted, used, employed. IV.iii.378.

flap-dragon, snap-dragon, small burning objects, such as raisins lighted and floated in liquor, to be swallowed burning. V.i.39.

fleer'd, sneered. V.ii.109.

fortune de la guerra (Sp.), the fortune of war. V.ii.526.

gall, rancour, bitterness of mind. V.ii.237.

gallows, a rogue, one fit to be hanged. V.ii.12.

get the sun of them, the sun in their eyes. IV.iii.365.

gig, top. IV.iii.164.

glozes, pretences, beating about the bush. IV.iii.366.

God dig-you-den, corruption of 'God give you good evening.' IV.i.42.

God his making, God's making. V. ii.523.

god of rime, Apollo. I.ii.164.

goose, anything subject to ridicule, a quip, a catch. III.i.90.

grapple, board, in sea-fights ships grappled, *i.e.* hooked together with grappling irons and their crews endeavoured to board each other. II.i.217.

greasily, grossly. IV.i.134.

green, young. I.i.97.

guerdon, reward. III.i.153.

hands, 'of all hands,' all that we signed, swore to. IV.iii.215.

Hannibal, the famous general of Carthage (Third century B.C.). V.ii.659.

haud credo (L.), I do not believe. IV.ii.11.

hay, a country dance having a serpentine movement. V.i.133.

head, a buck of the first year, when its antlers begin to develop. IV. ii.10.

hedge-priest, itinerant preacher. V. ii.537.

hests, bidding. V.ii.65.

hight, called, named (the only passive verb in English). I.i.168.

hobby-horse, one of the principal features played in the ancient morris dance. III.i.24.

honorificabilitudinitatibus, a meaningless jumble of Latin syllables. V.i.38.

horn-book, a child's primer consisting of a sheet of paper (with the alphabet and other rudiments) contained in a protective sheet of transparent horn. V.i.42.

illustrate, illustrious. V.i.105.

Imitari (L.), to imitate. IV.ii.124.

horns, possibly alludes to a figure in logic, the 'horned syllogism' which was very much in vogue

in the middle ages and in the Renaissance; specifically, a facetious sophism: Haven't you lost your horns? Then you must be horned. V.i.56.

in by th' week, an expression used in hiring servants; the meaning here is, 'O if I had him at my command.' V.ii.61.

incony, dainty, delicate. III.i.123.

indubitate, undoubted. IV.i.65.

indued, endowed. V.ii.632.

infamonize, slander. V.ii.666.

inkle, a kind of tape. III.i.126.

insanie, insanity. V.i.23.

Jack and Jill, appellation for any lad and lass. V.ii.860.

jerks of invention, flashes of imagination. IV.ii.124.

Judas Maccabeus, ancient Hebrew warrior who fought for independence. V.ii.590.

justle, jostle. V.ii.733.

juvenal, playful name for boy. I. ii.7.

keel, explained by some as to cool; by others as meaning to scum or skim. V.ii.912.

kersey, kind of coarse cloth; homely plain. V.ii.413.

laus Deo, bone, intelligo (L.), Praise God, good sir, I understand. V.i.25.

lege domine (L.), read, sir. IV.ii. 104.

l'envoy, a postscript in verse usually to dedicate it or to point the moral. III.i.61.

libbard's head on knee, the knee-guard of Pompey, one of the Roman triumvirate, was embossed with a panther's head. V.ii.542.

lining to the time, to pass the time. V.ii.766.

like a perjure, wearing papers, the punishment for perjurers formerly was to wear on their breast papers specifying their offence. IV.iii.43.

liker, the more like. V.ii.821.

liver-vein, old name for the basilic vein; used in allusion to the style and manner of men in love. IV.iii.71.

'long of you, along of you, *i.e.* your fault. II.i.118.

loose, 'his very loose decides,' literally at the discharge or 'loosing' of an arrow, thus it means here, 'at the last moment.' V.ii.727.

Love's Tyburn, Tyburn was a place of public execution in old London. Here it means that love is the gallows of simpletons. IV. iii.51.

malicholy, melancholy. IV.iii.12.

manage, term originating in the tilt-yard; a career, or course, run, an encounter. V.ii.482.

manus (L.), hand. V.ii.582.

mean, part between the treble and base, *i.e.* tenor or alto. V.ii.328.

measure, dance. V.ii.185.

Mehercle, By Hercules! IV.ii.79.

mete at, aim at. IV.i.129.

metheglin, a kind of mead made of honey and water. V.ii.233.

minime (L.), too little, not enough. III.i.50.

misbecomed, undone, broken. V.ii. 753.

Muscovites or Russians, at one of Henry VIII's court banquets sev-

eral lords came dressed as Russians. V.ii.121.

Navarre, King Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV of France. II.i.7.

new-fangled, 'May's new fangled mirth,' the spring greenery of early May. I.i.106.

new fashion planted, accomplished, well-versed. I.i.162.

Nine Worthies, famous heroes often represented in Elizabethan town festivities, three were taken from the Bible, three from Greek myth, three from favourite hero-knights of the middle ages. V.i.106.

novi hominem tanquam te (L.), I know this newcomer as well as I know you. V.i.9.

o'er-eye, look into. IV.iii.77.

o'erparted, too much for him. V. ii.576.

omne bene, (L.) all is well. IV.. ii.31.

owe, own. II.i.6.

painted cloth, chamber hangings, similar to tapestry, with devices and moral sentiments. V.ii.568.

paritors, apparitor, an officer of the Bishop's court. III.i.169.

passado, thrust in fencing. I.ii.160.

passion, with emotion. I.i.248.

patch, fool. IV.ii.30.

pauca verba (L.), in short, in a few words. IV.ii.173.

pease, food. V.ii.315.

penny of observation, eye. III.i.22.

perge (L.), go on, proceed. IV.ii. 50.

pertaunt-like, this expression, concerning which there have been many conjectures, has been regarded hitherto as unexplained and as not yet satisfactorily emended. We construe it as 'thoroughly tit for tat,' and think it a Latin-French coining from Latin *per*, through, by means of, arbitrarily related to the French phrase *tant pour tant*, 'one for another,' which was current in France in Shakespeare's day. This adequately meets the spirit of Shakespeare's text and line. V.ii.67.

physic, knowledge of medicine. II. i.187.

pia mater (L.), membrane investing the brain and spinal cord. IV.ii.72.

pin, bullseye of target. IV.i.133.

point-device, precise, finical. V.i. 17.

placket, slit in a woman's frock or petticoat. III.i.167.

plodding, dull routine. IV.iii. 301.

pomewater, pomegranate, melon. IV.ii.4.

prick, bullseye. IV.i.129.

pricket, a buck of the second year. IV.ii.46.

Priscian, name of a Latin grammarian. V.i.26.

promethean fire, Prometheus stole fire from heaven and the gods of Olympus bound him to a rock where a vulture eternally devoured his entrails. IV.iii.300.

pursents, presents, performs, takes the part of. V.ii.488.

quare (L.), why. V.i.31.

quillets, quibbles. IV.iii.284.

quondam (L.), formerly. V.i.5.

quoniam (L.), inasmuch as. V.ii. 583.

raught, reached. IV.ii.39.

red dominical, the red letter which in old almanacs denotes Sunday. V.ii.44.

resolve, decide. II.i.109.

rubbing, impeded motion of a bowl across the green. IV.ii.136.

sain, said. III.i.73.

salve, Moth understands it as the Latin 'salve,' hail! III.i.71.

Samson, a Bible hero of great strength which was invested in his hair. Imprisoned by the Philistines in Gaza he lifted the city gates from their hinges and carried them off on his back. I.i. 65.

satis quod sufficit (L.), enough is as good as a feast. V.i.1.

saw, pithy saying. V.ii.905.

sell a bargain, to make one ridiculous, to embarrass one with an unexpected reply. III.i.92.

sequent, follower. IV.ii.135.

smiles his cheek in years, smiles so that his cheek becomes wrinkled. V.ii.465.

smot, smote. IV.iii.24.

snake, allusion to the snake strangled by the baby Hercules. V. i.115.

sneap, pinch, nip. I.i.100.

sod, 'twice-sod simplicity,' the essence of stupidity. IV.ii.21.

sola, an exclamation, hallo! IV.i. 146.

sore, a buck of the fourth year. IV. ii.58.

sorel, a buck of the third year. IV. ii.58.

sorted and consorted, associated with. I.i.246.

spleen, fit of laughter. V.ii.117.

squier, foot rule. V.ii.474.

staff, stanza. IV.ii.104.

statute-caps, woollen caps worn by English citizens as decreed by the act of 1571. V.ii.281.

stole, vestment. IV.iii.251.

stops, hindrances. I.i.70.

suit, attendance at court, here used with a quibble. V.ii.275.

swain, servant. I.i.177.

swound, faint. V.ii.392.

take in snuffs, take offence at. V.ii.22.

tall, sagacious, capable. V.ii.821.

teen, grief. IV.iii.161.

tharborough, third-borough, constable. I.i.173.

thorough, through. II.i.234.

thrasonical, vain-glorious, from the name of 'Thraso' a bragging soldier in Terence's *Eunuchus*. V. i.12.

three-piled, superfine. V.ii.407.

toil, trap. IV.iii.2.

trencher-knight, one who serves at table. V.ii.464.

trey, throwing at dice. V.ii.232.

triumviry, Berowne's allusion to the Roman triumvirate (B.C. 60) and to the three beams of the gallows. IV.iii.50.

troth, faith. I.i.66.

turn, perform. V.ii.507.

turtles, doves, emblematic of chaste and faithful love. IV.iii.208.

unmeet, unfit. IV.iii.110

vailing, letting fall the clouds that hide them. V.ii.297.

Venetia, Venetia, Chi non ti vede

non ti pretia (It.), Venice, Venice, who sees thee not esteems thee not. IV.ii.97.

video et gaudeo (L.), I see and rejoice. V.i.29.

videsne quis venit? (L.), Do you see who comes? V.i.28.

vir sapit qui pauca loquitur (L.), a wise man says little. IV.ii.81.

vizard, visor, mask. V.ii.242.

weeds, garments. V.ii.786.

whip, run. V.ii.309.

wight, person. I.i.175.

wimpled, blindfolded with a scarf III.i.162.

wink, to be drowsy. I.i.43.

woolward, 'go woolward,' to wear wool next the skin. V.ii.695.

world's debate, wars, crusades, or adventures of chivalry. I.i.171

wort, infusion of malt before fermentation, sweet unfermented beer. V.ii.233.

ycleped, ycliped, named. I.i.230, V.ii.589.

zany, a clown's clown. V.ii.463.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THIS PLAY was first published in 1600, in quarto and in two editions. The first quarto was 'Imprinted for Thomas Fischer,' and the second 'Printed by James Roberts.' The difference between the two texts is negligible. The first complete collection of Shakespeare's works, the Folio of 1623, incorporated the text of the first quarto with but slight changes. In the 1632 Folio of the collected works, certain corrections and additions were made. The modern text is a combination of the four editions mentioned.

After much disputing the critics finally dated this play between 1594-1596. '*A Midsummer Night's Dream*' was mentioned in Francis Meres' list of Shakespearean pieces, published in 1598, which proves that the play was written and performed before that year. It should be noted that Titania, Act II.i., describes a cold rainy summer like the one recorded of 1594.

Notwithstanding its artistic merits the play was evidently written in Shakespeare's first period. This is borne out by the blank verse which has the mannerism of his early work and the fantasy, sketchiness of the characters, and gross anachronisms typical of his youth. Critics have attempted to associate *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with various events of the time. Some held that its composition was connected with the death either of the poet, Spenser, or of the dramatist, Greene, others that it was written for the wedding of some nobleman; a third found allusions to Queen Elizabeth or reminiscences of a festival held by her twenty years before. The title itself gave rise to some conjecture for it plainly referred to June 24, St. John's Day, while the action takes place about the end of April and the beginning of May. But this may be explained by the Elizabethan custom of calling plays for the occasion. *Twelfth Night*, for example, was so named for the twelfth night after Christmas. In England the first of May, when spring began, and the twenty-fourth of June (Midsummer's Day) were formerly public holidays. Each had its own fairy tales and superstitions, illustrating the play of natural forces in the guise of sprites and fairies.

A Midsummer Night's Dream has three distinct but interwoven motifs: Love, the fairy world of Oberon and Titania and the daily round of a weaver and his companions. Although it was written in Shakespeare's 'prentice years, it is one of the most successful and original of his works. Some parts of it can be traced to old sources. Shakespeare's Theseus re-

sembles Plutarch's, Oberon was borrowed from German folk stories, while the episode of 'Pyramus and Thisbe' is a satirical version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. Some critics see the influence of the romance *Diana*, by the Spanish writer Montemayor. The queen of the fairies is a very popular personage in folk stories and is mentioned by Chaucer in *Canterbury Tales*.

GLOSSARY

abate, diminish. III.ii.432.

aby, to atone for, expiate. III.ii. 175.

Acheron, mythical river in Hades. III.ii.357.

after-supper, desert of wine, fruit and sweetmeats, served after supper in another room. V.i.34.

aggravate, add to the qualities of. I.ii.65.

apricocks, apricots. III.i.148.

avouch it to his head, say it to his face. I.i.106.

barm, yeast. II.i.38.

batty, bat, as belonging to the night. III.ii.365.

beard, on the Elizabethan stage beards were worn to correspond with the role; Bottom proposes for the lover's part the beards of rascals, traitors, murderers. 'French crown' is a jest, relating to syphillis (also called French disease) and its symptoms. I.ii. 71.

beard, the haulme, the long hairy fibres on grain. II.i.95.

bergomask, a rustic dance, named from Bergamo in Italy. V.i. 336.

bootless, unprofitable. II.i.37.

bow-strings, 'cut bow-strings,' come what may; 'you may cut my bow-strings if I fail to attend at the butts' (archery). I.ii.87.

brake, bush, rough-growth. III.i. 64.

brief, a short list. V.i.42.

brisky juvenal, lively youth. III. i.82.

brow of Egypt, a swarthy countenance, a gypsy. V.i.11.

buskin, footwear with thick soles. II.i.71.

Cadmus, legendary founder of the ancient Boeotian city of Thebes. On the island of *Crete* Hercules accomplished one of his twelve labours by killing the minotaur. IV.i.110.

cat, 'tear a cat in,' to use violent language. I.ii.23.

changling, a fairy-child which fairies put in place of a human child they had spirited away. II.i.23.

coil, 'all this coil is 'long of you,' all this trouble is because of you. III.ii.339.

collied, blackened, darkened. I.i. 145.

contagious, noxious. II.i.90.

Corin, poetic name for a shepherd. II.i.66.

coy, to fondle, caress. IV.i.2.

crop, to harvest. III.i.151.

Cupid, boy-god of love, son of Venus, was armed with arrows having points of lead and of gold for happy or unhappy love. I.i. 169.

darkling, in the dark. II.ii.86.

Daphne, a nymph who, pursued by Apollo, was changed into a laurel bush. II.i.231.

deep, the depths of villainy. III. ii.49.

defect, effect. III.i.34.

dew-lapt, with flesh hanging from the throat. IV.i.121.

Diana, Latin goddess of chastity, identified with the Greek goddess Artemis. Shakespeare's oversight: Theseus, a Greek, would not use the Latin name. I.i.89.

Dian's bud, probably the chaste-tree, believed to have the power of guarding chastity. IV.i.71.

die, dice. V.i.293.

displease, discompose, derange. III.ii.54.

distemperature, disarrangement, perturbation. II.i.106.

eight and six, in alternate verses of eight and six syllables each, the usual metre of ballads. III.i.22.

Ercles, Hercules; the story of his twelve labours was often adapted for the drama of the day. I.ii. 22.

Ethiop, black-haired, swarthy, then considered a defect in women folk. III.ii.257.

exposition, 'exposition of sleep,' disposition to sleep. IV.i.37.

eyne, eyes. I.i.242.

eke, also. III.i.82.

fair vestal throned . . . imperial vot'ress, refers to queen Elizabeth. II.i.158, 163-4.

fell, fierce, cruel. II.i.20.

fire, the funeral pile on which Dido, empress of Carthage, stabbed herself when her lover, Aeneas the Trojan, sailed to Italy. I.i. 173.

first, 'of the first,' a description in heraldry; here, it means two of one kind. III.ii. 213.

flew'd, with flews, heavy hanging chaps. IV.i.119.

force, 'of force,' perforce, inevitably. III.ii.40.

gemel, twin. IV.i.190.

gleek, to scoff. III.i.130.

grow, come. I.ii.8.

harbinger, herald; here the morning star; it was believed that when this star rose the ghosts of suicides, doomed to walk the earth for a hundred years, disappeared. III.ii.380.

Hecate, goddess of the nether world. V.i.365.

hempen home-spuns, fellows clad in hempen garments. III.i.66.

Hiems (L.), winter; rainy, stormy weather. II.i.109.

increase, multiplication of crops. II.i.114.

jole, jowl, *i.e.* jaw or cheek. III. ii.338.

knot-grass, brew made from a weed usually growing on waste ground, which was suposed to stunt the growth. III.ii.329.

lakin, contraction for Ladykin, or Little Lady: 'By'r Lakin,' is 'by Our Lady,' *i.e.*, by the Virgin Mary. III.i.12.

leviathan, here, a whale. II.i.174.

Limander, meant for Leander. V.i. 192.

lime and hair, these are used in plaster work, the hair to bind the material. V.i.163.

lingers, defers. I.i.4.

lob, *clown*. II.i.16.

lode-star, the pole star. I.i.183 .

loff, laugh. II.i.55.

Marry, indeed; a common Elizabethan exclamation corrupted from 'Virgin Mary.' I.ii.9.

May, 'do observance to a morn in May;' celebration of May day was general in Shakespeare's time: early in the morning of the first of May the young people brought back a May Pole from the forest, decorated the houses with greenery, chose the 'May Queen' and held trials of strength, games, and dances round the May Pole singing 'May carols.' The Puritans were strongly against this festival. The idea of May-day being celebrated in Athens as it was in Elizabethan England is anachronistic. I. i.167.

mazed, puzzled, confused. II.i.113.

mew'd, encaged; mews were cages where falcons were housed. I.i. 71.

might, 'noble respect takes it in might,' *i.e.* takes the will for the deed. V.i.92.

mimic, actor. III.ii.19.

misgraffed, badly joined. I.i.137.

misprised, mistaken. III.ii.74.

momentany, momentary. I.i.143.

monstrous, very, unusually. I.ii.44.

morning's love, allusion to Aurora, goddess of the dawn. III.ii. 389.

moused, torn in pieces. V.i.255.

murrion, murrain, cattle disease. II.i.97.

needs, needles. III.ii.204.

neeze, sneeze. II.i.56.

neif, fist. IV.i.18.

night-rule, order of revelry. III. ii.5.

nine-men's-morris, pitch of a rustic game played with nine holes, cut upon a square in the turf. There were nine players on a side, one side using wooden pegs, the other stones. II.i.98.

Ninny's tomb, tomb of Ninus, founder of Ninevah. III.i.84.

nowl, noddle, head. III.ii.17.

observation, observance of rites. IV.i.102.

oes, 'fiery oes,' stars; 'o' was applied to anything round. III.ii.188.

orbs, circles of bright green grass often seen in meadows, once thought to be caused by fairies dancing in a circle. II.i.9.

ounce, a kind of lynx. II.ii.30.

ousel cock, blackbird. III.i.109.

overborne, overflowed. II.i.92.

pard, leopard. II.ii.31.

patent, privilege, right. I.i.80.

peascod, pea-shell, now called the pod. III.i.169.

pelting, petty, paltry. II.i.91.

perfit, perfect, thoroughly fit. I. ii. 86.

Perigenia, Perigone, daughter of a cruel bandit; her name occurs in Plutarch's life of Theseus. II.i. 78.

Phibbus, Phoebus, the sun. I.ii.28.

Philomel, a name for the nightingale. II.ii.13.

Phoebe, the moon. I.i.209.

pipes of corn, shepherd's flute. II. i.67.

play a woman, women's parts were played by young men or boys. If their features were unsuitable they wore masks. The first woman appeared on the English stage in 1629. I.ii.39.

Procrus, meant for Procris, wife of Cephalus who killed her in a forest, mistaking her for an animal. V.i.194.

proud, swollen. II.i.91.

pumps, thin-soled shoes, so called because used for pomp or ornament. IV.ii.29.

quern, kern, handmill for grinding grain. II.i.36.

rarely, excellently. I.ii.22.

rere-mice, bats. II.ii.4.

round, circle. II.i.140.

russet-pated choughs, birds with reddish heads. III.ii.21.

sanded, sand-coloured. IV.i.119.

Shafulus, meant for Cephalus who, loved by Aurora, goddess of dawn, remained faithful to his wife. V.i.194.

simplicity, innocence. I.i.171.

silence! In the Elizabethan theater the gilded youth often prevented the play being heard by talking and teasing the actors, hence Theseus' exclamation. V. i.165.

sisters three, the three fates in Greek mythology. V.i.320.

snuff, 'in snuff,' meant to be angry; here used punningly in relation to snuffing a candle. V.i. 238.

sort, happen, result. III.ii.352.

spare, avoid. II.i.142.

spleen, impulse of passion. I.i.146.

split, 'make all split,' to cause a commotion. I.ii.23.

sport, play, presentation. IV.ii.14.

square, to quarrel. The action of pugilists preparing to fight is still called 'squaring.' II.i.30.

stamp, stamp of the foot. III.ii.25.

starve our sight from lovers' food, not see each other. I.i.222.

steep, mountain. II.i.69.

St. Valentine's day, Feb. 14, supposed beginning of birds' mating season. IV.i.138.

Tartar, 'Tartary' as then charted included Parthus; the Parthians were famous archers. III.ii.101.

Thisne, perhaps means 'in this way.' I.ii.44.

thorough, through. II.i.3.

Thracian singer, Orpheus, who pined for his dead wife Eurydice, was torn to pieces by the Thracian women for his indifference to their charms. V.i.49.

throstle, thrush. III.i.111.

thrum, the tufted end of a weaver's thread. V.i.272.

tide, betide. V.i.199.

tiring-house, a dressing room, where actors changed their costumes; sometimes an outhouse. III.i.4.

tongs and bones, rural 'percussion' music; the *bones* were clacked in the manner practised by Negro minstrels. Bottom's 'good ear in music' fits his occupation; weavers were supposed to have

an ear for music as a result of psalm-singing; many weavers were Calvinists who had fled from religious persecution in the Netherlands. IV.i.27-28.

trace, roam. II.i.25.

translated, transformed. III.i.104.

triumph, public holiday, specifically a procession. 'Triumphs' were held in Rome on the return of victorious generals. I.i.19.

vaward, vanguard, early part. IV. i.103.

Venus' doves, doves consecrated to Venus and harnessed to her chariot. I.i.171.

weed, garment. II.i.256.

wood, furious. II.i.191.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THIS PLAY was first published in 1600 in a separate quarto under the title of '*Much Adoe About Nothing. As it has been sundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare.*' The text is more or less correct and hardly differs from the text as given in the first collection of Shakespeare's works in the Folio of 1623, where it was number six in the comedies. In the First Folio it was divided into acts, but not scenes, and had no *dramatis personae* (added in the edition of 1709).

The play is not mentioned in Francis Meres' list of Shakespearean plays in *Palladis Tamia* (1598). It was evidently written and first performed about 1598-1599. We know that it was revived in 1612-1613 in the court theatre and again in 1640 or thereabouts. In date and style it belongs to Shakespeare's second period.

The story of the innocent maiden and her evil-minded traducers armed with false evidence was apparently commonly known throughout the south of Europe. We find Shakespeare's plot in a novel by the Italian writer Bandello (1554) and was translated into French by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques* (1569). The same subject occurs in identical detail in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (canto V). It was also treated in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and in an anonymous play *Ariodante and Geneuora*, which was performed in the court theatre by a juvenile company in 1583 and of which there is no copy extant.

Shakespeare evidently knew Bandello (through Belleforest) because it is only in Belleforest that we find the names Leonato and Pedro Aragon. But if the tragic part of the plot was borrowed by Shakespeare, the comic element was introduced by himself. The secondary characters, Beatrice and Benedick, are exceptionally well drawn and the humour of the scene with the constable is brilliant. Here the ludicrous depends on characterisation and situation rather than upon word-play. When this does occur it is less as an end in itself than as an ingredient. The humour relieves and softens the tragic part of the play. The comedies of Shakespeare's second period were preparation for his tragedies.

active practice, fencing practice. V.iv.43.

Adam, meaning Adam Bell, the English outlaw and archer celebrated in ballads. I.i.213.

agate, a tiny decorative figure cut from that mineral. III.i.65.

alms, charity. II.iii.147.

angel, English coin bearing figure of an angel. II.iii.30.

antickly, like buffoons. V.i.96.

apprehend passing shrewdly, grasp things surpassingly well. II.i.69.

apprehension, quickness of wit. III.iv.59.

aspicious, suspicious. III.v.41.

Ate, a mischievous being encountered in Greek tragedy as a spirit of vengeance, and in Spenser's 'Faery Queene' as a foul, misshapen hag. II.i.224.

badge, sign, show. I.i.18.

baldrick, a girdle or belt slung over the shoulder. I.i.199.

barns, children (with a quibble); also spelt 'barnes.' *cf.* Scotch 'bairns.' III.iv.41.

basted, stitched. I.i.236.

bate, abate. II.iii.163.

Bel, Baal, a god of the ancient Semites. III.iii.124.

bills, placard, set up in public by challengers. I.i.32.

bills, halberds borne by the night watch. Evidently their halberds were sometimes stolen from them; there were bitter complaints of robberies and murders caused by the inadequate vigilance of the watch. III.iii.38.

birdbolt, a short thick arrow blunt at the end to kill birds by the blow only. I.i.35.

block, 'a block moved with none', *i.e.* moved by nothing. III.i.167.

boarded, nautical for 'attacked', here meaning wooed. II.i.123.

break with, to tell. I.i.257.

broke, 'broke with her father,' *i.e.* told her father. II.i.262.

bruise of many days, marks of time, age. V.i.65.

buckler, shield, 'to give the bucklers,' to yield. V.ii.15.

bull, Zeus changed himself into a bull in his amorous pursuit of Europa, daughter of Agenor. V.iv.43.

burden, chorus, refrain. III.iv.38.

burglary, used wrongly by Dogberry. IV.ii.44.

candle wasters, nocturnal students, burners of midnight oil. V.i.18.

cap, 'wear his cap with suspicion,' wear it awry; neglect of his dress was regarded as a sign of love-sickness in a man. I.i.161.

Carduus Benedictus, a herb. A medical book of the XVI century claimed that it would cure every infirmity. III.iv.62.

carpet-mongers, carpet-knights. V.ii.28.

carving the fashion of a new doublet, sneer at the English gilded youth who spent their time devising new fashions. An Italian caricature of Shakespeare's time shows a naked Englishman with scissors in one hand and a piece of cloth in the other. II.iii.16.

cheapen, barter, trade, negotiate for. II.iii.28.

cham, the great Khan of Tartary. II.i.235.

cinque pace, a five-step dance. II.i.67.

civet, scent refined from the secretions of the civet-cat. III.ii.44.

civil as an orange, an idiom similar to 'right as a trivet,' 'right as ninepence,' and meaning the perfection of civility. It originated in the similar pronunciation of the words 'civil' and 'Seville' (Spanish province noted for oranges). II.i.257.

clap's, clap us, strike up with. III.iv.38.

claw, 'claw no man in his humour,' flatter, cajole. I.iii.14.

clog, hindrance. I.iii.26.

cog, cheat. V.i.95.

coil, 'yonder's old coil at home,' coil, colloquial word for noise, bustle, excitement; allied meaning, to gather together, derived from Lat. *colligere*, to collect. V.ii.81.

coldly, 'bear it coldly,' be calm. III.ii.112.

comfect, confect. IV.i.312.

comprehend all vagrom men, seize all vagrants. III.iii.22.

comprehended, apprehended. III. v.40.

conjure, exorcise. II.i.225.

continuer, 'so good a continuer,' *i.e.* of equal staying power. I.i.116.

conveyance, manoeuvring, nimbleness. II.i.215.

couched, lies hidden. III.i.30.

county, Count. II.i.165.

cuckold, a man whose wife is unfaithful. II.i.33.

curst, bad tempered. II.i.18.

daff, to doff, take off. 'Daff'd aside', thrust aside in a slighting manner. II.iii.157.

daff, to put aside. V.i.78.

daw, jackdaw. II.iii.231.

decerns, concerns. III.v.3.

desartless, blunder for 'deserving.' III.iii.8.

drovier, drover. II.i.170.

dry hand, popularly associated with a dull, spiritless temperament. II.i.100.

drum and fife, martial musical instruments as opposed to the *pipe and tabor* used for balls and serenades. II.iii.12.

eat it, eat his words. IV.i.274.

eftest, readiest, most expeditious. IV.ii.30.

ends, 'flout old ends,' mock so poorly. I.i.236.

estimation, esteem. II.ii.21.

Ethiop, negress. V.iv.38.

Europa, Europe. V.iv.45.

exclamation, estimation. III.v.22.

excommunication, information. III.v.56.

five wits, the five mental faculties: common sense, imagination, fancy, estimation and memory. I.i.54.

flat perjury, downright lying. IV.ii.36.

flight, long-range archery match with special arrows, light and slender. I.i.33.

foining fence, (foin, to thrust, lunge) clumsy swordsmanship. V.i.84.

fragments, old shreds, tatters. I.i.229.

garland, a symbol of unhappy love, if of willow twigs. II.i.165.

good den, contraction for good even. III.ii.69.

good-year, 'what the good year,' an idiomatic expression similar to 'what the deuce!' 'what the devil!' I.iii.1.

go to the world, to be married. II.i.279.

grant, promise, guarantee. I.i.264.

guarded, ornamented, fringed. I.i.229.

H, quibble on 'ache'. III.iv.47.

haggards, untrained hawks. III.i. 36.

hale, haul. II.iii.56.

halting sonnet, a badly written sonnet. V.iv.87.

hang it, tie it preliminary to drawing it. III.ii.22.

haps, chances. III.i.105.

hare-finder, hare-finding needs sharp eyes, and Cupid was blind. I.i.150.

Hercules, god of strength, like Cupid with his arrows, is inseparably associated with his club. II.i.222.

high-proof melancholy, deep melancholy. V.i.121.

hobby-horses, buffoons. III.ii.63.

holp, helped. I.i.41.

horn, 'a horn for my money,' I prefer a horn. II.iii.57.

horribly in love, very much in love. II.iii.211.

'*Hundred Merry Tales*,' a popular jest book published in 1526. II.i.111.

in a bottle like a cat, an ancient English pastime of hanging a cat in a pitcher and shooting at it. I.i.221.

'*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke*,' a line from Kyd's *Spanish tragedy*. I.i.215.

ill, depressed with foreboding. III.iv.45.

jade's trick, stale joke. I.i.118.

jealous complexion, orange blossom symbolised jealousy. II.i. 258.

kid-fox, fox cub. II.iii.39.

largely, in detail. V.iv.69.

lead his apes into hell, to die an old maid. II.i.34.

leavy, libertinous, free. II.iii.71.

lewd, base. V.i 310.

limed, caught with birdlime. III.i.104.

list, incline to. III.iv.70.

liver, the liver was thought to be the seat of the love passion. IV.i.230.

low, short. I.i.139.

low, voice. V.iv.48.

March-chick, spring chicken. I.iii. 46.

meet, 'be meet with,' be even with. I.i.39.

meet, suitable. II.ii.27.

misprising, slighting. III.i.52.

misprision, mistake, misapprehension. IV.i.184.

misuse, injure. II.ii.24.

moe, poetic licence for 'more'. II.iii.68.

Mountanto, mock-name coined from *montant*, an upward thrust in fencing. I.i.25.

moving-delicate, emotionally tender. IV.i.227.

narrowly, closely. V.iv.113.

naughty, this word was formerly a strong expression of scorn derived from Anglo-Saxon *nawiht*,

not a whit, naught-like, worthless. IV.ii.65.

nice fence, accomplished fencing. V.i.75.

night-raven, night-jar. II.iii.79.

non-come, 'non compos mentis' (L.), not of sound mind. III.v.55.

odorous, odious. III.v.14.

opinion'd, pinioned. IV.ii.60.

orthography, here means exaggerated style of speech rather than the spelling of words. II.iii.18.

packt, in collusion. V.i.280.

palabras, 'Pocas Palabras' (Sp.), in a few words. III.v.14.

pandar, a pimp; from the name of Pandarus who procured for Troilus the favour of Chryseis. V.ii.27.

pigmies, a fabulous nation of dwarfs. II.i.235.

Philemon, one of the legendary couple visited in their humble dwelling by Zeus in disguise. II.i.81.

plaintiff, prisoner, V.i.286.

pluck up, rouse thyself. V.i.191.

possess the people, inform the people. V.i.262.

possest, in possession of the facts. III.iii.135.

present, represent. III.iii.69.

Prester John, a legendary ruler of the Orient. Renaissance legends about him were very widespread. II.i.234.

prized, esteemed. III.i.89.

proper, complete. IV.i.174.

properest, best, most handsome. V.i.163.

proposing, conversing. III.i.3.

rabato, a kind of ruff. III.iv.6.

rack, exaggerate. IV.i.219.

recheat, 'but that I will have a recheat winded. . . . hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,' in these phrases Benedick means that he will not recant his known principles as a woman hater and will not take a chance on such an unknown quantity as he conceives a woman to be. I.i.198.

recovered, discovered. III.iii.150.

reechy painting, a picture dimmed by smoke; the picture is that of the Jews crossing the Red Sea with Pharaoh's soldiers in pursuit. III.iii.123.

reform'd, informed. V.i.235.

rheum, a flow, i.e. tears. V.ii.70.

Saturn, 'born under Saturn', according to superstition everyone was born under a certain planet which predetermined his character and destiny. The influence of Saturn was supposed to induce a melancholy temperament. I. iii.9.

scholar, in the Renaissance people regarded the exorcising of spirits as a matter for men of learning. (*Cf.* the first appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet*: 'Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.') II.i.224.

secondarily, secondly. V.i.201.

senseless, sensible. III.iii.20.

shaven Hercules, evidently Hercules as servant to Omphale, queen of Lydia, whom he served for three years dressed as a maid. III.iii.125.

shrewd, shrewish. II.i.17.

sit, 'she will sit you,' hidden as a game bird. II.iii.105.

slops, wide trousers. III.ii.31.

smoking a musty room, burning fragrant herbs to dispel a stuffy atmosphere, a custom of the time. I.iii.48.

sort so well, have such a happy outcome. V.iv.7.

spell him backward, say the opposite of him. III.i.61.

sport, 'the sport will be. . . and no such matter,' *i.e.* of each other's love whereas there isn't any. II.iii.196, 197.

squarer, quarrelsome fellow. I.i.66.

staff . . . broke cross, broken in two; allusion to match with quarter staves. V.i.134.

statues, meaning statutes; refers to the new ordinance of the London constabulary. The statutes of the Streets' (1595). III.iii.72.

strain, 'to strange sores strangely they strain the cure,' apply an extraordinary remedy for an extraordinary situation. IV.i.261.

strange, ignorant. II.iii.44.

stuft, stuffed up with a bad cold. III.iv.54.

suffigance, sufficient. III.v.45.

sunburnt, euphemism for 'unbeautiful.' II.i.280.

suspect, respect. IV.ii.67.

tolerable, intolerable. III.iii.32.

tongues, 'he hath the tongues,' he speaks foreign languages. V.i.158.

top, 'by the top,' by the forelock. I.ii.13.

trace, walk. III.i.16.

trial, proof, testing. II.ii.34.

trow, think, suppose. III.iv.50.

try, prove. I.i.214.

turn the girdle, to pull round one's belt until the buckle is at the back, in readiness for a duel. V.i.138.

turn Turk, to apostatize; in Beatrice's case to turn towards the opposite sex. III.iv.48.

under white and black, in black and white. V.i.285.

unconfirmed, inexperienced. III.iii.107.

Venice, 'all his quiver in Venice'; Venice was famous for its love intrigues. I.i.223.

Virgin knight, poetical allusion to a maid who gave herself to the service of Diana, goddess of chastity. V.iii.13.

vigitant, vigilant. III.iii.87.

Vulcan, was a blacksmith. I.i.150.

wake your patience, try your patience. V.i.102.

warren, preserve for hares and other game. II.i.187.

wear it in your cap, allusion from days of chivalry when knights wore their ladies' favours on their helmets. III.iv.60.

wide, wildly. IV.i.61.

win me and wear me, a common Elizabethan phrase meaning 'beat me and boast,' 'do your worst.' V.i.82.

woo, plead, ask. II.iii.45.

woollen, 'to lie in the woollen,' either to lie between the blankets with no sheets or to be buried in flannel, as the law in Shakespeare's time prescribed. II.i.26.

wrest, a tuning-key for string instruments. Here used in metaphor, meaning to twist, distort. III.iv.29.

AS YOU LIKE IT

ALTHOUGH this play appeared in print only in the Folio of 1623 there is reason to believe that publication was intended while Shakespeare was alive. In the Stationers' Register there is a memorandum to the effect that several Shakespearean pieces were to be published which included '*As you like it*'. Even though no date was given, the note has been assigned to 1600. The other plays appeared in that and the following year but, for some reason or other, '*As you like it*' did not. In the First Folio the play is tenth of the Comedies. There are a number of glaring mistakes and contradictory passages in the text. It was divided into acts but the *dramatis personæ* was lacking, this being added only in 1709. In the Second Folio, published in 1632, the greater part of the errors and distortions were corrected.

It is possible to establish more or less accurately when it was written and produced. It could not have been written later than the Stationers' Register entry of 1600, and it is missing from Meres' list in *Palladis Tamia* (1598); moreover, Rosalind refers (Act IV.i.) to Diana's fountain, thought by some critics to be the fountain statue of Diana erected in London in 1596. Thus, the evidence indicates that the play was written between 1598 and 1600. In style it belongs to Shakespeare's second period.

A number of critics found an analogy of the plot in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in the story of Gamelyn. But this affinity is superficial. There is no doubt that Thomas Lodge, a contemporary of Shakespeare provides the direct source in his *Rosalynde* (1592). Shakespeare borrowed the outline of the plot and the main situations and left most of the characters intact. To these, however, he added more life and dramatic value and gave the play lyrical charm besides introducing two excellent characters in the persons of Touchstone, the clown, and Jaques, the melancholy humourist, a type which became popular on the Elizabethan stage and which has something in common with Hamlet. Shakespeare also changed the names of the three sons of Sir Rowland de Boys, Saladyne, Fermandine and Rosader to Oliver, Jaques and Orlando.

GLOSSARY

Aliena, from 'alienus' (L.), a stranger, estranged. I.iii.122.

allottery, allotted share. I.i.64.

anatomize, expose. I.i.135.

Atalanta, a beautiful and fleet maiden in Greek mythology. 'Atalanta's better part,' means her beauty, not her speed. III.ii.136.

atomies, atoms; here, the motes in a sunbeam. III.ii.214.

atone together, are at one. V.iv. 102.

bastinado, beating the soles of the feet with sticks. V.i.51.

batlet, little bat, used by laundresses, II.iv.45.

beard, 'your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue,' *i.e.* your beard is your fortune. III.ii.343.

bestows himself, carries himself. IV.iii.85.

beggarly thanks, the profuse thanks of a beggar. II.v.23.

bells, falcons had a little bell attached to them. III.iii.66.

bills, warrants. I.ii.103.

blood, affection. II.iii.37.

blood, passion. V.iv.56.

bob, rap, slap. II.vii.55.

books for good manners, a number of such handbooks were published during Queen Elizabeth's reign; possibly the reference is to '*the Boke of Nurture or Schoole of good Maner, for Men, Servants and Children*' (1577) V.iv.84.

bounds of feed, boundaries or range of pasture. II.iv.77.

bow, yoke. III.iii.65.

branch, laurel. IV.ii.5.

bravery, fine clothes. II.vii.80.

breath'd, 'well breath'd,' warmed up to use his full strength. I.ii. 184.

breather, living being. III.ii.259.

breed, educate, bring up. I.i.3. IV.i.152.

'*broken music*,' instruments (viols, violins) were formerly made in sets of four which, played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of one set were substituted for corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'a consort' but 'broken music.' I.ii.118.

browner than Judas's, Judas was usually represented in ancient painting or tapestry with a red head and beard. III.iv.7.

buckles in, surrounds. III.ii.121.

bugle, bead ornament of black glass. III.v.47.

bush, 'good wine needs no bush'; proverbial saying from the custom of hanging a bush of ivy over vintner's doors. Epi.3.

carlot, a poor countryman. III.v. 107.

chanticleer, a cock, (Fr.) *chanteclair*. II.vii.30.

charge, burden. I.iii.96.

chase, line of argument. I.iii.28.

cheerly, cheerily. II.vi.12.

chopt, chapped. II.iv.45.

circle, circle of 'invocation' for exorcising spirits. II.v.53.

clap into't roundly, go to it briskly and straightway. V.iii.9.

clubs, weapons of London apprentices for preserving public peace or for rioting; a cry of 'clubs! clubs!' called them out. V.ii.38.

combine, bind. V.iv.144.

coming-on, encouraging, complaisant. IV.i.96.

commission, performance. IV.i. 117.

compact of jars, made up of dissonances, allusion to Jaques' being a melancholy, discontented man. II.vii.5.

complexion, 'good my complexion,' this is rather more than an ordinary exclamation of 'goodness me!' Rosalind possibly appeals to her complexion not to betray her with blushes. III.ii.180.

complexions that liked me, i.e that pleased me. Epi. 15.

conceit, imagination. II.vi.7.

conn'd, learnt by heart. III.ii.252.

cony, a rabbit. III.ii.310.

convertites, converts. V.iv.178.

cope, engage with. II.i.67.

copulatives, those about to be married. V.iv.54.

cote, a little cottage or cabin rudely made of turfs, straw, boughs, etc. II.iv.77.

countenance, likeness. I.i.15.

counter, a money token of no intrinsic value; practically for nothing. II.vii.63.

courtship, court life. III.ii.315.

cousin, niece. I.ii.129.

cover, spread the cloth for a meal. II.v.25.

cross, burden; here a play upon words with reference to money embossed with a cross. II.iv.9.

curtle-axe, short sword, cutlass. I.iii.111.

dark house, a mad house. III.ii.361.

device, aims, ambitions. I.i.146.

dial, a small pocket sundial; these were like a compass fitted with a magnet needle to indicate the correct position for estimating the shadow cast. II.vii.20.

Diana in the fountain, in 1596 a fountain was erected in London with a sculpture of Diana from whose breasts the water flowed. It is supposed by some editors that Shakespeare refers to this fountain, others doubt it. IV.i.132.

disable, undervalue. IV.i.30.

disabled, disparaged. V.iv.72.

dishonest, immodest. V.iii.4.

dog-apes, baboons. II.v.21.

dole, dolour, grief. I.ii.109.

drave, drove. III.ii.375.

Ducdame, refrain of Jaques' song, variously interpreted by editors. Some conjectured it to be a refrain of Celtic origin, a survival of some old British game like 'Tom Tiddler'. Plausibly—and arbitrarily, *Duc ad me*, 'draw or lead to me', *i.e.* 'come hither, come hither,' as in the other two stanzas. II.v.48.

dulcet diseases, puns and witticisms; *fool's bolt*, alludes to the proverb, 'a fool's bolt is soon shot'. V.iv.61.

duty, due, as being tacitly owed. II.iii.58.

effigies, likeness. II.vii.192.

entame, make tame. III.v.48.

epilogue, 'lady the epilogue'; the role of the epilogue was generally played by an actor in a black cloak trimmed with fur. The comedies ended with a song and dance accompanied on the flute.

erewhile, a while ago. III.v.104.

erst, before. III.v.94.

Ethiop, Ethiopia, a land in Africa along the middle Nile, inhabited mainly by black tribes. IV.iii.35.

exempt, remote. II.i.15.

expediently, expeditiously. III.i.18.

extent, seizure. III.i.17.

extermined, exterminated. III.v.88.

fair, *i.e.*, face. III.ii.84.

fancy-monger, love-monger. III. ii.330.

favour, likeness. V.iv.28.

feeder, servant, ('faction' and 'federy' have been suggested) II.iv.93.

fells, woolly skins. III.ii.46.

figure, example; rhetoric was an indispensable subject in Elizabethan schools. V.i.39.

first-born of Egypt, means 'all first-borns,' Jaques' discontent being a question of birthright which caused him to 'leave his wealth and ease.' The words 'of Egypt' are an association of 'first-born' with Pharaoh and were probably put in by Shakespeare to round off the phrase. II.v.54.

fond, foolishly eager. II.iii.7.

forked, pronged. II.i.24.

freestone-colour'd, the colour of bath-brick. IV.iii.25.

gallop, 'false gallop,' *i.e.* ragged verse. III.ii.102.

Ganymede, a beautiful shepherd boy whom Zeus carried to Olympus to be a cupbearer to the gods. I.iii.119.

Gargantua, Rabelais, whose giant Gargantua swallowed five pilgrims and their staves in a salad, was contemporary with Shakespeare. There was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, but several chapbook histories of Gargantua were published. III.ii.209.

gates, eyelids; 'shut their coward gates on atomies,' *i.e.* blink at the flying motes. III.v.13.

God b' wi' you, god be with you, goodbye. III.ii.238.

God make incision, *i.e.* give him a better understanding; probably refers to cure by blood-leting, it being said of a very silly person that he ought to be cut for the simples. III.ii.63.

God ye good even, God give you good even. V.i.14.

golden world, the legendary 'Golden Age.' I.i.106.

Goths, evidently pronounced like 'goats,' hence Touchstone's jest. Ovid lived among the *Getæ* (Goths) in banishment. III.iii.6.

graff, graft. III.ii.106.

gravell'd, grounded, at a standstill. IV.i.63.

gross, great. IV.i.168.

harm, misfortune. III.ii.66.

have with you, I will come along with you. I.ii.222.

headed, grown to a head. II.vii. 67.

Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus and, according to Homer, the cause of the Trojan war. III.ii.134.

hem, border, to fence or hedge them off, to hem them out. I.iii.17.

him, he whom. I.i.38.

humorous, capricious, fanciful, I.ii.232, IV.i.18.

hurtling, din, tumult. IV.iii.130.

hyen, hyena. IV.i.133.

Hymen, god of marriage. V.iv. 123.

ild, yield, *i.e.* reward. III.iii.61.

impressure, impression. III.v.23.

inland, well bred, in contradistinction to 'upland' or 'roughly' bred. II.vii.96.

insinuate with, ingratiate myself with. Epil. 7.

intendment, intention. I.i.117.

invectively, bitterly. II.i.58.

Ipse (L), himself. V.i.41.

Irish rat, Irish witches were said to be able to rime either man or beast to death. Elizabethan writers frequently alluded to berimed rats. III.ii.164.

Jove in a thatcht house, allusion to Philemon and Baucis and their humble thatch which Jove, god of Olympus, honoured with his presence. III.iii.7.

Jove's tree, the oak. III.ii.218.

Juno's swans, Roman goddess of childbirth and marriage, wife of Jupiter; 'swans' is a mistake, evidently by confusion with Venus. I.iii.69.

just, just so. III.ii.245.

kindle, incite. I.i.150.

kindled, born; expressly used of rabbits littering. III.ii.310.

knoll'd, chimed. II.vii.113.

Leander swam the Hellespont by night to his lover, Hero, and was eventually drowned. IV.i.85.

leer, countenance. IV.i.57.

low content, humble contentment. II.iii.68.

lively, lifelike. V.iv.28.

liver, the liver was believed to be the seat of love. III.ii.379.

Lucretia, a virtuous Roman matron who, violated by the son of the tyrant Tarquin, stabbed herself. III.ii.137.

make, make fast, shut. IV.i.139.

manage, the training or breaking-in of a horse. I.i.11.

measure, 'trod a measure,' danced a minuet. V.iv.44.

medlar, a fruit used when overripe, or rather, rotten. III.ii.109.

meed, reward. II.iii.58.

mewling, crying. II.vii.143.

mines, undermines. I.i.17.

misconsters, misconstrues. I.ii.231.

misprised, slighted. I.i.148.

modern instances, commonplaces, banalities. II.vii.155.

moonish, variable, fickle. III.ii.368.

mortal in folly, *i.e.* is sure to succumb to folly. II.iv.50.

much, 'here much Orlando!' used ironically, meaning 'not a sign of Orlando.' IV.iii.2.

natural philosopher, a home-grown philosopher. III.ii.28.

natural, idiot. I.ii.43.

naught, 'be naught awhile,' an idiomatic expression equivalent to 'go to the devil!' I.i.31.

neighbour bottom, neighbouring dell. IV.iii.77.

new-fangled, fond of what is new. IV.i.130.

observance, attention. III.ii.216. V.ii.89.

painted cloth, 'answer you right painted cloth'; tapestries sewn with human figures from whose mouths issued biblical and didactic texts; such aphorisms and quotations were also engraved on wedding rings; 'right' means correctly, according to. III.ii.254.

pantaloon, Pantaleone; a character in the Italian theatre; an old dotard. II.vii.157.

pard, leopard. II.vii.149.

peascod, pea-pod; in love affairs it was the custom to use peapods to divine the course of love and, if the omens were good, to present them to the desired one. II.iv.46.

penalty of Adam, religious people thought a break in clear 'heavenly' weather was caused by Adam's fall from grace. II.i.5.

perpend, reflect. III.ii.58.

phoenix, 'as rare as phoenix'; the fabulous bird was supposed to be born only once in 500 years. IV.iii.17.

places, 'strange places', passages and quotations which the jester had 'crammed' or learnt by heart. II.vii.40.

point-devise, trim, faultless. III.ii.347.

poke, pocket. II.vii.20.

poor a thousand crowns, i.e. a poor thousand crowns. Shakespeare put it so for emphasis. I.i.2.

practices, plots, schemes. II.iii.26.

priser, prize-fighter. II.iii.8.

profit, progress, advantage. I.i.5.

properer, more handsome. III.v.51.

puisny, puisne, unskilled, inferior. III.iv.37.

puking, being sick. II.vii.143.

pulpiter, preacher. III.ii.144.

purgation, test, proof; V.iv.43. vindication. I.iii.47.

purlieus (Fr.), outskirts of a forest included in hunting grounds. IV.iii.75.

Pythagoras' time, allusion to doctrine of transmigration of souls of Pythagoras, Greek philosopher and mathematician. III.ii.163.

quintain, an object set up in country games for horsemen to tilt at. I.ii.217.

quotidian, a fever with daily paroxysms, mentioned in old writers as a symptom of love. III.ii.332.

rank, row, line, order, jog-trot. III.ii.87.

rankness, presumption. I.i.76.

recountments, narration of events. IV.iii.139.

recover'd, restored. IV.iii.149.

remainder, last. II.vii.39.

remember'd, reminded. III.v.130.

right, true, downright. III.ii.86.

Robin Hood, famous outlaw, lived with his followers in the forests of Nottinghamshire I.i.103.

roynish, originally 'scabby,' here it means rude, uncouth. II.ii.8.

sans (Fr.), without. II.vii.32.

scrip and scrippage, Touchstone's jocular application of 'bag and baggage.' A *scrip* is a small bag, a shepherd's pouch. III.ii.150.

search, seeking. I.i.119.

se'nnight, seven-night, a week. III.ii.291.

sententious, pithy. V.iv.60.

seventh cause, a quarrel on the seventh point. A skit on the famous handbook of Vicentio Saviolo, 'Of honour and honourable Quarrels' printed in 1594. V.iv.50.

seven ages, the division of man's life into seven periods ascribed to one of the Greek founders of medical

therapy; Hippocrates. II.vii.142.

shadow, shady place. IV.i.190.

shrewd, difficult; harsh. V.iv.167.

simples, herbs used in medicine. IV.i.15.

Sir Oliver Martext; 'Sir' was a title bestowed on the lower clergy; probably in translation of 'dominus' which is still applied to 'Bachelors' at the university. III.iii.34.

smother, 'from the smoke into the smother,' proverbial expression equivalent to 'out of the frying pan into the fire.' I.ii.253.

sorts, classes. I.i.146.

South-sea of discovery, a period long drawn out like an adventuring to the South Seas. III. ii.182.

stalking-horse, decoy, behind which the hunter hid himself from the quarry. V.iv.98.

stalling, stabling. I.i.9.

sticks, stabs. I.ii.208.

stir, move, incite. I.i.142.

stir, arouse. I.iii.108.

suckt, dry, without milk in her teats. IV.iii.125.

suit, dress. I.iii.110.

swam in a gondola, been conveyed in a gondola, the usual means of transit in Venice. IV.i.33.

swashing, swaggering. I.iii.114.

synod, assembly of Greek gods on Mount Olympus. III.ii.139.

taxation, impertinence; court jesters were whipped for making too free with their tongues. I.ii.72.

tender dearly, say it earnestly; probably also in allusion to the act 'against conjuracions inchantments and Witchecraftes' of Elizabeth whereby death with no benefit of clergy ensued to all persons using witchcraft. V.ii.65.

thrasonical, boastful. V.ii.30.

thrice-crowned queen of night, the moon's mythological three-fold queenship as Luna of heaven, Diana of the earth, and Hecate of the nether regions. III.ii.2.

thought, 'begot of thought', melancholy, or moody reflection. IV. i.186.

toad . . . a precious jewel in his head, Lyly in *Euphues* says: 'the foule toade hath a faire stone in his head.' The belief in toad-stones is traced back to Pliny's description of a stone as 'of the colour of a frog'. II.i.13.

toy, a trifling affair, a little matter. III.iii.62.

traverse, crossways. III.iv.37.

Troilus, a son of Priam, King of Troy; killed by Achilles. IV.i 82.

trots hard, trots the worse, with difficulty. III.ii.289.

turn, to tune. II.v.3.

unexpressive, inexpressible. III.ii. 10.

undone, swindled, ruined. V.iv.46.

untuneable, 'untimeable,' also suggested, *vide* the page's reply. V.iii.33.

velvet friends, finely dressed people who in their affluence forget their less fortunate friends. II. i.50.

videlicet (L.), that is. IV.i.82.

ware, aware. II.iv.51.

weary very means, paraphrased as

'until its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb.' II.vii.73.

week, indefinite period of time, meant generally. II.iii.74.

went, 'wherein went he', *i.e.* how was he dressed? III.ii.205.

whooping, 'out of all whooping,' beyond the bounds of wonderment. III.ii.179.

withal, besides. II.vii.48.

woo, ask. I.iii.127.

working, endeavour. I.ii.169.

(*'A*) *worthy fool!*' *'O worthy fool!*' 'A' and 'O' should probably change places in these two lines. II.vii.34-36.

yond, yonder. II.iv.57.

younger brother's revenue, according to the English law of primogeniture the bulk of an inheritance went to the eldest son. III.ii.343.

young, inexperienced. I.i.47.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

WE FIRST meet this play in the collection of Shakespeare's works in the Folio of 1623: it is thirteen in the comedies, is divided into acts and scenes, but lacks the *dramatis personæ* (added in the edition of 1709). The text is one of the most correct and presents hardly any difficulties.

We know approximately when *Twelfth Night* was written. Its absence from Meres' list indicates that it was still unwritten in 1598. In the play itself (Act III.ii) mention is made of a 'New map' which was the first to contain both the East and West Indies. This was published in 1598. In fixing the date of authorship and the first performances we are helped by John Manningham of the Middle Temple who recorded (Feb. 2, 1601) that a play was performed there called '*Twelve Night*' and was very similar to '*Comedy of Errors*,' '*Menaechmi*' by Plautus and the contemporary Italian piece, '*Inganni*.' We may conclude then, that Shakespeare wrote it in 1599-1600, that is, during the same period as *Much Ado about Nothing* and *As You Like It*. Like *Midsummer Night's Dream* the title is connected with the time at which the play was to be performed *i.e.*, the twelfth night after Christmas, when England formerly made merry.

The sources which might have had an indirect influence on this comedy are many. The anonymous piece *Inganni* (*The Cheats*) and a play of the same name by Gonzaga, the Italian author, may be mentioned. Shakespeare also might have read Plautus as well as Belleforest and Bandello. But the theme of 'twins' is so old and was so common in folk stories and in literature that Shakespeare could have done without these plays.

We should look for the most direct source in the story by Barnabe Rich called '*Historie of Apollonius and Silla*' from '*Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession*' (1581). As usual Shakespeare did not trouble to change names and plots. He concentrated on the characters. In *Twelfth Night* he created two new and memorable characters, Sir Toby and the clown. He set himself to combine dramatic with comic intrigue which, in this play, as in almost all the others, is definitely his own work. In style and construction *Twelfth Night* is one of the best, one of the most consistent and most striking comedies that Shakespeare wrote. It was invariably successful. It should be noted that in this Shakespeare followed the traditions of the Elizabethan theatre in introducing ballads and popular songs.

adverse, hostile. V.i.79.

affectioned, affected. II. iii. 139.

allow, earn (me) acknowledgement as. I. ii. 59.

allowed, acknowledged. I. v. 84.

allowed your approach, gave you admittance. I.v.177.

aqua-vitae (L.), brandy. II.v.176.

arbitrement, arbitrament, determination. III.iv.238.

Arion, Greek poet-musician of Lesbos who is fabled to have been attacked and thrown into the sea but escaped on the back of a dolphin which had been attracted by his beautiful music. I. ii. 15.

arts, in the sense of sciences. I.iii.91.

back-trick, a caper backwards in dancing the galliard. I. iii. 117.

bar, mock trial. III.iv.126.

barful strife, an endeavour which might be debarred. I. iv. 40.

bawcock, fine fellow, (Fr. beau coq). III.iv.102.

bawbling, insignificant. V. i. 49.

beagle, a bred hunting-dog. II. iii. 168.

bear-baiting, setting dogs at a tethered bear. II. v. 7.

bed of Ware, famous oaken bed at the 'Saracen's Head' hotel in Ware, Hertfordshire, which could accommodate twenty-four persons. III.ii.42.

bent, inclination. II. iv. 35.

bird-bolts, blunted missiles shot from a cross-bow. I. v. 83.

blab, to tell tales. I. ii. 63.

blazon, (fig.) honour. I. v. 265.

blows, puffs up. II. v. 37.

bones, crochet-hooks. II. iv. 43.

'bonos dies' i.e. bonus dies, meaning 'good day.' IV.ii.12.

botcher, patcher of old clothes. I. v. 41.

brabble, brawl, quarrel. V. i. 60.

brock, badger. II.v.94.

Brownists, a puritan sect led by Robert Browne (1550-1663?). Joking at the Puritans had evidently become a tradition in Elizabethan days. III. ii. 27.

bum-baily, under-bailiff; a slang term said to have arisen from the pursuer catching at a man by the hinder part of his garment. III.iv.157.

burn some sack, prepare, *i.e.*, warm and mix with sugar. II. iii.179.

buttery-bar, (buttery from O. F. *boterie*, bottle store, and in no way connected with *butter*), ledge on the top of the half-door in a buttery to rest tankards on. The phrase used by Maria was a saying frequently used by women servants, and was a roundabout way of saying that the person addressed had a dry hand which was supposed to bespeak a spiritless temperament. I.ii.67.

cakes and ale, an allusion to the festivities and merry-making detested by the puritans. II. iii. 110.

cantons, cantos, lyrics. I. v. 242.

caper, leap in dancing; *caper* is also Latin for *goat*. Hence Sir Toby's joke. I.iii.115.

carpet consideration, as a 'carpet knight,' one created in time of peace and by favour; a contemptuous name. III.iv.214.

cars, 'drawn from us with cars,' *i.e.*, as by a team of horses. II. v. 58.

Castiliano volto, the exact meaning of this expression as used by Sir Toby has not been established, probably he wanted to show off with words that sounded Spanish. I.iii.39.

Cataian, from 'Cataia' or 'Cathay,' old name for China; here, it means thief. Sir Toby says it of his niece playfully, as we might jestfully call one we like a 'rogue.' II.iii.73.

catch, originally a round for three or more voices unaccompanied, written as one continuous melody, each voice 'catching' up a part in turn. II. iii. 17.

champain, open country. II.v.143.

chantry, chapel. IV.iii.24.

check, term in falconry, change from one prey to another. III. i.59.

cherry-pit, a children's game. III. iv.106.

cheveril, leather of kid skin. III. i.11.

chuck, chick. III.iv.103.

civil bounds, bounds of good manners. I.iv.20.

clear stories, clerestories, a term in architecture. IV.ii.34.

clod pole, a dull rustic fellow. III.iv.168.

close, keep still. II.v.17.

close, 'holy close of lips,' sacred kiss. V.i.154.

cockatrice, a fabulous serpent, crested like a cock, whose glance was fatal. III.iv.175.

cockney, this word is ordinarily a cant name for a Londoner, that is, one born within the sound of Bow Bells, a church in Cheapside, in the centre of the city of London proper. Shakespeare, however, gives it other significations, using it in *Lear* for a cook, and in *Twelfth Night*, IV.i.12, for an affected, conceited fellow.

codling, an unripe apple. I.v.143.

coistrel, groom, knave. I.iii.37.

collier, a blackened fellow; formerly a word of insult. III.iv.107.

comptible, susceptible, sensitive. I. v.159.

con, to learn by heart as actors learn their parts. I.v.158.

constellation, character formed under the influence of a constellation of stars. I.iv.34.

conster, construe. III.i.52.

construction, interpretation. III.i. 109.

convents, summons. V.i.370.

coranto, courante, a quick dance. I.iii.122.

county, count or earl. I.v.274.

coxcomb, head. V.i.172.

cross-gartered, a fashion popular among the puritans. II.v.137.

crowner, coroner. I.v.121.

cruel hounds, according to classical myth Actaeon, the huntsman,

surprised Diana, goddess of Chastity, when she was bathing and was changed by her into a stag and torn to pieces by his own hounds. I.i.22.

cubiculo, apartment. III.ii.46.

Cucullus non facit monachum (L.), a proverb, 'a cowl does not make a monk.' I.v.49.

curtain, in Elizabethan times the best pictures were often protected from dust and light by curtains. I.iii.121.

cypress, a coffin of cypress wood. II.iv.50.

cosier, botcher, cobbler. II.iii.86.

damask, a red rose, named from Damascus which was famous for its roses. II.iv.109.

dark room, the accepted confinement for the insane. III.iv.122.

day-bed, couch, sofa. II.v.43.

demure travel of regard, solemn tour of inspection. II.v.48.

denay, denial. II.iv.121.

determinate voyage, intended voyage. II.i.9.

device, trick. III.iv.118.

dexteriously, dexterously. I.v.54.

Dieu vous garde, monsieur, et vous aussi; votre serviteur, 'God preserve you, Sir, and you also; at your service.'. III.i.66.

diluculo surgere (L.), to rise early, (*i.e.*, *saluberrimum est*, is good for the health). II.iii.2.

ducat (*It. ducato*), a coin circulated in England in queen Elizabeth's time, worth about 6s. 8d. I.iii.20.

duello, rules of fencing. III.iv. 279.

Egyptians in their fog, allusion to an episode in Biblical history. IV.ii.39.

Egyptian thief, alludes to story of Thyamis, robber-chief and native of Memphis who, knowing he must die, would have stabbed his captive, Chariclea, the woman he loved. V.i.113.

endue, endow. I.v.87.

entertainment, reception. I.v.192.

eunuch, a steward of high trust and authority in Turkish and Egyptian households. Not necessarily a *castratus*. I.ii.62.

extent, violent attack. IV.i.51.

except before excepted, waive her exceptions. I.iii.4.

expressure, expression. II.iii.148.

fadge, to succeed, suit. II.ii.30.

favour, face. III.iv.300.

fear no colours, fear the colours of no enemy, be afraid of nothing. I.v.5.

fee'd post, paid messenger. I.v. 256.

firago, virago; this has been considered a double blunder of Sir Toby's, both as to spelling and in applying it to a presumed man. Actually, *virago* means a manlike woman and derives from L. *uir*, a man. III.iv.250.

fraught, freight. V.i.56.

gait, procedure. I.iv.14.

gailliard, a quick lively dance. I.iii.114.

gaskins, loose breeches fastened to the doublet by laces or points. I.v.22.

geck, dupe. V.i.332.

genius, spirit. III.iv.117.

gin, trap. II.v.76.

gratillity, gratuity. II.iii.25.

craves, demands, requires. III.i.56.
Greek, a roysterer. IV.i.16.
grise, step, degree. III.i.118.
grizzle, 'A grizzle on thy case,' a grey head on thy body. V.i.161.
haggard, young hawk. III.i.59.
hale, haul. III.ii.54.
haply, perhaps. IV.ii.47.
heat, thirst. I.v.119.
Hey Robin, an old song in the form of a dialogue. IV.ii.67.
hideous matter. . . when the courtesy of it is so fearful, i.e., some ugly matter . . . since your manner of introducing it is so hesitant. I.v.185.
hob-nob, 'hab, nab,' have or not have, hit or miss (Ger. *haben*). III.iv.217.
hull, float. I.v.182.
humour, 'humour of state,' dignity of his position. II.v.47.
icicle on a Dutchman's beard, possibly an allusion to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla in 1596 by Barents, the Dutch navigator. III.ii.23.
impeticos, to put in the petticoat or pocket. II.iii.25.
importance, importunity. V.i.352.
impressure, impression. II.v.85.
indifferent, tolerably. I.iii.127.
jade, carry away. II.v.147.
jets, struts. II.v.27.
jewel, probably a miniature in a diamond setting. III.iv.187.
Jezebel, a cruel, abandoned woman in the Bible whom Aguecheek confuses with some other villainous character. II.v.36.
joinder, joining. V.i.153.
kickshawses, kick-shaws, trifles; a corruption of F. *quelque chose*. I.iii.110.
lapsed, 'if I be lapsed in this place,' if I fall into their hands. III.iii.36.
lath, thin strip of wood. IV.ii.170.
leasing, lying, falsehood. I.v.87.
leman, paramour, lover. II.iii.24.
lethargy, drunken drowsiness. I.v.112.
limed, captured, entangled. III.iv.68.
list, boundary, limit. III.i.71.
liver, allusion to Sir Andrew's cowardliness; from this association of the liver and temper we have the modern expression 'white-livered.' III.ii.55.
Lucrece, Roman matron, subject of Shakespeare's poem *The Rape of Lucrece*. She stabbed herself after being dishonoured by the son of Tarquin, the tyrant king. II.v.85.
madonna (*It.*), My lady. I.v.61.
manakin, manikin, puppet. III.ii.47.
masks, masques, fancy-dress balls. I.iii.108.
maugre, in spite of. III.i.145.
melancholy god, Saturn, Roman deity identified with Chronos, the Greek god of time. II.iv.70.
Mercury, Roman counterpart of the Greek god Hermes, usually represented as a messenger; patron of eloquence, commerce, and other qualities including cunning and falsehood. I.v.87.
metal, 'my metal of India,' Allu-

sion to the proverbial riches of the Indies. II.v.12.

Mistress Mall, probably an imaginary person. Some commentators see an allusion to Mary Frith, nicknamed 'Moll Cutpurse,' a famous woman thief. I.iii.21.

mouse, term of endearment. I.v.56.

murmur, 'fresh in murmur,' newly being talked about. I.ii.32.

music from the spheres, Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, had a theory that the firmament consisted of eight spheres, each with its own note, which concerted into beautiful harmonies. This term became proverbial. III.i.104.

mute, dumb servant. I.ii.62.

nayword, by-word. II.iii.127.

new map, printed in 1600, the first English scientific map, charted by the Cambridge mathematician, Wright, and containing the East and West Indies. III.ii.69.

nuncio, (L. nuncius) representative. I.iv.27.

obstruction, difficulty. II.v.107.

occasion, 'till I had made mine own occasion mellow,' till I had achieved my object. I.ii.43.

olive, traditional symbol of peace. I.v.188.

O mistress mine, an old song published in 1599. Popular ballads were often introduced into theatrical pieces. II.iii.37.

opposite, contrary, antagonistic. II.v.133.

othergates, in another manner. V.i.188.

Pandarus, a person who figures as a pimp in the legend of Troilus and Cressida. III.i.47.

parish-top, a large whip-top formerly kept in parishes for the amusement of the people. I.iii.38.

passy-measures pavin, 'Passy-measures' is a corruption of the Italian *passamezzo*, denoting a stately and measured step in dancing. *Pavin*, (L. *Pavo*, a peacock), a grave and stately dance. In his drunken ire Sir Toby bungles the names of these two dances into one as an epithet. V.i.194.

Patience on a monument, Patience, an emblematic figure often seen on tombstones. II.iv.111.

Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, a legendary tribe of women warriors. II.iii.166.

Perdy (Fr.), par dieu, by God. IV.ii.70.

perpend, to consider. V.i.290.

pia mater (L.), membrane which covers the brain. I.v.103.

Pigrogromitus, Vapians, Queubus, the clown's inventions. II.iii.22.

pilchers, pilchards. III.i.31.

pipe, voice. I.iv.31.

'Please one and please all,' a ballad writen by Tarleton, Queen Elizabeth's jester. III.iv.23.

plight me etc., critics believe that this passage deals with a special form of Elizabethan marriage without church rites, 'contract of espousal.' It was witnessed, plighted by a ring and was regarded as legal and valid. Church sanction was necessary

only where questions of property were involved. IV.iii.26.

point-devise, with punctilious nicety, to the letter. II.v.145.

points, also means laces for fastening clothes, hence Maria's pun. I.v.20.

practice, experiment, plot, game, trick. V.i.341.

pranks, dresses. II.iv.83.

pregnant enemy, the Devil. II. ii.25.

private, privacy. III.iv.82.

proper-false, fair-looking deceit. II.ii.26.

propertied, made a property of. IV.ii.85.

purchase, 'after fourteen years' purchase,' after having paid a long time. IV.i.21.

Pythagoras, reference to Pythagoras' doctrine of transmigration of souls. IV.ii.45.

Quinapalus, one characteristic of a clown's art was to invent persons and to attribute his own witticisms to them. This philosopher was evidently one of these. I.v.31.

quirk, whim. III.iv.222.

renegado, renegade. III.ii.62.

Roman hand, allusion to the Italian style of handwriting fashionable in the reign of queen Elizabeth. III.iv.27.

round, plain spoken. II.iii.90.

rubious, ruby red. I.iv.31.

Rub your chain. In Elizabethan days stewards in private houses wore a gold or silver chain as a badge of office which was cleaned with bread crumbs; Sir Toby means. 'Go to the devil!' II.iii.113.

rudesby, rude fellow. IV.i.49.

Saint Bennet, St. Benedict. V.i.35.

semblative, resembling. I.iv.33.

set, stamp. II.ii.27.

set at eight i' th' morning, a play on words: *set at eight* is a pavin, a slow and stately dance; it means his eyes moved slowly like the movement of a pavin. *i.e.*, drunkenly, and possibly at eight o'clock in the morning. V.i.93.

sheriff's post, posts were set up at the doors of sheriffs and used for proclamations. I.v.134.

sheep-biter, malicious fellow. II. v.5.

shent, scolded. IV.ii.96.

silly sooth, simple truth. II.iv.44.

singularity, individuality. II.v. 135.

sink-a-pace, cinquepace, a five-step dance. I.iii.124.

skills not, does not signify, makes no difference. V.i.280.

'slight, contraction for 'God's light.' II.v.28.

slough, cast-off skin of a snake, *i.e.*, appearance. II.v.132.

small pipe, treble voice. I.iv.31.

sneck up, contemptuous expression equivalent to 'go and be hanged.' II.iii.89.

Sophy, Shah of Persia. II.v.161.

sot, dunce, blockhead. I.v.109.

Sowter, the name of a hound. II. v.112.

spleen, fit of laughter. III.ii.60.

squash, an unripe peascod. I.v. 143.

staniel, lesser kind of hawk, kestrel. II.v.104.

stir, excite. III.ii.52

stock, stocking. I.iii.128.

stone-bow, a cross bow for shooting stones. II.v.41.

stoup, a flagon. II.iii.13.

Strachy, 'The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.' Probably Shakespeare's transliteration of Stracci, here meaning rags and taken by Malvolio as the name of an Italian family; thus the lady Rags and Tatters married the officer of the wardrobe. II.v.34.

strange, reserved, coy. II.v.152.

strangeness, pretended ignorance. IV.i.13.

strown, strewn. II.iv.58.

subtractors, Sir Toby means 'detractors.' I.iii.31.

suited, clothed. V.i.227.

swabber, ship's drudge. I.v.182.

swarths, heaps. II.iii.140.

taffeta, *e.g.* 'changeable taffeta,' fine, smooth, iridescent silk worn by the Elizabethans. II.iv.71.

take a blow, strike. II.v.61.

tang, to ring out, allied to 'tingle,' 'twang.' II.v.134.

Tartar, Tartarus, a classical name for the infernal regions. II.v.184.

Taurus, 'born under Taurus;' according to astrology each of the twelve signs of the Zodiac ruled a part of the body and its appetites. I.iii.131.

testril, sixpence. II.iii.32.

three souls out of one weaver. Weavers were generally good singers, like the Lancashire cotton spinners. Many weavers in Elizabeth's time were Flemings who had fled from the religious persecution of the Duke of Alva and were great psalm-singers. II.iii.56.

tickling, 'with tickling', by playing the fly. II.v.19.

tilly-vally, nonsense!

time-pleaser, time server, one who complies with prevailing opinions. II.iii.139.

tongues, languages. I.iii.89.

tuck, rapier. III.iv.202.

tray-trip, a game at dice, which was won by throwing a trey *i.e.*, three. II.v.170.

trip, step. V.i.163.

triplex, triple time in music. V.i.34.

turn o'th'toe, spin round. I.iii.38.

unclaspt... the book, *i.e.*, opened, books being fastened with a metal clasp. I.iv.12.

unfoldeth to my hope... the like of him, my own escape leads me to hope that he may likewise escape. I.ii.19.

unhatcht, unhacked, unblunted. III.iv.213.

venom, 'my dear venom,' my dear spitfire, or crosspatch. III.ii.2.

vent, breathe, *i.e.*, tell. IV.i.14

Vice was a traditional character in the old 'Morality' plays. 'Vice' evolved into the 'fool' and the 'clown' of the Shakespearean plays. IV.ii.115.

voices, 'in voices well divulged,' well-spoken of. I.v.232.

voil-de-gamboys, viol da gamba, base-viol. I.iii.23.

wainropes, harness. III.ii.53.

watch, watches were introduced

into England from Germany in 1590. II.v.55.

water, urine; *i.e.*, for analysis III.iv.93.

waters, 'for all waters,' ready for anything. IV.ii.58.

weeds, garments. V.i.266.

We Three, tavern signs often bore the picture of two fools or two asses with the inscription 'We are three,' a tacit implication for the traveller to include himself. II. iii.16.

willow, symbol of unhappy love. I.v.240.

yare, prompt, ready. III.iv.202.

zanies, fool's fools. I.v.80.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

THIS comedy was first printed in 1602, in quarto under the title: '*A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the Merrie Wives of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humours, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. . . 1602.*'

In 1619 the comedy was republished unaltered. In the First Folio, published in 1623, it was third in the comedies. There were considerable additions to and corrections in the text and it was divided for the first time into acts and scenes but had no *dramatis personae*. This was added in the edition of 1709. The play was republished separately in 1630 word for word from the text of the First Folio. Commentators are divided as to how the first three editions relate to each other: some maintain that Shakespeare provided a rough version for the first edition, and then supplemented and edited it, others that the first edition was prepared without him, that is, by 'piracy' from the actors' script, stenographic notes taken during performances and so on. The latter viewpoint is considered the more probable.

This comedy is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (1598) and therefore must have appeared later. In the play itself there are passages which justify the conclusion that it was written soon after the historical plays, *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. Furthermore, in 1702, Dennis says in the foreword to his *Comical Gallant*, an adaptation from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that Shakespeare wrote his play at the insistent desire of Queen Elizabeth, and Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare* (1709) adds that she wanted to see Falstaff from *Henry IV* again, this time in an amorous role and that Shakespeare was given two weeks to finish the work. This gives us reason to believe the play was written between 1600 and 1601 and explains why the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, though the work of Shakespeare's maturity, conveys an impression of haste and unevenness. Most of the play is in prose and in places there is evidence of padding. As we see from the title a fair period necessarily elapsed between the first performances and the first edition of 1602.

Since it is impossible to trace it to one source, commentators instance a number of the most varied kind, such as Straparola's novello *Le tridici*

piacefoli Natti (Thirteen Pleasant Nights), as adapted in English by the dramatist Tarlton, the story from a rare volume entitled *'Westward for Smelts*, and mere popular anecdotes. Albeit, not one of these sources covers the entire plot. In spite of differences in subject matter this play may be considered a sort of supplement to *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. The link is the character of Falstaff who is shown in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, for the purposes of the comedy, as an altogether too gullible adventurer which is not in keeping with the character of the always resourceful scamp in the histories.

GLOSSARY

a', he. II.i.123.

accidence, the Latin grammar used in Act IV. Sc. i by Shakespeare, 'Lily's Accidence,' was introduced into all English schools in the reign of Henry VIII. IV.i.14

acquaintance, acquainted. I.ii.7.

Actaeon, huntsman who came unexpectedly upon the bathing Diana and her nymphs and was changed by the goddess into a deer and torn by his own hounds. II.i.106.

adversary, champion. II.iii.80.

Aesculapius, Roman god of medicine. II.iii.24.

affection, like. I.i.200.

aim, 'to cry aim,' to encourage, a term in archery. II.iii.75.

allicholy, melancholy. I.iv.138.

alligant, elegant. II.ii.63.

Amaimon, a fiend. II.ii.264.

angel, a coin stamped with the figure of an angel and worth about ten shillings. I.iii.48.

angels, money; 'I defy all angels,' I'm not to be bribed. II.ii.68.

anthropophaginian, cannibal. IV.v.8.

aqua-vitae, old name for brandy. II.ii.271.

armigero, for 'armiger,' armour-bearer to a knight, an esquire. One entitled to armorial bearings. In England the title 'esquire' formerly signified a certain social rank. Now it is a mere courtesy title in common use. I.i.7.

article of thy gentry, your present status. II.i.47.

avised, advised. I.i.144.

baille, bring. I.iv.80.

Barbason, a fiend. II.ii.265.

beholding, beholden. I.i.238.

belike, probably. III.i.48.

bilbo, a Spanish sword of high quality steel which could be subjected to excessive tension. III.v.96.

boarded, wooed. The analogy is from 'boarding' a ship in battle, overcoming resistance with hand to hand fighting, before capture was complete. II.i.79.

Bohemian-Tartar, a vagrant gypsy. IV.v.16.

book, a bible. I.iv.131.

breed-bate, quarrel-maker. I.iv.11.

bribe-buck, a stolen deer. V.v. 21.

buck, to wash and beat linen. III.iii.2.

buck-basket, a basket to take linen to be bucked. III.iii.2.

Bucklersbury in simple-time, Bucklersbury, a street in London where apothecaries and herbalists lived. III.iii.61.

canaries, a sprightly dance. Mistress Quickly's blunder for 'quandary.' II.ii.57.

canary, wine. III.ii.76.

careire, a short gallop at full speed. I.i.155.

cashiered, discarded; here it probably means relieved of his cash. I.i.154.

Cataian, native of Cathay, (China), here means a thief. II.i.128.

chairs of order, places reserved for knights of the Garter, an order founded by Edward III. V.v. 59.

cheater, escheator, a taker of forfeits. I.iii.60.

clapper-claw, to thrash. II.iii.55.

coach-fellow, couch-fellow, yoke-fellow. II.ii.7.

coat, coat of arms. I.i.13.

cog, dupe, cheat. III.iii.59.

cogscomb, coxcomb, a licensed fool wore on his head a piece of red cloth cut to represent a cock's comb. III.i.79.

colour, 'no colour for my extremity,' no justification of my drastic behaviour. IV.ii.140.

compremises, compromises. I.i.28.

content, contentment. IV.v.106.

cony-catching, fraudulent, deceitful. I.i.109.

coram, blunder for *quorum* (L.) of whom, *i.e.*, a bench of justices 'of whom' a certain minimum must be present. I.i.4.

Cotsall, small Gloucestershire town where dog races were held. I.i. 76.

council, allusion either to the king's privy council or the Star Chamber. I.i.29.

counsel, in private. I.i.104.

Counter-gate, the gates of the Counter, a name for London debtors' prisons. III.iii.66.

cowl-staff, the pole for carrying the buck-basket. III.iii.125.

coxcomb of frize, cut like a cock's comb. V.v.136.

curtal dog, a dock-tailed dog, therefore regarded with scorn as useless for hunting. II.i.98.

cust-alorum, corruption of *custos rotulorum* (L.), keeper of the rolls. I.i.5.

cut, 'come cut and long-tail,' when he succeeds to his inheritance. Slender jests on the word 'entail,' which means limited to conditions of inheritance, from French *en* (L. *in*) and *tailler* (*taillare*); also middle English *entailen*, to cut, from the Old French *entailler*, to carve, grave. III.iv.44.

Datchet-mead, a meadow between the north terrace of Windsor castle and the Thames. III.iii.12.

description, explain. I.i.189.

detest, here means 'I give witness to it.' I.iv.135.

discreetly, discretion. I.i.126.
draff, swill, dregs. IV.ii.94.
drumble, to be sluggish or clumsy. III.iii.126.
Edward shovel-boards, shillings of Edward VI's reign, a broad coin used in playing the game of shovel-board. I.i.134.
eke, also. II.iii.63.
eld, old people IV.iv.34.
engross'd, written. II.ii.177.
entertain, employ. I.iii.8.
Ephesian, a jolly bottle companion. IV.v.14.
Epicurean, Epicurus, Greek philosopher (III century B.C.) taught that the end in life is intellectual, moral and sensual enjoyment. In practice his teaching was vulgarised and came to be identified with sensual pleasure. II.ii.256.
erection, directions. III.v.35.
eryngoes, candied root of the sea-holly, formerly a sweetmeat and supposed aphrodisiac. V.v.18.
evitate, avoid. V.v.221.
expressure, image. V.v.65.
eyas-musket, the young sparrow-hawk. III.iii.18.
fair dog, dog of good appearance. I.i.82.
fallow, pale red, yellowish. I.i.75.
fap, drunk. I.i.154.
fartuous, virtuous. II.ii.90.
faul, fault. I.i.221.
fee-simple, 'in fee-simple,' in absolute possession. IV.ii.181.
fence, fencing. I.i.249.
fico (It.), fig; same as *figo* and *fig*; an insulting gesture consisting in thrusting the thumb between two of the closed fingers or into the mouth. I.iii.24.
fidelicet, videlicet, namely. I.i.120.
fights, 'up with your fights,' screens round a man-o-war to conceal the men on board. II.ii.125.
fine and recovery, positively; means of converting an entail into fee-simple; formerly the strongest assurance known to the English law. IV.ii.181.
foin, traverse, punto, stock, montant, terms in fencing. II.iii.20-22.
frampold, turbulent, quarrelsome. II.ii.84.
Galen, famous Greek physician. II.iii.24.
gall'd, wounded. III.iv.5.
gallimaufry, mixture. II.i.103.
geminy, Latin *gemini*, twins. II. ii.9.
German devils, allusion to Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. IV.v.59.
give, here means to show, to exhibit. I.i.12.
good-jer, 'what the good year!' what the devil! I.iv.110.
gotten, conceived. I.iii.18.
gourd, fullam, kinds of loaded dice. I.iii.75.
grate, prison bars. II.ii.8.
'Green sleeves,' a popular and frivolous old song. II.i.57.
groats in mill-sixpences, groats, or fourpenny pieces, were formerly the largest English coin. Sixpence was the first coin to be milled in England. Coining by the mill was introduced by queen Elizabeth about 1562. I.i.134.
grow to your liking, *i.e.*, if mat-

ters become pleasing to you. I. 1.64.

hack, to love promiscuously. II. i.47.

'Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel, line of a song from Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. III. iii.34.

have with you, I will come with you. II.i.138.

haviour, behaviour, conduct. I.iii. 68.

horn, Pistol alludes to the prospect of Ford's becoming a cuckold by this threat to his wife's fidelity; the horn is the cuckold's symbol. II.i.109.

horn-mad, very angry, as mad as a 'cuckold'. I.iv.45.

humour of bread and cheese, taste of bread and cheese. II.i.122.

infection, affection. II.ii.106.

Jack-a-Lent, a dummy dressed in rags and thrown at during Lent by small boys. III.iii.21.

Jove, Jupiter, Latin names for the Greek god, Zeus, who changed himself into a bull to love Europa and into a swan to love Leda. V.v.3.

kibe, chilblain on the heel. I.iii. 27.

kissing-comfits, tablets to sweeten the breath. V.v.18.

knog, knock. III.i.12.

knot, meeting (tie-up, tangle). III.ii.43.

labras, bad Latin for lips. I.i.141.

larded, mixed. IV.vi.14.

larron, thief. I.iv.63.

latten bilbo, a sword (bilbo, from Bilbao in Spain) made of a mixture of copper and tin (latten); hence Pistol means that Slender is a spurious fellow. I.i.140.

laughing-stogs, laughing stocks. III.i.78.

lime, to put lime into liquor. I. iii.12.

liver burning hot, the liver was supposed to be the seat of love. II.i.105.

long-tail (see *cut and long-tail*). III.iv.44.

luces, pike or jack fish. I.i.13.

lunes, lunacy, frenzy. IV.ii.17.

lurch, to sculk like a thief. II.ii. 23.

Machiavel, Italian author whose most known work, *The Prince*, which sets forth a code of duplicity and ruthlessness for princes, was written at the beginning of the XVI century. His name is synonymous with unscrupulous methods of gaining an end.. III.i.92.

ma fois, if fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la cours,—la grande affaire (Fr.), it is very hot. I am going to the court—the great affair. I.iv.46.

marry trap, 'be off with you! I.i. 145.

meed, reward. II.ii.184.

Mercury, god of commerce, represented as a messenger with winged feet. II.ii.74.

metheglins, a kind of mead made of honey and water. V.v.155.

mince, depart. V.i.8.

minim's rest, in the shortest time. I.iii.23.

motions, proposals. I.i.188, III.iv. 58.

mountain-foreigner, one from mountainous Wales. I.i.138.

mush, much. III.ii.56.

mynheers (Dutch), messieurs, gentlemen. II.i.191.

nay-word, password. II.ii.116.

nuthook, slang for a catchpole, a bailiff who catches thieves. I.i. 145.

œillades, amorous glances, a pun on eyelids. I.iii.51.

oui; mette le au mon pocket. Yes, put it in my pocket. I.iv.49.

orphan heirs, the children of mortals stolen by fairies, an old superstition. V.v.36.

ort, word. I.i.222.

ouphs, elves, goblins. V.i.55.

overtake, 'is able to overtake,' *i.e.*, becomes. I.i.47.

oyes, oyez, the opening cry of a herald. V.v.38.

Pandarus, archtype of pimp. I. iii.65.

passant, in heraldry the position of an animal walking. I.i.16.

pauca verba (L.), in a few words. I.i.105.

peaking cornuto, sneaking, snivelling, pitiful cuckold; *cornuto*, cuckold, from L. *cornu*, a horn, the cuckold's symbol. III.v.63.

Pelion, mountain in Thessaly on which the giants in their war with the gods piled another mountain, Ossa. II.i.71.

pensioners, members of the royal suite; many of them were very wealthy. II.ii.71.

perpend, consider carefully II.i. 103.

petter penny, 'better penny,' more money. I.i.51.

Pheezar, jocular invention to jingle with Keisar. I.iii.7.

phlegmatic, Mistress Quickly means 'choleric.' I.iv.69.

Pickthatch, a notorious quarter in Clerkenwell, London, formerly a haunt of thieves and prostitutes. II.ii.17.

pin, a feather, a trifle. I.i.99.

pipe-wine, wine from a cask; a pun on 'to pipe' music and pipe, a wine cask. III.ii.77.

pittie-ward, the park-ward, the city way, the park way. III.i.5.

positable, positively. I.i.208.

posset, a warm, curdled drink. I. iv.6.

pottle, a tankard, strictly a two-quart measure. II.i.186.

pribbles and prabbles, argument, brabbling, disputing. I.i.48.

primero, a card game. IV.v.86.

Prodigal, the New Testament parable of the prodigal son which was often illustrated on tapestries. IV.v.7.

properties, stage properties. IV.iv. 76.

punk, strumpet. II.ii.124.

py'r lady, 'by our lady,' an expletive. Sir Hugh Evans' speech is stylized; he pronounces *p* for *b*, *t* for *d*, *f* for *v* and omits *j* and *w* altogether. '*Sir*' was a courtesy title for parsons and is a rendering of the Latin *dominus*, academic title of bachelor of arts. I.i.23.

Qu'ai-j'oublié? What have I forgotten? I.iv.57.

quarter, arrange an escutcheon into four more or less equal parts. I.i.19.

rank on foot, at their height. IV. vi.22.

red-lattice, lattice windows painted red were common to ale-houses; 'red-lattice phrases' means ale-house language. II.ii.24.

reins, loins. III.v.20.

'retort the sum in equipage.' In some editions this line is emended or omitted. It means 'I will return the sum in kind,' *i.e.* in stolen things. *Retort* is to return a thing converted. II.ii.4.

Ringwood, name of a hound. II. i.106.

ronyon, a mangy, scabby wretch. IV.ii.159.

rushling, rustling. II.ii.62.

rut-time, breeding-time. V.i.13.

Sackerson, name of a bear on show in the Paris Garden near the Globe theatre. I.i.257.

scaped, escaped. II.i.1.

Scarlet and John, Falstaff facetiously personifies himself as Robin Hood in alluding to Bardolph and Nym as Will Scarlet and Little John, the famous companions of the celebrated outlaw. I.i.150.

scall, scald, a scab on the skin. III.i.107.

scut, tail of a deer. V.v.16.

sea-coal fire, coal so called because it was brought by sea. I.iv.7.

seese, cheese. I.ii.11.

set quick, buried alive. III.iv.81.

shaft, 'I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't,' I'll aim an arrow or a bolt at it, *i.e.*, I'll make an attempt. III.iv.24.

shent, scolded, rebuked. I.iv.33.

ship-tire, a high headdress with streamers. III.iii.46.

simples, herbs and flowers. III.iii. 61.

sith, since, as. II.ii.170.

Slice . . . slice! conjectured to mean 'Silence . . . silence!' From the Old French, *esclice*, a splinter, 'slice' here possibly means 'mere nothing.' I.i.116.

'slid, an oath, by God's lid. III. iv.24.

softly-sprighted, mild spirited. I. iv.21.

soon at night, immediately it is night. II.ii.255.

sot, dolt, fool. III.i.103.

speciously, Mistress Quickly's blunder for 'especially.' IV.v. 96.

speed, succeed. II.ii.239.

sprag, Sir Hugh's pronunciation of 'sprack,' nimble, alert. IV.i.73.

stamps in gold, stamped gold coin. III.iv.16.

standing-bed and truckle-bed, it was customary to push a low, *truckle-bed* under a bigger bed. IV. v.6.

Star-Chamber, Supreme court founded in England not long before Shakespeare's time. In the reign of Charles I it acquired extraordinary power. There was no appeal against its decisions. It was named from the golden stars with which the ceiling was decorated. The irony of Justice Shallow's phrase is that he should consider his petty squabbles with

Falstaff worth a finding from so high a court. I.i.1.

stay, wait. I.i.262.

stoccado, a pass in fencing. II.i. 195.

tall, capable. I.iv.22.

tester, sixpence. I.iii.77.

throng, thong. II.ii.17.

thrumm'd hat, a hat made of the tufts or thrums of the coarsest cloth. IV.ii.67.

tire valiant, gaudy headdress. III. iii.47.

toys, light songs. I.iv.39.

tricking, fancy apparel. IV.iv.77.

trot, troth, *i.e.*, truth, faith. I. iv.57.

trow, wonder. I.iv.119.

tun, a very large barrel. II.i.58.

twenty, 'good even and twenty,' *i.e.*, twenty times good; used as emphasis. II.i.172.

udge, judge. I.i.161.

uncape, uncloak, or an allusion to exposing his wife and Falstaff. III.iii.141.

urinals, glass vessels containing urine for analysis. III.i.12.

vagram, vagrant. III.i.23.

veney, or venew, a fencing bout, a hit. I.i.249.

vizaments, corruption of advizement. I.i.33.

vizards, visors, masks. IV.iv.68.

vlouting-stog, flouting-stock, *i.e.*, pillory. III.i.105.

wag, go away. I.iii.5.

wag, to go one's way. II.i.199.

warrener, gamekeeper, keeper of a warren. I.iv.23.

whitsters, whiteners, bleachers. III.iii.11.

wight, creature. I.iii.17.

wild prince and Pointz, the son of Henry IV and his friend Poins. III.ii.63.

wittoll, a wife-ridden man. *Wittol* is from *witwal*, or *woodwale*, a woodpecker; the allusions made to the *witwal* have produced the word, similarly as the endless allusions to the cuckoo produced the word *cuckold*. II.ii.243.

worts, plants; Falstaff's play on the parson's mispronunciation of 'words.' I.i.106.

Yead, an abbreviation of Edward. I.i.135.

yellowness, jealousy. I.iv.91.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THIS PLAY was first printed in Shakespeare's collected works in the First Folio in 1623. It was number twelve in the comedies and was divided into acts but not scenes and had no *dramatis personæ*. The text of the First Folio was later corrected in many places, but the ambiguities, the many obscure passages, gave rise to a number of contradictory readings.

In Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (1598), listed among the other Shakespearean pieces next to *'Love's Labour's Lost,'* was a play called *'Love's Labour's Wonne.'* There is no play extant, however, under this title. A comparison of these two titles and of *All's Well that Ends Well* with *Love's Labour's Lost* led critics to the conclusion that the unknown play in Meres' list was *All's Well that Ends Well* under another name. Alternative or sub-titles were frequent at that time (*cf. Twelfth Night*). Some commentators maintained that the text had not been changed; others held that it had been thoroughly revised. This latter opinion is apparently nearer the truth inasmuch as the verse and style of *All's Well that Ends Well* is very different from the work of Shakespeare's youthful period when *Love's Labour's Lost* was written. The date of composition is regarded as not established, but the language and stage craft point to 1602-03 as a probable date.

Towards the end of the XIV century appeared Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The ninth novel of the Third Day of the *Decameron* narrates the story of Giletta de Narbon, daughter of a celebrated but plebeian physician, who won the hand and then the love of a great noble, Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione. In 1567 this story was retold by the Englishman, William Painter, in *The Palace of Pleasure*, a collection of novels. From him Shakespeare borrowed the outline of the plot and a number of details. But Shakespeare gave the novel dramatic structure and made the characters more lifelike. Giletta, the humble wife, became Helena, a woman with a deep understanding of the man she loved and the countess, Lafeu, the Clown and Parolles, a type of Falstaff, were added.

about, 'go not about,' don't beat about the bush. I.iii.170.

abstract of success, successful summary proceeding. IV.iii.80.

act, action. I.ii.31.

admiration, that which excites admiration. II.i.88.

amendment, cure. I.i.11.

ames-ace, two aces, the lowest possible throw at dice. II.iii.76.

ample, well. III.v.40.

appeacht, impeached, accused. I. iii.173.

anatomized, laid open, exposed. IV.iii.30.

applications, attempts at healing. I.ii.75.

apprehensive, eagerly imaginative and capricious. I.ii.61.

approof, 'so in approof lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech,' your royal speech confirms his epitaph more than anything else. I.ii.51.

araise, raise from the dead. II.i. 76.

armipotent, omnipotent. IV.iii. 214.

astringer, a keeper of goshawks (falconry). V.i. (*dram.per.*)

avails, advantage. III.i.22.

Bajazet's mule, refers to a Turkish sultan named Bajazet or Bajesid. 'Mute' suggested for 'mule' makes this passage clear: Parolles tells himself that he must give his garrulous tongue to a butterwoman and put in its place the tongue of Bajazet's mute, a dumb or tongueless eunuch serving the sultan. IV.i.38.

baring, shaving. IV.i.45.

barns, barnes, bairns, children. I. iii.22.

bate, abate. II.iii.212.

bay curtal, 'I'ld give bay curtal and his furniture . . . my mouth . . . writ as little beard,' I'd give my dock-tailed bay horse and harness to have my teeth and be as slight-bearded as these young men.' *Write*, means to describe. II.iii.57.

bear, send. II.i.128.

bend, return. III.ii.51.

boggle, 'you boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you,' you prevaricate at every circumstance. V. iii.230.

braid, deceitful. IV.ii.73.

braving, defiant. I.ii.3.

breathe, take exercise. II.iii.245.

breathing, exercise, action. I.ii.18.

brokes, uses as his agent. III.v. 68.

brooch and the tooth-pick, possibly a brooch with a very large pin, peg or *broche* (from which the name is derived) and analogous to a toothpick. I.i.145.

bunting, a bird which resembles a lark but has little or no song. II.v.5.

buttock, 'pin-buttock, quatch-buttock, brawn-buttock,' thin, flat, fleshy buttocks. II.ii.14.

canon, a rule. I.i.135.

cap, 'in the cap of the time,' literally, they are the ornaments of the time, they decide the fashion, they move under the influence of

the favorite (minister) of the ruler. II.i.52.

capable of, able to receive. I.i.193.

capriccio, caprice, whim. II.iii. 281.

captious and intenible sieve. 'Captious' is variously interpreted as recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it, as 'cap'-cious' or 'capcious,' and as derived from the Latin, *captiosus*, deceitful or fallacious. The context favours the reading that Helena wilfully deceives herself with what is *intenible* (untenable) and will not hold. I.iii. 184.

carbonadoed, cut across, like meat for broiling. IV.v.90.

cardecu, 'quart d'ecu,' quarter of a French crown, about fifteen pence; the spelling represents the English colloquial pronunciation. IV.iii.253.

case, skin. III.vi.89.

cassocks, outer coats. IV.iii.155.

cease, die. V.iii.162.

cesse, cease. V.iii.72.

Charbon . . . Poysam, 'Charbon' possibly for *chair bonne*, good flesh, expressing the puritan's contempt of fast-days. 'Poysam,' for *poisson*, fish, typifying the papist's strict observance of fast-days (*c.f.* the old French proverb *Jeune chair et viel poisson*, young flesh and old fish are the best.) I.iii.45.

chough's . language, meaningless chatter. IV.i.18.

christendoms, 'fond, adoptious christendoms that blinking Cupid gossips,' fond pet names which lovers will give; *gossip*, in its original sense, to sponsor at a christening. I.i.161.

clew, a ball of thread. I.iii.164.

clog, hindrance. II.v.50.

close-stool, closet, privy. V.ii.14.

coil, 'kept a coil,' put off, held in abeyance. II.i.27.

collateral, indirect. I.i.82.

coming on, 'in coming on he has the cramp,' in an advance he malingers and pretends to have cramp. IV.iii.263.

common customer, harlot. V.iii. 280.

company, companion. IV.iii.30.

con, express. IV.iii.139.

congied, taken leave of. IV.iii. 80.

coragio (Ital.), courage. II.v.89.

count, on account of, because of. IV.iii.208.

cox my passion, God's my passion, V.ii.35.

cozen, cheat, deceive. IV.ii.76.

Cressid's uncle, Pandarus, a character in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. 'Pandarus' became an appellation for a pimp. II.i. 97.

curious, careful, with nicety. I.ii. 21.

curiously, carefully, artfully. IV. iii.31.

custard, 'leap into the custard,' reference to a practice at London City banquets; a custard was prepared in a large bowl for the City fool to leap into. II.v.35.

darkly, secretly. IV.iii.10.

deal of that too much which holds him much to have, a deal of vanity which makes him fancy he

has many good qualities. III.ii. 86.

debile, weak. II.iii.32.

debosht, debauched, perverted. II. iii.136, V.iii.204.

derive me, draw to me. V.iii.259.

desperate, desperation. II.i.184.

diet, prescribe a regimen, *i.e.*, deny me the full rights of wife. V. iii.219.

dieted, engaged to his arrangement the hour of which has been fixed. IV.iii.28.

dole, gift. II.iii.167.

drum, 'lose our drum'; drums were decorated with the battalion colours; to lose the drum was tantamount to losing the flag. III.v.84.

ears, seeds. I.iii.38.

embost, hemmed in like game in a wood. III.vi.86.

embowell'd of their doctrine, exhausted of their learning. I.iii. 224.

empire, here means 'a king.' III. ii.30.

English name, the Black Prince, Edward prince of Wales, son of Edward III, possibly so-called because he wore black armour or because of the terror of his arms. IV.v.33.

engrossest, wholly occupied with. III.ii.61.

entertainment, employment. IV.i. 14.

estimation home, her value thoroughly. V.iii.4.

even, act up to. I.iii.2.

fadom, fathom, originally the space reached by the extended arms, about a yard. IV.i.53.

fascinerious, facinorous, wicked. II.iii.28.

favour, face. I.i.90.

fee, charge. II.i.60.

fine's the crown, 'finis coronat opus' (L.), the end crowns the work. IV.iv.35.

fond done, done fond, fondly done, done foolishly. I.iii.63.

forehorse to a smock, as a ladies' squire. II.i.30.

fore-past proofs, 'my fore-past proofs . . . shall tax my fears of little vanity having vainly fear'd too little,' *i.e.*, the proof I have already had will show that my fears were not unreasonable but that I, unreasonably, had too little fear. V.iii.121-123.

French crown, a symptom of syphilis. II.ii.19.

French earl, Count Bertram. III. v.10.

fry, small fish. IV.iii.200.

Galen, one of the Greek founders of medical science who lived in the 2nd century B.C. II.iii.11.

garter up thy arms, an allusion to puffed sleeves then in fashion. II.iii.239.

gossips, stands gossip, *i.e.*, sponsor for. I.i.161.

go to the world, to be married. I.iii.15.

grafted, this term is an echo from a collect in the English church liturgy: 'Grant that the words . . . heard with our outward ears . . . be so *grafted* inwardly in our hearts that. . . .' I. ii.55.

groat, a small coin worth fourpence; ten groats was an attor-

ney's charge. II.ii.18.

grossly, plainly. I.iii.166.

grow to, incline to. II.i.36.

head, source, spring. I.iii.154.

helm, helmet. III.iii.7.

Hesperus, the evening star, the planet Venus. II.i.164.

hic jacet (L.), here lies; a common inscription on tombstones. III.vi.53.

higher, further up (into Italy). II.i.12.

hilding, a base wretch. III.vi.3.

his, its. I.i.133.

holy reasons, 'holy' is equivalent to the old English 'hool,' meaning whole. Here the clown says he has 'whole' reasons, *i.e.*, good reasons in the sense that they are not poor reasons. I.iii.27.

honesty, honour. I.i.18.

honesty, chastity. III.v.12.

host, to stay as a guest. III.v.89.

ill to friend, against you, unfriendly. V.iii.180.

importing, full of import. V.iii. 136.

in, 'to in', to take in. I.iii.39.

incertain, uncertain. III.i.15.

intent, intentions. III.iv.21.

Isbels, waiting women generally. III.ii.13.

Jack-an-apes, jackanapes, Jack on apes, *i.e.*, Jack of apes, Jack meaning a saucy fellow, as in '*Jakke* fool' (Chaucer). Jack, a pet name for John (Latin, *Iohannes*, Hebrew, *Yehokhanan*, *Yokhanan*, literally, 'god is gracious'), is confused with 'Jacques,' a common name in France. 'Jaques' is from Latin, *Iacobus*, Heb. *Ya'agob*, Jacob, literally 'one who seizes by the heel.' The name Jack was extended to denote various implements, a smoke-jack, a boot-jack; so also Jack-o'-lent, Jack-o'-lantern, Jack-pudding. III.v.82.

John Drum's entertainment, from a current saying, 'Tom Drum his entertainment, which is to hale a man in by the head and thrust him out by both the shoulders.' III.vi.33.

jowl, to knock. I.iii.48.

judgements are mere fathers to their garments, their minds are wholly engaged in inventing new costumes and fashions. I.ii.63.

judges have been babes, refers to words in St. Matthew (IX,25): 'thou hast hid these things from the wise and . . . revealed them unto babes.'. II.i.139.

just, just so. II.iii.19.

justified, proved, attested. IV.iii. 50.

kicky-wicky, contemptuous term for wife. II.iii.268.

labours, 'taken labours,' allusion to the twelve labours of Hercules which he had to perform at the instigation of Juno who sought his destruction. III.iv. 12.

lated, 'those lated' has been variously interpreted, 'bated,' 'bastards,' being proposed, *bated* meaning 'excepted' or 'beaten down.' The word *late* originally meant slow, slothful and as an adjective with this sense suits the text in that 'those *lated* ones who thereby lost their military fame

and inherited *etc.* . . .' II.i.13.

led the drum before the English tragedians, has been a stage drummer. IV.iii.242.

leg, 'make a leg,' to bow. II.ii.8.

lend it you, i.e., 'give you love.' I.ii.69.

lie, stay. III.v.28.

limed, trapped. III.v.22.

ling, a fish eaten in Lent; here, in the sense of meagre food. III.ii.12.

linsey-woolsey, fabric of wool and linen; here a mixture of words. IV.i.10.

list, limit. II.i.50.

livelihood, liveliness, animation. I. i.44.

'longing, belonging. IV.ii.42.

lustig, Dutch word cognate with the German; a joyous exclamation. Owing to the considerable trade with Holland the English had a number of corrupted Dutch words in their everyday vocabulary. II.iii.39.

madding, intensifying. V.iii.211.

magnanimous, great minded. III. vi.56.

Maudlin, colloquial form of Magdalen. V.iii.68.

mell, meddle. IV.iii.207.

Mile-end, eastern district of London where the citizens were mustered and drilled. IV.iii.245.

militarist, military expert, strategist. IV.iii.129.

misdoubt, mistrust. I.iii.107.

misprision, contempt. II.iii.150.

misprising, despising. III.ii.29.

module, pattern, model. IV.iii.91.

monumental ring, a family ring, an heirloom. IV.iii.16.

morris, a dance of Moorish origin performed in May-day processions. II.ii.21.

Mort du vinaigre, a meaningless oath. II.iii.42.

mortal, deadly. III.vi.65.

naughty, naught-like, worthless. V.iii.249.

Nebuchadnezzar, properly, Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon and warlord who was turned into the fields to live like an ox. IV.v.18.

necessitied to help, in need of help. V.iii.85.

Nessus, a centaur (half man, half horse), foster parent of Hercules, who attempted the honour of Deianira, Hercules' wife. IV.iii. 228.

next, nearest. I.iii.51.

of, on. III.v.95.

owes, owns. II.i.9.

ordinaries, cheap meals at a tavern. II.iii.196.

pace, a limited and prescribed walk. IV.v.58.

palmers, pilgrims. III.v.32.

Paracelsus, (XVI century) was famous in the Renaissance as a philosopher, alchemist and physician. II.iii.11.

passage, what has passed. I.i.17.

Pepin, king of the Franks and his son Charlemain lived in the VIII century. Their names are associated with a number of legends. II.i. 75.

phisnomy, phisiognomy. IV.iv.33.

phœnix, legendary bird which was supposed to set fire to its nest and to be reborn from its own ashes. Here it means a paragon,

something as 'rare as a phœnix,' a *beau ideal.* I.i.154.

pilot's glass, hour-glass. II.i.165.

plausive, pleasing. I.ii.54.

plausive, plausible. IV.i.24.

Plutus, god of wealth. V.iii.101.

poll, head. IV.iii.153.

port, city gates; the 'Saint Francis,' hostel under the sign of St. Francis. III.v.33.

present, immediate. II.ii.55.

property, that which is proper to. II.i.187.

punk, strumpet. II.ii.19.

questant, one who seeks. II.i.16.

rate, price. V.iii.215.

ravin, ravenous. III.ii.114.

reave, rob. V.iii.86.

rebellion, 'God delay our rebellion,' *i.e.,* 'God keep us from sin.' IV.iii.18.

removes, post-stages. V.iii.131.

repairs, restores, refreshes. I.ii.31.

rest, 'set up your rest 'gainst,' *i.e.* are resolved against. II.i.135.

ring-carrier, go-between, pandar. III.v.87.

rush, a ring of plaited rush used in village courtship. II.ii.19

ruttish, lustful. IV.iii.194.

saffron, 'villanous saffron . . . unbaked and doughy youth,' allusion to saffron as a dye for clothes and foodstuffs. IV.v.2.

sallet, a green herb. IV.v.13.

scarr, 'I see that men make ropes in such a scarr that, etc.' A very difficult passage which has been many times emended by editors of Shakespeare and is still undecided. The accepted general sense now seems to be, 'I see that men may reduce us to such a *fright* that we'll forsake ourselves.' We question the psychology of this. Diana is pretending to yield and asks for the ring; she would be influenced by the same emotions, although now moderated, as before Helena came on the scene, and would act them to Bertram. Therefore, we propose this reading: 'I see that men endeavour to constrain us in such a snare (*i.e.* involve us in such a *nervous tangle* of our own emotions of desire, sympathy, ambition) that we'll surrender ourselves.' IV.ii.38.

self-unable, impotent of one's own self. III.i.13.

Senoys, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena in Tuscany. I.ii.1.

shrieve's fool, the sheriff's fool (a female). IV.iii.170.

sinister, left. II.i.42.

sithence, since. I.iii.102.

smack, taste. II.iii.216.

smoke, scent. IV.i.25.

smoked, smelt out, scented. III.vi.89.

snipt-taffeta fellow, a man dressed in silks and ribbons. IV.v.1.

snuff, object of contempt. I.ii.60.

sovereignty, sovereign remedies in various illnesses. I.iii.207.

space, time and opportunity. IV.i 84.

spacious, unrestrained. II.i.49.

spark, fashionable young man. II.i.25.

staggers, unruly conduct. II.iii.161.

stall, to stable, keep close, conceal. I.iii.107.

stead, help. V.iii.87.

steads, avails, helps. III.vii.41.

still piecing, still closing, always coming together and being whole. III.ii.107.

strife, striving. Epi.4.

succeeding, 'bloody succeeding,' a bloody outcome. II.iii.188.

succession, 'dissuade succession,' stop others from doing the same. III.v.21.

table, tablet. I.i.89.

taffeta punk, a prostitute. II.ii.19.

taken, undertaken. III.iv.12.

taxt, reproved. I.i.61.

taxt, affected with. V.iii.204.

tears, 'These great tears grace his remembrance more than those I shed for him,' her tears were for Bertram's departure, tears which the countess and Lafeu thought were for her father and which, therefore, favoured her father's memory. I.i.74.

theoric, theory. IV.iii.130.

thither, to the shrine of Saint Jaques le Grand. III.iv.4.

tile, 'next tile that falls', allusion to three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them would die first. The loser affected to laugh at fate when—so runs the old tale—a tile suddenly fell and killed her. IV.iii. 173.

tinct and multiplying medicine, mysterious substances, sought by medieval alchemists, which would transmute base metals into gold and cure all diseases. V. iii.102.

took, taken. II.i.147.

top, head. I.ii.44.

touch, tone. I.iii.101.

triple, third. II.i.108.

tucket, a flourish on the trumpet. III.v.7.

twigs, 'look my twigs,' see to the details of my snare; allusion to bird-catching with birdlimed twigs. III.vi.92.

unseason'd, inexperienced. I.i.64.

unthankfulness, demerit. I.i.195.

tithe-woman, tenth woman, a play upon words; 'tithe' means a tenth part, *i.e.*, of the harvest, charged as a special church tax on land and received by the vicar of the parish. I.iii.74.

toll, pay a market tax on the transaction. V.iii.150.

vent, tale-telling, narrative. II.iii. 197.

verbal brief, in a few words. V. iii.137.

Violenta, evidently a supernumerary as she neither speaks nor is mentioned by the actors throughout the play. (*Dram. per.*).

ward, according to custom the king of England was the nominal guardian of orphaned nobles. I.i.5.

well-enter'd, well initiated. II.i.6.

wing, 'of a good wing,' strong in flight (falconry). I.i.190.

write, call myself, claim to be. II. iii.193.

write 'I write good creature,' I should think she is a good creature, III.v.63.

Y'are shallow, 'you judge superficially.' I.iii.37.

ERRATA

				Reads	*Should read*
Page 220	Sc. i,	line No.	26	pauches	paunches
" 362	Sc. i,	" "	177	by the stones	be thy stones
" 490	Sc. ii,	" "	100	swetest	sweetest
" 519	Sc. i,	" "	17	they head	thy head
" 523	Sc. ii,	" "	101	not doth not	nor doth not