A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM 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 . 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 . 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 . 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 . Happy be Theseus , our renowned duke ! Thanks , good Egeus : what's the news with thee ? 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 man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child : Thou , thou , Lysander , thou hast given her rimes , And interchang'd love-tokens with my child ; Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung , With feigning voice , verses of feigning love ; And stol'n the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair , rings , gawds , conceits , Knacks , trifles , nosegays , sweetmeats , messengers Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth ; With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ; Turn'd her obedience , which is due to me , To stubborn harshness . And , my gracious duke , Be it so she will not here before your Grace Consent to marry with Demetrius , I beg the ancient privilege of Athens , As she is mine , I may dispose of her ; Which shall be either to this gentleman , Or to her death , according to our law Immediately provided in that case . What say you , Hermia ? be advis'd , fair maid . To you , your father should be as a god ; One that compos'd your beauties , yea , and one To whom you are but as a form in wax By him imprinted , and within his power To leave the figure or disfigure it . Demetrius is a worthy gentleman . So is Lysander . In himself he is ; But , in this kind , wanting your father's voice , The other must be held the worthier . I would my father look'd but with my eyes . Rather your eyes must with his judgment look . 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 . 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 , Whe'r , 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 . 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 . 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 . Relent , sweet Hermia ; and , Lysander , yield Thy crazed title to my certain right . You have her father's love , Demetrius ; Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him . 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 . I am , my lord , as well deriv'd as he , As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ; My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd If not with vantage , as Demetrius' ; And , which is more than all these boasts can be , I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia . Why should not I then prosecute my right ? Demetrius , I'll avouch it to his head , Made love to Nedar's daughter , Helena , And won her soul ; and she , sweet lady , dotes , Devoutly dotes , dotes in idolatry , Upon this spotted and inconstant man . 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 . With duty and desire we follow you . How now , my love ! Why is your cheek so pale ? How chance the roses there do fade so fast ? Belike for want of rain , which I could well Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes . Ay me ! for aught that ever I could read , Could ever hear by tale or history , The course of true love never did run smooth ; But , either it was different in blood , O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low . Or else misgraffed in respect of years , O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young . Or else it stood upon the choice of friends , O hell ! to choose love by another's eye . 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 . If then true lovers have been ever cross'd , It stands as an edict in destiny : Then let us teach our trial patience , Because it is a customary cross , As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs , Wishes and tears , poor fancy's followers . 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 lov'st me then , Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night , And in the wood , a league without the town , Where I did meet thee once with Helena , To do observance to a morn of May , There will I stay for thee . 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 . Keep promise , love . Look , here comes Helena . God speed fair Helena ! Whither away ? 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 ear should catch your voice , my eye your eye , My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody . Were the world mine , Demetrius being bated , The rest I'd give to be to you translated . O ! teach me how you look , and with what art You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart . I frown upon him , yet he loves me still . O ! that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill . I give him curses , yet he gives me love . O ! that my prayers could such affection move . The more I hate , the more he follows me . The more I love , the more he hateth me . His folly , Helena , is no fault of mine . None , but your beauty : would that fault were mine ! 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 . Helen , to you our minds we will unfold . To-morrow night , when Ph be doth behold Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass , Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass , A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal , Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal . 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 . I will , my Hermia . Helena , adieu : As you on him , Demetrius dote on you ! 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 judgment taste ; Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste : And therefore is Love said to be a child , Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd . As waggish boys in game themselves forswear , So the boy Love is perjur'd every where ; For ere Demetrius look'd 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 dissolv'd , 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 . Is all our company here ? You were best to call them generally , man by man , according to the scrip . 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 . First , good Peter Quince , say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors , and so grow to a point . Marry , our play is , The most lamentable comedy , and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby . 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 . Answer as I call you . Nick Bottom , the weaver . Ready . Name what part I am for , and proceed . You , Nick Bottom , are set down for Pyramus . What is Pyramus ? a lover , or a tyrant ? A lover , that kills himself most gallantly for love . 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 . Francis Flute , the bellows-mender . Here , Peter Quince . You must take Thisby on you . What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ? It is the lady that Pyramus must love . Nay , faith , let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming . That's all one : you shall play it in a mask , and you may speak as small as you will . 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 !' No , no ; you must play Pyramus ; and Flute , you Thisby . Well , proceed . Robin Starveling , the tailor . Here , Peter Quince . Robin Starveling , you must play Thisby's mother . Tom Snout , the tinker . Here , Peter Quince . You , Pyramus's father ; myself , Thisby's father ; Snug , the joiner , you the lion's part : and , I hope , here is a play fitted . Have you the lion's part written ? pray you , if it be , give it me , for I am slow of study . You may do it extempore , for it is nothing but roaring . 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 .' 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 . That would hang us , every mother's son . I grant you , friends , if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits , they would have no more discretion but to hang us ; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale . 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 . Well , I will undertake it . What beard were I best to play it in ? Why , what you will . 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 . Some of your French crowns have no hair at all , and then you will play bare-faced . But masters , here are your parts ; and I am to entreat you , request you , and desire you , to con them by to-morrow night , and meet me in the palace wood , a mile without the town , by moonlight : there will we rehearse ; for if we meet in the city , we shall be dogged with company , and our devices known . In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties , such as our play wants . I pray you , fail me not . We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously . Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu . At the duke's oak we meet . Enough ; hold , or cut bow-strings . How now , spirit ! whither wander you ? Over hill , over dale , Thorough bush , thorough brier , Over park , over pale , Thorough flood , thorough fire , I do wander every where , Swifter than the moone'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 their freckles live their savours : I must go seek some dew-drops 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 . 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 . 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 you not he ? Fairy , 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 . And here my mistress . Would that he were gone ! Ill met by moonlight , proud Titania . What ! jealous Oberon . Fairies , skip hence : I have forsworn his bed and company . Tarry , rash wanton ! am not I thy lord ? 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 Phillida . Why art thou here , Come from the furthest steppe 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 . 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 Perigouna , whom he ravished ? And make him with fair gle break his faith , With Ariadne , and Antiopa ? 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 , Have 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 here : No night is now with hymn or carol blest : Therefore the moon , the governess of floods , Pale in her anger , washes all the air , That rheumatic 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' thin 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 evil comes From our debate , from our dissension : We are their parents and original . 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 . Set your heart at rest ; The fairy land buys not the child of me . His mother was a votaress of my order : And , in the spiced Indian air , by night , Full often hath she gossip'd by my side , And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands , Marking the embarked traders on the flood ; When we have laugh'd 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 I do rear up her boy , And for her sake I will not part with him . How long within this wood intend you stay ? Perchance , till after Theseus' weddingday . 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 . Give me that boy , and I will go with thee . Not for thy fairy kingdom . Fairies , away ! We shall chide downright , if I longer stay . 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 . I remember . 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 loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow , As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ; But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon , And the imperial votaress passed on , In maiden meditation , fancy-free . Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell : It fell upon a little western flower , Before milk-white , now purple with love's wound , And maidens call it , Love-in-idleness . Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once : The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid Will make or man or woman madly dote Upon the next live creature that it sees . Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again Ere the leviathan can swim a league . I'll put a girdle round about the earth In forty minutes . 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 . 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 into this wood ; And here am I , and wood within this wood , Because I cannot meet my Hermia . Hence ! get thee gone , and follow me no more . 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 . 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 ? 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 ? Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit , For I am sick when I do look on you . And I am sick when I look not on you . 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 . 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 ? I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes , And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts . The wildest hath not such a heart as you . Run when you will , the story shall be chang'd ; Apollo flies , and Daphne holds the chase ; The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger : bootless speed , When cowardice pursues and valour flies . 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 . 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 . Fare thee well , nymph : ere he do leave this grove , Thou shalt fly him , and he shall seek thy love . Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome , wanderer . Ay , there it is . I pray thee , give it me . I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows , Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine , With sweet musk-roses , and with eglantine : There sleeps Titania some time of the night , Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ; And there the snake throws her 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 . Fear not , my lord , your servant shall do so . Come , now a roundel and a fairy song ; Then , for the third 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 . The Fairies sing . I . You spotted snakes with double tongue , Thorny hedge-hogs , be not seen ; Newts , and blind-worms , do no wrong ; Come not near our fairy queen . 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 . II . Weaving spiders come not here ; Hence , you long-legg'd spinners , hence ! Beetles black , approach not near ; Worm nor snail , do no offence . Philomel , with melody , &c . Hence , away ! now all is well . One aloof stand sentinel . What thou seest when thou dost wake , 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 wak'st , it is thy dear . Wake when some vile thing is near . 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 . Be it so , Lysander : find you out a bed , For I upon this bank will rest my head . One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ; One heart , one bed , two bosoms , and one troth . Nay , good Lysander ; for my sake , my dear , Lie further off yet , do not lie so near . 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 . 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 ! 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 ! With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd ! 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 All the power this charm doth owe . When thou wak'st , let love forbid Sleep his seat on thy eyelid : So awake when I am gone ; For I must now to Oberon . Stay , though thou kill me , sweet Demetrius . I charge thee , hence , and do not haunt me thus . O ! wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so . Stay , on thy peril : I alone will go . 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 wash'd than hers . No , no , I am as ugly as a bear ; For beasts that meet me run away for fear ; Therefore no marvel though Demetrius Do , as a monster , fly my presence thus . What wicked and dissembling glass of mine Made me compare with Hermia's sphery 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 . 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 . 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 . 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 . 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 refus'd , Should of another therefore be abus'd . 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 . 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 ! remov'd ?Lysander ! lord ! What ! out of hearing ? gone ? no sound , no word ? Alack ! where are you ? speak , an if you hear ; Speak , of all loves ! I swound almost with fear . No ! then I well perceive you are not nigh : Either death or you I'll find immediately . Are we all met ? 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 . Peter Quince , What sayst thou , bully 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 ? By'r lakin , a parlous fear . I believe we must leave the killing out , when all is done . Not a whit : I have a device to make all well . Write me a prologue ; and let the prologue seem to say , we will do no harm with our swords , and that Pyramus is not killed indeed ; and , for the more better assurance , tell them that I , Pyramus , am not Pyramus , but Bottom the weaver : this will put them out of fear . Well , we will have such a prologue , and it shall be written in eight and six . No , make it two more : let it be written in eight and eight . Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion ? I fear it , I promise you . Masters , you ought to consider with yourselves : to bring in ,God shield us !a lion among ladies , is a most dreadful thing ; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living , and we ought to look to it . Therefore , another prologue must tell he is not a lion . 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 . 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 . Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ? A calendar , a calendar ! look in the almanack ; find out moonshine , find out moonshine . Yes , it doth shine that night . 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 . Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn , 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 . You can never bring in a wall . What say you , 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 . If that may be , than 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 . 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 . Speak , Pyramus .Thisby , stand forth . Thisby , the flowers have odious savours sweet , Odorous , odorous . 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 . A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here ! Must I speak now ? Ay , marry , must you ; for you must understand , he goes but to see a noise that he heard , and is to come again . 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 . '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 .' O !As true as truest horse , that yet would never tire . If I were , fair Thisby , I were only thine . O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted . Pray , masters ! fly , masters !Help ! 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 . Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard . O Bottom , thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ? What do you see ? you see an ass-head of your own , do you ? Bless thee , Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated . 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 . The ousel-cock , so black of hue , With orange-tawny bill , The throstle with his note so true , The wren with little quill . What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ? 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 ? 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 . 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 . Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful . Not so , neither ; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood , I have enough to serve mine own turn . Out of this wood do not desire to go : Thou shalt remain here , whe'r 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 . Pease-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustardseed ! Ready . And I . And I . And I . Where shall we go ? 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 . Hail , mortal ! Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! I cry your worships mercy , heartily : I beseech your worship's name . Cobweb . I shall desire you of more acquaintance , good Master Cobweb : if I out my finger , I shall make bold with you . Your name , honest gentleman ? Pease-blossom . I pray you , commend me to Mistress Squash , your mother , and to Master Peascod , your father . Good Master Pease-blossom , I shall desire you of more acquaintance too . Your name , I beseech you , sir ? Mustard-seed . Good Master Mustard-seed , I know your patience well : that same cowardly , giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house . I promise you , your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now . I desire you of more acquaintance , good Master Mustard-seed . 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 . I wonder if Titania be awak'd ; Then , what it was that next came in her eye , Which she must dote on in extremity . Here comes my messenger . How now , mad spirit ! What night-rule now about this haunted grove ? My mistress with a monster is in love . Near to her close and consecrated bower , While she was in her dull and sleeping hour , A crew of patches , rude mechanicals , That work for bread upon Athenian stalls , Were met together to rehearse a play Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day . The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort , Who Pyramus presented in their sport Forsook his scene , and enter'd in a brake , When I did him at this advantage take ; An ass's nowl I fixed on his head : Anon his Thisbe must be answered , And forth my mimick 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 wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass . This falls out better than I could devise . But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes With the love-juice , as I did bid thee do ? I took him sleeping ,that is finish'd too , And the Athenian woman by his side ; That , when he wak'd , of force she must be ey'd . Stand close : this is the same Athenian . This is the woman ; but not this the man . O ! why rebuke you him that loves you so ? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe . 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 knee 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 bor'd , and that the moon May through the centre creep , and so displease Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes . It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him ; So should a murderer look , so dead , so grim . So should the murder'd look , and so should I , Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty ; Yet you , the murderer , look as bright , as clear , As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere . What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ? Ah ! good Demetrius , wilt thou give him me ? I had rather give his carcass to my hounds . Out , dog ! out , cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds Of maiden's patience . Hast thou slain him then ? Henceforth be never number'd among men ! O ! once tell true , tell true , e'en for my sake ; Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake , And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch ! Could not a worm , an adder , do so much ? An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue Than thine , thou serpent , never adder stung . You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood : I am not guilty of Lysander's blood , Nor is he dead , for aught that I can tell . I pray thee , tell me then that he is well . An if I could , what should I get therefore ? A privilege never to see me more . And from thy hated presence part I so ; See me no more , whe'r he be dead or no . There is no following her in this fierce vein : Here therefore for awhile I will remain . So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ; Which now in some slight measure it will pay , If for his tender here I make some stay . What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite , And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight : Of thy misprision must perforce ensue Some true-love turn'd , and not a false turn'd true . Then fate o'er-rules , that , one man holding troth , A million fail , confounding oath on oath . About the wood go swifter than the wind , And Helena of Athens look thou find : All fancy-sick she is , and pale of cheer With sighs of love , that cost the fresh blood dear . By some illusion see thou bring her here : I'll charm his eyes against she do appear . I go , I go ; look how I go ; Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow . Flower of this purple dye , Hit with Cupid's archery , Sink in apple of his eye . When his love he doth espy , Let her shine as gloriously As the Venus of the sky . When thou wak'st , if she be by , Beg of her for remedy . 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 ! Stand aside : the noise they make Will cause Demetrius to awake . Then will two at once woo one ; That must needs be sport alone ; And those things do best please me That befall preposterously . 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 ? 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 . I had no judgment when to her I swore . Nor none , in my mind , now you give her o'er . Demetrius loves her , and he loves not you . 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 , This 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 That princess of pure white , this seal of bliss . 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 . 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 . Never did mockers waste more idle breath . Lysander , keep thy Hermia ; I will none : If e'er I lov'd her , all that love is gone . My heart with her but as guest wise sojourn'd , And now to Helen it is home return'd , There to remain . Helen , it is not so . 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 . 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 ? Why should he stay , whom love doth press to go ? What love could press Lysander from my side ? Lysander's love , that would not let him bide , Fair Helena , who more engilds the night Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light . Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know , The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ? You speak not as you think : it cannot be . 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 conspir'd , have you with these contriv'd To bait me with this foul derision ? Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd , The sister-vows , the hours that we have spent , When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us , O ! is it 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 . I am amazed at your passionate words . I scorn you not : it seems that you scorn me . 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 unlov'd ? This you should pity rather than despise . I understand not what you mean by this . 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 . Stay , gentle Helena ! hear my excuse : My love , my life , my soul , fair Helena ! O excellent ! Sweet , do not scorn her so . If she cannot entreat , I can compel . 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 . I say I love thee more than he can do . If thou say so , withdraw , and prove it too . Quick , come ! Lysander , whereto tends all this ? Away , you Ethiop ! No , no , he'll . . . Seem to break loose ; take on , as you would follow , But yet come not : you are a tame man , go ! Hang off , thou cat , thou burr ! vile thing , let loose , Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent . Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this , Sweet love , Thy love ! out , tawny Tartar , out ! Out , loathed medicine ! hated poison , hence ! Do you not jest ? Yes , sooth ; and so do you . Demetrius , I will keep my word with thee . I would I had your bond , for I perceive A weak bond holds you : I'll not trust your word . What ! should I hurt her , strike her , kill her dead ? Although I hate her , I'll not harm her so . 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 lov'd me ; yet , since night you left me : Why , then you left me ,O , the gods forbid ! In earnest , shall I say ? 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 . 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 ? 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 ! Puppet ! why , so : ay , that way goes the game . Now I perceive that she hath made compare Between our statures : she hath urg'd her height ; And with her personage , her tall personage , Her height , forsooth , she hath prevail'd with him . And are you grown so high in his esteem , Because I am so dwarfish and so low ? How low am I , thou painted maypole ? speak ; How low am I ? I am not yet so low But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes . 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 . Lower ! hark , again . 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 . Why , get you gone . Who is't that hinders you ? A foolish heart , that I leave here behind . What ! with Lysander ? With Demetrius . Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee , Helena . No , sir ; she shall not , though you take her part . 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 . 'Little' again ! nothing but 'low' and 'little !' Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ? Let me come to her . Get you gone , you dwarf ; You minimus , of hindering knot-grass made ; You bead , you acorn ! 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 . Now she holds me not ; Now follow , if thou dar'st , to try whose right , Or thine or mine , is most in Helena . Follow ! nay , I'll go with thee , cheek by jole . You , mistress , all this coil is 'long of you : Nay , go not back . 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 . I am amaz'd , and know not what to say . This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st , Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully . 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 . Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight : Hie therefore , Robin , overcast the night ; The starry welking 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 . 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 cross-ways 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 . 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 . 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 . Where art thou , proud Demetrius ? speak thou now . Here , villain ! drawn and ready . Where art thou ? I will be with thee straight . Follow me , then , To plainer ground . Lysander ! speak again . Thou runaway , thou coward , art thou fled ? Speak ! In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy head ? Thou coward ! art thou bragging to the stars , Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars , And wilt not come ? Come , recreant ; come , thou child ; I'll whip thee with a rod : he is defil'd That draws a sword on thee . Yea , art thou there ? Follow my voice : we'll try no manhood here . He goes before me and still dares me on : When I come where he calls , then he is gone . The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I : I follow'd fast , but faster he did fly ; That fallen am I in dark uneven way , And here will rest me . Come , thou gentle day ! For if but once thou show me thy grey light , I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite . Ho ! ho ! ho ! Coward , why com'st thou not ? Abide me , if thou dar'st ; for well I wot Thou runn'st before me , shifting every place , And dar'st not stand , nor look me in the face . Where art thou now ? Come hither : I am here . 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 . 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 sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye , Steal me awhile from mine own company . Yet but three ? Come one more ; Two of both kinds make up four . Here she comes , curst and sad : Cupid is a knavish lad , Thus to make poor females mad . 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 ! On the ground Sleep sound : I'll apply To your eye , Gentle lover , remedy When thou wak'st , Thou tak'st True delight In the sight Of thy former lady's eye : And the country proverb known , That every man should take his own , In your waking shall be shown : Jack shall have Jill ; Nought shall go ill ; The man shall have his mare again , And all shall be well . 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 . Where's Pease-blossom ? Ready . Scratch my head , Pease-blossom . Where's Mounsieur Cobweb ? Ready . Mounsieur Cobweb , good mounsieur , get your weapons in your hand , and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and , good mounsieur , bring me the honey-bag . Do not fret yourself too much in the action , mounsieur ; and , good mounsieur , have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag , signior . Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed ? Ready . Give me your neaf , Mounsieur Mustard-seed . Pray you , leave your curtsy , good mounsieur . What's your will ? Nothing , good mounsieur , but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch . I must to the barber's , mounsieur , 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 . What , wilt thou hear some music , my sweet love ? I have a reasonable good ear in music : let us have the tongs and the bones . Or say , sweet love , what thou desir'st to eat . 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 . I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard , and fetch thee thence new nuts . I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease . But , I pray you , let none of your people stir me : I have an exposition of sleep come upon me . Sleep thou , and I will wind thee in my arms . Fairies , be gone , and be all ways away . So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist ; the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm . O ! how I love thee ; how I dote on thee ! 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 ; 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 . My Oberon ! what visions have I seen ! Methought I was enamour'd of an ass . There lies your love . How came these things to pass ? O ! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now . Silence , awhile . Robin , take off this head . Titania , music call ; and strike more dead Than common sleep of all these five the sense . Music , ho ! music ! such as charmeth sleep . When thou wak'st , with thine own fool's eyes peep . 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 . Fairy king , attend , and mark : I do hear the morning lark . Then , my queen , in silence sad , Trip we after the night's shade ; We the globe can compass soon , Swifter than the wandering moon . 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 . 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 ; let them go : Dispatch , I say , and find the forester . We will , fair queen , up to the mountain's top , And mark the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction . 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'd all one mutual cry . I never heard So musical a discord , such sweet thunder . 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-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ; Slow in pursuit , but match'd 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 ? 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 . No doubt they rose up early to observe The rite of May , and , hearing our intent , Came here in grace of our solemnity . But speak , Egeus , is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice ? It is , my lord . Go , bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns . Good morrow , friends . Saint Valentine is past : Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ? Pardon , my lord . 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 ? 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 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 . 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 doth 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 . Fair lovers , you are fortunately met : Of this discourse we more will hear anon . Egeus , I will overbear your will , For in the temple , by and by , with us , These couples shall eternally be knit : And , for the morning now is something worn , Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside . Away with us , to Athens : three and three , We'll hold a feast in great solemnity . Come , Hippolyta . These things seem small and undistinguishable , Like far-off mountains turned into clouds . Methinks I see these things with parted eye , When everything seems double . So methinks : And I have found Demetrius , like a jewel , Mine own , and not mine own . Are you sure That we are awake ? It seems to me That yet we sleep , we dream . Do you not think The duke was here , and bid us follow him ? Yea ; and my father . And Hippolyta . And he did bid us follow to the temple . Why then , we are awake . Let's follow him ; And by the way let us recount our dreams . 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 ! stolen hence , and left me asleep ! I have had a most rare vision . I have had a dream , past the wit of man to say what dream it was : man is but an ass , if he go about to expound this dream . Methought I was there is no man can tell what . Methought I was ,and methought I had ,but man is but a patched fool , if he will offer to say what methought I had . The eye of man hath not heard , the ear of man hath not seen , man's hand is not able to taste , his tongue to conceive , nor his heart to report , what my dream was . I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream : it shall be called Bottom's Dream , because it hath no bottom ; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play , before the duke : peradventure , to make it the more gracious , I shall sing it at her death . Have you sent to Bottom's house ? is he come home yet ? He cannot be heard of . Out of doubt he is transported . If he come not , then the play is marred : it goes not forward , doth it ? It is not possible : you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he . No ; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens . Yea , and the best person too ; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice . You must say , 'paragon :' a paramour is , God bless us ! a thing of naught . 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 . O sweet bully Bottom ! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life ; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day : an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus , I'll be hanged ; he would have deserved it : sixpence a day in Pyramus , or nothing . Where are these lads ? where are these hearts ? Bottom ! O most courageous day ! O most happy hour ! 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 . Let us hear , sweet 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 preferred . 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 . 'Tis strange , my Theseus , that these lovers speak of . More strange than true . I never may believe These antique 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 suppos'd a bear ! But all the story of the night told over , And all their minds transfigur'd so together , More witnesseth than fancy's images , And grows to something of great constancy , But , howsoever , strange and admirable . Here come the lovers , full of joy and mirth . Joy , gentle friends ! joy , and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts ! More than to us Wait in your royal walks , your board , your bed ! Come now ; what masques , 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 . Here , mighty Theseus . Say , what abridgment have you for this evening ? What masque ? what music ? How shall we beguile The lazy time , if not with some delight ? There is a brief how many sports are ripe ; Make choice of which your highness will see first . 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 . 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 . The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning , late deceas'd in beggary . That is some satire keen and critical , Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony . A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth . Merry and tragical ! tedious and brief ! That is , hot ice and wonderous strange snow . How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 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 rehears'd , I must confess , Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed . What are they that do play it ? Hard-handed men , that work in Athens here , Which never labour'd in their minds till now , And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories With this same play , against your nuptial . And we will hear it . 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 stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain , To do you service . I will hear that play ; For never anything can be amiss , When simpleness and duty tender it . Go , bring them in : and take your places , ladies . I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd , And duty in his service perishing . Why , gentle sweet , you shall see no such thing . He says they can do nothing in this kind . The kinder we , to give them thanks for nothing . Our sport shall be to take what they mistake : And what poor duty cannot do , noble respect Takes it in might , not merit . Where I have come , great clerks have purposed To greet me with premeditated welcomes ; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale , Make periods in the midst of sentences , Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears , And , in conclusion , dumbly have broke off , Not paying me a welcome . Trust me , sweet , Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ; And in the modesty of fearful duty I read as much as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence . Love , therefore , and tongue-tied simplicity In least speak most , to my capacity . So please your Grace , the Prologue is address'd . Let him approach . 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 . This fellow doth not stand upon points . 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 . Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder ; a sound , but not in government . His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired , but all disordered . Who is next ? Gentles , perchance you wonder at this show ; But wonder on , till truth make all things plain . This man is Pyramus , if you would know ; This beauteous lady Thisby is , certain . This man , with lime and rough-cast , doth present Wall , that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ; And through Wall's chink , poor souls , they are content To whisper , at the which let no man wonder . This man , with lanthorn , 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 Lion hight by name , The trusty Thisby , coming first by night , Did scare away , or rather did affright ; And , as she fied , her mantle she did fall , Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain . Anon comes Pyramus , sweet youth and tall , And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain : Whereat , with blade , with bloody blameful blade , He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ; And Thisby , tarrying in mulberry shade , His dagger drew , and died . For all the rest , Let Lion , Moonshine , Wall , and lovers twain , At large discourse , while here they do remain . I wonder , if the lion be to speak . 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 Thisby , 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 . Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ? It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse , my lord . Pyramus draws near the wall : silence ! O grim-look'd 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 Thisby's promise is forgot . And thou , O wall ! O sweet , O lovely wall ! That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ; Thou wall , O wall ! O sweet , and lovely wall ! Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne . Thanks , courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this ! But what see I ? No Thisby do I see . O wicked wall ! through whom I see no bliss ; Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me ! The wall , methinks , being sensible , should curse again . No , in truth , sir , he should not . 'Deceiving me ,' is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now , and I am to spy her through the wall . You shall see , it will fall pat as I told you . Yonder she comes . O wall ! full often hast thou heard my moans , For parting my fair Pyramus and me : My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones , Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee . I see a voice : now will I to the chink , To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face . Thisby . My love ! thou art my love , I think . Think what thou wilt , I am thy lover's grace ; And , like Limander , am I trusty still . And I like Helen , till the Fates me kill . Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true . As Shafalus to Procrus , I to you . O ! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall . I kiss the wall's hole , not your lips at all Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ? 'Tide life , 'tide death , I come without delay . Thus have I , Wall , my part discharged so ; And , being done , thus Wall away doth go . Now is the mural down between the two neighbours . No remedy , my lord , when walls are so wilful to hear without warning . This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard . The best in this kind are but shadows , and the worst are no worse , if imagination amend them . It must be your imagination then , and not theirs . If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves , they may pass for excellent men . Here come two noble beasts in , a man and a lion . 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 A 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 . A very gentle beast , and of a good conscience . The very best at a beast , my lord , that e'er I saw . This lion is a very fox for his valour . True ; and a goose for his discretion . Not so , my lord ; for his valour cannot carry his discretion , and the fox carries the goose . 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 . This lanthorn doth the horned moon present ; He should have worn the horns on his head . He is no crescent , and his horns are invisible within the circumference . This lanthorn doth the horned moon present ; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be . This is the greatest error of all the rest . The man should be put into the lanthorn : how is it else the man i' the moon ? He dares not come there for the candle ; for , you see , it is already in snuff . I am aweary of this moon : would he would change ! 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 . Proceed , Moon . All that I have to say , is , to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon ; I , the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush , my thorn-bush ; and this dog , my dog . Why , all these should be in the lanthorn ; for all these are in the moon . But , silence ! here comes Thisbe . This is old Ninny's tomb . Where is my love ? Oh . Well roared , Lion . Well run , Thisbe . Well shone , Moon . Truly , the moon shines with a good grace . Well moused , Lion . And then came Pyramus . And so the lion vanished . 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 Thisby'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 ! This passion , and the death of a dear friend , would go near to make a man look sad . Beshrew my heart , but I pity the man . 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 liv'd , that lov'd , that lik'd , that look'd with cheer . Come tears , confound ; Out , sword , and wound The pap of Pyramus : Ay , that left pap , Where heart doth hop : Thus die I , thus , thus , thus . Now am I dead , Now am I fled ; My soul is in the sky : Tongue , lose thy light ! Moon , take thy flight ! Now die , die , die , die , die . No die , but an ace , for him ; for he is but one . Less than an ace , man , for he is dead ; he is nothing . With the help of a surgeon , he might yet recover , and prove an ass . How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ? She will find him by starlight . Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play . Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief . 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 . She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes . And thus she moans , videlicet : Asleep , my love ? What , dead , my dove ? O Pyramus , arise ! Speak , speak ! Quite dumb ? Dead , dead ! A tomb Must cover 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 : And farewell , friends ; Thus Thisby ends : Adieu , adieu , adieu . Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead . Ay , and Wall too . 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 ? 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 played Pyramus , and hanged 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 . 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 overwatch'd . This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd The heavy gait of night . Sweet friends , to bed . A fortnight hold we this solemnity , In nightly revels , and new jollity . 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 . 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 . 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 . 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 . 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'm 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 . ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL In delivering my son from me , I bury a second husband . 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 . 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 . What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ? He hath abandoned his physicians , madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope , and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time . 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 stretched 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 . How called you the man you speak of , madam ? He was famous , sir , in his profession , and it was his great right to be so : Gerard de Narbon . 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 . What is it , my good lord , the king languishes of ? A fistula , my lord . I heard not of it before . I would it were not notorious . Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon ? His sole child , my lord ; and bequeathed to my overlooking . I have those hopes of her good that her education promises : her dispositions she inherits , which 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 . Your commendations , madam , get from her tears . '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 have it . I do affect a sorrow indeed , but I have it too . Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead , excessive grief the enemy to the living . If the living be enemy to the grief , the excess makes it soon mortal . Madam , I desire your holy wishes . How understand we that ? Be thou blest , Bertram ; and succeed thy father In manners , as in shape ! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee ; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright ! Love all , trust a few , Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use , and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence , But never tax'd for speech . What heaven more will That thee may furnish , and my prayers pluck down , Fall on thy head ! Farewell , my lord ; 'Tis an unseason'd courtier ; good my lord , Advise him . He cannot want the best That shall attend his love . Heaven bless him ! Farewell , Bertram . 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 . Farewell , pretty lady : you must hold the credit of your father . O ! were that all . I think not on my father ; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him . What was he like ? I have forgot him : my imagination Carries no favour in't but Bertram's . I am undone : there is no living , none , If Bertram be away . It were all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it , he is so above me : In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted , not in his sphere . 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 fix'd evils sit so fit in him , That they take place , when virtue's steely bones Look bleak in the cold wind : withal , full oft we see Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly . Save you , fair queen ! And you , monarch ! No . And no . Are you meditating on virginity ? 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 ? Keep him out . But he assails ; and our virginity , though valiant in the defence , yet is weak . Unfold to us some war-like resistance . There is none : man , sitting down before you , will undermine you and blow you up . Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up ! Is there no military policy , how virgins might blow up men ? 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 ! I will stand for't a little , though therefore I die a virgin . 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 the year it will make itself two , which is a goodly increase , and the principal itself not much the worse . Away with't ! How might one do , sir , to lose it to her own liking ? Let me see : marry , ill , to like him that ne'er it likes . 'Tis a commodity that 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 withered pears ; it looks ill , it eats drily ; marry , 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry , yet 'tis a withered pear . Will you anything with it ? Not my virginity yet . There shall your master have a thousand loves , A mother , and a mistress , and a friend , A ph nix , 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 What one , i' faith ? That I wish well . 'Tis pity What's pity ? 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 . Monsieur Parolles , my lord calls for you . Little Helen , farewell : if I can remember thee , I will think of thee at court . Monsieur Parolles , you were born under a charitable star . Under Mars , I . I especially think , under Mars . Why under Mars ? The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars . When he was predominant . When he was retrograde , I think rather . Why think you so ? You go so much backward when you fight . That's for advantage . 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 . 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 . 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 been cannot 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 fix'd and will not leave me . The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears ; Have fought with equal fortune , and continue A braving war . So 'tis reported , sir . Nay , 'tis most credible : we here receive it A certainty , vouch'd from our cousin Austria , With caution that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the business , and would seem To have us make denial . His love and wisdom , Approv'd so to your majesty , may plead For amplest credence . 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 . It well may serve A nursery to our gentry , who are sick For breathing and exploit . What's he comes here ? It is the Count Rousillon , my good lord , Young Betram . Youth , thou bear'st thy father's face ; Frank nature , rather curious than in haste , Hath well compos'd thee . Thy father's moral parts Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris . My thanks and duty are your majesty's . 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 awak'd them ; and his honour , Clock to itself , knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak , and at this time His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below him He us'd as creatures of another place , And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks , Making them proud of his humility , In their poor praise he humbled . Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times , Which , follow'd well , would demonstrate them now But goers backward . 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 . 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 judgments are Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies Expire before their fashions .' This he wish'd : I , after him , do after him wish too , Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home , I quickly were dissolved from my hive , To give some labourers room . You are lov'd , sir ; They that least lend it you shall lack you first . I fill a place , I know't . How long is't , count , Since the physician at your father's died ? He was much fam'd . Some six months since , my lord . 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 . Thank your majesty . I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ? 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 . 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 . 'Tis not unknown to you , madam , I am a poor fellow . Well , sir . No , madam , 'tis not so well that I am poor , though many of the rich are damned . But , if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world , Isbel the woman and I will do as we may . Wilt thou needs be a beggar ? I do beg your good will in this case . In what case ? 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 barnes are blessings . Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry . My poor body , madam , requires it : I am driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go that the devil drives . Is this all your worship's reason ? Faith , madam , I have other holy reasons , such as they are . May the world know them ? I have been , madam , a wicked creature , as you and all flesh and blood are ; and , indeed , I do marry that I may repent . Thy marriage , sooner than thy wickedness . I am out o' friends , madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake . Such friends are thine enemies , knave . You're shallow , madam , in great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary 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 severed in religion , their heads are both one ; they may joul horns together like any deer i' the herd . Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ? 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 . Get you gone , sir : I'll talk with you more anon . May it please you , madam , that he bid Helen come to you : of her I am to speak . Sirrah , tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her ; Helen I mean . 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 . What ! one good in ten ? you corrupt the song , sirrah . One good woman in ten , madam ; which is a purifying o' the song . Would God would serve the world so all the year ! we'd 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 for every blazing star , or at an earthquake ,'twould mend the lottery well : a man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck one . You'll be gone , sir knave , and do as I command you ! 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 . Well , now . I know , madam , you love your gentlewoman entirely . Faith , I do : her father bequeathed her to me ; and she herself , without other advantage , may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid , and more shall be paid her than she'll demand . Madam , I was very late more near her than I think she wished me : alone she was , and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears ; she thought , I dare vow for her , they touched not any stranger sense . Her matter was , she loved your son : Fortune , she said , was no goddess , that had put such difference 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 delivered 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 . You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself . Many likelihoods informed 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 . Even so it was with me when I was young : If ever 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 impress'd in youth : By our remembrances of days foregone , Such were our faults ; or then we thought them none . Her eye is sick on't : I observe her now . What is your pleasure , madam ? You know , Helen , I am a mother to you . Mine honourable mistress . 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'd me with a mother's groan , Yet I express to you a mother's care . God's mercy , maiden ! does it curd thy blood To say I am thy mother ? What's the matter , That this distemper'd messenger of wet , The many-colour'd Iris , rounds thine eye ? Why ? that you are my daughter ? That I am not . I say , I am your mother . 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 . Nor I your mother ? 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 ? Yes , Helen , you might be my daughter-in-law : God shield you mean it not ! daughter and mother So strive upon your pulse . What , pale again ? My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I see The mystery of your loneliness , and find Your salt tears' head : now to all sense 'tis gross You love my son : invention is asham'd , 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 . Good madam , pardon me ! Do you love my son ? Your pardon , noble mistress ! Love you my son ? Do not you love him , madam ? 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 appeach'd . Then , I confess , Here on my knee , before high heaven and you That before you , and next unto high heaven , I love your son . My friends were poor , but honest ; so's my love : Be not offended , for it hurts not him That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit ; Nor would I have him till I do 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 . Had you not lately an intent , speak truly , To go to Paris ? Madam , I had . Wherefore ? tell true . I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear . You know my father left me some prescriptions Of rare and prov'd effects , such as his reading And manifest experience had collected For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them , As notes whose faculties inclusive were More than they were in note . Amongst the rest , There is a remedy , approv'd , set down To cure the desperate languishings whereof The king is render'd lost . This was your motive For Paris , was it ? speak . 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 . 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 ? There's something in't , More than my father's skill , which was the great'st Of his profession , that his good receipt Shall for my legacy be sanctified By the luckiest stars in heaven : and , would your honour But give me leave to try success , I'd venture The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure , By such a day , and hour . Dost thou believe't ? Ay , madam , knowingly . 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 . Farewell , young lords : these war-like 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 receiv'd , And is enough for both . 'Tis our hope , sir , After well enter'd soldiers , to return And find your Grace in health . No , no , it cannot be ; and yet my heart Will not confess he owes the malady That doth my life besiege . Farewell , young lords ; Whether I live or die , be you the sons Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy Those bated that inherit but the fall Of the last monarchy see that you come Not to woo honour , but to wed it ; when The bravest questant shrinks , find what you seek That fame may cry you loud : I say , farewell . Health , at your bidding , serve your majesty ! 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 . Our hearts receive your warnings . Farewell . Come hither to me . O my sweet lord , that you will stay behind us ! 'Tis not his fault , the spark . O ! 'tis brave wars . Most admirable : I have seen those wars . I am commanded here , and kept a coil with 'Too young ,' and 'the next year ,' and ''tis too early .' An thy mind stand to't , boy , steal away bravely . 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 . There's honour in the theft . Commit it , count . I am your accessary ; and so farewell . I grow to you , and our parting is a tortured body . Farewell , captain . Sweet Monsieur 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 entrenched it : say to him , I live , and observe his reports for me We shall , noble captain . Mars dote on you for his novices ! What will ye do ? Stay ; the king . Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of 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 followed . After them , and take a more dilated farewell . And I will do so . Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen . Pardon , my lord , for me and for my tidings . I'll fee thee to stand up . 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 . I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate , And ask'd thee mercy for't . Good faith , across : but , my good lord , 'tis thus ; Will you be cur'd of your infirmity ? No . 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 spritely 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 . What 'her' is this ? Why , Doctor She . My lord , there's one arriv'd If you will see her : now , by my faith and honour , If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance , I have spoke With one , that in her sex , her years , profession , Wisdom , and constancy , hath amaz'd me more Than I dare blame my weakness . Will you see her , For that is her demand , and know her business ? That done , laugh well at me . Now , good Lafeu , Bring in the admiration , that we with thee May spend our wonder too , or take off thine By wond'ring how thou took'st it . Nay , I'll fit you , And not be all day neither . Thus he his special nothing ever prologues . Nay , come your ways . This haste hath wings indeed . 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 . Now , fair one , does your business follow us ? Ay , my good lord . Gerard de Narbon was my father ; In what he did profess well found . I knew him . 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 the only darling , He bade me store up as a triple eye , Safer than mine own two , more dear . I have so ; And , hearing your high majesty is touch'd With that malignant cause wherein the honour Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power , I come to tender it and my appliance , With all bound humbleness . 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 estate ; I say we must not So stain our judgment , or corrupt our hope , To prostitute our past-cure malady To empirics , or to dissever so Our great self and our credit , to esteem A senseless help when help past sense we deem . 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 . 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 . What I can do can do no hurt to try , Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy . He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister : So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown , When judges have been babes ; great floods have flown From simple sources ; and great seas have dried When miracles have by the greatest been denied . Oft expectation fails , and most oft there Where most it promises ; and oft it hits Where hope is coldest and despair most fits . I must not hear thee : fare thee well , kind maid . Thy pains , not us'd , must by thyself be paid : Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward . 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 . Art thou so confident ? Within what space Hop'st thou my cure ? 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 quench'd his sleepy lamp , Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass , What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly , Health shall live free , and sickness freely die . Upon thy certainty and confidence What dar'st thou venture ? Tax of impudence , A strumpet's boldness , a divulged shame , Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maiden's name Sear'd otherwise ; nay worse if worse extended With vilest torture let my life be ended . 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 , virtue , 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 . If I break time , or flinch in property Of what I spoke , unpitied let me die , And well deserv'd . Not helping , death's my fee ; But , if I help , what do you promise me ? Make thy demand . But will you make it even ? Ay , by my sceptre , and my hopes of heaven . 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 . Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd , Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd : So make the choice of thy own time , for I , Thy resolv'd patient , on thee still rely . More should I question thee , and more I must , Though more to know could not be more to trust , From whence thou cam'st , how tended on ; 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 . Come on , sir ; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding . I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught . I know my business is but to the court . To the court ! why what place make you special , when you put off that with such contempt ? 'But to the court !' 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 . Marry , that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions . It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks ; the pin-buttock , the quatch-buttock , the brawn-buttock , or any buttock . Will your answer serve fit to all questions ? 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 Mayday , 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 . Have you , I say , an answer of such fitness for all questions ? From below your duke to beneath your constable , it will fit any question . It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands . 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 . 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 ? O Lord , sir ! there's a simple putting off . More , more , a hundred of them . Sir , I am a poor friend of yours , that loves you . O Lord , sir ! Thick , thick , spare not me . I think , sir , you can eat none of this homely meat . O Lord , sir ! Nay , put me to't , I warrant you . You were lately whipped , sir , as I think . O Lord , sir ! Spare not me . Do you cry , 'O Lord , sir !' at your whipping , and 'Spare not me ?' Indeed your 'O Lord , sir !' is very sequent to your whipping : you would answer very well to a whipping , if you were but bound to't . I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord , sir !' I see things may serve long , but not serve ever . I play the noble housewife with the time , To entertain't so merrily with a fool . O Lord , sir ! why , there't serves well again . 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 . Not much commendation to them . Not much employment for you : you understand me ? Most fruitfully : I am there before my legs . Haste you again . 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 . And so 'tis . To be relinquished of the artists , So I say . Both of Galen and Paracelsus . So I say . Of all the learned and authentic fellows , Right ; so I say . That gave him out incurable , Why , there 'tis ; so say I too . Not to be helped , Right ; as 'twere , a man assured of a Uncertain life , and sure death . Just , you say well : so would I have said . I may truly say it is a novelty to the world . It is , indeed : if you will have it in showing , you shall read it in what do you call there A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor . That's it I would have said ; the very same . Why , your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me , I speak in respect Nay , 'tis strange , 'tis very strange , that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he is of a most facinorous spirit , that will not acknowledge it to be the Very hand of heaven Ay , so I say . 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 , as to be generally thankful . I would have said it ; you say well . Here comes the king . 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 . Mort du vinaigre ! Is not this Helen ? 'Fore God , I think so . Go , call before me all the lords in court . Sit , my preserver , by thy patient's side : And with this healthful hand , whose banish'd sense Thou hast repeal'd , a second time receive The confirmation of my promised gift , Which but attends thy naming . Fair maid , send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing , O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice I have to use : thy frank election make ; Thou hast power to choose , and they none to forsake . To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress Fall , when Love please ! marry , to each , but one . I'd give bay Curtal , and his furniture , My mouth no more were broken than these boys' And writ as little beard . Peruse them well : Not one of those but had a noble father . Gentlemen , Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health . We understand it , and thank heaven for you . 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 refus'd , Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ; We'll ne'er come there again .' Make choice ; and see , Who shuns thy love , shuns all his love in me . Now , Dian , from thy altar do I fly , And to imperial Love , that god most high , Do my sighs stream . Sir , will you hear my suit ? And grant it . Thanks , sir ; all the rest is mute . I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life . 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 ! No better , if you please . My wish receive , Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave . Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of mine , I'd have them whipp'd or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of . 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 ! These boys are boys of ice , they'll none have her : sure , they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er got 'em . You are too young , too happy , and too good , To make yourself a son out of my blood . Fair one , I think not so . 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 . 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 . Why then , young Bertram , take her ; she's thy wife . My wife , my liege ! I shall beseech your highness In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes . Know'st thou not , Bertram , What she has done for me ? Yes , my good lord ; But never hope to know why I should marry her . Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed . 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 ! '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 dislik'st , A poor physician's daughter , thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name ; but do not so : From lowest place when virtuous things proceed , The place is dignified by the 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 , Debosh'd 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 . I cannot love her , nor will strive to do't . Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst strive to choose . That you are well restor'd , my lord , I'm glad : Let the rest go . 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 ; thou 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 . 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 . 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 . I take her hand . 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 lov'st her , Thy love's to me religious ; else , does err . Do you hear , monsieur ? a word with you . Your pleasure , sir ? Your lord and master did well to make his recantation . Recantation ! My lord ! my master ! Ay ; is it not a language I speak ? A most harsh one , and not to be understood without bloody succeeding . My master ! Are you companion to the Count Rousillon ? To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man . To what is count's man : count's master is of another style . You are too old , sir ; let it satisfy you , you are too old . I must tell thee , sirrah , I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee . What I dare too well do , I dare not do . 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 burden . 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 . Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee , 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 . My lord , you give me most egregious indignity . Ay , with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it . I have not , my lord , deserved it . Yes , good faith , every dram of it ; and I will not bate thee a scruple . Well , I shall be wiser . E'en as soon as thou canst , for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the 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 . My lord , you do me most insupportable vexation . 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 . 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 ! Sirrah , your lord and master's married ; there's news for you : you have a new mistress . 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 . Who ? God ? Ay , sir . 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'd beat thee : methinks thou art a general offence , and every man should beat thee : I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee . This is hard and undeserved measure , my lord . 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'd call you knave . I leave you . Good , very good ; it is so then : good , very good . Let it be concealed awhile . Undone , and forfeited to cares for ever ! What is the matter , sweet heart ? Although before the solemn priest I have sworn , I will not bed her . What , what , sweet heart ? O my Parolles , they have married me ! I'll to the Tuscan wars , and never bed her . France is a dog-hole , and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot . To the wars ! There's letters from my mother : what the import is I know not yet . Ay , that would be known . To the wars , my boy ! to the 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 the war ! 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 . Will this capriccio hold in thee ? art sure ? 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 . 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 . My mother greets me kindly : is she well ? She is not well ; but yet she has her health ; she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given , she's very well , and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well . If she be very well , what does she ail that she's not very well ? Truly , she's very well indeed , but for two things . What two things ? 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 ! Bless you , my fortunate lady ! I hope , sir , I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes . You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on , have them still . O ! my knave , how does my old lady ? So that you had her wrinkles , and I her money , I would she did as you say . Why , I say nothing . 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 . Away ! thou'rt a knave . You should have said , sir , before a knave thou'rt a knave ; that is , before me thou'rt a knave : this had been truth , sir . Go to , thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee . 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 . A good knave , i' faith , and well fed . Madam , my lord will go away to-night ; A very serious business calls on him . The great prerogative and rite of love , Which , as your due , time claims , he does acknowledge , But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ; Whose want , and whose delay , is strew'd with sweets , Which they distil now in the curbed time , To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy , And pleasure drown the brim . What's his will else ? That you will take your instant leave o' the king , And make this haste as your own good proceeding , Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need . What more commands he ? That , having this obtain'd , you presently Attend his further pleasure . In everything I wait upon his will . I shall report it so . I pray you . Come , sirrah . But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier . Yes , my lord , and of very valiant approof . You have it from his own deliverance . And by other warranted testimony . Then my dial goes not true : I took this lark for a bunting . I do assure you , my lord , he is very great in knowledge , and accordingly valiant . I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous , since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent . Here he comes ; I pray you , make us friends ; I will pursue the amity . These things shall be done , sir . Pray you , sir , who's his tailor ? Sir ? O ! I know him well . Ay , sir ; he , sir , is a good workman , a very good tailor . Is she gone to the king ? She is . Will she away to-night ? As you'll have her . I have writ my letters , casketed my treasure , Given orders for our horses ; and to-night , When I should take possession of the bride , End ere I do begin . 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 . Is there any unkindness between my lord and you , monsieur ? I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure . You have made shift to run into't , boots and spurs and all , like him that leaped into the custard ; and out of it you'll run again , rather than suffer question for your residence . It may be you have mistaken him , my lord . And shall do so ever , though I took him at his prayers . Fare you well , my lord ; and believe this of me , there can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes . Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame , and know their natures . Farewell , monsieur : I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil . An idle lord , I swear . I think not so . Why , do you not know him ? Yes , I do know him well ; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass . Here comes my clog . I have , sir , as I was commanded from you , Spoke with the king , and have procur'd his leave For present parting ; only , he desires Some private speech with you . I shall obey his will . You must not marvel , Helen , at my course , Which holds not colour with the time , nor does The ministration and required office On my particular : prepar'd I was not For such a business ; therefore am I found So much unsettled . This drives me to entreat you That presently you take your way for home ; And rather muse than ask why I entreat you ; For my respects are better than they seem , And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not . This to my mother . 'Twill be two days ere I shall see you , so I leave you to your wisdom . Sir , I can nothing say , But that I am your most obedient servant . Come , come , no more of that . And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune . Let that go : My haste is very great . Farewell : hie home . Pray sir , your pardon . Well , what would you say ? 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 . What would you have ? 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 . I pray you , stay not , but in haste to horse . I shall not break your bidding , good my lord . Farewell . Go thou toward home ; where I will never come Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum . Away ! and for our flight . Bravely , coragio ! 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 . Holy seems the quarrel Upon your Grace's part ; black and fearful On the opposer . Therefore we marvel much our cousin France Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers . 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 guess'd . Be it his pleasure . But I am sure the younger of our nature , That surfeit on their ease , will day by day Come here for physic . 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 . It hath happened all as I would have had it , save that he comes not along with her . By my troth , I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man . By what observance , I pray you ? 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 . Let me see what he writes , and when he means to come . I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court . Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court : the brains of my Cupid's knocked out , and I begin to love , as an old man loves money , with no stomach . What have we here ? E'en that you have there . I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king , and undone me . I have wedded her , not bedded her ; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal . You shall hear I am ran 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 , 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 ! O madam ! yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady . What is the matter ? Nay , there is some comfort in the news , some comfort ; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would . Why should he be killed ? 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 . Save you , good madam . Madam , my lord is gone , for ever gone . Do not say so . 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 ? 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 . Look on his letter , madam ; here's my passport . 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 . Brought you this letter , gentlemen ? Ay , madam ; And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains . 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 ? Ay , madam . And to be a soldier ? Such is his noble purpose ; and , believe't , The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims . Return you thither ? Ay , madam , with the swiftest wing of speed . Till I have no wife , I have nothing in France . 'Tis bitter . Find you that there ? Ay , madam . 'Tis but the boldness of his hand , haply , which his heart was not consenting to . 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 ? A servant only , and a gentleman Which I have some time known . Parolles , was it not ? Ay , my good lady , he . A very tainted fellow , and full of wickedness . My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement . Indeed , good lady , The fellow has a deal of that too much , Which holds him much to have . 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 . We serve you , madam , In that and all your worthiest affairs . Not so , but as we change our courtesies . Will you draw near ? '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 non-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 , And angels offic'd 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 . The general of our horse thou art ; and we , Great in our hope , lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune . Sir , it is A charge too heavy for my strength , but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake To the extreme edge of hazard . Then go thou forth , And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm As thy auspicious mistress ! 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 . 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 . I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim , thither gone : Ambitious love hath so in me offended That bare-foot 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 dog the heels of worth : He is too good and fair for Death and me ; Whom I myself embrace , to set him free . 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 . Pardon me , madam : If I had given you this at over-night She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes , Pursuit would be but vain . 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 . Nay , come ; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the sight . They say the French Count has done most honourable service . It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander , and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother . We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets . 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 . I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion . 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 . You shall not need to fear me . I hope so . Look , here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another . I'll question her . God save you , pilgrim ! whither are you bound ? To Saint Jaques le Grand . Where do the palmers lodge , I do beseech you ? At the Saint Francis , here beside the port . Is this the way ? Ay , marry , is't . Hark you ! They come this way . If you will tarry , holy pilgrim , But till the troops come by , I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd : The rather , for I think I know your hostess As ample as myself . Is it yourself ? If you shall please so , pilgrim . I thank you , and will stay upon your leisure . You came , I think , from France ? I did so . Here you shall see a countryman of yours That has done worthy service . His name , I pray you . The Count Rousillon : know you such a one ? But by the ear , that hears most nobly of him ; His face I know not . Whatsoe'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 ? Ay , surely , mere the truth : I know his lady . There is a gentleman that serves the count Reports but coarsely of her . What's his name ? Monsieur Parolles . 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 examin'd . Alas , poor lady ! 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detesting lord . Ay , right ; good creature , wheresoe'er she is , Her heart weighs sadly . This young maid might do her A shrewd turn if she pleas'd . How do you mean ? May be the amorous count solicits her In the unlawful purpose . 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 . The gods forbid else ! So , now they come . That is Antonio , the duke's eldest son ; That , Escalus . Which is the Frenchman ? He ; That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ; I would he lov'd his wife . If he were honester , He were much goodlier ; is't not a handsome gentleman ? I like him well . 'Tis pity he is not honest . Yond's that same knave That leads him to these places : were I his lady I would poison that vile rascal . Which is he ? That jack-an-apes with scarfs . Why is he melancholy ? Perchance he's hurt i' the battle . Lose our drum ! well . He's shrewdly vexed at something . Look , he has spied us . Marry , hang you ! And your courtesy , for a ring-carrier ! 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 . 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 . We'll take your offer kindly . Nay , good my lord , put him to't : let him have his way . If your lordship find him not a hilding , hold me no more in your respect . On my life , my lord , a bubble . Do you think I am so far deceived in him ? 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 . 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 . I would I knew in what particular action to try him . None better than to let him fetch off his drum , which you hear him so confidently undertake to do . 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 hood wink 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 judgment in anything . O ! for the love of laughter , let him fetch his drum : he says he has a stratagem for't . When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't , and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted , if you give him not John Drum's entertainment , your inclining cannot be removed . Here he comes . O ! for the love of laughter , hinder not the honour of his design : let him fetch off his drum in any hand . How now , monsieur ! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition . A pox on't ! let it go : 'tis but a drum . '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 ! That was not to be blamed in the command of the service : it was a disaster of war that C sar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command . Well , we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered . It might have been recovered . It might ; but it is not now . It is to be recovered . But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer , I would have that drum or another , or hic jacet . Why , if you have a stomach to't , monsieur , if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its 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 . By the hand of a soldier , I will undertake it . But you must not now slumber in it . I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas , encourage myself in my certainty , put myself into my mortal preparation , and by midnight look to hear further from me . May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it ? I know not what the success will be , my lord ; but the attempt I vow . I know thou'rt valiant ; and , to the possibility of thy soldiership , will subscribe for thee . Farewell . I love not many words . No more than a fish loves water . Is not this a strange fellow , my lord , that so confidently seems to undertake this business , which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do , and dares better be damned than to do't ? 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 . Why , do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto ? None in the world ; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies . But we have almost embossed him , you shall see his fall to-night ; for , indeed , he is not for your lordship's respect . 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 . I must go look my twigs : he shall be caught . Your brother he shall go along with me . As't please your lordship : I'll leave you . Now will I lead you to the house , and show you The lass I spoke of . But you say she's honest . 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 ? With all my heart , my lord . 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 . 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 . Nor would I wish you . First , give me trust , the county 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 . I should believe you : For you have show'd me that which well approves You're great in fortune . 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 county woos your daughter , Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty , Resolv'd to carry her : let her in fine consent , As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it . Now , his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand : a ring the county wears , That down ward 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 . Now I see The bottom of your purpose . 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 . 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 musics of all sorts and songs compos'd To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves , for he persists As if his life lay on't . Why then to-night Let us assay our plot ; which , if it speed , Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed , And lawful meaning in a lawful act , Where both not sin , and yet a sinful fact . But let's about it . 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 . Good captain , let me be the interpreter . Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ? No , sir , I warrant you . But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again ? Even such as you speak to me . 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 : chough's 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 . 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 knocked 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 . This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of . 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 mute , if you prattle me into these perils . Is it possible he should know what he is , and be that he is ? I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn or the breaking of my Spanish sword . We cannot afford you so . Or the baring of my beard , and to say it was in stratagem . 'Twould not do . Or to drown my clothes , and say I was stripped . Hardly serve . Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel How deep ? Thirty fathom . Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed . I would I had any drum of the enemy's : I would swear I recovered it . Thou shalt hear one anon . A drum now of the enemy's ! Throca movousus , cargo , cargo , cargo . Cargo , cargo , villianda par corbo , cargo . O ! ransom , ransom ! Do not hide mine eyes . Boskos thromuldo boskos . I know you are the Muskos' regiment ; And I shall lose my life for want of language . If there be here German , or Dane , low Dutch , Italian , or French , let him speak to me : I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine . Boskos vauvado : I understand thee , and can speak thy tongue : Kerelybonto : Sir , Betake thee to thy faith , for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom . O ! O ! pray , pray , pray . Manka revania dulche . Oscorbidulchos volivorco . The general is content to spare thee yet ; And , hoodwink'd as thou art , will lead thee on To gather from thee : haply thou may'st inform Something to save thy life . 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 . But wilt thou faithfully ? If I do not , damn me . Acordo linta . Come on ; thou art granted space . Go , tell the Count Rousillon , and my brother , We have caught the woodcock , and will keep him muffled Till we do hear from them . Captain , I will . A' will betray us all unto ourselves : Inform on that . So I will , sir . Till then , I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd . They told me that your name was Fontibell . No , my good lord , Diana . 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 . She then was honest . So should you be . No : My mother did but duty ; such , my lord , As you owe to your wife . 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 . 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 . How have I sworn ! 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth , But the plain single vow that is vow'd true . What is not holy , that we swear not by , But take the Highest to witness : then , pray you , tell me , If I should swear by God's great attributes I lov'd you dearly , would you believe my oaths , When I did love you ill ? this has no holding , To swear by him whom I protest to love , That I will work against him : therefore your oaths Are words and poor conditions , but unseal'd ; At least in my opinion . 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 . I see that men make ropes in such a scarr That we'll forsake ourselves . Give me that ring . I'll lend it thee , my dear ; but have no power To give it from me . Will you not , my lord ? 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 . 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 . Here , take my ring : My house , mine honour , yea , my life , be thine , And I'll be bid by thee . 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 . A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee . 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 had 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 . You have not given him his mother's letter ? I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in't that stings his nature , for on the reading it he changed almost into another man . He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady . Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king , who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him . I will tell you a thing , but you shall let it dwell darkly with you . When you have spoken it , 'tis dead , and I am the grave of it . 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 . Now , God delay our rebellion ! as we are ourselves , what things are we ! Merely our own traitors : and as in the common course of all treasons , we still see them reveal themselves , till they attain to their abhorred ends , so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility , in his proper stream o'erflows himself . Is it not most damnable in us , to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ? Not till after midnight , for he is dieted to his hour . That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anatomized , that he might take a measure of his own judgments , wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit . We will not meddle with him till he come , for his presence must be the whip of the other . In the meantime what near you of these wars ? I hear there is an overture of peace . Nay , I assure you , a peace concluded . What will Count Rousillon do then ? will he travel higher , or return again into France ? I perceive by this demand , you are not altogether of his council . Let it be forbid , sir ; so should I be a great deal of his act . 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 accomplished ; and , there residing , the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine , made a groan of her last breath , and now she sings in heaven . How is this justified ? 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 confirmed by the rector of the place . Hath the count all this intelligence ? Ay , and the particular confirmations , point from point , to the full arming of the verity . I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this . How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses ! 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 encountered with a shame as ample . The web of our life is of a mingled yarn , good and ill together : our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues . How now ! where's your master ? He met the duke in the street , sir , of whom he hath taken a solemn leave : his lordship will next morning for France . The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king . They shall be no more than needful there , if they were more than they can commend . They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness . Here's his lordship now . How now , my lord ! is't not after midnight ? I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses , a month's length a-piece , by an abstract of success : I have conge'd with the duke , done my adieu with his nearest , buried a wife , mourned for her , writ to my lady mother I am returning , entertained my convoy ; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs : the last was the greatest , but that I have not ended yet . If the business be of any difficulty , and this morning your departure hence , it requires haste of your lordship . 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 model : he has deceived me , like a double-meaning prophesier . Bring him forth . Has sat i' the stocks all night , poor gallant knave . No matter ; his heels have deserved it , in usurping his spurs so long . How does he carry himself ? I have told your lordship already , the stocks carry him . But to answer you as you would be understood ; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk : he hath confessed himself to Morgan ,whom he supposes to be a friar ,from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks : and what think you he hath confessed ? Nothing of me , has a' ? 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 . A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of me : hush ! hush ! Hoodman comes ! Porto tartarossa . He calls for the tortures : what will you say without 'em ? I will confess what I know without constraint : if ye pinch me like a pasty , I can say no more . Bosko chimurcho . Boblibindo chicurmurco . You are a merciful general . Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note . And truly , as I hope to live . First , demand of him how many horse the duke is strong . What say you to that ? Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scattered , and the commanders very poor rogues , upon my reputation and credit , and as I hope to live . Shall I set down your answer so ? Do : I'll take the sacrament on't , how and which way you will . All's one to him . What a past-saving slave is this ! You are deceived , my lord : this is Monsieur Parolles , the gallant militarist ,that was his own phrase ,that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf , and the practice in the chape of his dagger . I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly . Well , that's set down . Five or six thousand horse , I said ,I will say true ,or thereabouts , set down , for I'll speak truth . He's very near the truth in this . But I con him no thanks for't , in the nature he delivers it . Poor rogues , I pray you , say . Well , that's set down . I humbly thank you , sir . A truth's a truth ; the rogues are marvellous poor . Demand of him , of what strength they are a-foot . What say you to that ? By my troth , sir , if I were to live this present hour , I will tell true . Let me see : Spurio , a hundred and fifty ; Sebastian , so many ; 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 . What shall be done to him ? Nothing , but let him have thanks . Demand of him my condition , and what credit I have with the duke . Well , that's set down . 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 ? I beseech you , let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories : demand them singly . Do you know this Captain Dumain ? I know him : a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris , from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child ; a dumb innocent , that could not say him nay . Nay , by your leave , hold your hands ; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls . Well , is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp ? Upon my knowledge he is , and lousy . Nay , look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon . What is his reputation with the duke ? 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 . Marry , we'll search . 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 . Here 'tis ; here's a paper ; shall I read it to you ? I do not know if it be it or no . Our interpreter does it well . Excellently . Dian , the count's a fool , and full of gold 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 . Nay , I'll read it first , by your favour . 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 . Damnable both-sides rogue ! 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 not to kiss ; For count of this , the count's a fool , I know it , Who pays before , but not when he does owe it . Thine , as he vow'd to thee in thine ear , He shall be whipped through the army with this rime in's forehead . This is your devoted friend , sir ; the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier . I could endure anything before but a cat , and now he's a cat to me . I perceive , sir , by our general's looks , we shall be fain to hang you . 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 anywhere , so I may live . We'll see what may be done , so you confess freely : therefore , once more to this Captain Dumain . You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour : what is his honesty ? 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 everything that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have , he has nothing . I begin to love him for this . For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him for me ! he is more and more a cat . What say you to his expertness in war ? Faith , sir , he 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 . He hath out-villained villany so far , that the rarity redeems him . A pox on him ! he's a cat still . His qualities being at this poor price , I need not ask you , if gold will corrupt him to revolt . Sir , for a cardecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation , the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all remainders , and a perpetual succession for it perpetually . What's his brother , the other Captain Dumain ? Why does he ask him or me ? What's he ? 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 out-runs any lackey ; marry , in coming on he has the cramp . If your life be saved , will you undertake to betray the Florentine ? Ay , and the captain of his horse , Count Rousillon . I'll whisper with the general , and know his pleasure . 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 ? There is no remedy , sir , but you must die . The general says , you , that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army , and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held , can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die . Come , headsman , off with his head . O Lord , sir , let me live , or let me see my death ! That shall you , and take your leave of all your friends . So , look about you : know you any here ? Good morrow , noble captain . God bless you , Captain Parolles . God save you , noble captain . Captain , what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu ? I am for France . Good captain , will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon ? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you ; but fare you well . You are undone , captain ; all but your scarf ; that has a knot on't yet . Who cannot be crushed with a plot ? 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 . 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 . 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 . Gentle madam , You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome . 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 . Let death and honesty Go with your impositions , I am yours Upon your will to suffer . 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 waggon is prepar'd , and time revives us : All's well that ends well : still the fine's the crown ; Whate'er the course , the end is the renown . No , no , no ; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there , whose villanous 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-tailed humble-bee I speak of . I would I had not known him ; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating . If she had partaken of my flesh , and cost me the dearest groans of a mother , I could not have owed her a more rooted love . 'Twas a good lady , 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb . Indeed , sir , she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad , or , rather the herb of grace . They are not salad-herbs , you knave ; they are nose-herbs . I am no great Nebuchadnezzar , sir ; I have not much skill in grass . Whether dost thou profess thyself , a knave , or a fool ? A fool , sir , at a woman's service , and a knave at a man's . Your distinction ? I would cozen the man of his wife , and do his service . So you were a knave at his service , indeed . And I would give his wife my bauble , sir , to do her service . I will subscribe for thee , thou art both knave and fool . At your service . No , no , no . Why , sir , if I cannot serve you , I can serve as great a prince as you are . Who's that ? a Frenchman ? Faith , sir , a' has an English name ; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there . What prince is that ? The black prince , sir ; alias , the prince of darkness ; alias , the devil . Hold thee , there's my purse . I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of : serve him still . 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 . Go thy ways , I begin to be aweary of thee ; and I tell thee so before , because I would not fall out with thee . Go thy ways : let my horses be well looked to , without any tricks . If I put any tricks upon 'em , sir , they shall be jade's tricks , which are their own right by the law of nature . A shrewd knave and an unhappy . 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 . 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 ? With very much content , my lord ; and I wish it happily effected . His highness comes post from Marseilles , of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow , or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed . 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 . Madam , I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted . You need but plead your honourable privilege . Lady , of that I have made a bold charter ; but I thank my God it holds yet . O madam ! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it 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 . A scar nobly got , or a noble scar , is a good livery of honour ; so belike is that . But it is your carbonadoed face . Let us go see your son , I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier . Faith , there's a dozen of 'em , with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers , which bow the head and nod at every man . 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 ; This man may help me to his majesty's ear , If he would spend his power . God save you , sir . And you . Sir , I have seen you in the court of France . I have been sometimes there . I do presume , sir , that you are not fallen 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 . What's your will ? 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 . The king's not here . Not here , sir ! Not , indeed : He hence remov'd last night , and with more haste Than is his use . Lord , how we lose our pains ! All's well that ends well yet , Though time seems so adverse and means unfit . I do beseech you , whither is he gone ? Marry , as I take it , to Rousillon ; Whither I am going . 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 . This I'll do for you . And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd , Whate'er falls more . We must to horse again : Go , go , provide . 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 . Truly , Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering . Prithee , allow the wind . Nay , you need not to stop your nose , sir : I spake but by a metaphor . Indeed , sir , if your metaphor stink , I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor . Prithee , get thee further . Pray you , sir , deliver me this paper . Foh ! prithee , stand away : a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look , here he comes himself . Here is a purr of Fortune's , sir , or of Fortune's cat but not a musk-cat that has fallen 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 , decayed , ingenious , foolish , rascally knave . I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort , and leave him to your lordship . My lord , I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched . And what would you have me to do ? 'tis too late to pare her nails now . Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune that she should scratch you , who of herself is a good lady , and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a cardecu for you . Let the justices make you and Fortune friends ; I am for other business . I beseech your honour to hear me one single word . You beg a single penny more : come , you shall ha't ; save your word . My name , my good lord , is Parolles . You beg more than one word then . Cox my passion ! give me your hand . How does your drum ? O , my good lord ! you were the first that found me . Was I , in sooth ? and I was the first that lost thee . It lies in you , my lord , to bring me in some grace , for you did bring me out . 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 . 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 . I praise God for you . We lost a jewel of her , and our esteem Was made much poorer by it : but your son , As mad in folly , lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home . '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 . My honour'd lady , I have forgiven and forgotten all , Though my revenges were high bent upon him , And watch'd the time to shoot . 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 . Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear . Well , call him hither ; We are reconcil'd , and the first view shall kill All repetition . Let him not ask our pardon : The nature of his great offence is dead , And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it : let him approach , A stranger , no offender ; and inform him So 'tis our will he should . I shall , my liege . What says he to your daughter ? have you spoke ? All that he is hath reference to your highness . Then shall we have a match . I have letters sent me , That set him high in fame . He looks well on't . 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 . My high-repented blames , Dear sovereign , pardon to me . 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 The inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals ere we can effect them . You remember The daughter of this lord ? 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 warp'd the line of every other favour ; Scorn'd a fair colour , or express'd it stolen ; Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object : thence it came That she , whom all men prais'd , and whom myself , Since I have lost , have lov'd , was in mine eye The dust that did offend it . Well excus'd : 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 own love waking cries to see what's done , While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon . Be this sweet Helen's knell , and now forget her . Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin : The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage-day . Which better than the first , O dear heaven , bless ! Or , ere they meet , in me , O nature , cesse ! 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 . 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 . Hers it was not . 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 ? My gracious sovereign , Howe'er it pleases you to take it so , The ring was never hers . Son , on my life , I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it At her life's rate . I am sure I saw her wear it . You are deceiv'd , my lord , she never saw it : In Florence was it from a casement thrown me , Wrapp'd in a paper , which contain'd the name Of her that threw it . Noble she was , and thought I stood engag'd : but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune , and inform'd her fully I could not answer in that course of honour As she had made the overture , she ceas'd , In heavy satisfaction , and would never Receive the ring again . 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 . She never saw it . Thou speak'st it falsely , as I love mine honour ; And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me Which I would fain shut out . If it should prove That thou art so inhuman ,'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 . 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 . 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 . I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings . Gracious sovereign , Whether I have been to blame or no , I know not : Here's a petition from a Florentine , Who hath , for four or five removes come short To tender it herself . I undertook it , Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech Of the poor suppliant , who by this I know Is here attending : her business looks in her With an importing visage , and she told me , In a sweet verbal brief , it did concern Your highness with herself . "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 CAPILET ." I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair , and toll for this : I'll none of him . The heavens have thought well on thee , Lafeu , To bring forth this discovery . Seek these suitors : Go speedily and bring again the count . I am afeard the life of Helen , lady , Was foully snatch'd . Now , justice on the doers ! I wonder , sir , sith wives are monsters to you , And that you fly them as you swear them lordship , Yet you desire to marry . What woman's that ? I am , my lord , a wretched Florentine , Derived from the ancient Capilet : My suit , as I do understand , you know , And therefore know how far I may be pitied . I am her mother , sir , whose age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring , And both shall cease , without your remedy . Come hither , county ; do you know these women ? My lord , I neither can nor will deny But that I know them : do they charge me further ? Why do you look so strange upon your wife ? She's none of mine , my lord . 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 . Your reputation comes too short for my daughter : you are no husband for her . My lord , this is a fond and desperate creature , Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here . 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 . Good my lord , Ask him upon his oath , if he does think He had not my virginity . What sayst thou to her ? She's impudent , my lord ; And was a common gamester to the camp . 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 . He blushes , and 'tis it : Of six preceding ancestors , that gem Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue , Hath it been ow'd and worn . This is his wife : That ring's a thousand proofs . Methought you said You saw one here in court could witness it . I did , my lord , but loath am to produce So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles . I saw the man to-day , if man he be . Find him , and bring him hither . What of him ? He's quoted for a most perfidious slave , With all the spots of the world tax'd and debosh'd , Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth . Am I or that or this for what he'll utter , That will speak anything ? She hath that ring of yours . I think she has : certain it is I lik'd her , And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth . She knew her distance and did angle for me , 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 . I must be patient ; You , that have 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 . I have it not . What ring was yours , I pray you ? Sir , much like The same upon your finger . Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late . And this was it I gave him , being a-bed . The story then goes false you threw it him Out of a casement . I have spoke the truth . My lord , I do confess the ring was hers . You boggle shrewdly , every feather starts you . Is this the man you speak of ? Ay , my lord . 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 ? So please your majesty , my master hath been an honourable gentleman : tricks he hath had in him , which gentlemen have . Come , come , to the purpose : did he love this woman ? Faith , sir , he did love her ; but how ? How , I pray you ? He did love her , sir , as a gentleman loves a woman . How is that ? He loved her , sir , and loved her not . As thou art a knave , and no knave . What an equivocal companion is this ! I am a poor man , and at your majesty's command . He is a good drum , my lord , but a naughty orator . Do you know he promised me marriage ? Faith , I know more than I'll speak . But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest ? 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 talked 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 . 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 ? Ay , my good lord . Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ? It was not given me , nor I did not buy it . Who lent it you ? It was not lent me neither . Where did you find it , then ? I found it not . If it were yours by none of all these ways , How could you give it him ? I never gave it him . This woman's an easy glove , my lord : she goes off and on at pleasure . This ring was mine : I gave it his first wife . It might be yours or hers , for aught I know . 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 . I'll never tell you . Take her away . I'll put in bail , my liege . I think thee now some common customer . By Jove , if ever I knew man , 'twas you . Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ? Because he's guilty , and he is not guilty . He knows I am no maid , and he'll swear to't ; I'll swear I am a maid , and he knows not . Great king , I am no strumpet , by my life ; I am either maid , or else this old man's wife . She does abuse our ears : to prison with her ! Good mother , fetch my bail . Stay , royal sir ; The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for , And he shall surety me . But for this lord , Who hath abus'd me , as he knows himself , Though yet he never harm'd me , here I quit him : He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd , And at that time he got his wife with child : Dead though she be , she feels her young one kick : So there's my riddle : one that's dead is quick ; And now behold the meaning . Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ? Is't real that I see ? No , my good lord ; 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see ; The name and not the thing . Both , both . O ! pardon . O my good lord ! when I was like this maid , I found you wondrous kind . There is your ring ; And , look you , here's your letter ; this it says : When from my finger you can get this ring , And are by me with child , &c . This is done : Will you be mine , now you are doubly won ? If she , my liege , can make me know this clearly , I'll love her dearly , ever , ever dearly . If it appear not plain , and prove untrue , Deadly divorce step between me and you ! O ! my dear mother ; do I see you living ? Mine eyes smell onions ; I shall weep anon . Good Tom Drum , lend me a handkercher : so , I thank thee . Wait on me home , I'll make sport with thee : let thy curtsies alone , they are scurvy ones . Let us from point to point this story know , To make the even truth in pleasure flow . If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower , Choose thou thy husband , and I'll pay thy dower ; For I can guess that by thy honest aid Thou keptst a wife herself , thyself a maid . Of that , and all the progress , more and less , Resolvedly more leisure shall express : All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet , The bitter past , more welcome is the sweet . Spoken by the 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 . AS YOU LIKE IT As I remember , Adam , it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns , and , as thou sayest , charged my brother on his blessing , to breed me well : and there begins my sadness . My brother Jaques he keeps at school , and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part , he keeps me rustically at home , or , to speak more properly , stays me here at home unkept ; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth , that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for , besides that they are fair with their feeding , they are taught their manage , and to that end riders dearly 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 . Yonder comes my master , your brother . Go apart , Adam , and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up . Now , sir ! what make you here ? Nothing : I am not taught to make anything . What mar you then , sir ? Marry , sir , I am helping you to mar that which God made , a poor unworthy brother of yours , with idleness . Marry , sir , be better employed , and be naught awhile . Shall I keep your hogs , and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent , that I should come to such penury ? Know you where you are , sir ? O ! sir , very well : here in your orchard . Know you before whom , sir ? Ay , better than he 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 . What , boy ! Come , come , elder brother , you are too young in this . Wilt thou lay hands on me , villain ? 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 pulled out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast railed on thyself . Sweet masters , be patient : for your father's remembrance , be at accord . Let me go , I say . I will not , till I please : you shall hear me . My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained 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 . 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 . I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good . Get you with him , you old dog . 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 . Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physic your rankness , and yet give no thousand crowns neither . Holla , Dennis ! Calls your worship ? Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me ? So please you , he is here at the door , and importunes access to you . Call him in . 'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is . Good morrow to your worship . Good Monsieur Charles , what's the new news at the new court ? There's no news at the court , sir , but the old news : that is , the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke ; and three or four loving 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 . Can you tell if Rosalind , the duke's daughter , be banished with her father ? O , no ; for the duke's daughter , her cousin , so loves her ,being ever from their cradles bred together ,that she would have followed her exile , or have died to stay behind her . She is at the court , and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do . Where will the old duke live ? 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 . What , you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ? 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 loath 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 . Charles , I thank thee for thy love to me , which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite . I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein , and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it , but he is resolute . I'll 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 villanous contriver against me his natural brother : therefore use thy discretion . I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger . And thou 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 villanous 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 . 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 ! Farewell , good Charles . Now will I stir this gamester . I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soul , yet I know not why , hates nothing more than he . Yet he's gentle , never schooled 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 . I pray thee , Rosalind , sweet my coz , be merry . Dear Celia , I show more mirth than I am mistress of , and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father , you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure . Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee . If my uncle , thy banished father , had banished thy uncle , the duke my father , so thou hadst been still with me , I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine : so wouldst thou , if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee . Well , I will forget the condition of my estate , to rejoice in yours . 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 . From henceforth I will , coz , and devise sports . Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ? 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 . What shall be our sport then ? Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel , that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally . 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 . 'Tis true ; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest , and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly . Nay , now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world , not in the lineaments of Nature . 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 ? Indeed , there is Fortune too hard for Nature , when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit . Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither , but Nature's ; who , perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses , hath sent this natural for our whetstone : for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits . How now , wit ! whither wander you ? Mistress , you must come away to your father . Were you made the messenger ? No , by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you . Where learned you that oath , fool ? 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 . How prove you that , in the great heap of your knowledge ? Ay , marry : now unmuzzle your wisdom . Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins , and swear by your beards that I am a knave . By our beards , if we had them , thou art . 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 . Prithee , who is't that thou meanest ? One that old Frederick , your father , loves . My father's love is enough to honour him . Enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days . The more pity , that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly . 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 . With his mouth full of news . Which he will put on us , as pigeons feed their young . Then we shall be news-cramm'd . All the better ; we shall be more marketable . Bon jour , Monsieur Le Beau : what's the news ? Fair princess , you have lost much good sport . Sport ! Of what colour ? What colour , madam ! How shall I answer you ? As wit and fortune will . Or as the Destinies decree . Well said : that was laid on with a trowel . Nay , if I keep not my rank , Thou losest thy old smell . You amaze me , ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling , which you have lost the sight of . Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling . 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 . Well , the beginning , that is dead and buried . There comes an old man and his three sons , I could match this beginning with an old tale . Three proper young men , of excellent growth and presence ; With bills on their necks , 'Be it known unto all men by these presents .' 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 . Alas ! But what is the sport , monsieur , that the ladies have lost ? Why , this that I speak of . Thus men may grow wiser every day : it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies . Or I , I promise thee . But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? Shall we see this wrestling , cousin ? You must , if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling , and they are ready to perform it . Yonder , sure , they are coming : let us now stay and see it . Come on : since the youth will not be entreated , his own peril on his forwardness . Is yonder the man ? Even he , madam . Alas ! he is too young : yet he looks successfully . How now , daughter and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling ? Ay , my liege , so please you give us leave . You will take little delight in it , I can tell you , there is such odds in the man : in pity of the challenger's youth I would fam dissuade him , but he will not be entreated . Speak to him , ladies ; see if you can move him . Call him hither , good Monsieur le Beau . Do so : I'll not be by . Monsieur the challenger , the princes call for you . I attend them with all respect and duty . Young man , have you challenged Charles the wrestler ? No , fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in , as others do , to try with him the strength of my youth . Young gentleman , your spirits are too bold for your years . You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment , the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise . We pray you , for your own sake , to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt . 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 . I beseech you , punish me not with your hard thoughts , wherein I confess me much guilty , to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything . But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled , there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed , but one dead that is willing to be so . I shall do my friends no wrong , for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury , for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place , which may be better supplied when I have made it empty . The little strength that I have , I would it were with you . And mine , to eke out hers . Fare you well . Pray heaven I be deceived in you ! Your heart's desires be with you ! Come , where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ? Ready , sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working . You shall try but one fall . No , I warrant your Grace , you shall not entreat him to a second , that have so mightily persuaded him from a first . You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways . Now Hercules be thy speed , young man ! I would I were invisible , to catch the strong fellow by the leg . O excellent young man ! If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye , I can tell who should down . No more , no more . Yes , I beseech your Grace : I am not yet well breathed . How dost thou , Charles ? He cannot speak , my lord . Bear him away . What is thy name , young man ? Orlando , my liege ; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys . 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 pleas'd me with this deed , Hadst thou descended from another house . But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth : I would thou hadst told me of another father . Were I my father , coz , would I do this ? 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 . My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul , And all the world was of my father's mind : Had I before known this young man his son , I should have given him tears unto entreaties , Ere he should thus have ventur'd . 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 deserv'd : If you do keep your promises in love But justly , as you have exceeded all promise , Your mistress shall be happy . Gentleman , Wear this for me , one out of suits with fortune , That could give more , but that her hand lacks means . Shall we go , coz ? Ay . Fare you well , fair gentleman . 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 . 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 . Will you go , coz ? Have with you . Fare you well . What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ? I cannot speak to her , yet she urg'd conference . O poor Orlando , thou art overthrown ! Or Charles or something weaker masters thee . Good sir , I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place . Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation , true applause and love , Yet such is now the duke's condition That he misconstrues all that you have done . The duke is humorous : what he is indeed , More suits you to conceive than I to speak of . 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 ? Neither his daughter , if we judge by manners : But yet , indeed the smaller is his daughter : The other is daughter to the banish'd duke , And here detain'd by her usurping uncle , To keep his daughter company ; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters . But I can tell you that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece , Grounded upon no other argument But that the people praise her for her virtues , And pity her for her good father's sake ; And , on my life , his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth . Sir , fare you well : Hereafter , in a better world than this , I shall desire more love and knowledge of you . I rest much bounden to you : fare you well . Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ; From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother . But heavenly Rosalind ! Why , cousin ! why , Rosalind ! Cupid have mercy ! Not a word ? Not one to throw at a dog . No , thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me ; come , lame me with reasons . Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any . But is all this for your father ? No , some of it is for my child's father : O , how full of briers is this working-day world ! They are but burrs , cousin , thrown upon thee in holiday foolery : if we walk not in the trodden paths , our very petticoats will catch them . I could shake them off my coat : these burrs are in my heart . Hem them away . I would try , if I could cry 'hem ,' and have him . Come , come ; wrestle with thy affections . O ! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself ! 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 ? The duke my father loved his father dearly . 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 . No , faith , hate him not , for my sake . Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ? Let me love him for that ; and do you love him , because I do . Look , here comes the duke . With his eyes full of anger . Mistress , dispatch you with your safest haste , And get you from our court . Me , uncle ? You , cousin : Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles , Thou diest for it . 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 . 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 . Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor : Tell me whereon the likelihood depends . Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough . So was I when your highness took his dukedom ; So was I when your highness banish'd him . Treason is not inherited , my lord ; Or , if we did derive it from our friends , What's that to me ? my father was no traitor : Then , good my liege , mistake me not so much To think my poverty is treacherous . Dear sovereign , hear me speak . Ay , Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake ; Else had she with her father rang'd along . 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 . 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 banish'd . Pronounce that sentence then , on me , my liege : I cannot live out of her company . 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 . O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ? Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine . I charge thee , be not thou more griev'd than I am . I have more cause . Thou hast not , cousin ; Prithee , be cheerful ; know'st thou not , the duke Hath banish'd me , his daughter ? That he hath not . No , hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one : Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part , sweet girl ? No : let my father seek another heir . Therefore devise with me how we may fly , Whither to go , and what to bear with us : And do not seek to take your change 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 . Why , whither shall we go ? To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden . Alas , what danger will it be to us , Maids as we are , to travel forth so far ! Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold . 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 . Were it not better , Because that I am more than common tall , That I did suit me all points like a man ? A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh , A boar-spear in my hand ; and ,in my heart Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will , We'll have a swashing and a martial outside , As many other mannish cowards have That do outface it with their semblances . What shall I call thee when thou art a man ? 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 ? Something that hath a reference to my state : No longer Celia , but Aliena . 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 ? 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 . 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 . Happy is your Grace , That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style . Come , shall we go and kill us venison ? And yet it irks me , the poor dappled fools , Being native burghers of this desert city , Should in their own confines with forked heads Have their round haunches gor'd . Indeed , my lord , The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ; And , in that kind , swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you . To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ; To the which place a poor sequester'd stag , That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt , Did come to languish ; and , indeed , my lord , The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting , and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool , Much marked of the melancholy Jaques , Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook , Augmenting it with tears . But what said Jaques ? Did he not moralize this spectacle ? O , yes , into a thousand similes . First , for his weeping into the needless stream ; 'Poor deer ,' quoth he , 'thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do , giving thy sum of more To that which had too much :' then , being there alone , Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ; ''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 . And did you leave him in this contemplation ? We did , my lord , weeping and commenting Upon the sobbing deer . Show me the place . I love to cope him in these sullen fits , For then he's full of matter . I'll bring you to him straight . Can it be possible that no man saw them ? It cannot be : some villains of my court Are of consent and sufferance in this . 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 untreasur'd of their mistress . My lord , the roynish clown , at whom so oft Your Grace was wont to laugh , is also missing . Hisperia , 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 . Send to his brother ; 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 . Who's there ? 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 ! Why , what's the matter ? 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 . Why , whither , Adam , wouldst thou have me go ? No matter whither , so you come not here . 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 . But do not so . I have five hundred crowns , The thrifty hire I sav'd 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 . O good old man ! how well in thee appears The constant service of the antique world , When service sweat for duty , not for meed ! Thou art not for the fashion of these times , Where none will sweat but for promotion , And having that , do choke their service up Even with the having : it is not so with thee . But , poor old man , thou prun'st a rotten tree , That cannot so much as a blossom yield , In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry . But come thy ways , we'll go along together , And ere we have thy youthful wages spent , We'll light upon some settled low content . 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 . O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits . I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary . I could find it 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 . I pray you , bear with me : I cannot go no further . 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 . Well , this is the forest of Arden . 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 . Ay , be so , good Touchstone . Look you , who comes here ; a young man and an old in solemn talk . That is the way to make her scorn you still . O Corin , that thou knew'st how I do love her ! I partly guess , for I have lov'd ere now . 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 ? Into a thousand that I have forgotten . O ! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily . If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into , Thou hast not lov'd : Or if thou hast not sat as I do now , Wearing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise , Thou hast not lov'd : Or if thou hast not broke from company Abruptly , as my passion now makes me , Thou hast not lov'd . O Phebe , Phebe , Phebe ! Alas , poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound , I have by hard adventure found mine own . 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 batler , and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked ; 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 . Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of . Nay , I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it . Jove , Jove ! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion . And mine ; but it grows something stale with me . I pray you , one of you question yond man , If he for gold will give us any food : I faint almost to death . Holla , you clown ! Peace , fool : he's not thy kinsman . Who calls ? Your betters , sir . Else are they very wretched . Peace , I say . Good even to you , friend . And to you , gentle sir , and to you all . 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 oppress'd , And faints for succour . 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 . What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ? That young swain that you saw here but erewhile , That little cares for buying anything . 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 . And we will mend thy wages . I like this place , And willingly could waste my time in it . 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 . 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 . More , more , I prithee , more . It will make you melancholy , Monsieur 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 . My voice is ragged ; I know I cannot please you . I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing . Come , more ; another stanzo : call you them stanzos ? What you will , Monsieur Jaques . Nay , I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing . Will you sing ? More at your request than to please myself . Well then , if ever I thank any man , I'll thank you : but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes , and when a man thanks me heartily , methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks . Come , sing ; and you that will not , hold your tongues . 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 . 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 . Who doth ambition shun , And loves to live i' the sun , Secking the food he eats , And pleas'd with what he gets . Come hither , come hither , come hither : Here shall he see No enemy But winter and rough weather . I'll give you a verse to this note , that I made yesterday in despite of my invention . And I'll sing it . 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 . What's that 'ducdame ?' '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 . And I'll go seek the duke : his banquet is prepared . Dear master , I can go no further : O ! I die for food . Here lie I down , and measure out my grave . Farewell , kind master . Why , how now , Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little . If this uncouth forest yield anything savage , I will either be food for it , or bring it for food to thee . Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers . For my sake be 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 lookest 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 anything in this desert . Cheerly , good Adam . I think he be transform'd into a beast , For I can nowhere find him like a man . My lord , he is but even now gone hence : Here was he merry , hearing of a song . 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 . He saves my labour by his own approach . Why , how now , monsieur ! what a life is this , That your poor friends must woo your company ? What , you look merrily ! A fool , a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest , A motley fool ; a miserable world ! As I do live by food , I met a fool ; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun , And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms , In good set terms , and yet a motley fool . 'Good morrow , fool ,' quoth I . 'No , sir ,' quoth he , 'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune .' And then he drew a dial from his poke , And , looking on it with lack-lustre eye , Says very wisely , 'It is ten o'clock ; Thus may we 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 . What fool is this ? 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 . Thou shalt have one . It is my only suit ; Provided that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them That I am wise . I must have liberty Withal , as large a charter as the wind , To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have : And they that are most galled with my folly , They 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 anatomiz'd Even by the squandering glances of the fool . Invest me in my motley ; give me leave To speak my mind , and I will through and through Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world , If they will patiently receive my medicine . Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do . What , for a counter , would I do , but good ? Most mischievous foul sin , in chiding sin : For thou thyself hast been a libertine , As sensual as the brutish sting itself ; And all the embossed sores and headed evils , That thou with licence of free foot hast caught , Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world . 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 ? Forbear , and eat no more . Why , I have eat none yet . Nor shalt not , till necessity be serv'd . Of what kind should this cock come of ? 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 ? You touch'd my vein at first : the thorny point Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show Of smooth civility ; yet I am 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 . An you will not be answered with reason , I must die . What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force More than your force move us to gentleness . I almost die for food ; and let me have it . Sit down and feed , and welcome to our table . 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 look'd on better days , If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church , If ever sat at any good man's feast , If ever from your eyelids wip'd 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 . True is it that we have seen better days , And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church , And sat at good men's feasts , and wip'd our eyes Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd ; And therefore sit you down in gentleness And take upon command what help we have That to your wanting may be minister'd . 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 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd , Oppress'd with two weak evils , age and hunger , I will not touch a bit . Go find him out , And we will nothing waste till you return . I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort ! Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy : This wide and universal theatre Presents more woful pageants than the scene Wherein we play in . All the world's a stage , And all the men and women merely players : They have their exits and their entrances ; And one man in his time plays many parts , His acts being seven ages . At first the infant , Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms . And then the whining school-boy , with his satchel , And shining morning face , creeping like snail Unwillingly to school . And then the lover , Sighing like furnace , with a woful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow . Then a soldier , Full of strange oaths , and bearded like the pard , Jealous in honour , sudden and quick in quarrel , Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth . And then the justice , In fair round belly with good capon lin'd , With eyes severe , and beard of formal cut , Full of wise saws and modern instances ; And so he plays his part . The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon , With spectacles on nose and pouch on side , His youthful hose well sav'd , a world too wide For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice , Turning again toward childish treble , pipes And whistles in his sound . Last scene of all , That ends this strange eventful history , Is second childishness and mere oblivion , Sans teeth , sans eyes , sans taste , sans everything . Welcome . Set down your venerable burden , And let him feed . I thank you most for him . So had you need : I scarce can speak to thank you for myself . Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you As yet , to question you about your fortunes . Give us some music ; and , good cousin , sing . 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 ! unto the green holly : Most friendship is feigning , most loving mere folly . Then heigh-ho ! the holly ! This life is most jolly . 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 lov'd 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 . Not seen 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 . O that your highness knew my heart in this ! I never lov'd my brother in my life . 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 . Hang there , my verse , in witness of my love : And thou , thrice-crowned queen of night , survey With thy chaste eye , from thy pale sphere above , Thy huntress' name , that my full life doth sway . O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books , And in their barks my thoughts I'll character , That every eye , which in this forest looks , Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere . Run , run , Orlando : carve on every tree The fair , the chaste , and unexpressive she . And how like you this shepherd's life , Master 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 ? No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money , means , and content , is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet , and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep , and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding , or comes of a very dull kindred . Such a one is a natural philosopher . Wast ever in court , shepherd ? No , truly . Then thou art damned . Nay , I hope . Truly , thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg , all on one side . For not being at court ? Your reason . Why , if thou never wast at court , thou never sawest good manners ; if thou never sawest good manners , then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin , and sin is damnation . Thou art in a parlous state , shepherd . 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 . Instance , briefly ; come , instance . Why , we are still handling our ewes , and their fells , you know , are greasy . 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 . Besides , our hands are hard . Your lips will feel them the sooner : shallow again . A more sounder instance ; come . And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet . 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 . You have too courtly a wit for me : I'll rest . Wilt thou rest damned ? God help thee , shallow man ! God make incision in thee ! thou art raw . 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 . 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 , cuckoldy ram , out of all reasonable match . If thou be'st not damned for this , the devil himself will have no shepherds : I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape . Here comes young Master Ganymede , my new mistress's brother . From the east to western Ind , No jewel is like Rosalind Her worth , being mounted on the wind , Through all the world bears Rosalind . All the pictures fairest lin'd Are but black to Rosalind . Let no face be kept in mind , But the fair of Rosalind . 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 . Out , fool ! 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 lin'd , 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 sweetest rose will find Must find love's prick and Rosalind . This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ? Peace ! you dull fool : I found them on a tree . Truly , the tree yields bad fruit . I'll graff it with you , and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe , and that's the right virtue of the medlar . You have said ; but whether wisely or no , let the forest judge . Peace ! Here comes my sister , reading : stand aside . Why should this a desert be ? For it is unpeopled ? No ; Tongues I'll hang on every tree , That shall civil sayings show . Some , how brief the life of man Runs his erring pilgrimage , That the stretching of a span Buckles in his sum of age ; Some , of violated vows 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend : But upon the fairest boughs , Or at every sentence' end , Will I Rosalinda write ; Teaching all that read to know The quintessence of every sprite Heaven would in little show . Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd That one body should be fill'd With all graces wide enlarg'd : Nature presently distill'd Helen's cheek , but not her heart , Cleopatra's majesty , Atalanta's better part , Sad Lucretia's modesty . Thus Rosalind of many parts By heavenly synod was devis'd Of many faces , eyes , and hearts , To have the touches dearest priz'd . Heaven would that she these gifts should have , And I to live and die her slave . O most gentle pulpiter ! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal , and never cried , 'Have patience , good people !' How now ! back , friends ! Shepherd , go off a little : go with him , sirrah . Come , shepherd , let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage , yet with scrip and scrippage . Didst thou hear these verses ? O , yes , I heard them all , and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear . That's no matter : the feet might bear the verses . Ay , but the feet were lame , and could not bear themselves without the verse , and therefore stood lamely in the verse . But didst thou hear without wondering , how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees ? I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time , that I was an Irish rat , which I can hardly remember . Trow you who hath done this ? Is it a man ? And a chain , that you once wore , about his neck . Change you colour ? I prithee , who ? O Lord , Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes , and so encounter . Nay , but who is it ? Is it possible ? Nay , I prithee now , with most petitionary vehemence , tell me who it is . O wonderful , wonderful , and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful ! and after that , out of all whooping ! 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 mightst pour this concealed 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 . So you may put a man in your belly . Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat , or his chin worth a beard ? Nay , he hath but a little beard . 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 . It is young Orlando , that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both , in an instant . Nay , but the devil take mocking : speak , sad brow and true maid . I' faith , coz , 'tis he . Orlando ? Orlando . Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked 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 . 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 . 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 ? 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 dropped acorn . It may well be called Jove's tree , when it drops forth such fruit . Give me audience , good madam . Proceed . There lay he , stretch'd along like a wounded knight . Though it be pity to see such a sight , it well becomes the ground . Cry 'holla !' to thy tongue , I prithee ; it curvets unseasonably . He was furnish'd like a hunter . O , ominous ! he comes to kill my heart . I would sing my song without a burthen : thou bringest me out of tune . Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think , I must speak . Sweet , say on . You bring me out . Soft ! comes he not here ? 'Tis he : slink by , and note him . I thank you for your company ; but , good faith , I had as lief have been myself alone . And so had I ; but yet , for fashion' sake , I thank you too for your society . God be wi' you : let's meet as little as we can . I do desire we may be better strangers . I pray you , mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks . I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly . Rosalind is your love's name ? Yes , just . I do not like her name . There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened . What stature is she of ? Just as high as my heart . You are full of pretty answers . Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives , and conn'd them out of rings ? Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth , from whence you have studied your questions . 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 . I will chide no breather in the world but myself , against whom I know most faults . The worst fault you have is to be in love . 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue . I am weary of you . By my troth , I was seeking for a fool when I found you . He is drowned in the brook : look but in , and you shall see him . There I shall see mine own figure . Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher . I'll tarry no longer with you . Farewell , good Signior Love . I am glad of your departure . Adieu , good Monsieur Melancholy . I will speak to him like a saucy lackey , and under that habit play the knave with him . Do you hear , forester ? Very well : what would you ? I pray you , what is't o'clock ? You should ask me , what time o' day ; there's no clock in the forest . 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 . And why not the swift foot of Time ? had not that been as proper ? 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 . I prithee , who doth he trot withal ? 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 . Who ambles Time withal ? 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 burden of lean and wasteful learning , the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury . These Time ambles withal . Who doth he gallop withal ? With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly as foot can fall he thinks himself too soon there . Who stays it still withal ? With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term , and then they perceive not how Time moves . Where dwell you , pretty youth ? With this shepherdess , my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest , like fringe upon a petticoat . Are you native of this place ? As the cony , that you see dwell where she is kindled . Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling . I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak , who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well , for there he fell in love . I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God , I am not a woman , to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal . Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ? 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 . I prithee , recount some of them . 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 . I am he that is so love-shaked . I pray you , tell me your remedy . 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 . What were his marks ? 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 ungartered , your bonnet unbanded , your sleeve unbuttoned , your shoe untied , and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation . But you are no such man : you are rather point-device in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other . Fair youth , I would I could make thee believe I love . 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 ? I swear to thee , youth , by the white hand of Rosalind , I am that he , that unfortunate he . But are you so much in love as your rimes speak ? Neither rime nor reason can express how much . 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 punished and cured is , that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too . Yet I profess curing it by counsel . Did you ever cure any so ? 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 living humour of madness , which was , to forswear the full stream of the world , and to live in a nook merely monastic . And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart , that there shall not be one spot of love in't . I would not be cured , youth . I would cure you , if you would but call me Rosalind , and come every day to my cote and woo me . Now , by the faith of my love , I will : tell me where it is . 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 ? With all my heart , good youth . Nay , you must call me Rosalind . Come , sister , will you go ? 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 ? Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ? I am here with thee and thy goats , as the most capricious poet , honest Ovid , was among the Goths . O knowledge ill-inhabited , worse than Jove in a thatch'd house ! 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 . I do not know what 'poetical' is . Is it honest in deed and word ? Is it a true thing ? 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 . Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical ? I do , truly ; for thou swearest to me thou art honest : now , if thou wert a poet , I might have some hope thou didst feign . Would you not have me honest ? No , truly , unless thou wert hard-favour'd ; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar . A material fool . Well , I am not fair , and therefore I pray the gods make me honest . Truly , and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish . I am not a slut , though I thank the gods I am foul . 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 . I would fain see this meeting . Well , the gods give us joy ! 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 walled 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 . Sir Oliver Martext , you are well met : will you dispatch us here under this tree , or shall we go with you to your chapel ? Is there none here to give the woman ? I will not take her on gift of any man . Truly , she must be given , or the marriage is not lawful . Proceed , proceed : I'll give her . 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 covered . Will you be married , motley ? 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 . 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 . 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 . Go thou with me , and let me counsel thee . 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 , Begone , I say , I will not to wedding with thee . 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling . Never talk to me : I will weep . Do , I prithee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man . But have I not cause to weep ? As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep . His very hair is of the dissembling colour . Something browner than Judas's ; marry , his kisses are Judas's own children . I' faith , his hair is of a good colour . An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever the only colour . And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread . 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 . But why did he swear he would come this morning , and comes not ? Nay , certainly , there is no truth in him . Do you think so ? Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love , I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut . Not true in love ? Yes , when he is in ; but I think he is not in . You have heard him swear downright he was . '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 . I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him . He asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him , of as good as he ; so he laughed , and let me go . But what talk we of fathers , when there is such a man as Orlando ? 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 ? Mistress and master , you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love , Who you saw sitting by me on the turf , Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress . Well , and what of him ? 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 . 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 . 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 the 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 ? 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 swound ; why now fall down ; Or , if thou canst not , O ! for shame , for shame , Lie not , to say mine eyes are murderers . Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee ; Scratch thee but with a pin , and there remains Some scar of it ; lean 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 . 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 . 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 . 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 make 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 . Sweet youth , I pray you , chide a year together : I had rather hear you chide than this man woo . He's fallen 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 ? For no ill will I bear you . 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 abus'd in sight as he . Come , to our flock . Dead shepherd , now I find thy saw of might : 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight ?' Sweet Phebe , Ha ! what sayst thou , Silvius ? Sweet Phebe , pity me . Why , I am sorry for thee , gentle 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 extermin'd . Thou hast my love : is not that neighbourly ? I would have you . 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 . 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 . Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile ? 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 . Think not I love him , though I ask for him . 'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ; But what care I for words ? yet words do well , When he that speaks them pleases those that hear . It is a pretty youth : not very pretty : But , sure , he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him : He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue Did make offence his eye did heal it up . He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall : His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well : There was a pretty redness in his lip , A little riper and more lusty red Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask . There be some women , Silvius , had they mark'd him In parcels as I did , would have gone near To fall in love with him ; but , for my part , I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet Have more cause to hate him than to love him : For what 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 ? Phebe , with all my heart . 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 . I prithee , pretty youth , let me be better acquainted with thee . They say you are a melancholy fellow . I am so ; I do love it better than laughing . Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows , and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards . Why , 'tis good to be sad and say nothing . Why , then , 'tis good to be a post . 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 . 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 . Yes , I have gained my experience . 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 ! Good day , and happiness , dear Rosalind ! Nay then , God be wi' you , an you talk in blank verse . 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 . My fair Rosalind , I come within an hour of my promise . Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts , and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love , it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder , but I'll warrant him heart-whole . Pardon me , dear Rosalind . Nay , an you be so tardy , come no more in my sight : I had as lief be wooed of a snail . Of a snail ! 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 . What's that ? Why , horns ; that such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife . Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous . And I am your Rosalind ? It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you . 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 ? I would kiss before I spoke . Nay , you were better speak first , and when you were gravelled 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 . How if the kiss be denied ? Then she puts you to entreaty , and there begins new matter . Who could be out , being before his beloved mistress ? Marry , that should you , if I were your mistress ; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit . What , of my suit ? Not out of your apparel , and yet out of your suit . Am not I your Rosalind ? I take some joy to say you are , because I would be talking of her . Well , in her person I say I will not have you . Then in mine own person I die . 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 dashed out with a Grecian club ; yet he did what he could to die before , and he is one of the patterns of love . Leander , he would have lived many a fair year , though Hero had turned nun , if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night ; for , good youth , he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont , and being taken with the cramp was drowned ; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos .' But these are all lies : men have died from time to time , and worms have eaten them , but not for love . I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind ; for , I protest , her frown might kill me . 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 . Then love me , Rosalind . Yes , faith will I , Fridays and Saturdays and all . And wilt thou have me ? Ay , and twenty such . What sayest thou ? Are you not good ? I hope so . 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 ? Pray thee , marry us . I cannot say the words . You must begin ,'Will you , Orlando ,' Go to .Will you , Orlando , have to wife this Rosalind ? I will . Ay , but when ? Why now ; as fast as she can marry us . Then you must say , 'I take thee , Rosalind , for wife .' I take thee , Rosalind , for wife . 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 . So do all thoughts ; they are winged . Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her ? For ever and a day . 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 sleep . But will my Rosalind do so ? By my life , she will do as I do . O ! but she is wise . 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 . A man that hath a wife with such a wit , he might say , 'Wit , whither wilt ?' Nay , you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed . And what wit could wit have to excuse that ? 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 . For these two hours , Rosalind , I will leave thee . Alas ! dear love , I cannot lack thee two hours . I must attend the duke at dinner : by two o'clock I will be with thee again . 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 ? Ay , sweet 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 . With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so , adieu . Well , Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders , and let Time try . Adieu . You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate : we must have your doublot and hose plucked over your head , and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest . 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 . Or rather , bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in , it runs out . 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 . And I'll sleep . Which is he that killed the deer ? Sir , it was I . 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 ? Yes , sir . Sing it : 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough . What shall he have that kill'd the deer ? His leather skin and horns to wear . Then sing him home 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 How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? And here much Orlando ! I warrant you , with pure love and a troubled brain , he hath ta'en his bow and arrows , and is gone forth to sleep . Look , who comes here . My errand is to you , fair youth . My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this : 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 . 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 ph nix . '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 . No , I protest , I know not the contents : Phebe did write it . 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 . Sure , it is hers . Why , 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style , A style for challengers ; why , she defies me , Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention , Such Ethiop words , blacker in their effect Than in their countenance . Will you hear the letter ? So please you , for I never heard it yet ; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty . She Phebes me . Mark how the tyrant writes . Art thou god to shepherd turn'd , That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ? Can a woman rail thus ? Call you this railing ? 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 . Call you this chiding ? Alas , poor shepherd ! 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 . Good morrow , fair ones . Pray you if you know , Where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees ? 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 . 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 : but the woman low , And browner than her brother .' Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for ? It is no boast , being ask'd , to say , we are . Orlando doth commend him to you both , And to that youth he calls his Rosalind He sends this bloody napkin . Are you he ? I am : what must we understand by this ? 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 . I pray you , tell it . 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 approach'd The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly , Seeing Orlando , it unlink'd 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 . O ! I have heard him speak of that same brother ; And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd 'mongst men . And well he might so do , For well I know he was unnatural . But , to Orlando : did he leave him there , Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ? Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so ; But kindness , nobler ever than revenge , And nature , stronger than his just occasion , Made him give battle to the lioness , Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling From miserable slumber I awak'd . Are you his brother ? Was it you he rescu'd ? Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ? '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 . But , for the bloody napkin ? By and by . When from the first to last , betwixt us two , Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd , As how I came into that desert place : In brief , he led me to the gentle duke , Who gave me fresh array and entertainment , Committing me unto my brother's love ; Who led me instantly unto his cave , There stripp'd himself ; and here , upon his arm The lioness had torn some flesh away , Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted , And cried , in fainting , upon Rosalind . Brief , I recover'd him , bound up his wound ; And , after some small space , being strong at heart , He sent me hither , stranger as I am , To tell this story , that you might excuse His broken promise ; and to give this napkin , Dy'd in his blood , unto the shepherd youth That he in sport doth call his Rosalind . Why , how now , Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede ! Many will swoon when they do look on blood . There is more in it . Cousin ! Ganymede ! Look , he recovers . I would I were at home . We'll lead you thither . I pray you , will you take him by the arm ? Be of good cheer , youth . You a man ! You lack a man's heart . 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 ! This was not counterfeit : there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest . Counterfeit , I assure you . Well then , take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man . So I do ; but , i' faith , I should have been a woman by right . Come ; you look paler and paler : pray you , draw homewards . Good sir , go with us . That will I , for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother , Rosalind . I shall devise something . But , I pray you , commend my counterfeiting to him . Will you go ? We shall find a time , Audrey : patience , gentle Audrey . Faith , the priest was good enough , for all the old gentleman's saying . A most wicked Sir Oliver , Audrey ; a most vile Martext . But , Audrey , there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you . Ay , I know who 'tis : he hath no interest in me in the world . Here comes the man you mean . 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 . Good even , Audrey . God ye good even , William . And good even to you , sir . Good even , gentle friend . Cover thy head , cover thy head ; nay , prithee , be covered . How old are you , friend ? Five-and-twenty , sir . A ripe age . Is thy name William ? William , sir . A fair name . Wast born i' the forest here ? Ay , sir , I thank God . 'Thank God ;' a good answer . Art rich ? Faith , sir , so so . 'So so ,' is good , very good , very excellent good : and yet it is not ; it is but so so . Art thou wise ? Ay , sir , I have a pretty wit . Why , thou sayest 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 ? I do , sir . Give me your hand . Art thou learned ? No , sir . Then learn this of me : to have , is to have ; for it is a figure in rhetoric , that drink , being poured out of a cup into a glass , by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he : now , you are not ipse , for I am he . Which he , sir ? 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'errun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble , and depart . Do , good William . God rest you merry , sir . Our master and mistress seek you : come , away , away ! Trip , Audrey ! trip , Audrey ! I attend , I attend . 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 ? 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 . You have my consent . Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers . Go you and prepare Aliena ; for , look you , here comes my Rosalind . God save you , brother . And you , fair sister . O ! my dear Orlando , how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf . It is my arm . I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion . Wounded it is , but with the eyes of a lady . Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound when he showed me your handkercher ? Ay , and greater wonders than that . O ! I know where you are . Nay , 'tis true : there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams , and C sar's thrasonical brag of 'I came , saw , and overcame :' for your brother and my sister no sooner met , but they looked ; no sooner looked but they loved ; no sooner loved but they sighed ; no sooner sighed but they asked 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 . They shall be married to-morrow , and I will bid the duke to the nuptial . But , O ! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes . By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness , by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for . Why then , to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ? I can live no longer by thinking . 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 years 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 . Speakest thou in sober meanings ? 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 . Youth , you have done me much ungentleness , To show the letter that I writ to you . 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 . Good shepherd , tell this youth what 'tis to love . It is to be all made of sighs and tears ; And so am I for Phebe . And I for Ganymede . And I for Rosalind . And I for no woman . It is to be all made of faith and service ; And so am I for Phebe . And I for Ganymede . And I for Rosalind . And I for no woman . 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 obeisance ; And so am I for Phebe . And so am I for Ganymede . And so am I for Rosalind . And so am I for no woman . If this be so , why blame you me to love you ? If this be so , why blame you me to love you ? If this be so , why blame you me to love you ? Who do you speak to , 'Why blame you me to love you ?' To her that is not here , nor doth not hear . Pray you , no more of this : 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon . As you love Phebe , meet : and as I love no woman , I'll meet . So , fare you well : I have left you commands . I'll not fail , if I live . Nor I . Nor I . To-morrow is the joyful day , Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married . 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 banished duke's pages . Well met , honest gentleman . By my troth , well met . Come , sit , sit , and a song . We are for you : sit i' the middle . Shall we clap into't roundly , without hawking or spitting , or saying we are hoarse , which are the only prologues to a bad voice ? I'faith , i'faith ; and both in a tune , like two gipsies on a horse . It was a lover and his lass , With a hey , and a ho , and a hey nonino , That o'er the green corn-field did pass , In the spring time , the only pretty ring time , When birds do sing , hey ding a ding , ding ; Sweet lovers love the spring . Between the acres of the rye , With a hey , and a ho , and a hey nonino , These pretty country folks would lie , In the spring time , &c . 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 the spring time , &c . And therefore take the present time , With a hey , and a ho , and a hey nonino ; For love is crowned with the prime In the spring time , &c . Truly , young gentlemen , though there was no great matter in the ditty , yet the note was very untuneable . You are deceived , sir : we kept time ; we lost not our time . By my troth , yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song . God be wi' you ; and God mend your voices ! Come , Audrey . Dost thou believe , Orlando , that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised ? I sometimes do believe , and sometimes do not ; As those that fear they hope , and know they fear . Patience once more , whiles our compact is urg'd . You say , if I bring in your Rosalind , You will bestow her on Orlando here ? That would I , had I kingdoms to give with her . And you say , you will have her when I bring her ? That would I , were I of all kingdoms king . You say , that you'll marry me , if I be willing ? That will I , should I die the hour after . But if you do refuse to marry me , You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ? So is the bargain . You say , that you'll have Phebe , if she will ? Though to have her and death were both one thing . I have promis'd to make all 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 . I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour . 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 . There is , sure , another flood toward , and these couples are coming to the ark . Here comes a pair of very strange beasts , which in all tongues are called fools . Salutation and greeting to you all ! 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 . If any man doubt that , let him put me to my purgation . I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend , smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels , and like to have fought one . And how was that ta'en up ? Faith , we met , and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause . How seventh cause ? Good my lord , like this fellow . I like him very well . 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-favoured thing , sir , but mine own : a poor humour of mine , sir , to take that that no man else will . Rich honesty dwells like a miser , sir , in a poor house , as your pearl in your foul oyster . By my faith , he is very swift and sententious . According to the fool's bolt , sir , and such dulcet diseases . But , for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ? Upon a lie seven times removed :bear your body more seeming , Audrey :as thus , sir . I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard : he sent me word , if I said his beard was not cut well , he was in the mind it was : this is called 'the retort courteous .' If I sent him word again , it was not well cut , he would send me word , he cut it to please himself : this is called the 'quip modest .' If again , it was not well cut , he disabled my judgment : this is called the 'reply churlish .' If again , it was not well cut , he would answer , I spake not true : this is called the 'reproof valiant :' if again , it was not well cut , he would say , I lie : this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome' : and so to the 'lie circumstantial ,' and the 'lie direct .' And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ? 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 . Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ? 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 .' Is not this a rare fellow , my lord ? he's as good at any thing , and yet a fool . He uses his folly like a stalking-horse , and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit . 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 . To you I give myself , for I am yours . To you I give myself , for I am yours . If there be truth in sight , you are my daughter . If there be truth in sight , you are my Rosalind . If sight and shape be true , Why then , my love adieu ! I'll have no father , if you be not he . I'll have no husband , if you be not he : Nor ne'er wed woman , if you be not she . 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 : You and you are heart in heart : You to his love must accord , Or have a woman to your lord : You and you are sure together , 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 . 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 ! O my dear niece ! welcome thou art to me : Even daughter , welcome in no less degree . I will not eat my word , now thou art mine ; Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine . Let me have audience for a word or two : I am the second son of old Sir Rowland , That bring these tidings to this fair assembly . Duke Frederick , hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest , Address'd a mighty power , which were on foot In his own conduct , purposely to take His brother here and put him to the sword : And to the skirts of this wild wood he came , Where , meeting with an old religious man , After some question with him , was converted Both from his enterprise and from the world ; His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother , And all their lands restor'd to them again That were with him exil'd . This to be true , I do engage my life . 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 endur'd shrewd days and nights with us , Shall share the good of our returned fortune , According to the measure of their states . Meantime , forget this new-fall'n dignity , And fall into our rustic revelry . Play , music ! and you , brides and bridegrooms all , With measure heap'd in joy , to the measures fall . Sir , by your patience . If I heard you rightly , The duke hath put on a religious life , And thrown into neglect the pompous court ? He hath . To him will I : out of these convertites There is much matter to be heard and learn'd . You to your former honour I bequeath ; Your patience and your virtue well deserve it : You to a love that your true faith doth merit : You to your land , and love , and great allies : You to a long and well-deserved bed : And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victual'd . So , to your pleasures : I am for other than for dancing measures . Stay , Jaques , stay . To see no pastime , I : what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave . Proceed , proceed : we will begin these rites , As we do trust they'll end , in true delights . 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 furnished like a beggar , therefore to beg will not become me : my way is , to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women . I charge you , O women ! for the love you bear to men , to like as much of this play as please you : and I charge you , O men ! for the love you bear to women ,as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them ,that between you and the women , the play may please . If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me , complexions that liked me , and breaths that I defied not ; and , I am sure , as many as have good beards , or good faces , or sweet breaths , will , for my kind offer , when I make curtsy , bid me farewell . CYMBELINE You do not meet a man but frowns ; our bloods No more obey the heavens than our courtiers Still seem as does the king . But what's the matter ? His daughter , and the heir of 's kingdom , whom He purpos'd to his wife's sole son ,a widow That late he married ,hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman . She's wedded ; Her husband banish'd , she imprison'd : all Is outward sorrow , though I think the king Be touch'd at very heart . None but the king ? He that hath lost her too ; so is the queen , That most desir'd the match ; but not a courtier , Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks , hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at . And why so ? He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing Too bad for bad report ; and he that hath her , I mean that married her , alack ! good man ! And therefore banish'd is a creature such As , to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like , there would be something failing In him that should compare . I do not think So fair an outward and such stuff within Endows a man but he . You speak him far . I do extend him , sir , within himself , Crush him together rather than unfold His measure duly . What's his name and birth ? I cannot delve him to the root : his father Was called Sicilius , who did join his honour Against the Romans with Cassibelan , But had his titles by Tenantius whom He serv'd with glory and admir'd success , So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus ; And had , besides this gentleman in question , Two other sons , who in the wars o' the time Died with their swords in hand ; for which their father Then old and fond of issue took such sorrow That he quit being , and his gentle lady , Big of this gentleman , our theme , deceas'd As he was born . The king , he takes the babe To his protection ; calls him Posthumus Leonatus ; Breeds him and makes him of his bedchamber , Puts to him all the learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of ; which he took , As we do air , fast as 'twas minister'd , And in's spring became a harvest ; liv'd in court , Which rare it is to do most prais'd , most lov'd ; A sample to the youngest , to the more mature A glass that feated them , and to the graver A child that guided dotards ; to his mistress , For whom he now is banish'd , her own price Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ; By her election may be truly read What kind of man he is . I honour him , Even out of your report . But pray you , tell me , Is she sole child to the king ? His only child . He had twosons ,if this be worth your hearing , Mark it ,the eldest of them at three years old , I' the swathing clothes the other , from their nursery Were stol'n ; and to this hour no guess in knowledge Which way they went . How long is this ago ? Some twenty years . That a king's children should be so convey'd , So slackly guarded , and the search so slow , That could not trace them ! Howsoe'er 'tis strange , Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at , Yet is it true , sir . I do well believe you . We must forbear . Here comes the gentleman , The queen , and princess . No , be assur'd you shall not find me , daughter , After the slander of most step-mothers , Evil-ey'd unto you ; you're my prisoner , but Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint . For you , Posthumus , So soon as I can win the offended king , I will be known your advocate ; marry , yet The fire of rage is in him , and 'twere good You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience Your wisdom may inform you . Please your highness , I will from hence to-day . You know the peril : I'll fetch a turn about the garden , pitying The pangs of barr'd affections , though the king Hath charg'd you should not speak together . O ! Dissembling courtesy . How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband , I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing , Always reserv'd my holy duty ,what His rage can do on me . You must be gone ; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes , not comforted to live , But that there is this jewel in the world That I may see again . My queen ! my mistress ! O lady , weep no more , lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man . I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth . My residence in Rome at one Philario's , Who to my father was a friend , to me Known but by letter ; thither write , my queen , And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send , Though ink be made of gall . Be brief , I pray you ; If the king come , I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure . Yet I'll move him To walk this way . I never do him wrong , But he does buy my injuries to be friends , Pays dear for my offences . Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live , The loathness to depart would grow . Adieu ! Nay , stay a little : Were you but riding forth to air yourself Such parting were too petty . Look here , love ; This diamond was my mother's ; take it , heart ; But keep it till you woo another wife , When Imogen is dead . How ! how ! another ? You gentle gods , give me but this I have , And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death !Remain , remain thou here While sense can keep it on ! And , sweetest , fairest , As I my poor self did exchange for you , To your so infinite loss , so in our trifles I still win of you ; for my sake wear this ; It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner . O the gods ! When shall we see again ? Alack ! the king ! Thou basest thing , avoid ! hence , from my sight ! If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness , thou diest . Away ! Thou'rt poison to my blood . The gods protect you And bless the good remainders of the court ! I am gone . There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is . O disloyal thing , That shouldst repair my youth , thou heap'st instead A year's age on me . I beseech you , sir , Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs , all fears . Past grace ? obedience ? Past hope , and in despair ; that way , past grace . That mightst have had the sole son of my queen ! O bless'd , that I might not ! I chose an eagle And did avoid a puttock . Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made my throne A seat for baseness . No ; I rather added A lustre to it . O thou vile one ! Sir , It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus ; You bred him as my playfellow , and he is A man worth any woman , overbuys me Almost the sum he pays . What ! art thou mad ? Almost , sir ; heaven restore me ! Would I were A neat-herd's daughter , and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son ! Thou foolish thing ! They were again together ; you have done Not after our command . Away with her , And pen her up . Beseech your patience . Peace ! Dear lady daughter , peace ! Sweet sovereign , Leave us to ourselves , and make yourself some comfort Out of your best advice . Nay , let her languish A drop of blood a day ; and , being aged , Die of this folly ! Fie ! you must give way : Here is your servant . How now , sir ! What news ? My lord your son drew on my master . Ha ! No harm , I trust , is done ? There might have been , But that my master rather play'd than fought , And had no help of anger ; they were parted By gentlemen at hand . I am very glad on 't . Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part . To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir ! I would they were in Afric both together , Myself by with a needle , that I might prick The goer-back . Why came you from your master ? On his command : he would not suffer me To bring him to the haven ; left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to , When 't pleas'd you to employ me . This hath been Your faithful servant ; I dare lay mine honour He will remain so . I humbly thank your highness . Pray , walk awhile . About some half-hour hence , I pray you , speak with me . You shall at least Go see my lord aboard ; for this time leave me . Sir , I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice . Where air comes out , air comes in ; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent . If my shirt were bloody , them to shift it . Have I hurt him ? No faith ; not so much as his patience . Hurt him ! his body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt ; it is a throughfare for steel if it be not hurt . His steel was in debt ; it went o' the backside the town . The villain would not stand me . No ; but he fled forward still , toward your face . Stand you ! You have land enough of your own ; but he added to your having , gave you some ground . As many inches as you have oceans . Puppies ! I would they had not come between us . So would I till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground . And that she should love this fellow and refuse me ! If it be a sin to make a true election , she is damned . Sir , as I told you always , her beauty and her brain go not together ; she's a good sign , but I have seen small reflection of her wit . She shines not upon fools , lest the reflection should hurt her . Come , I'll to my chamber . Would there had been some hurt done ! I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass , which is no great hurt . You'll go with us ? I'll attend your lordship . Nay , come , let's go together . Well , my lord . I would thou grew'st unto the shores of the haven , And question'dst every sail : if he should write , And I not have it , 'twere a paper lost , As offer'd mercy is . What was the last That he spake to thee ? It was his queen , his queen ! Then wav'd his handkerchief ? And kiss'd it , madam . Senseless linen , happier therein than I ! And that was all ? No , madam ; for so long As he could make me with this eye or ear Distinguish him from others , he did keep The deck , with glove , or hat , or handkerchief , Still waving , as the fits and stirs of 's mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on , How swift his ship . Thou shouldst have made him As little as a crow , or less , ere left To after-eye him . Madam , so I did . I would have broke mine eye-strings , crack'd them , but To look upon him , till the diminution Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle , Nay , follow'd him , till he had melted from The smallness of a gnat to air , and then Have turn'd mine eye , and wept . But , good Pisanio , When shall we hear from him ? Be assur'd , madam , With his next vantage . I did not take my leave of him , but had Most pretty things to say ; ere I could tell him How I would think on him at certain hours Such thoughts and such , or I could make him swear The shes of Italy should not betray Mine interest and his honour , or have charg'd him , At the sixth hour of morn , at noon , at mid-night , To encounter me with orisons , for then I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could Give him that parting kiss which I had set Betwixt two charming words , comes in my father , And like the tyrannous breathing of the north Shakes all our buds from growing . The queen , madam , Desires your highness' company . Those things I bid you do , get them dispatch'd . I will attend the queen . Madam , I shall . Believe it , sir , I have seen him in Britain ; he was then of a crescent note , expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of ; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration , though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items . You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within . I have seen him in France : we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he . This matter of marrying his king's daughter ,wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own ,words him , I doubt not , a great deal from the matter . And then , his banishment . Ay , and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment , which else an easy battery might lay flat , for taking a beggar without less quality . But how comes it , he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ? His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life . Here comes the Briton : let him be so entertained amongst you as suits , with gentlemen of your knowing , to a stranger of his quality . I beseech you all , be better known to this gentleman , whom I commend to you , as a noble friend of mine ; how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter , rather than story him in his own hearing . Sir , we have known together in Orleans . Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies , which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still . Sir , you o'er-rate my poor kindness . I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore , upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature . By your pardon , sir , I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences ; but , upon my mended judgment ,if I offend not to say it is mended ,my quarrel was not altogether slight . Faith , yes , to be put to the arbitrement of swords , and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other , or have fallen both . Can we , with manners , ask what was the difference ? Safely , I think . 'Twas a contention in public , which may , without contradiction , suffer the report . It was much like an argument that fell out last night , where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses ; this gentleman at that time vouching and upon warrant of bloody affirmation his to be more fair , virtuous , wise , chaste , constant , qualified , and less attemptable , than any the rarest of our ladies in France . That lady is not now living , or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out . She holds her virtue still and I my mind . You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy . Being so far provoked as I was in France , I would abate her nothing , though I profess myself her adorer , not her friend . As fair and as good a kind of hand-in-hand comparison had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain . If she went before others I have seen , as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld , I could not but believe she excelled many ; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is , nor you the lady . I praised her as I rated her ; so do I my stone . What do you esteem it at ? More than the world enjoys . Either your unparagoned mistress is dead , or she's outprized by a trifle . You are mistaken ; the one may be sold , or given ; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase , or merit for the gift ; the other is not a thing for sale , and only the gift of the gods . Which the gods have given you ? Which , by their graces , I will keep . You may wear her in little yours , but , you know , strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds . Your ring may be stolen , too ; so your brace of unprizeable estimations , the one is but frail and the other causal ; a cunning thief , or a that way accomplished courtier , would hazard the winning both of first and last . Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress , if , in the holding or loss of that , you term her frail . I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding I fear not my ring . Let us leave here , gentlemen . Sir , with all my heart . This worthy signior , I thank him , makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first . With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress , make her go back , even to the yielding , had I admittance and opportunity to friend . No , no . I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring , which , in my opinion , o'ervalues it something ; but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation ; and , to bar your offence herein too , I durst attempt it against any lady in the world . You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt . What's that ? A repulse ; though your attempt , as you call it , deserves more ,a punishment too . Gentlemen , enough of this ; it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born , and , I pray you , be better acquainted . Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke ! What lady would you choose to assail ? Yours ; whom in constancy you think stands so safe . I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring , that , commend me to the court where your lady is , with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference , and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved . I will wage against your gold , gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it . You are afraid , and therein the wiser . If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram , you cannot preserve it from tainting . But I see you have some religion in you , that you fear . This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose , I hope . I am the master of my speeches , and would undergo what's spoken , I swear . Will you ? I shall but lend my diamond till your return . Let there be covenants drawn between 's : my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking ; I dare you to this match . Here's my ring . I will have it no lay . By the gods , it is one . If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress , my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too : if I come off , and leave her in such honour as you have trust in , she your jewel , this your jewel , and my gold are yours ; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment . I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us . Only , thus far you shall answer : if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand that you have prevailed , I am no further your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced ,you not making it appear otherwise ,for your ill opinion , and the assault you have made to her chastity , you shall answer me with your sword . Your hand ; a covenant . We will have these things set down by lawful counsel , and straight away for Britain , lest the bargain should catch cold and starve . I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded . Agreed . Will this hold , think you ? Signior Iachimo will not from it . Pray , let us follow 'em . Whiles yet the dew 's on ground , gather those flowers : Make haste ; who has the note of them ? I , madam . Dispatch . Now , Master doctor , have you brought those drugs ? Pleaseth your highness , ay ; here they are , madam : But I beseech your Grace , without offence , My conscience bids me ask ,wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds , Which are the movers of a languishing death , But though slow , deadly ? I wonder , doctor , Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea , so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded , Unless thou think'st me devilish ,is 't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions ? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging ,but none human , To try the vigour of them and apply Allayments to their act , and by them gather Their several virtues and effects . Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart ; Besides , the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious . O ! content thee . Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him Will I first work : he's for his master , And enemy to my son . How now , Pisanio : Doctor , your service for this time is ended ; Take your own way . I do suspect you , madam ; But you shall do no harm . Hark thee , a word . I do not like her . She doth think she has Strange lingering poisons ; I do know her spirit , And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature . Those she has Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ; Which first , perchance , she'll prove on cats and dogs , Then afterward up higher ; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes , More than the locking-up the spirits a time , To be more fresh , reviving . She is fool'd With a most false effect ; and I the truer , So to be false with her . No further service , doctor , Until I send for thee . I humbly take my leave . Weeps she still , sayst thou ? Dost thou think in time She will not quench , and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work : When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son , I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then As great as is thy master ; greater , for His fortunes all lie speechless , and his name Is at last gasp ; return he cannot , nor Continue where he is ; to shift his being Is to exchange one misery with another , And every day that comes comes to decay A day's work in him . What shalt thou expect , To be depender on a thing that leans , Who cannot be new built , nor has no friends , So much as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour : It is a thing I made , which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know What is more cordial : nay , I prithee , take it ; It is an earnest of a further good That I mean to thee . Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her ; do 't as from thyself . Think what a chance thou changest on , but think Thou hast thy mistress still , to boot , my son , Who shall take notice of thee . I'll move the king To any shape of thy preferment such As thou'lt desire ; and then myself , I chiefly , That set thee on to this desert , am bound To load thy merit richly . Call my women ; Think on my words . A sly and constant knave , Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master , And the remembrancer of her to hold The hand-fast to her lord . I have given him that Which , if he take , shall quite unpeople her Of leigers for her sweet , and which she after , Except she bend her humour , shall be assur'd To taste of too . So , so ;well done , well done . The violets , cowslips , and the prime-roses Bear to my closet . Fare thee well , Pisanio : Think on my words . And shall do : But when to my good lord I prove untrue , I'll choke myself ; there's all I'll do for you . A father cruel , and a step-dame false ; A foolish suitor to a wedded lady , That hath her husband banish'd : O ! that husband , My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n , As my two brothers , happy ! but most miserable Is the desire that's glorious : bless'd be those , How mean so'er , that have their honest wills , Which seasons comfort . Who may this be ? Fie ! Madam , a noble gentleman of Rome , Comes from my lord with letters . Change you , madam ? The worthy Leonatus is in safety , And greets your highness dearly . Thanks , good sir : You are kindly welcome . All of her that is out of door most rich ! If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare , She is alone the Arabian bird , and I Have lost the wager . Boldness be my friend ! Arm me , audacity , from head to foot ! Or , like the Parthian , I shall flying fight ; Rather , directly fly . He is one of the noblest note , to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied . Reflect upon him accordingly , as you value your truest So far I read aloud ; But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by the rest , and takes it thankfully . You are as welcome , worthy sir , as I Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so In all that I can do . Thanks , fairest lady . What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes To see this vaulted arch , and the rich crop Of sea and land , which can distinguish 'twixt The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not Partition make with spectacles so precious 'Twixt fair and foul ? What makes your admiration ? It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and monkeys 'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and Contemn with mows the other ; nor i' the judgment , For idiots in this case of favour would Be wisely definite ; nor i' the appetite ; Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd Should make desire vomit emptiness , Not so allur'd to feed . What is the matter , trow ? The cloyed will , That satiate yet unsatisfied desire , that tub Both fill'd and running ,ravening first the lamb , Longs after for the garbage . What , dear sir , Thus raps you ? are you well ? Thanks , madam , well . Beseech you , sir , Desire my man's abode where I did leave him ; He's strange and peevish . I was going , sir , To give him welcome . Continues well my lord his health , beseech you ? Well , madam . Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is . Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd The Briton reveller . When he was here He did incline to sadness , and oft-times Not knowing why . I never saw him sad . There is a Frenchman his companion , one , An eminent monsieur , that , it seems , much loves A Gallian girl at home ; he furnaces The thick sighs from him , whiles the jolly Briton Your lord , I mean laughs from 's free lungs , cries , 'O ! Can my sides hold , to think that man , who knows By history , report , or his own proof , What woman is , yea , what she cannot choose But must be , will his free hours languish for Assured bondage ?' Will my lord say so ? Ay , madam , with his eyes in flood with laughter : It is a recreation to be by And hear him mock the Frenchman ; but , heavens know , Some men are much to blame . Not he , I hope . Not he ; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might Be us'd more thankfully . In himself , 'tis much ; In you ,which I account his beyond all talents , Whilst I am bound to wonder , I am bound To pity too . What do you pity , sir ? Two creatures , heartily . Am I one , sir ? You look on me : what wrack discern you in me Deserves your pity ? Lamentable ! What ! To hide me from the radiant sun and solace I' the dungeon by a snuff ! I pray you , sir , Deliver with more openness your answers To my demands . Why do you pity me ? That others do , I was about to say , enjoy your But It is an office of the gods to venge it , Not mine to speak on 't . You do seem to know Something of me , or what concerns me ; pray you , Since doubting things go ill often hurts more Than to be sure they do ; for certainties Either are past remedies , or , timely knowing , The remedy then born ,discover to me What both you spur and stop . Had I this cheek To bathe my lips upon ; this hand , whose touch , Whose every touch , would force the feeler's soul To the oath of loyalty ; this object , which Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye , Firing it only here ; should I damn'd then Slaver with lips as common as the stairs That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands Made hard with hourly falsehood ,falsehood , as With labour ;then by-peeping in an eye , Base and illustrous as the smoky light That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit That all the plagues of hell should at one time Encounter such revolt . My lord , I fear , Has forgot Britain . And himself . Not I , Inclin'd to this intelligence , pronounce The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces That from my mutest conscience to my tongue Charms this report out . Let me hear no more . O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart With pity , that doth make me sick . A lady So fair ,and fasten'd to an empery Would make the great'st king double ,to be partner'd With tom-boys hir'd with that self-exhibition Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ventures That play with all infirmities for gold Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ; Or she that bore you was no queen , and you Recoil from your great stock . Reveng'd ! How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true , As I have such a heart , that both mine ears Must not in haste abuse ,if it be true , How should I be reveng'd ? Should be make me Live like Diana's priest , betwixt cold sheets , Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps , In your despite , upon your purse ? Revenge it . I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure , More noble than that runagate to your bed , And will continue fast to your affection , Still close as sure . What ho , Pisanio ! Let me my service tender on your lips . Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have So long attended thee . If thou wert honourable , Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue , not For such an end thou seek'st ; as base as strange . Thou wrong'st a gentleman , who is as far From thy report as thou from honour , and Solicit'st here a lady that disdains Thee and the devil alike . What ho , Pisanio ! The king my father shall be made acquainted Of thy assault ; if he shall think it fit , A saucy stranger in his court to mart As in a Romish stew and to expound His beastly mind to us , he hath a court He little cares for and a daughter who He not respects at all . What ho , Pisanio ! O happy Leonatus ! I may say : The credit that thy lady hath of thee Deserves thy trust , and thy most perfect goodness Her assur'd credit . Blessed live you long ! A lady to the worthiest sir that ever Country call'd his ; and you his mistress , only For the most worthiest fit . Give me your pardon . I have spoken this , to know if your affiance Were deeply rooted , and shall make your lord That which he is , new o'er ; and he is one The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch That he enchants societies into him ; Half all men's hearts are his . You make amends . He sits 'mongst men like a descended god : He hath a kind of honour sets him off , More than a mortal seeming . Be not angry , Most mighty princess , that I have adventur'd To try your taking of a false report ; which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment In the election of a sir so rare , Which you know cannot err . The love I bear him Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you , Unlike all others , chaffless . Pray , your pardon . All's well , sir . Take my power i' the court for yours . My humble thanks . I had almost forget To entreat your Grace but in a small request , And yet of moment too , for it concerns Your lord , myself , and other noble friends , Are partners in the business . Pray , what is 't ? Some dozen Romans of us and your lord , The best feather of our wing , have mingled sums To buy a present for the emperor ; Which I , the factor for the rest , have done In France ; 'tis plate of rare device , and jewels Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ; And I am something curious , being strange , To have them in safe stowage . May it please you To take them in protection ? Willingly ; And pawn mine honour for their safety : since My lord hath interest in them , I will keep them In my bedchamber . They are in a trunk , Attended by my men ; I will make bold To send them to you , only for this night ; I must aboard to-morrow . O ! no , no . Yes , I beseech , or I shall short my word By lengthening my return . From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise To see your Grace . I thank you for your pains ; But not away to-morrow ! O ! I must , madam : Therefore I shall beseech you , if you please To greet your lord with writing , do 't to-night : I have outstood my time , which is material To the tender of our present . I will write . Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept , And truly yielded you . You're very welcome . Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack , upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't ; and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing , as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure . What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl . If his wit had been like him that broke it , it would have run all out . When a gentleman is disposed to swear , it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths , ha ? No , my lord ; nor crop the ears of them . Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ! Would he had been one of my rank ! To have smelt like a fool . I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth . A pox on 't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am . They dare not fight with me because of the queen my mother . Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting , and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match . You are cock and capon too ; and you crow , cock , with your comb on . Sayest thou ? It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to . No , I know that ; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors . Ay , it is fit for your lordship only . Why , so I say . Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night ? A stranger , and I not know on 't ! He's a strange fellow himself , and knows it not . There's an Italian come ; and 'tis thought , one of Leonatus' friends . Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another , whatsoever he be . Who told you of this stranger ? One of your lordship's pages . Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in 't ? You cannot derogate , my lord . Not easily , I think . You are a fool , granted ; therefore your issues , being foolish , do not derogate . Come , I'll go see this Italian . What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him . Come , go . I'll attend your lordship . That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that Bears all down with her brain , and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart And leave eighteen . Alas ! poor princess , Thou divine Imogen , what thou endur'st Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd , A mother hourly coining plots , a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband , than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make . The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd That temple , thy fair mind ; that thou mayst stand , To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! Who's there ? my woman Helen ? Please you , madam . What hour is it ? Almost midnight , madam . I have read three hours then ; mine eyes are weak ; Fold down the leaf where I have left ; to bed : Take not away the taper , leave it burning , And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock , I prithee , call me . Sleep has seized me wholly . To your protection I commend me , gods ! From fairies and the tempters of the night Guard me , beseech ye ! The crickets sing , and man's o'erlabour'd sense Repairs itself by rest . Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd The chastity he wounded . Cytherea , How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! freshlily , And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch ! But kiss : one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd , How dearly they do 't ! 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus ; the flame of the taper Bows toward her , and would under-peep her lids , To see the enclosed lights , now canopied Under these windows , white and azure lac'd With blue of heaven's own tinct . But my design , To note the chamber : I will write all down : Such and such pictures ; there the window ; such Th' adornment of her bed ; the arras , figures , Why , such and such ; and the contents o' the story . Ah ! but some natural notes about her body , Above ten thousand meaner moveables Would testify , to enrich mine inventory . O sleep ! thou ape of death , lie dull upon her ; And be her senses but as a monument Thus in a chapel lying . Come off , come off ; As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard ! 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly , As strongly as the conscience does within , To the madding of her lord . On her left breast A mole cinque-spotted , like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher ; Stronger than ever law could make : this secret Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en The treasure of her honour . No more . To what end ? Why should I write this down , that's riveted , Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down Where Philomel gave up . I have enough : To the trunk again , and shut the spring of it . Swift , swift , you dragons of the night , that dawning May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ; Though this a heavenly angel , hell is here . One , two , three : time , time ! Your lordship is the most patient man in loss , the most coldest that ever turned up ace . It would make any man cold to lose . But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship . You are most hot and furious when you win . Winning will put any man into courage . If I could get this foolish Imogen , I should have gold enough . It's almost morning , is 't not ? Day , my lord . I would this music would come . I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will penetrate . Come on ; tune . If you can penetrate her with your fingering , so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do , let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er . First , a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after , a wonderful sweet air , with admirable rich words to it : and then let her consider . Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings , And Ph bus 'gins arise , His steeds to water at those springs On chalic'd flowers that lies , And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes : With every thing that pretty is , My lady sweet , arise . Arise , arise ! So , get you gone . If this penetrate , I will consider your music the better ; if it do not , it is a vice in her ears , which horse-hairs and calves'-guts , nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot , can never amend . Here comes the king . I am glad I was up so late , for that's the reason I was up so early ; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly . Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother . Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ? I have assail'd her with musics , but she vouchsafes no notice . The exile of her minion is too new , She hath not yet forgot him ; some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out , And then she's yours . You are most bound to the king , Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter . Frame yourself To orderly soliciting , and be friended With aptness of the season ; make denials Increase your services ; so seem as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her ; that you in all obey her Save when command to your dismission tends , And therein you are senseless . Senseless ! not so . So like you , sir , ambassadors from Rome ; The one is Caius Lucius . A worthy fellow , Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; But that's no fault of his : we must receive him According to the honour of his sender ; And towards himself , his goodness forespent on us , We must extend our notice . Our dear son , When you have given good morning to your mistress , Attend the queen and us ; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman . Come , our queen . If she be up , I'll speak with her ; if not , Let her lie still , and dream . By your leave , ho ! I know her women are about her . What If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea , and makes Diana's rangers false themselves , yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief ; Nay , sometime hangs both thief and true man . What Can it not do and undo ? I will make One of her women lawyer to me , for I yet not understand the case myself . By your leave . Who's there , that knocks ? A gentleman . No more ? Yes , and a gentlewoman's son . That's more Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours Can justly boast of . What's your lordship's pleasure ? Your lady's person : is she ready ? Ay , To keep her chamber . There's gold for you ; sell me your good report . How ! my good name ? or to report of you What I shall think is good ?The princess ! Good morrow , fairest ; sister , your sweet hand . Good morrow , sir . You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble ; the thanks I give Is telling you that I am poor of thanks And scarce can spare them . Still , I swear I love you . If you but said so , 'twere as deep with me : If you swear still , your recompense is still That I regard it not . This is no answer . But that you shall not say I yield being silent I would not speak . I pray you , spare me : faith , I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness . One of your great knowing Should learn , being taught , forbearance . To leave you in your madness , 'twere my sin : I will not . Fools cure not mad folks . Do you call me fool ? As I am mad , I do : If you'll be patient , I'll no more be mad ; That cures us both . I am much sorry , sir , You put me to forget a lady's manners , By being so verbal ; and learn now , for all , That I , which know my heart , do here pronounce By the very truth of it , I care not for you ; And am so near the lack of charity , To accuse myself ,I hate you ; which I had rather You felt than make 't my boast . You sin against Obedience , which you owe your father . For The contract you pretend with that base wretch , One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes , With scraps o' the court , it is no contract , none ; And though it be allow'd in meaner parties Yet who than he more mean ?to knit their souls On whom there is no more dependancy But brats and beggary in self-figur'd knot ; Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown , and must not soil The precious note of it with a base slave , A hilding for a livery , a squire's cloth , A pantler , not so eminent . Profane fellow ! Wert thou the son of Jupiter , and no more But what thou art besides , thou wert too base To be his groom ; thou wert dignified enough , Even to the point of envy , if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues , to be styl'd The under-hangman of his kingdom , and hated For being preferr'd so well . The south-fog rot him ! He never can meet more mischance than come To be but nam'd of thee . His meanest garment That ever hath but clipp'd his body , is dearer In my respect than all the hairs above thee , Were they all made such men . How now , Pisanio ! 'His garment !' Now , the devil To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently , 'His garment !' I am sprighted with a fool , Frighted , and anger'd worse . Go , bid my woman Search for a jewel that too casually Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's , 'shrew me If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe . I do think I saw 't this morning ; confident I am Last night 'twas on mine arm , I kiss'd it ; I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss aught but he . 'Twill not be lost . I hope so ; go , and search . You have abus'd me : 'His meanest garment !' Ay , I said so , sir : If you will make 't an action , call witness to 't . I will inform your father . Your mother too : She's my good lady , and will conceive , I hope , But the worst of me . So I leave you , sir , To the worst of discontent . I'll be reveng'd . 'His meanest garment !' Well . Fear it not , sir ; I would I were so sure To win the king as I am bold her honour Will remain hers . What means do you make to him ? Not any , but abide the change of time , Quake in the present winter's state and wish That warmer days would come ; in these sear'd hopes , I barely gratify your love ; they failing , I must die much your debtor . Your very goodness and your company O'erpays all I can do . By this , your king Hath heard of great Augustus ; Caius Lucius Will do 's commission throughly , and I think He'll grant the tribute , send the arrearages , Or look upon our Romans , whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief . I do believe Statist though I am none , nor like to be That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain , than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid . Our countrymen Are men more order'd than when Julius C sar Smil'd at their lack of skill , but found their courage Worthy his frowning at : their discipline , Now winged ,with their courage will make known To their approvers they are people such That mend upon the world . See ! Iachimo ! The swiftest harts have posted you by land , And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails , To make your vessel nimble . Welcome , sir . I hope the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return . Your lady Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon . And therewithal the best ; or let her beauty Look through a casement to allure false hearts And be false with them . Here are letters for you . Their tenour good , I trust . 'Tis very like . Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court When you were there ? He was expected then , But not approach'd . All is well yet . Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not Too dull for your good wearing ? If I have lost it , I should have lost the worth of it in gold . I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy A second night of such sweet shortness which Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won . The stone's too hard to come by . Not a whit , Your lady being so easy . Make not , sir , Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we Must not continue friends . Good sir , we must , If you keep covenant . Had I not brought The knowledge of your mistress home , I grant We were to question further , but I now Profess myself the winner of her honour , Together with your ring ; and not the wronger Of her or you , having proceeded but By both your wills . If you can make 't apparent That you have tasted her in bed , my hand And ring is yours ; if not , the foul opinion You had of her pure honour gains or loses Your sword or mine or masterless leaves both To who shall find them . Sir , my circumstances Being so near the truth as I will make them , Must first induce you to believe : whose strength I will confirm with oath ; which , I doubt not , You'll give me leave to spare , when you shall find You need it not . Proceed . First , her bedchamber , Where I confess I slept not , but profess Had that was well worth watching ,it was hang'd With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story Proud Cleopatra , when she met her Roman , And Cydnus swell'd above the banks , or for The press of boats or pride ; a piece of work So bravely done , so rich , that it did strive In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd Could be rarely and exactly wrought , Since the true life on 't was This is true ; And this you might have heard of here , by me , Or by some other . More particulars Must justify my knowledge . So they must , Or do your honour injury . The chimney Is south the chamber , and the chimney-piece Chaste Dian bathing ; never saw I figures So likely to report themselves ; the cutter Was as another nature , dumb ; outwent her , Motion and breath left out . This is a thing Which you might from relation likewise reap , Being , as it is , much spoke of . The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted ; her andirons I had forgot them were two winking Cupids Of silver , each on one foot standing , nicely Depending on their brands . This is her honour ! Let it be granted you have seen all this ,and praise Be given to your remembrance ,the description Of what is in her chamber nothing saves The wager you have laid . Then , if you can , Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see ! And now 'tis up again ; it must be married To that your diamond ; I'll keep them . Jove ! Once more let me behold it . Is it that Which I left with her ? Sir ,I thank her ,that : She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ; Her pretty action did outsell her gift , And yet enrich'd it too . She gave it me , and said She priz'd it once . May be she pluck'd it off To send it me . She writes so to you , doth she ? O ! no , no , no , 'tis true . Here , take this too ; It is a basilisk unto mine eye , Kills me to look on 't . Let there be no honour Where there is beauty ; truth where semblance ; love Where there's another man ; the vows of women Of no more bondage be to where they are made Than they are to their virtues , which is nothing . O ! above measure false . Have patience , sir , And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won : It may be probable she lost it ; or Who knows if one of her women , being corrupted , Hath stol'n it from her ? Very true ; And so I hope he came by 't . Back my ring . Render to me some corporal sign about her , More evident than this ; for this was stol'n . By Jupiter , I had it from her arm . Hark you , he swears ; by Jupiter he swears . 'Tis true ; nay , keep the ring ; 'tis true : I am sure She would not lose it ; her attendants are All sworn and honourable ; they induc'd to steal it ! And by a stranger ! No , he hath enjoy'd her ; The cognizance of her incontinency Is this ; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly . There , take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell Divide themselves between you ! Sir , be patient : This is not strong enough to be believ'd Of one persuaded well of Never talk on 't ; She hath been colted by him . If you seek For further satisfying , under her breast , Worthy the pressing , lies a mole , right proud Of that most delicate lodging : by my life , I kiss'd it , and it gave me present hunger To feed again , though full . You do remember This stain upon her ? Ay , and it doth confirm Another stain , as big as hell can hold , Were there no more but it . Will you hear more ? Spare your arithmetic ; never count the turns ; Once , and a million ! I'll be sworn , No swearing . If you will swear you have not done 't , you lie ; And I will kill thee if thou dost deny Thou'st made me cuckold . I'll deny nothing . O ! that I had her here , to tear her limb-meal . I will go there and do 't , i' the court , before Her father . I'll do something Quite besides The government of patience ! You have won : Let's follow him , and pervert the present wrath He hath against himself . With all my heart . Is there no way for men to be , but women Must be half-workers ? We are all bastards ; all , And that most venerable man which I Did call my father was I know not where When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools Made me a counterfeit ; yet my mother seem'd The Dian of that time ; so doth my wife The nonpareil of this . O ! vengeance , vengeance ; Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her As chaste as unsunn'd snow . O ! all the devils ! This yellow Iachimo , in an hour ,was 't not ? Or less at first ?perchance he spoke not , but Like a full-acorn'd boar , a German one , Cried 'O !' and mounted ; found no opposition But what he look'd for should oppose and she Should from encounter guard . Could I find out The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion That tends to vice in man but I affirm It is the woman's part ; be it lying , note it , The woman's ; flattering , hers ; deceiving , hers ; Lust and rank thoughts , hers , hers ; revenges , hers ; Ambitions , covetings , change of prides , disdain , Nice longing , slanders , mutability , All faults that man may name , nay , that hell knows , Why , hers , in part , or all ; but rather , all ; For even to vice They are not constant , but are changing still One vice but of a minute old for one Not half so old as that . I'll write against them , Detest them , curse them . Yet 'tis greater skill In a true hate to pray they have their will : The very devils cannot plague them better . Now say what would Augustus C sar with us ? When Julius C sar whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes , and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever was in this Britain , And conquer'd it , Cassibelan , thine uncle , Famous in C sar's praises , no whit less Than in his feats deserving it ,for him And his succession , granted Rome a tribute , Yearly three thousand pounds , which by thee lately Is left untender'd . And , to kill the marvel , Shall be so ever . There be many C sars Ere such another Julius . Britain is A world by itself , and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses . That opportunity , Which then they had to take from 's , to resume , We have again . Remember , sir , my liege , The kings your ancestors , together with The natural bravery of your isle , which stands As Neptune's park , ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters , With sands , that will not bear your enemies' boats , But suck them up to the topmast . A kind of conquest C sar made here , but made not here his brag Of 'came , and saw , and overcame :' with shame The first that ever touch'd him he was carried From off our coast , twice beaten ; and his shipping Poor ignorant baubles !on our terrible seas , Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges , crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof The fam'd Cassibelan , who was once at point O giglot fortune !to master C sar's sword , Made Lud's town with rejoicing-fires bright , And Britons stiut with courage . Come , there's no more tribute to be paid . Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and , as I said , there is no moe such C sars ; other of them may have crooked noses , but to owe such straight arms , none . Son , let your mother end . We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan ; I do not say I am one , but I have a hand . Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If C sar can hide the sun from us with a blanket , or put the moon in his pocket , we will pay him tribute for light ; else , sir , no more tribute , pray you now . You must know , Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us , we were free ; C sar's ambition Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch The sides o' the world against all colour here Did put the yoke upon 's ; which to shake off Becomes a war-like people , whom we reckon Ourselves to be . We do say then to C sar Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which Ordain'd our laws , whose use the sword of C sar Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise Shall , by the power we hold , be our good deed , Though Rome be therefore angry . Mulmutius made our laws , Who was the first of Britain which did put His brows within a golden crown , and call'd Himself a king . I am sorry , Cymbeline , That I am to pronounce Augustus C sar C sar , that hath more kings his servants than Thyself domestic officers thine enemy . Receive it from me , then : war and confusion In C sar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look For fury not to be resisted . Thus defied , I thank thee for myself . Thou art welcome , Caius . Thy C sar knighted me ; my youth I spent Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ; Which he , to seek of me again , perforce , Behoves me keep at utterance . I am perfect That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent Which not to read would show the Britons cold : So C sar shall not find them . Let proof speak . His majesty bids you welcome . Make pastime with us a day or two , or longer ; if you seek us afterwards in other terms , you shall find us in our salt-water girdle ; if you beat us out of it , it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure , our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end . So , sir . I know your master's pleasure and he mine : All the remain is 'Welcome !' How ! of adultery ! Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser ? Leonatus ! O master ! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear ! What false Italian As poisonous-tongu'd as handed hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing ? Disloyal ! No : She's punish'd for her truth , and undergoes , More goddess-like than wife-like , such assaults As would take in some virtue . O my master ! Thy mind to her is now as low as were Thy fortunes . How ! that I should murder her ? Upon the love and truth and vows which I Have made to thy command ? I , her ? her blood ? If it be so to do good service , never Let me be counted serviceable . How look I , That I should seem to lack humanity So much as this fact comes to ?Do't : the letter That I have sent her by her own command Shall give thee opportunity :O damn'd paper ! Black as the ink that's on thee . Senseless bauble , Art thou a feodary for this act , and look'st So virgin-like without ? Lo ! here she comes . I am ignorant in what I am commanded . How now , Pisanio ! Madam , here is a letter from my lord . Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord , Leonatus . O ! learn'd indeed were that astronomer That knew the stars as I his characters ; He'd lay the future open . You good gods , Let what is here contain'd relish of love , Of my lord's health , of his content , yet not That we two are asunder ; let that grieve him , Some griefs are med'cinable ; that is one of them , For it doth physic love ,of his content , All but in that ! Good wax , thy leave . Bless'd be You bees that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike ; Though forfeiters you cast in prison , yet You clasp young Cupid's tables . Good news , gods ! Justice , and your father's wrath , should he take me in his dominion , could not be so cruel to me , as you , O the dearest of creatures , would not even renew me with your eyes . Take notice that I am in Cambria , at Milford-Haven ; what your own love will out of this advise you , follow . So , he wishes you all happiness , that remains loyal to his vow , and your , increasing in love , O ! for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou , Pisanio ? He is at Milford-Haven ; read , and tell me How far 'tis thither . If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week , why may not I Glide thither in a day ? Then , true Pisanio , Who long'st , like me , to see thy lord ; who long'st , O ! let me 'bate ,but not like me ; yet long'st , But in a fainter kind :O ! not like me , For mine's beyond beyond ; say , and speak thick ; Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing , To the smothering of the sense ,how far it is To this same blessed Milford ; and , by the way , Tell me how Wales was made so happy as T' inherit such a haven ; but , first of all , How we may steal from hence , and , for the gap That we shall make in time , from our hencegoing And our return , to excuse ; but first , how get hence . Why should excuse be born or ere begot ? We'll talk of that hereafter . Prithee , speak , How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour ? One score 'twixt sun and sun , Madam , 's enough for you , and too much too . Why , one that rode to 's execution , man , Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers , Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf . But this is foolery ; Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say She'll home to her father ; and provide me presently A riding-suit , no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife . Madam , you're best consider . I see before me , man ; nor here , nor here , Nor what ensues , but have a fog in them , That I cannot look through . Away , I prithee ; Do as I bid thee . There's no more to say ; Accessible is none but Milford way . A goodly day not to keep house , with such Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop , boys ; this gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens , and bows you To a morning's holy office ; the gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on , without Good morrow to the sun . Hail , thou fair heaven ! We house i' the rock , yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do . Hail , heaven ! Hail , heaven ! Now for our mountain sport . Up to yond hill ; Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats . Consider , When you above perceive me like a crow , That it is place which lessens and sets off ; And you may then revolve what tales I have told you Of courts , of princes , of the tricks in war ; This service is not service , so being done , But being so allow'd ; to apprehend thus Draws us a profit from all things we see , And often , to our comfort , shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full wing'd eagle . O ! this life Is nobler than attending for a check , Richer than doing nothing for a bribe , Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk ; Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine , Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours . Out of your proof you speak ; we , poor unfledg'd , Have never wing'd from view o' the nest , nor know not What air's from home . Haply this life is best , If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you That have a sharper known , well corresponding With your stiff age ; but unto us it is A cell of ignorance , travelling a-bed , A prison for a debtor , that not dares To stride a limit . What should we speak of When we are old as you ? when we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December , how In this our pinching cave shall we discourse The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ; We are beastly , subtle as the fox for prey , Like war-like as the wolf for what we eat ; Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage We make a quire , as doth the prison'd bird , And sing our bondage freely . How you speak ! Did you but know the city's usuries And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the court , As hard to leave as keep , whose top to climb Is certain falling , or so slippery that The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of the war , A pain that only seems to seek out danger I' the name of fame and honour ; which dies i' the search , And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph As record of fair act ; nay , many times , Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse , Must curtsy at the censure : O boys ! this story The world may read in me ; my body's mark'd With Roman swords , and my report was once First with the best of note ; Cymbeline lov'd me , And when a soldier was the theme , my name Was not far off ; then was I as a tree Whose boughs did bend with fruit , but , in one night , A storm or robbery , call it what you will , Shook down my mellow hangings , nay , my leaves , And left me bare to weather . Uncertain favour ! My fault being nothing ,as I have told you oft , But that two villains , whose false oaths prevail'd Before my perfect honour , swore to Cymbeline I was confederate with the Romans ; so Follow'd my banishment , and this twenty years This rock and these demesnes have been my world , Where I have liv'd at honest freedom , paid More pious debts to heaven than in all The fore-end of my time . But , up to the mountains ! This is not hunter's language . He that strikes The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ; To him the other two shall minister ; And we will fear no poison which attends In place of greater state . I'll meet you in the valleys . How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature ! These boys know little they are sons to the king ; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive . They think they are mine ; and , though train'd up thus meanly I' the cave wherein they bow , their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces , and nature prompts them In simple and low things to prince it much Beyond the trick of others . This Polydore , The heir of Cymbeline and Britain , who The king his father call'd Guiderius ,Jove ! When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell The war-like feats I have done , his spirits fly out Into my story : say , 'Thus mine enemy fell , And thus I set my foot on 's neck ;' even then The princely blood flows in his cheek , he sweats , Strains his young nerves , and puts himself in posture That acts my words . The younger brother , Cadwal , Once Arviragus ,in as like a figure , Strikes life into my speech and shows much more His own conceiving . Hark ! the game is rous'd . O Cymbeline ! heaven and my conscience knows Thou didst unjustly banish me ; whereon , At three and two years old , I stole these babes , Thinking to bar thee of succession , as Thou reft'st me of my lands . Euriphile , Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother , And every day do honour to her grave : Myself , Belarius , that am Morgan call'd , They take for natural father . The game is up . Thou told'st me , when we came from horse , the place Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so To see me first , as I have now . Pisanio ! man ! Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind , That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh From the inward of thee ? One , but painted thus , Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd Beyond self-explication ; put thyself Into a haviour of less fear , ere wildness Vanquish my staider senses . What's the matter ? Why tender'st thou that paper to me with A look untender ? If 't be summer news , Smile to 't before ; if winterly , thou need'st But keep that count'nance still . My husband's hand ! That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him , And he's at some hard point . Speak , man ; thy tongue May take off some extremity , which to read Would be even mortal to me . Please you , read ; And you shall find me , wretched man , a thing The most disdain'd of fortune . Thy mistress , Pisanio , hath played the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me . I speak not out of weak surmises , but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge . That part thou , Pisanio , must act for me , if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers . Let thine own hands take away her life ; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven ; she hath my letter for the purpose ; where , if thou fear to strike , and to make me certain it is done , thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal . What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper Hath cut her throat already . No , 'tis slander , Whose edge is sharper than the sword , whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile , whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world ; kings , queens , and states , Maids , matrons , nay , the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters . What cheer , madam ? False to his bed ! What is it to be false ? To lie in watch there and to think on him ? To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature , To break it with a fearful dream of him , And cry myself awake ? that's false to 's bed , is it ? Alas ! good lady . I false ! Thy conscience witness ! Iachimo , Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ; Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now methinks Thy favour's good enough . Some jay of Italy , Whose mother was her painting , hath betray'd him : Poor I am stale , a garment out of fashion , And , for I am richer than to hang by the walls , I must be ripp'd ; to pieces with me ! O ! Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming , By thy revolt , O husband ! shall be thought Put on for villany ; not born where 't grows , But worn a bait for ladies . Good madam , hear me . True honest men being heard , like false neas , Were in his time thought false , and Sinon's weeping Did scandal many a holy tear , took pity From most true wretchedness ; so thou , Posthumus , Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ; Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd From thy great fail . Come , fellow , be thou honest ; Do thou thy master's bidding . When thou seest him , A little witness my obedience ; look ! I draw the sword myself ; take it , and hit The innocent mansion of my love , my heart . Fear not , 'tis empty of all things but grief ; Thy master is not there , who was indeed The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike . Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause , But now thou seem'st a coward . Hence , vile instrument ! Thou shalt not damn my hand . Why , I must die ; And if I do not by thy hand , thou art No servant of thy master's . Against self-slaughter There is a prohibition so divine That cravens my weak hand . Come , here's my heart . Something's afore 't ; soft , soft ! we'll no defence ; Obedient as the scabbard . What is here ? The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus All turn'd to heresy ! Away , away ! Corrupters of my faith ; you shall no more Be stomachers to my heart . Thus may poor fools Believe false teachers ; though those that are betray'd Do feel the treason sharply , yet the traitor Stands in worse case of woe . And thou , Posthumus , thou that didst set up My disobedience 'gainst the king my father , And make me put into contempt the suits Of princely fellows , shalt hereafter find It is no act of common passage , but A strain of rareness ; and I grieve myself To think , when thou shalt be disedg'd by her That now thou tir'st on , how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me . Prithee , dispatch ; The lamb entreats the butcher ; where's thy knife ? Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding , When I desire it too . O , gracious lady ! Since I receiv'd command to do this business I have not slept one wink . Do 't , and to bed then . I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first . Wherefore then Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd So many miles with a pretence ? this place ? Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labour ? The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court , For my being absent ?whereunto I never Purpose return .Why hast thou gone so far , To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand , The elected deer before thee ? But to win time To lose so bad employment , in the which I have consider'd of a course . Good lady , Hear me with patience . Talk thy tongue weary ; speak : I have heard I am a strumpet , and mine ear , Therein false struck , can take no greater wound , Nor tent to bottom that . But speak . Then , madam , I thought you would not back again . Most like , Bringing me here to kill me . Not so , neither ; But if I were as wise as honest , then My purpose would prove well . It cannot be But that my master is abus'd ; some villain , Some villain , ay , and singular in his art , Hath done you both this cursed injury . Some Roman courtezan . No , on my life . I'll give but notice you are dead and send him Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court , And that will well confirm it . Why , good fellow , What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ? Or in my life what comfort , when I am Dead to my husband ? If you'll back to the court , No court , no father ; nor no more ado With that harsh , noble , simple nothing Cloten ! That Cloten , whose love-suit hath been to me As fearful as a siege . If not at court , Then not in Britain must you bide . Where then ? Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day , night , Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume Our Britain seems as of it , but not in 't ; In a great pool a swan's nest : prithee , think There's livers out of Britain . I am most glad You think of other place . The ambassador , Lucius the Roman , comes to Milford-Haven To-morrow ; now , if you could wear a mind Dark as your fortune is , and but disguise That which , t' appear itself , must not yet be But by self-danger , you should tread a course Pretty , and full of view ; yea , haply , near The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh at least That though his actions were not visible , yet Report should render him hourly to your ear As truly as he moves . O ! for such means : Though peril to my modesty , not death on 't , I would adventure . Well , then , here's the point : You must forget to be a woman ; change Command into obedience ; fear and niceness The handmaids of all women , or more truly Woman it pretty self into a waggish courage ; Ready in gibes , quick-answer'd , saucy , and As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay , you must Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek , Exposing it but , O ! the harder heart , Alack ! no remedy to the greedy touch Of common-kissing Titan , and forget Your laboursome and dainty trims , wherein You made great Juno angry . Nay , be brief : I see into thy end , and am almost A man already . First , make yourself but like one . Forethinking this , I have already fit 'Tis in my cloak-bag doublet , hat , hose , all That answer to them ; would you in their serving , And with what imitation you can borrow From youth of such a season , 'fore noble Lucius Present yourself , desire his service , tell him Wherein you are happy ,which you'll make him know , If that his head have ear in music ,doubtless With joy he will embrace you , for he's honourable , And , doubling that , most holy . Your means abroad , You have me , rich ; and I will never fail Beginning nor supplyment . Thou art all the comfort The gods will diet me with . Prithee , away ; There's more to be consider'd , but we'll even All that good time will give us ; this attempt I'm soldier to , and will abide it with A prince's courage . Away , I prithee . Well , madam , we must take a short farewell , Lest , being miss'd , I be suspected of Your carriage from the court . My noble mistress , Here is a box , I had it from the queen , What's in 't is precious ; if you are sick at sea , Or stomach-qualm'd at land , a dram of this Will drive away distemper . To some shade , And fit you to your manhood . May the gods Direct you to the best ! Amen . I thank thee Thus far ; and so farewell . Thanks , royal sir . My emperor hath wrote , I must from hence ; And am right sorry that I must report ye My master's enemy . Our subjects , sir , Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself To show less sovereignty than they , must needs Appear unking-like . So , sir : I desire of you A conduct over land to Milford-Haven . Madam , all joy befall your Grace . And you ! My lords , you are appointed for that office ; The due of honour in no point omit . So , farewell , noble Lucius . Your hand , my lord . Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy . Sir , the event Is yet to name the winner . Fare you well . Leave not the worthy Lucius , good my lords , Till he have cross'd the Severn . Happiness ! He goes hence frowning ; but it honours us That we have given him cause . 'Tis all the better ; Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it . Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here . It fits us therefore ripely Our chariots and horsemen be in readiness ; The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head , from whence he moves His war for Britain . 'Tis not sleepy business ; But must be look'd to speedily and strongly . Our expectation that it would be thus Hath made us forward . But , my gentle queen , Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman , nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day ; she looks us like A thing more made of malice than of duty : We have noted it . Call her before us , for We have been too slight in sufferance . Royal sir . Since the exile of Posthumus , most retir'd Hath her life been ; the cure whereof , my lord , 'Tis time must do . Beseech your majesty , Forbear sharp speeches to her ; she's a lady So tender of rebukes that words are strokes , And strokes death to her . Where is she , sir ? How Can her contempt be answer'd ? Please you , sir , Her chambers are all lock'd , and there's no answer That will be given to the loudest noise we make . My lord , when last I went to visit her , She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close , Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity , She should that duty leave unpaid to you , Which daily she was bound to proffer ; this She wish'd me to make known , but our great court Made me to blame in memory . Her doors lock'd ! Not seen of late ! Grant , heavens , that which I fear Prove false ! Son , I say , follow the king . That man of hers , Pisanio , her old servant , I have not seen these two days . Go , look after . Pisanio , thou that stand'st so for Posthumus ! He hath a drug of mine ; I pray his absence Proceed by swallowing that , for he believes It is a thing most precious . But for her , Where is she gone ? Haply , despair hath sciz'd her , Or , wing'd with fervour of her love , she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus . Gone she is To death or to dishonour , and my end Can make good use of either ; she being down , I have the placing of the British crown . How now , my son ! 'Tis certain she is fled . Go in and cheer the king ; he rages , none Dare come about him . All the better ; may This night forestall him of the coming day ! I love and hate her ; for she's fair and royal , And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady , ladies , woman ; from every one The best she hath , and she , of all compounded , Outsells them all . I love her therefore ; but Disdaining me and throwing favours on The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment That what's else rare is chok'd , and in that point I will conclude to hate her , nay , indeed , To be reveng'd upon her . For , when fools Shall Who is here ? What ! are you packing , sirrah ? Come hither . Ah ! you precious pandar . Villain , Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else Thou art straightway with the fiends . O ! good my lord . Where is thy lady ? or , by Jupiter I will not ask again . Close villain , I'll have this secret from thy heart , or rip Thy heart to find it . Is she with Posthumus ? From whose so many weights of baseness cannot A dram of worth be drawn . Alas ! my lord , How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ? He is in Rome . Where is she , sir ? Come nearer , No further halting ; satisfy me home What is become of her ? O ! my all-worthy lord . All-worthy villain ! Discover where thy mistress is at once . At the next word ; no more of 'worthy lord !' Speak , or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death . Then , sir , This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight . Let's see 't . I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne . Or this , or perish . She's far enough ; and what he learns by this May prove his travel , not her danger . Hum ! I'll write to my lord she's dead . O Imogen ! Safe mayst thou wander , safe return agen ! Sirrah , is this letter true ? Sir , as I think . It is Posthumus' hand ; I know 't . Sirrah , if thou wouldst not be a villain , but do me true service , undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry , that is , what villany soe'er I bid thee do , to perform it directly and truly , I would think thee an honest man ; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment . Well , my good lord . Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus , thou canst not , in the course of gratitude , but be a diligent follower of mine . Wilt thou serve me ? Sir , I will . Give me thy hand ; here's my purse . Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ? I have , my lord , at my lodging , the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress . The first service thou dost me , fetch that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go . I shall , my lord . Meet thee at Milford-Haven !I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember 't anon ,even there , thou villain Posthumus , will I kill thee . I would these garments were come . She said upon a time ,the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart ,that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person , together with the adornment of my qualities . With that suit upon my back will I ravish her : first kill him , and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour , which will then be a torment to her contempt . He on the ground , my speech of insultment ended on his dead body , and when my lust hath dined ,which , as I say , to vex her , I will execute in the clothes that she so praised ,to the court I'll knock her back , foot her home again . She hath despised me rejoicingly , and I'll be merry in my revenge . Be those the garments ? Ay , my noble lord . How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven ? She can scarce be there yet . Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is , that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design . Be but duteous , and true preferment shall tender itself to thee . My revenge is now at Milford ; would I had wings to follow it ! Come , and be true . Thou bidd'st me to my loss ; for true to thee Were to prove false , which I will never be , To him that is most true . To Milford go , And find not her whom thou pursu'st . Flow , flow , You heavenly blessings , on her ! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness ; labour be his meed ! I see a man's life is a tedious one ; I have tir'd myself , and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed ; I should be sick But that my resolution helps me . Milford , When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee , Thou wast within a ken . O Jove ! I think Foundations fly the wretched ; such , I mean , Where they should be reliev'd . Two beggars told me I could not miss my way ; will poor folks lie , That have afflictions on them , knowing 'tis A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder , When rich ones scarce tell true . To lapse in fulness Is sorer than to lie for need , and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars . My dear lord ! Thou art one o' the false ones . Now I think on thee , My hunger's gone , but even before I was At point to sink for food . But what is this ? Here is a path to 't ; 'tis some savage hold ; I were best not call , I dare not call , yet famine , Ere clean it o'erthrow nature , makes it valiant . Plenty and peace breeds cowards , hardness ever Of hardiness is mother . Ho ! Who's here ? If any thing that's civil , speak ; if savage , Take or lend . Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll enter . Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me , he'll scarcely look on 't . Such a foe , good heavens ! You , Polydore , have prov'd best woodman , and Are master of the feast ; Cadwal and I Will play the cook and servant , 'tis our match ; The sweat of industry would dry and die But for the end it works to . Come ; our stomachs Will make what's homely savoury ; weariness Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth Finds the down pillow hard . Now , peace be here , Poor house , that keep'st thyself ! I am throughly weary . I am weak with toil , yet strong in appetite . There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse on that , Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd . Stay ; come not in ; But that it eats our victuals , I should think Here were a fairy . What's the matter , sir ? By Jupiter , an angel ! or , if not , An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness No elder than a boy ! Good masters , harm me not : Before I enter'd here , I call'd ; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took . Good troth , I have stol'n nought , nor would not , though I had found Gold strew'd i' the floor . Here's money for my meat ; I would have left it on the board so soon As I had made my meal , and parted With prayers for the provider . Money , youth ? All gold and silver rather turn to dirt ! As 'tis no better reckon'd but of those Who worship dirty gods . I see you're angry . Know , if you kill me for my fault , I should Have died had I not made it . Whither bound ? To Milford-Haven . What's your name ? Fidele , sir . I have a kinsman who Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford : To whom being going , almost spent with hunger , I am fall'n in this offence . Prithee , fair youth , Think us no churis , nor measure our good minds By this rude place we live in . Well encounter'd ! 'Tis almost night ; you shall have better cheer Ere you depart , and thanks to stay and eat it . Boys , bid him welcome . Were you a woman , youth , I should woo hard but be your groom . In honesty , I bid for you , as I do buy . I'll make 't my comfort He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother ; And such a welcome as I'd give to him After a long absence , such is yours : most welcome ! Be sprightly , for you fall 'mongst friends . 'Mongst friends , If brothers . Would it had been so , that they Had been my father's sons ; then had my prize Been less , and so more equal ballasting To thee , Posthumus . He wrings at some distress . Would I could free 't ! Or I , whate'er it be , What pain it cost , what danger . Gods ! Hark , boys Great men , That had a court no bigger than this cave , That did attend themselves and had the virtue Which their own conscience seal'd them ,laying by That nothing-gift of differing multitudes , Could not out-peer these twain . Pardon me , gods ! I'd change my sex to be companion with them , Since Leonatus' false . It shall be so . Boys , we'll go dress our hunt . Fair youth , come in : Discourse is heavy , fasting ; when we have supp'd , We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story , So far as thou wilt speak it . Pray , draw near . The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome . Thanks , sir . I pray , draw near . This is the tenour of the emperor's writ : That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians , And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against The fall'n-off Britons , that we do incite The gentry to this business . He creates Lucius pro-consul ; and to you the tribunes , For this immediate levy , he commends His absolute commission . Long live C sar ! Is Lucius general of the forces ? Ay . Remaining now in Gallia ? With those legions Which I have spoke of , whereunto your levy Must be supplyant ; the words of your commission Will tie you to the numbers and the time Of their dispatch . We will discharge our duty . I am near to the place where they should meet , if Pisanio have mapped it truly . How fit his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress , who was made by him that made the tailor , not be fit too ? the rather ,saving reverence of the word ,for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits . Therein I must play the workman . I dare speak it to myself ,for it is not vain-glory , for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber ,I mean , the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young , more strong , not beneath him in fortunes , beyond him in the advantage of the time , above him in birth , alike conversant in general services , and more remarkable in single oppositions ; yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite . What mortality is ! Posthumus , thy head , which now is growing upon thy shoulders , shall within this hour be off , thy mistress enforced , thy garments cut to pieces before thy face ; and all this done , spurn her home to her father , who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage , but my mother , having power of his testiness , shall turn all into my commendations . My horse is tied up safe ; out , sword , and to a sore purpose ! Fortune , put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me . You are not well ; remain here in the cave ; We'll come to you after hunting . Brother , stay here ; Are we not brothers ? So man and man should be , But clay and clay differs in dignity , Whose dust is both alike . I am very sick . Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with him . So sick I am not , yet I am not well ; But not so citizen a wanton as To seem to die ere sick . So please you , leave me ; Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom Is breach of all . I am ill ; but your being by me Cannot amend me ; society is no comfort To one not sociable . I am not very sick , Since I can reason of it ; pray you , trust me here , I'll rob none but myself , and let me die , Stealing so poorly . I love thee ; I have spoke it ; How much the quantity , the weight as much , As I do love my father . What ! how ! how ! If it be sin to say so , sir , I yoke me In my good brother's fault : I know not why I love this youth ; and I have heard you say , Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door , And a demand who is 't shall die , I'd say 'My father , not this youth .' O noble strain ! O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness ! Cowards father cowards , and base things sire base : Nature hath meal and bran , contempt and grace . I'm not their father ; yet who this should be , Doth miracle itself , lov'd before me . 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn . Brother , farewell . I wish ye sport . You health . So please you , sir . These are kind creatures . Gods , what lies I have heard ! Our courtiers say all's savage but at court : Experience , O ! thou disprov'st report . The imperious seas breed monsters , for the dish Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish . I am sick still , heart-sick . Pisanio , I'll now taste of thy drug . I could not stir him ; He said he was gentle , but unfortunate ; Dishonestly afflicted , but yet honest . Thus did he answer me ; yet said hereafter I might know more . To the field , to the field ! We'll leave you for this time ; go in and rest . We'll not be long away . Pray , be not sick , For you must be our housewife . Well or ill , I am bound to you . And shalt be ever . This youth , howe'er distress'd , appears he hath had Good ancestors . How angel-like he sings ! But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots In characters , And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick And he her dieter . Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh , as if the sigh Was that it was , for not being such a smile ; The smile mocking the sigh , that it would fly From so divine a temple , to commix With winds that sailors rail at . I do note That grief and patience rooted in him , both Mingle their spurs together . Grow , patience ! And let the stinking-elder , grief , untwine His perishing root with the increasing vine ! It is great morning . Come , away !Who's there ? I cannot find those runagates ; that villain Hath mock'd me . I am faint . 'Those runagates !' Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis Cloten , the son o' the queen . I fear some ambush . I saw him not these many years , and yet I know 'tis he . We are held as outlaws : hence ! He is but one . You and my brother search What companies are near ; pray you , away ; Let me alone with him . Soft ! What are you That fly me thus ? some villain mountainers ? I have heard of such . What slave art thou ? A thing More slavish did I ne'er than answering A 'slave' without a knock . Thou art a robber , A law-breaker , a villain . Yield thee , thief . To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have not I An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ? Thy words , I grant , are bigger , for I wear not My dagger in my mouth . Say what thou art , Why I should yield to thee ? Thou villain base , Know'st me not by my clothes ? No , nor thy tailor , rascal , Who is thy grandfather : he made those clothes , Which , as it seems , make thee . Thou precious varlet , My tailor made them not . Hence then , and thank The man that gave them thee . Thou art some fool ; I am loath to beat thee . Thou injurious thief , Hear but my name , and tremble . What's thy name ? Cloten , thou villain . Cloten , thou double villain , be thy name , I cannot tremble at it ; were it Toad , or Adder , Spider , 'Twould move me sooner . To thy further fear , Nay , to thy mere confusion , thou shalt know I am son to the queen . I'm sorry for 't , not seeming So worthy as thy birth . Art not afeard ? Those that I reverence those I fear , the wise ; At fools I laugh , not fear them . Die the death : When I have slain thee with my proper hand , I'll follow those that even now fled hence , And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads : Yield , rustic mountaineer . No companies abroad . None in the world . You did mistake him , sure . I cannot tell ; long is it since I saw him , But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice , And burst of speaking , were as his . I am absolute 'Twas very Cloten . In this place we left them : I wish my brother make good time with him , You say he is so fell . Being scarce made up , I mean , to man , he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment Is oft the cease of fear . But see , thy brother . This Cloten was a fool , an empty purse , There was no money in 't . Not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains , for he had none ; Yet I not doing this , the fool had borne My head as I do his . What hast thou done ? I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head , Son to the queen , after his own report ; Who call'd me traitor , mountaineer , and swore , With his own single hand he'd take us in , Displace our heads where thank the gods !they grow , And set them on Lud's town . We are all undone . Why , worthy father , what have we to lose , But that he swore to take , our lives ? The law Protects not us ; then why should we be tender To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us , Play judge and executioner all himself , For we do fear the law ? What company Discover you abroad ? No single soul Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason He must have some attendants . Though his humour Was nothing but mutation , ay , and that From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy , not Absolute madness could so far have rav'd To bring him here alone . Although , perhaps , It may be heard at court that such as we Cave here , hunt here , are outlaws , and in time May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing , As it is like him ,might break out , and swear He'd fetch us in ; yet is 't not probable To come alone , either he so undertaking , Or they so suffering ; then , on good ground we fear , If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilous than the head . Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it ; howsoe'er , My brother hath done well . I had no mind To hunt this day ; the boy Fidele's sickness Did make my way long forth . With his own sword , Which he did wave against my throat , I have ta'en His head from him ; I'll throw 't into the creek Behind our rock , and let it to the sea , And tell the fishes he's the queen's son , Cloten : That's all I reck . I fear 'twill be reveng'd . Would , Polydore , thou hadst not done 't ! though valour Becomes thee well enough . Would I had done 't So the revenge alone pursu'd me ! Polydore , I love thee brotherly , but envy much Thou hast robb'd me of this deed ; I would revenges , That possible strength might meet , would seek us through And put us to our answer . Well , 'tis done . We'll hunt no more to-day , nor seek for danger Where there's no profit . I prithee , to our rock ; You and Fidele play the cooks ; I'll stay Till hasty Polydore return , and bring him To dinner presently . Poor sick Fidele ! I'll willingly to him ; to gain his colour I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood , And praise myself for charity . O thou goddess ! Thou divine Nature , how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys . They are as gentle As zephyrs , blowing below the violet , Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough , Their royal blood enchaf'd , as the rud'st wind , That by the top doth take the mountain pine , And make him stoop to the vale . 'Tis wonder That an invisible instinct should frame them To royalty unlearn'd , honour untaught , Civility not seen from other , valour That wildly grows in them , but yields a crop As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange What Cloten's being here to us portends , Or what his death will bring us . Where's my brother ? I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream , In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage For his return . My ingenious instrument ! Hark ! Polydore , it sounds ; but what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark ! Is he at home ? He went hence even now . What does he mean ? since death of my dear'st mother It did not speak before . All solemn things Should answer solemn accidents . The matter ? Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys Is jollity for apes and grief for boys . Is Cadwal mad ? Look ! here he comes , And brings the dire occasion in his arms Of what we blame him for . The bird is dead That we have made so much on . I had rather Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty , To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch , Than have seen this . O , sweetest , fairest lily ! My brother wears thee not the one half so well As when thou grew'st thyself . O melancholy ! Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find The ooze , to show what coast thy sluggish crare Might easiliest harbour in ? Thou blessed thing ! Jove knows what man thou mightst have made ; but I , Thou diedst , a most rare boy , of melancholy . How found you him ? Stark , as you see : Thus smiling , as some fly had tickled slumber , Not as death's dart , being laugh'd at ; his right cheek Reposing on a cushion . Where ? O' the floor , His arms thus leagu'd ; I thought he slept , and put My clouted brogues from off my feet , whose rudeness Answer'd my steps too loud . Why , he but sleeps : If he be gone , he'll make his grave a bed ; With female fairies will his tomb be haunted , And worms will not come to thee . With fairest flowers While summer lasts and I live here , Fidele , I'll sweeten thy sad grave ; thou shalt not lack The flower that's like thy face , pale primrose , nor The azur'd hare-bell , like thy veins , no , nor The leaf of eglantine , whom not to slander , Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would , With charitable bill ,O bill ! sore-shaming Those rich-left heirs , that let their fathers lie Without a monument ,bring thee all this ; Yea , and furr'd moss besides , when flowers are none , To winter-ground thy corse . Prithee , have done , And do not play in wench-like words with that Which is so serious . Let us bury him , And not protract with admiration what Is now due debt . To the grave ! Say , where shall 's lay him ? By good Euriphile , our mother . Be 't so : And let us , Polydore , though now our voices Have got the mannish crack , sing him to the ground , As once our mother ; use like note and words , Save that Euriphile must be Fidele . Cadwal , I cannot sing ; I'll weep , and word it with thee ; For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse Than priests and fanes that lie . We'll speak it then . Great griefs , I see , medicine the less , for Cloten Is quite forgot . He was a queen's son , boys , And though he came our enemy , remember He was paid for that ; though mean and mighty rotting Together , have one dust , yet reverence That angel of the world doth make distinction Of place 'tween high and low . Our foe was princely , And though you took his life , as being our foe , Yet bury him as a prince . Pray you , fetch him hither . Thersites' body is as good as Ajax' When neither are alive . If you'll go fetch him , We'll say our song the whilst . Brother , begin . Nay , Cadwal , we must lay his head to the east ; My father hath a reason for 't . 'Tis true . Come on then , and remove him . So , begin . Fear no more the heat o' the sun , Nor the furious winter's rages ; Thou thy worldly task hast done , Home art gone , and ta'en thy wages ; Golden lads and girls all must , As chimney-sweepers , come to dust . Fear no more the frown o' the great , Thou art past the tyrant's stroke : Care no more to clothe and eat ; To thee the reed is as the oak : The sceptre , learning , physic , must All follow this , and come to dust . Fear no more the lightning-flash , Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ; Fear not slander , censure rash ; Thou hast finish'd joy and moan All lovers young , all lovers must Consign to thee , and come to dust . No exorciser harm thee ! Nor no witchcraft charm thee ! Ghost unlaid forbear thee ! Nothing ill come near thee ! Quiet consummation have ; And renowned be thy grave ! We have done our obsequies . Come , lay him down . Here's a few flowers , but 'bout mid-night , more ; The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night Are strewings fitt'st for graves . Upon their faces You were as flowers , now wither'd ; even so These herblets shall , which we upon you strew . Come on , away ; apart upon our knees . The ground that gave them first has them again ; Their pleasures here are past , so is their pain . Yes , sir , to Milford-Haven ; which is the way ? I thank you . By yond bush ? Pray , how far thither ? 'Ods pittikins ! can it be six mile yet ? I have gone all night : Faith , I'll lie down and sleep . But , soft ! no bed-fellow ! O gods and goddesses ! These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ; This bloody man , the care on 't . I hope I dream ; For so I thought I was a cave-keeper , And cook to honest creatures ; but 'tis not so , 'Twas but a bolt of nothing , shot at nothing , Which the brain makes of fumes . Our very eyes Are sometimes like our judgments , blind . Good faith , I tremble still with fear ; but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye , fear'd gods , a part of it ! The dream's here still ; even when I wake , it is Without me , as within me ; not imagin'd , felt . A headless man ! The garments of Posthumus ! I know the shape of 's leg , this is his hand , His foot Mercurial , his Martial thigh , The brawns of Hercules , but his Jovial face Murder in heaven ? How ! 'Tis gone . Pisanio , All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks , And mine to boot , be darted on thee ! Thou , Conspir'd with that irregulous devil , Cloten , Hast here cut off my lord . To write and read Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters , damn'd Pisanio , From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top ! O Posthumus ! alas ! Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ay me ! where's that ? Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart , And left this head on . How should this be ? Pisanio ? 'Tis he and Cloten ; malice and lucre in them Have laid this woe here . O ! 'tis pregnant , pregnant ! The drug he gave me , which he said was precious And cordial to me , have I not found it Murderous to the senses ? That confirms it home ; This is Pisanio's deed , and Cloten's : O ! Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood , That we the horrider may seem to those Which chance to find us . O ! my lord , my lord . To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia , After your will , have cross'd the sea , attending You here at Milford-Haven with your ships : They are in readiness . But what from Rome ? The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners And gentlemen of Italy , most willing spirits , That promise noble service ; and they come Under the conduct of bold Iachimo , Sienna's brother . When expect you them ? With the next benefit o' the wind . This forwardness Makes our hopes fair . Command our present numbers Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to 't . Now , sir , What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose ? Last night the very gods show'd me a vision , I fast and pray'd for their intelligence ,thus : I saw Jove's bird , the Roman eagle , wing'd From the spongy south to this part of the west , There vanish'd in the sunbeams ; which portends , Unless my sins abuse my divination , Success to the Roman host . Dream often so , And never false . Soft , ho ! what trunk is here Without his top ? The ruin speaks that sometime It was a worthy building . How ! a page ! Or dead or sleeping on him ? But dead rather , For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct , or sleep upon the dead . Let's see the boy's face . He's alive , my lord . He'll , then , instruct us of this body . Young one , Inform us of thy fortunes , for it seems They crave to be demanded . Who is this Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he That , otherwise than noble nature did , Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest In this sad wrack ? How came it ? Who is it ? What art thou ? I am nothing ; or if not , Nothing to be were better . This was my master , A very valiant Briton and a good , That here by mountaineers lies slain . Alas ! There are no more such masters ; I may wander From east to occident , cry out for service , Try many , all good , serve truly , never Find such another master . 'Lack , good youth ! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than Thy master in bleeding . Say his name , good friend . Richard du Champ . If I do lie and do No harm by it , though the gods hear , I hope They'll pardon it .Say you , sir ? Thy name ? Fidele , sir . Thou dost approve thyself the very same ; Thy name well fits thy faith , thy faith thy name . Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say Thou shalt be so well master'd , but be sure No less belov'd . The Roman emperor's letters , Sent by a consul to me , should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee . Go with me . I'll follow , sir . But first , an 't please the gods , I'll hide my master from the flies , as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave , And on it said a century of prayers , Such as I can , twice o'er , I'll weep and sigh ; And , leaving so his service , follow you , So please you entertain me . Ay , good youth , And rather father thee than master thee . My friends , The boy hath taught us manly duties ; let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can , And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave ; come , arm him . Boy , he is preferr'd By thee to us , and he shall be interr'd As soldiers can . Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes : Some falls are means the happier to arise . Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her . A fever with the absence of her son , A madness , of which her life's in danger . Heavens ! How deeply you at once do touch me . Imogen , The great part of my comfort , gone ; my queen Upon a desperate bed , and in a time When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone , So needful for this present : it strikes me , past The hope of comfort . But for thee , fellow , Who needs must know of her departure and Dost seem so ignorant , we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture . Sir , my life is yours , I humbly set it at your will ; but , for my mistress , I nothing know where she remains , why gone , Nor when she purposes return . Beseech your highness , Hold me your loyal servant . Good my liege , The day that she was missing he was here ; I dare be bound he's true and shall perform All parts of his subjection loyally . For Cloten , There wants no diligence in seeking him , And will , no doubt , be found . The time is troublesome . We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy Does yet depend . So please-your majesty , The Roman legions , all from Gallia drawn , Are landed on your coast , with a supply Of Roman gentlemen , by the senate sent . Now for the counsel of my son and queen ! I am amaz'd with matter . Good my liege , Your preparation can affront no less Than what you hear of ; come more , for more you're ready : The want is , but to put those powers in motion That long to move . I thank you . Let's withdraw ; And meet the time as it seeks us . We fear not What can from Italy annoy us , but We grieve at chances here . Away ! I heard no letter from my master since I wrote him Imogen was slain ; 'tis strange ; Nor hear I from my mistress , who did promise To yield me often tidings ; neither know I What is betid to Cloten ; but remain Perplex'd in all : the heavens still must work . Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true to be true : These present wars shall find I love my country , Even to the note o' the king , or I'll fall in them . All other doubts , by time let them be clear'd ; Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd . The noise is round about us . Let us from it . What pleasure , sir , find we in life , to lock it From action and adventure ? Nay , what hope Have we in hiding us ? this way , the Romans Must or for Britons slay us , or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use , and slay us after . Sons , We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us . To the king's party there's no going ; newness Of Cloten's death ,we being not known , not muster'd Among the bands ,may drive us to a render Where we have liv'd , and so extort from 's that Which we have done , whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture . This is , sir , a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you , Nor satisfying us . It is not likely That when they hear the Roman horses neigh , Behold their quarter'd fires , have both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importantly as now , That they will waste their time upon our note , To know from whence we are . O ! I am known Of many in the army ; many years , Though Cloten then but young , you see , not wore him From my remembrance . And , besides , the king Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves Who find in my exile the want of breeding , The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd , But to be still hot summer's tanlings and The shrinking slaves of winter . Than be so Better to cease to be . Pray , sir , to the army : I and my brother are not known ; yourself , So out of thought , and thereto so o'ergrown , Cannot be question'd . By this sun that shines , I'll thither : what thing is it that I never Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood But that of coward hares , hot goats , and venison ! Never bestrid a horse , save one that had A rider like myself , who ne'er wore rowel Nor iron on his heel ! I am asham'd To look upon the holy sun , to have The benefit of his bless'd beams , remaining So long a poor unknown . By heavens ! I'll go : If you will bless me , sir , and give me leave , I'll take the better care ; but if you will not , The hazard therefore due fall on me by The hands of Romans . So say I ; amen . No reason I , since of your lives you set So slight a valuation , should reserve My crack'd one to more care . Have with you , boys ! If in your country wars you chance to die , That is my bed too , lads , and there I'll lie : Lead , lead . The time seems long ; their blood thinks scorn , Till it fly out and show them princes born . Yea , bloody cloth , I'll keep thee , for I wish'd Thou shouldst be colour'd thus . You married ones , If each of you should take this course , how many Must murder wives much better than themselves For wrying but a little ! O Pisanio ! Every good servant does not all commands ; No bond but to do just ones . Gods ! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults , I never Had liv'd to put on this ; so had you sav'd The noble Imogen to repent , and struck Me , wretch more worth your vengeance . But , alack ! You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love , To have them fall no more ; you some permit To second ills with ills , each elder worse , And make them dread it , to the doers' thrift . But Imogen is your own ; do your best wills , And make me bless'd to obey . I am brought hither Among the Italian gentry , and to fight Against my lady's kingdom ; 'tis enough That , Britain , I have kill'd thy mistress-piece ! I'll give no wound to thee . Therefore good heavens , Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds , and suit myself As does a Briton peasant ; so I'll fight Against the part I come with , so I'll die For thee , O Imogen ! even for whom my life Is , every breath , a death : and thus , unknown , Pitied nor hated , to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate . Let me make men know More valour in me than my habits show . Gods ! put the strength o' the Leonati in me . To shame the guise o' the world , I will begin The fashion , less without and more within . The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady , The princess of this country , and the air on 't Revengingly enfeebles me ; or could this carl , A very drudge of nature's , have subdu'd me In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours , borne As I wear mine , are titles but of scorn . If that thy gentry , Britain , go before This lout as he exceeds our lords , the odds Is that we scarce are men and you are gods . Stand , stand ! We have the advantage of the ground . The lane is guarded ; nothing routs us but The villany of our fears . Stand , stand , and fight ! Stand , stand , and fight ! Away , boy , from the troops , and save thyself ; For friends kill friends , and the disorder's such As war were hoodwink'd . 'Tis their fresh supplies . It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes Let's re-inforce , or fly . Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ? I did : Though you , it seems , come from the fliers . I did . No blame be to you , sir ; for all was lost , But that the heavens fought . The king himself Of his wings destitute , the army broken , And but the backs of Britons seen , all flying Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted , Lolling the tongue with slaughtering , having work More plentiful than tools to do 't , struck down Some mortally , some slightly touch'd , some falling Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd With dead men hurt behind , and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame . Where was this lane ? Close by the battle , ditch'd , and wall'd with turf ; Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier , An honest one , I warrant ; who deserv'd So long a breeding as his white beard came to , In doing this for his country ; athwart the lane , He , with two striplings ,lads more like to run The country base than to commit such slaughter , With faces fit for masks , or rather fairer Than those for preservation cas'd , or shame , Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled , 'Our Britain's harts die flying , not our men : To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards . Stand ! Or we are Romans , and will give you that Like beasts which you shun beastly , and may save , But to look back in frown : stand , stand !' These three , Three thousand confident , in act as many , For three performers are the file when all The rest do nothing ,with this word , 'Stand , stand !' Accommodated by the place , more charming With their own nobleness ,which could have turn'd A distaff to a lance ,gilded pale looks , Part shame , part spirit renew'd ; that some , turn'd coward But by example ,O ! a sin of war , Damn'd in the first beginners ,'gan to look The way that they did , and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters . Then began A stop i' the chaser , a retire , anon , A rout , confusion thick ; forthwith they fly Chickens , the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves , The strides they victors made . And now our cowards Like fragments in hard voyages became The life o' the need ; having found the back door open Of the unguarded hearts , Heavens ! how they wound ; Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends O'er-borne i' the former wave ; ten , chas'd by one , Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty ; Those that would die or ere resist are grown The mortal bugs o' the field . This was strange chance : A narrow lane , an old man , and two boys ! Nay , do not wonder at it ; you are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear Than to work any . Will you rime upon 't , And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one : 'Two boys , an old man twice a boy , a lane , Preserv'd the Britons , was the Romans' bane .' Nay , be not angry , sir . 'Lack ! to what end ? Who dares not stand his foe , I'll be his friend ; For if he'll do , as he is made to do , I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too . You have put me into rime . Farewell ; you're angry . Still going ?This is a lord ! O noble misery ! To be i' the field , and ask , 'what news ?' of me ! To-day how many would have given their honours To have sav'd their carcases ! took heel to do 't , And yet died too ! I , in mine own woe charm'd , Could not find death where I did hear him groan , Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly monster , 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups , soft beds , Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we That draw his knives i' the war . Well , I will find him ; For being now a favourer to the Briton , No more a Briton , I have resum'd again The part I came in ; fight I will no more , But yield me to the veriest hind that shall Once touch my shoulder . Great the slaughter is Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be Britons must take . For me , my ransom's death ; On either side I come to spend my breath , Which neither here I'll keep nor bear agen , But end it by some means for Imogen . Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken . 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels . There was a fourth man , in a silly habit , That gave th' affront with them . So 'tis reported ; But none of 'em can be found . Stand ! who is there ? A Roman , Who had not now been drooping here , if seconds Had answer'd him . Lay hands on him ; a dog ! A lag of Rome shall not return to tell What crows have peck'd them here . He brags his service As if he were of note : bring him to the king . You shall not now be stol'n , you have locks upon you : So graze as you find pasture . Ay , or a stomach . Most welcome , bondage ! for thou art a way , I think , to liberty . Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout , since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd By the sure physician death ; who is the key To unbar these locks . My conscience , thou art fetter'd More than my shanks and wrists : you good gods , give me The penitent instrument to pick that bolt ; Then , free for ever ! Is 't enough I am sorry ? So children temporal fathers do appease ; Gods are more full of mercy . Must I repent ? I cannot do it better than in gyves , Desir'd more than constrain'd ; to satisfy , If of my freedom 'tis the main part , take No stricter render of me than my all . I know you are more clement than vile men , Who of their broken debtors take a third , A sixth , a tenth , letting them thrive again On their abatement : that's not my desire ; For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though 'Tis not so dear , yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it ; 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp ; Though light , take pieces for the figure's sake : You rather mine , being yours ; and so great powers , If you will take this audit , take this life , And cancel these cold bonds . O Imogen ! I'll speak to thee in silence . No more , thou thunder-master , show Thy spite on mortal flies : With Mars fall out , with Juno chide , That thy adulteries Rates and revenges . Hath my poor boy done aught but well , Whose face I never saw ? I died whilst in the womb he stay'd Attending nature's law : Whose father then as men report , Thou orphans' father art Thou shouldst have been , and shielded him From this earth-vexing smart . Lucina lent not me her aid , But took me in my throes ; That from me was Posthumus ript , Came crying 'mongst his foes , A thing of pity ! Great nature , like his ancestry , Moulded the stuff so fair , That he deserv'd the praise o' the world , As great Sicilius' heir . When once he was mature for man , In Britain where was he That could stand up his parallel , Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen , that best Could deem his dignity ? With marriage wherefore was he mock'd , To be exil'd , and thrown From Leonati's seat , and cast From her his dearest one , Sweet Imogen ? Why did you suffer Iachimo , Slight thing of Italy , To taint his nobler heart and brain With needless jealousy ; And to become the geck and scorn O' the other's villany ? For this from stiller seats we came , Our parents and us twain , That striking in our country's cause Fell bravely and were slain ; Our fealty and Tenantius' right With honour to maintain . Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd : Then Jupiter , thou king of gods , Why hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due , Being all to dolours turn'd ? Thy crystal window ope ; look out ; No longer exercise Upon a valiant race thy harsh And potent injuries . Since , Jupiter , our son is good , Take off his miseries . Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ! Or we poor ghosts will cry To the shining synod of the rest Against thy deity . Help , Jupiter ! or we appeal , And from thy justice fly . No more , you petty spirits of region low , Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you ghosts Accuse the thunderer , whose bolt , you know , Sky-planted , batters all rebelling coasts ? Poor shadows of Elysium , hence ; and rest Upon your never-withering banks of flowers : Be not with mortal accidents opprest ; No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours . Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift , The more delay'd , delighted . Be content ; Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift : His comforts thrive , his trials well are spent . Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth , and in Our temple was he married . Rise , and fade ! He shall be lord of Lady Imogen , And happier much by his affliction made . This tablet lay upon his breast , wherein Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ; And so , away : no further with your din Express impatience , lest you stir up mine . Mount , eagle , to my palace crystalline . He came in thunder ; his celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle Stoop'd , as to foot us ; his ascension is More sweet than our bless'd fields ; his royal bird Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak , As when his god is pleas'd . Thanks , Jupiter ! The marble pavement closes ; he is enter'd His radiant roof . Away ! and , to be blest , Let us with care perform his great behest . Sleep , thou hast been a grandsire , and begot A father to me ; and thou hast created A mother and two brothers . But O scorn ! Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born : And so I am awake . Poor wretches , that depend On greatness' favour dream as I have done ; Wake , and find nothing . But , alas ! I swerve : Many dream not to find , neither deserve , And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I , That have this golden chance and know not why . What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare one ! Be not , as is our fangled world , a garment Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects So follow , to be most unlike our courtiers , As good as promise . Whenas a lion's whelp shall , to himself unknown , without seeking find , and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches , which , being dead many years , shall after revive , be jointed to the old stock , and freshly grow , then shall Posthumus end his miseries , Britain be fortunate , and flourish in peace and plenty . 'Tis still a dream , or else such stuff as madmen Tongue and brain not ; either both or nothing ; Or senseless speaking , or a speaking such As sense cannot untie . Be what it is , The action of my life is like it , which I'll keep , if but for sympathy . Come , sir , are you ready for death ? Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago . Hanging is the word , sir : if you be ready for that , you are well cooked . So , if I prove a good repast to the spectators , the dish pays the shot . A heavy reckoning for you , sir ; but the comfort is , you shall be called to no more payments , fear no more tavern-bills , which are often the sadness of parting , as the procuring of mirth . You come in faint for want of meat , depart reeling with too much drink , sorry that you have paid too much ; and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty ; the brain the heavier for being too light , the purse too light , being drawn of heaviness of this contradiction you shall now be quit . O ! the charity of a penny cord ; it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debitor and creditor but it ; of what's past , is , and to come , the discharge . Your neck , sir , is pen , book and counters ; so the acquittance follows . I am merrier to die than thou art to live . Indeed , sir , he that sleeps feels not the toothache ; but a man that were to sleep your sleep , and a hangman to help him to bed , I think he would change places with his officer ; for look you , sir , you know not which way you shall go . Yes , indeed do I , fellow . Your death has eyes in 's head , then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know , or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know , or jump the after inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end , I think you'll never return to tell one . I tell thee , fellow , there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as wink and will not use them . What an infinite mock is this , that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness ! I am sure hanging's the way of winking . Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king . Thou bring'st good news ; I am called to be made free . I'll be hang'd , then . Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead . Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets , I never saw one so prone . Yet , on my conscience , there are verier knaves desire to live , for all he be a Roman ; and there be some of them too , that die against their wills ; so should I , if I were one . I would we were all of one mind , and one mind good ; O ! there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses . I speak against my present profit , but my wish hath a preferment in 't . Stand by my side , you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne . Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought , Whose rags sham'd gilded arms , whose naked breast Stepp'd before targes of proof , cannot be found : He shall be happy that can find him , if Our grace can make him so . I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing ; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks . No tidings of him ? He hath been search'd among the dead and living , But no trace of him . To my grief , I am The heir of his reward ; which I will add To you , the liver , heart , and brain of Britain , By whom , I grant , she lives . 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are : report it . Sir , In Cambria are we born , and gentlemen : Further to boast were neither true nor modest , Unless I add , we are honest . Bow your knees . Arise , my knights o' the battle : I create you Companions to our person , and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates . There's business in these faces . Why so sadly Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans , And not o' the court of Britain . Hail , great king ! To sour your happiness , I must report The queen is dead . Whom worse than a physician Would this report become ? But I consider , By medicine life may be prolong'd , yet death Will seize the doctor too . How ended she ? With horror , madly dying , like her life ; Which , being cruel to the world , concluded Most cruel to herself . What she confess'd I will report , so please you : these her women Can trip me if I err ; who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd . Prithee , say . First , she confess'd she never lov'd you , only Affected greatness got by you , not you ; Married your royalty , was wife to your place ; Abhorr'd your person . She alone knew this ; And , but she spoke it dying , I would not Believe her lips in opening it . Proceed . Your daughter , whom she bore in hand to love With such integrity , she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life , But that her flight prevented it , she had Ta'en off by poison . O most delicate fiend ! Who is't can read a woman ? Is there more ? More , sir , and worse . She did confess she had For you a mortal mineral ; which , being took , Should by the minute feed on life , and ling'ring , By inches waste you ; in which time she purpos'd , By watching , weeping , tendance , kissing , to O'ercome you with her show ; yea , and in time When she had fitted you with her craft to work Her son into the adoption of the crown ; But failing of her end by his strange absence , Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd , in despite Of heaven and men , her purposes ; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected : so , Despairing died . Heard you all this , her women ? We did , so please your highness . Mine eyes Were not in fault , for she was beautiful ; Mine ears , that heard her flattery ; nor my heart , That thought her like her seeming : it had been vicious To have mistrusted her : yet , O my daughter ! That it was folly in me , thou mayst say , And prove it in thy feeling . Heaven mend all ! Thou com'st not , Caius , now for tribute ; that The Britons have raz'd out , though with the loss Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter Of you their captives , which ourself have granted : So , think of your estate . Consider , sir , the chance of war : the day Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us , We should not , when the blood was cool , have threaten'd Our prisoners with the sword . But since the gods Will have it thus , that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom , let it come ; sufficeth , A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer ; Augustus lives to think on 't ; and so much For my peculiar care . This one thing only I will entreat ; my boy , a Briton born , Let him be ransom'd ; never master had A page so kind , so duteous , diligent , So tender over his occasions , true , So feat , so nurse-like . Let his virtue join With my request , which I'll make bold your highness Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm , Though he have serv'd a Roman . Save him , sir , And spare no blood beside . I have surely seen him ; His favour is familiar to me . Boy , Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace , And art mine own . I know not why nor wherefore , To say , 'live , boy :' ne'er thank thy master ; live : And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt , Fitting my bounty and thy state , I'll give it ; Yea , though thou do demand a prisoner , The noblest ta'en . I humbly thank your highness . I do not bid thee beg my life , good lad ; And yet I know thou wilt . No , no ; alack ! There's other work in hand . I see a thing Bitter to me as death ; your life , good master , Must shuffle for itself . The boy disdains me , He leaves me , scorns me ; briefly die their joys That place them on the truth of girls and boys . Why stands he so perplex'd ? What wouldst thou , boy ? I love thee more and more ; think more and more What's best to ask . Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak ; Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ? He is a Roman ; no more kin to me Than I to your highness ; who , being born your vassal , Am something nearer . Wherefore ey'st him so ? I'll tell you , sir , in private , if you please To give me hearing . Ay , with all my heart , And lend my best attention . What's thy name ? Fidele , sir . Thou'rt my good youth , my page ; I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely . Is not this boy reviv'd from death ? One sand another Not more resembles ;that sweet rosy lad Who died , and was Fidele . What think you ? The same dead thing alive . Peace , peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ; Creatures may be alike ; were 't he , I am sure He would have spoke to us . But we saw him dead . Be silent ; let's see further . It is my mistress : Since she is living , let the time run on To good , or bad . Come , stand thou by our side : Make thy demand aloud . Sir , step you forth ; Give answer to this boy , and do it freely , Or , by our greatness and the grace of it , Which is our honour , bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood . On , speak to him . My boon is , that this gentleman may render Of whom he had this ring . What's that to him ? That diamond upon your finger , say How came it yours ? Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that Which , to be spoke , would torture thee . How ! me ? I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that Which torments me to conceal . By villany I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel , Whom thou didst banish , and which more may grieve thee , As it doth me a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 'Twixt sky and ground . Wilt thou hear more , my lord ? All that belongs to this . That paragon , thy daughter , For whom my heart drops blood , and my false spirits Quail to remember ,Give me leave ; I faint . My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy strength ; I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will Than die ere I hear more . Strive , man , and speak . Upon a time ,unhappy was the clock That struck the hour !it was in Rome ,accurs'd The mansion where !'twas at a feast O , would Our viands had been poison'd , or at least Those which I heav'd to head !the good Posthumus , What should I say ? he was too good to be Where ill men were ; and was the best of all Amongst the rar'st of good ones ;sitting sadly Hearing us praise our loves of Italy For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast Of him that best could speak ; for feature laming The shrine of Venus , or straight-pight Minerva , Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition , A shop of all the qualities that man Loves woman for ; besides that hook of wiving , Fairness which strikes the eye . I stand on fire . Come to the matter . All too soon I shall , Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly . This Posthumus Most like a noble lord in love , and one That had a royal lover took his hint ; And , not dispraising whom we prais'd ,therein He was as calm as virtue ,he began His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made , And then a mind put in 't , either our brags Were crack'd of kitchen trulls , or his description Prov'd us unspeaking sots . Nay , nay , to the purpose . Your daughter's chastity , there it begins . He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams , And she alone were cold ; whereat I , wretch , Made scruple of his praise , and wager'd with him Pieces of gold 'gainst this , which then he wore Upon his honour'd finger , to attain In suit the place of his bed , and win this ring By hers and mine adultery . He , true knight , No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her , stakes this ring ; And would so , had it been a carbuncle Of Ph bus' wheel ; and might so safely , had it Been all the worth of 's car . Away to Britain Post I in this design . Well may you , sir , Remember me at court , where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference 'Twixt amorous and villanous . Being thus quench'd Of hope , not longing , mine Italian brain 'Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely ; for my vantage , excellent ; And , to be brief , my practice so prevail'd , That I return'd with simular proof enough To make the noble Leonatus mad , By wounding his belief in her renown With tokens thus , and thus ; averring notes Of chamber-hanging , pictures , this her bracelet ; Oh cunning ! how I got it !nay , some marks Of secret on her person , that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd , I having ta'en the forfeit . Whereupon , Methinks I see him now , Ay , so thou dost , Italian fiend !Ay me , most credulous fool , Egregious murderer , thief , any thing That's due to all the villains past , in being , To come . O ! give me cord , or knife , or poison , Some upright justicer . Thou king , send out For torturers ingenious ; it is I That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend By being worse than they . I am Posthumus , That kill'd thy daughter ; villain-like , I lie ; That caus'd a lesser villain than myself , A sacrilegious thief , to do 't ; the temple Of virtue was she ; yea , and she herself . Spit , and throw stones , cast mire upon me , set The dogs o' the street to bay me ; every villain Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and Be villany less than 'twas ! O Imogen ! My queen , my life , my wife ! O Imogen , Imogen , Imogen ! Peace , my lord ! hear , hear ! Shall 's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page , There lie thy part . O , gentlemen , help ! Mine , and your mistress ! O ! my Lord Posthumus , You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now . Help , help ! Mine honour'd lady ! Does the world go round ? How come these staggers on me ? Wake , my mistress ! If this be so , the gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy . How fares my mistress ? O ! get thee from my sight : Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow , hence ! Breathe not where princes are . The tune of Imogen ! Lady , The gods throw stones of sulphur on me , if That box I gave you was not thought by me A precious thing : I had it from the queen . New matter still ? It poison'd me . O gods ! I left out one thing which the queen confess'd , Which must approve thee honest : 'If Pisanio Have ,' said she , 'given his mistress that confection Which I gave him for cordial , she is serv'd As I would serve a rat .' What's this , Cornelius ? The queen , sir , very oft importun'd me To temper poisons for her , still pretending The satisfaction of her knowledge only In killing creatures vile , as cats and dogs , Of no esteem ; I , dreading that her purpose Was of more danger , did compound for her A certain stuff , which , being ta'en , would cease The present power of life , but in short time All offices of nature should again Do their due functions . Have you ta'en of it ? Most like I did , for I was dead . My boys , There was our error . This is , sure , Fidele . Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ? Think that you are upon a rock ; and now Throw me again . Hang there like fruit , my soul , Till the tree die ! How now , my flesh , my child ! What , mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ? Wilt thou not speak to me ? Your blessing , sir . Though you did love this youth , I blame ye not ; You had a motive for 't . My tears that fall Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen , Thy mother's dead . I am sorry for 't , my lord . O , she was naught ; and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely ; but her son Is gone , we know not how , nor where . My lord , Now fear is from me , I'll speak troth . Lord Cloten , Upon my lady's missing , came to me With his sword drawn , foam'd at the mouth , and swore If I discover'd not which way she was gone , It was my instant death . By accident , I had a feigned letter of my master's Then in my pocket , which directed him To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ; Where , in a frenzy , in my master's garments , Which he enforc'd from me , away he posts With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate My lady's honour ; what became of him I further know not . Let me end the story : I slew him there . Marry , the gods forfend ! I would not thy good deeds should from my lips Pluck a hard sentence : Prithee , valiant youth , Deny 't again . I have spoke it , and I did it . He was a prince . A most incivil one . The wrongs he did me Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me With language that would make me spurn the sea If it could so roar to me . I cut off 's head ; And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine . I am sorry for thee : By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd , and must Endure our law . Thou'rt dead . That headless man I thought had been my lord . Bind the offender , And take him from our presence . Stay , sir king : This man is better than the man he slew , As well descended as thyself ; and hath More of thee merited than a band of Clotens Had ever scar for . Let his arms alone ; They were not born for bondage . Why , old soldier , Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for , By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent As good as we ? In that he spake too far . And thou shalt die for 't . We will die all three : But I will prove that two on 's are as good As I have given out him . My sons , I must For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech , Though , haply , well for you . Your danger's ours . And our good his . Have at it , then , by leave . Thou hadst , great king , a subject who was call'd Belarius . What of him ? he is A banish'd traitor . He it is that hath Assum'd this age : indeed , a banish'd man ; I know not how a traitor . Take him hence : The whole world shall not save him . Not too hot : First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ; And let it be confiscate all so soon As I have receiv'd it . Nursing of my sons ! I am too blunt and saucy ; here's my knee : Ere I arise I will prefer my sons ; Then spare not the old father . Mighty sir , These two young gentlemen , that call me father , And think they are my sons , are none of mine ; They are the issue of your loins , my liege , And blood of your begetting . How ! my issue ! So sure as you your father's . I , old Morgan , Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd : Your pleasure was my mere offence , my punishment Itself , and all my treason ; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did . These gentle princes For such and so they are these twenty years Have I train'd up ; those arts they have as I Could put into them ; my breeding was , sir , as Your highness knows . Their nurse , Euriphile , Whom for the theft I wedded , stole these children Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to 't , Having receiv'd the punishment before , For that which I did then ; beaten for loyalty Excited me to treason . Their dear loss , The more of you 'twas felt the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them . But , gracious sir , Here are your sons again ; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world . The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy To inlay heaven with stars . Thou weep'st , and speak'st . The service that you three have done is more Unlike than this thou tell'st . I lost my children : If these be they , I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons . Be pleas'd awhile . This gentleman , whom I call Polydore , Most worthy prince , as yours , is true Guiderius ; This gentleman , my Cadwal , Arviragus , Your younger princely son ; he , sir , was lapp'd In a most curious mantle , wrought by the hand Of his queen mother , which , for more probation , I can with ease produce . Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole , a sanguine star ; It was a mark of wonder . This is he , Who hath upon him still that natural stamp . It was wise nature's end in the donation , To be his evidence now . O ! what , am I A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother Rejoic'd deliverance more . Blest pray you be , That , after this strange starting from your orbs , You may reign in them now . O Imogen ! Thou hast lost by this a kingdom . No , my lord ; I have got two worlds by 't . O my gentle brothers ! Have we thus met ? O , never say hereafter But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother , When I was but your sister ; I you brothers When ye were so indeed . Did you e'er meet ? Ay , my good lord . And at first meeting lov'd ; Continu'd so , until we thought he died . By the queen's dram she swallow'd . O rare instinct ! When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgment Hath to it circumstantial branches , which Distinction should be rich in . Where ? how liv'd you ? And when came you to serve our Roman captive ? How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ? Why fied you from the court , and whither ? These , And your three motives to the battle , with I know not how much more , should be demanded , And all the other by-dependances , From chance to chance , but nor the time nor place Will serve our long inter'gatories . See , Posthumus anchors upon Imogen , And she , like harmless lightning , throws her eye On him , her brothers , me , her master , hitting Each object with a joy : the counterchange Is severally in all . Let's quit this ground , And smoke the temple with our sacrifices . Thou art my brother ; so we'll hold thee ever . You are my father too ; and did relieve me , To see this gracious season . All o'erjoy'd Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too , For they shall taste our comfort . My good master , I will yet do you service . Happy be you ! The forlorn soldier , that so nobly fought He would have well becom'd this place and grac'd The thankings of a king . I am , sir , The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd . That I was he , Speak , Iachimo ; I had you down and might Have made you finish . I am down again ; But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee , As then your force did . Take that life , beseech you , Which I so often owe , but your ring first , And here the bracelet of the truest princess That ever swore her faith . Kneel not to me : The power that I have on you is to spare you ; The malice towards you to forgive you . Live , And deal with others better . Nobly doom'd : We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ; Pardon's the word to all . You holp us , sir , As you did mean indeed to be our brother ; Joy'd are we that you are . Your servant , princes . Good my lord of Rome , Call forth your soothsayer . As I slept , methought Great Jupiter , upon his eagle back'd , Appear'd to me , with other spritely shows Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd , I found This label on my bosom ; whose containing Is so from sense in hardness that I can Make no collection of it ; let him show His skill in the construction . Philarmonus ! Here , my good lord . Read , and declare the meaning Whenas a lion's whelp shall , to himself unknown , without seeking find , and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches , which , being dead many years , shall after revive , be jointed to the old stock , and freshly grow : then shall Posthumus end his miseries , Britain be fortunate , and flourish in peace and plenty . Thou , Leonatus , art the lion's whelp ; The fit and apt construction of thy name , Being Leo-natus , doth import so much . The piece of tender air , thy virtuous daughter , Which we call mollis aer ; and mollis aer We term it mulier ; which mulier , I divine , Is this most constant wife ; who , even now , Answering the letter of the oracle , Unknown to you , unsought , were clipp'd about With this most tender air . This hath some seeming . The lofty cedar , royal Cymbeline , Personates thee , and thy lopp'd branches point Thy two sons forth ; who , by Belarius stolen , For many years thought dead , are now reviv'd To the majestic cedar join'd , whose issue Promises Britain peace and plenty . Well ; My peace we will begin . And , Caius Lucius , Although the victor , we submit to C sar , And to the Roman empire ; promising To pay our wonted tribute , from the which We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ; Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers Have laid most heavy hand . The fingers of the powers above do tune The harmony of this peace . The vision Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke Of this yet scarce-cold battle , at this instant Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle , From south to west on wing soaring aloft , Lessen'd herself , and in the beams o' the sun So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle , The imperial C sar , should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline , Which shines here in the west . Laud we the gods ; And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils From our bless'd altars . Publish we this peace To all our subjects . Set we forward : let A Roman and a British ensign wave Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march : And in the temple of great Jupiter Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts . Set on there . Never was a war did cease , Ere bloody hands were wash'd , with such a peace . LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST Let fame , that all hunt after in their lives , Live register'd upon our brazen tombs , And then grace us in the disgrace of death ; When , spite of cormorant devouring Time , The 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 . I am resolv'd ; 'tis but a three years' fast : The mind shall banquet , though the body pine : Fat paunches have lean pates , and dainty bits Make rich the ribs , but bankrupt quite the wits . My loving lord , Dumaine is mortified : The grosser manner of these world's delights He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves : To love , to wealth , to pomp , I pine and die ; With all these living in philosophy . 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 . Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these . 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 . You swore to that , Berowne , and to the rest . By yea and nay , sir , then I swore in jest . What is the end of study ? let me know . Why , that to know which else we should not know . Things hid and barr'd , you mean , from common sense ? Ay , that is study's god-like recompense . 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 . These be the stops that hinder study quite , And train our intellects to vain delight . Why , all delights are vain ; but that most vain Which , with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain : As , painfully to pore upon a book , To seek the 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 nought but fame ; And every godfather can give a name . How well he's read , to reason against reading ! Proceeded well , to stop all good proceeding ! He weeds the corn , and still lets grow the weeding . The spring is near , when green geese are a-breeding . How follows that ? Fit in his place and time . In reason nothing . Something then , in rime . Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost That bites the first-born infants of the spring . 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 mirth ; 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 . Well , sit you out : go home , Berowne : adieu ! 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 to what I 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 . How well this yielding rescues thee from shame ! Item , That no woman shall come within a mile of my court . Hath this been proclaimed ? Four days ago . Let's see the penalty . On pain of losing her tongue . Who devised this penalty ? Marry , that did I . Sweet lord , and why ? To fright them hence with that dread penalty . A dangerous law against gentility ! 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 . What say you , lords ? why , this was quite forgot . 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 . We must of force dispense with this decree ; She must lie here on mere necessity . 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 : 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 loath , I am the last that will last keep his oath . But is there no quick recreation granted ? 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 . Armado is a most illustrious wight , A man of fire-new words , fashion's own knight . Costard the swain and he shall be our sport ; And , so to study , three years is but short . Which is the duke's own person ? This , fellow . What wouldst ? I myself reprehend his own person , for I am his Grace's tharborough : but I would see his own person in flesh and blood . This is he . Signior Arm Arm commends you . There's villany abroad : this letter will tell you more . Sir , the contempts thereof are as touching me . A letter from the magnificent Armado . How long soever the matter , I hope in God for high words . A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us patience ! To hear , or forbear laughing ? To hear meekly , sir , and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both . Well , sir , be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness . The matter is to me , sir , as concerning Jaquenetta . The manner of it is , I was taken with the manner . In what manner ? 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 . For the following , sir ? As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right ! Will you hear this letter with attention ? As we would hear an oracle . Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh . Great deputy , the welkin's vicegerent , and sole dominator of Navarre , my soul's earth's God , and body's fostering patron , Not a word of Costard yet . So it is , It may be so ; but if he say it is so , he is , in telling true , but so . Peace ! Be to me and every man that dares not fight . No words ! Of other men's secrets , I beseech you . So it is , besieged with sable-coloured 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 called supper : so much for the time when . Now for the ground which ; which , I mean , I walked upon : it is ycleped thy park . Then for the place where ; where , I mean , I did encounter that most obscene and preposterous event , that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured 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 , Me . that unlettered small-knowing soul , Me . that shallow vessel , Still me . which , as I remember , hight Costard , O me . sorted and consorted , contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon , with with ,O ! with but with this I passion to say wherewith , With a wench . with a child of our grandmother Eve , a female ; or , for thy more sweet understanding , a woman . Him , I ,as my everesteemed 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 . Me , an't please you ; I am Antony Dull . For Jaquenetta ,so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain ,I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall , at the least of thy sweet notice , bring her to trial . Thine , in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty , This is not so well as I looked for , but the best that ever I heard . Ay , the best for the worst . But , sirrah , what say you to this ? Sir , I confess the wench . Did you hear the proclamation ? I do confess much of the hearing it , but little of the marking of it . It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench . I was taken with none , sir : I was taken with a damosel . Well , it was proclaimed 'damosel .' This was no damosel neither , sir : she was a 'virgin .' It is so varied too ; for it was proclaimed 'virgin .' If it were , I deny her virginity : I was taken with a maid . This maid will not serve your turn , sir . This maid will serve my turn , sir . Sir , I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast a week with bran and water . I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge . 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 . I'll lay my head to any good man's hat , These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn . Sirrah , come on . I suffer for the truth , sir : for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta , and Jaquenetta is a true girl ; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again ; and till then , sit thee down , sorrow ! Boy , what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy ? A great sign , sir , that he will look sad . Why , sadness is one and the self-same thing , dear imp . No , no ; O Lord , sir , no . How canst thou part sadness and melancholy , my tender juvenal ? By a familiar demonstration of the working , my tough senior . Why tough senior ? why tough senior ? Why tender juvenal ? why tender juvenal ? I spoke it , tender juvenal , as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days , which we may nominate tender . And I , tough senior , as an appertinent title to your old time , which we may name tough . Pretty , and apt . How mean you , sir ? I pretty , and my saying apt ? or I apt , and my saying pretty ? Thou pretty , because little . Little pretty , because little . Wherefore apt ? And therefore apt , because quick . Speak you this in my praise , master ? In thy condign praise . I will praise an eel with the same praise . What ! that an eel is ingenious ? That an eel is quick . I do say thou art quick in answers : thou heatest my blood . I am answered , sir . I love not to be crossed . He speaks the mere contrary : crosses love not him . I have promised to study three years with the duke . You may do it in an hour , sir . Impossible . How many is one thrice told ? I am ill at reckoning ; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster . You are a gentleman and a gamester , sir . I confess both : they are both the varnish of a complete man . Then , I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to . It doth amount to one more than two . Which the base vulgar do call three . True . 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 . A most fine figure ! To prove you a cipher . 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 curtsy . I think scorn to sigh : methinks I should outswear Cupid . Comfort me , boy : what great men have been in love ? Hercules , master . Most sweet Hercules ! More authority , dear boy , name more ; and , sweet my child , let them be men of good repute and carriage . Samson , master : he was a man of good carriage , great carriage , for he carried the towngates on his back like a porter ; and he was in love . 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 ? A woman , master . Of what complexion ? Of all the four , or the three , or the two , or one of the four . Tell me precisely of what complexion . Of the sea-water green , sir . Is that one of the four complexions ? As I have read , sir ; and the best of them too . 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 . It was so , sir , for she had a green wit . My love is most immaculate white and red . Most maculate thoughts , master , are masked under such colours . Define , define , well-educated infant . My father's wit , and my mother's tongue , assist me ! Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty and pathetical ! If she be made of white and red , Her faults will ne'er be known , For blushing cheeks by faults are bred , And fears by pale white shown : Then if she fear , or be to blame , By this you shall not know , For still her cheeks possess the same Which native she doth owe . A dangerous rime , master , against the reason of white and red . Is there not a ballad , boy , of the King and the Beggar ? 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 . 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 . To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master . Sing , boy : my spirit grows heavy in love . And that's great marvel , loving a light wench . I say , sing . Forbear till this company be past . 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 . I do betray myself with blushing . Maid ! Man ? I will visit thee at the lodge . That's hereby . I know where it is situate . Lord , how wise you are ! I will tell thee wonders . With that face ? I love thee . So I heard you say . And so farewell . Fair weather after you ! Come , Jaquenetta , away ! Villain , thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned . Well , sir , I hope , when I do it , I shall do it on a full stomach . Thou shalt be heavily punished . I am more bound to you than your fellows , for they are but lightly rewarded . Take away this villain : shut him up . Come , you transgressing slave : away ! Let me not be pent up , sir : I will fast , being loose . No , sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison . Well , if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen , some shall see What shall some see ? 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 . 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 butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club , and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier . The first and second clause 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 sonneter . Devise , wit ; write , pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio . Now , madam , summon up your dearest spirits : Consider whom 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 . Good Lord Boyet , my beauty , though but mean , Needs not the painted flourish of your praise : Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye , Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues . I am less proud to hear you tell my worth Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine . But now to task the tasker : good Boyet , You are not ignorant , all-telling fame Doth noise abroad , Navarre hath made a vow , Till painful study shall out-wear three years , No woman may approach his silent court : Therefore to us seemth 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-visag'd suitors , his high will . Proud of employment , willingly I go . All pride is willing pride , and yours is so . Who are the votaries , my loving lords , That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ? Lord Longaville is one . Know you the man ? I know him , madam : at a marriage feast , Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir Of Jacques Falconbridge , solemnized In Normandy , saw I this Longaville . A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ; Well fitted in the arts , glorious in arms : Nothing becomes him ill that he would well . The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss , If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil , Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ; Whose edge hath power to cut , whose will still wills It should none spare that come within his power . Some merry mocking lord , belike ; is't so ? They say so most that most his humours know . Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow . Who are the rest ? The young Dumaine , a well-accomplish'd youth , Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd : Most power to do most harm , least knowing ill , For he hath wit to make an ill shape good , And shape to win grace though he had no wit . I saw him at the Duke Alen on's once ; And much too little of that good I saw Is my report to his great worthiness . 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 . God bless my ladies ! are they all in love , That every one her own hath garnished With such bedecking ornaments of praise ? Here comes Boyet . Now , what admittance , lord ? Navarre had notice of your fair approach ; And he and his competitors in oath Were all address'd to meet you , gentle lady , Before I came . Marry , 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 unpeeled house . Here comes Navarre . Fair princess , welcome to the court of Navarre . '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 . You shall be welcome , madam , to my court . I will be welcome , then : conduct me thither . Hear me , dear lady ; I have sworn an oath . Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn . Not for the world , fair madam , by my will . Why , will shall break it ; will , and nothing else . Your ladyship is ignorant what it is . 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 . Madam , I will , if suddenly I may . You will the sooner that I were away , For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay . Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ? Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ? I know you did . How needless was it then To ask the question ! You must not be so quick . 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions . Your wit's too hot , it speeds too fast , 'twill tire . Not till it leave the rider in the mire . What time o' day ? The hour that fools should ask . Now fair befall your mask ! Fair fall the face it covers ! And send you many lovers ! Amen , so you be none . Nay , then I will be gone . Madam , your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ; Being but the one half of an entire sum Disbursed by my father in his wars . But say that he , or we ,as neither have , Receiv'd 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 valu'd 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 . 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 . I do protest I never heard of it ; And if you prove it , I'll repay it back Or yield up Aquitaine . We arrest your word . Boyet , you can produce acquittances For such a sum from special officers Of Charles his father . Satisfy me so . 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 . 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 receiv'd , As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart , Though so denied fair harbour in my house . Your own good thoughts excuse me , and farewell : To-morrow shall we visit you again . Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace ! Thy own wish wish I thee in every place ! Lady , I will commend you to mine own heart . Pray you , do my commendations ; I would be glad to see it . I would you heard it groan . Is the fool sick ? Sick at the heart . Alack ! let it blood . Would that do it good ? My physic says , 'ay .' Will you prick't with your eye ? No point , with my knife . Now , God save thy life ! And yours from long living ! I cannot stay thanksgiving . Sir , I pray you , a word : what lady is that same ? The heir of Alen on , Katharine her name . A gallant lady . Monsieur , fare you well . I beseech you a word : what is she in the white ? A woman sometimes , an you saw her in the light . Perchance light in the light . I desire her name . She hath but one for herself ; to desire that , were a shame . Pray you , sir , whose daughter ? Her mother's , I have heard . God's blessing on your beard ! Good sir , be not offended . She is an heir of Falconbridge . Nay , my choler is ended . She is a most sweet lady . Not unlike , sir ; that may be . What's her name , in the cap ? Rosaline , by good hap . Is she wedded or no ? To her will , sir , or so . You are welcome , sir . Adieu . Farewell to me , sir , and welcome to you . That last is Berowne , the merry mad-cap lord : Not a word with him but a jest . And every jest but a word . It was well done of you to take him at his word . I was as willing to grapple , as he was to board . Two hot sheeps , marry ! And wherefore not ships ? No sheep , sweet lamb , unless we feed on your lips . You sheep , and I pasture : shall that finish the jest ? So you grant pasture for me . Not so , gentle beast . My lips are no common , though several they be . Belonging to whom ? To my fortunes and me . Good wits will be jangling ; but , gentles , agree . This civil war of wits were much better us'd On Navarre and his book-men , for here 'tis abus'd . If my observation ,which very seldom lies , By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes , Deceive me not now , Navarre is infected . With what ? With that which we lovers entitle affected . Your reason . 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 impress'd , Proud with his form , in his eye pride express'd : 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 lock'd in his eye , As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ; Who , tend'ring 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 quote 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 . Come to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd . But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd . I only have made a mouth of his eye , By adding a tongue which I know will not he . Thou art an old love-monger , and speak'st skilfully . He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him . Then was Venus like her mother , for her father is but grim . Do you hear , my mad wenches ? No . What , then , do you see ? Ay , our way to be gone . You are too hard for me . Warble , child ; make passionate my sense of hearing . Concolinel , 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 . Master , will you win your love with a French brawl ? How meanest thou ? brawling in French ? No , my complete master ; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end , canary to it with your feet , humour it with turning up your eyelids , sigh a note and sing a note , sometime through the throat , as if you swallowed love by singing love , sometime through the nose , as if you snuffed 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 . How hast thou purchased this experience ? By my penny of observation . But O but O , 'The hobby-horse is forgot .' Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse ?' No , master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt , and your love perhaps , a hackney . But have you forgot your love ? Almost I had . Negligent student ! learn her by heart . By heart , and in heart , boy . And out of heart , master : all those three I will prove . What wilt thou prove ? 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 . I am all these three . And three times as much more , and yet nothing at all . Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me a letter . A message well sympathized : a horse to be ambassador for an ass . Ha , ha ! what sayest thou ? Marry , sir , you must send the ass upon the horse , for he is very slow-gaited . But I go . The way is but short : away ! As swift as lead , sir . Thy meaning , pretty ingenious ? Is not lead a metal heavy , dull , and slow ? Minime , honest master ; or rather , master , no . I say , lead is slow . You are too swift , sir , to say so : Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun ? Sweet smoke of rhetoric ! He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet , that's he : I shoot thee at the swain . Thump then , and I flee . A most acute juvenal ; volable 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 . A wonder , master ! here's a costard broken in a shin . Some enigma , some riddle : come , thy l'envoy ; begin . 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 . 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 inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy , and the word l'envoy for a salve ? Do the wise think them other ? is not l'envoy a salve ? 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 . I will add the l'envoy . Say the moral again . The fox , the ape , and the humble-bee , Were still at odds , being but three . 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 . Until the goose came out of door , Staying the odds by adding four . A good l'envoy , ending in the goose . Would you desire more ? 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 . Come hither , come hither . How did this argument begin ? By saying that a costard was broken in a shin . Then call'd you for the l'envoy . True , and I for a plantain : thus came your argument in ; Then the boy's fat l'envoy , the goose that you bought ; And he ended the market . But tell me ; how was there a costard broken in a shin ? I will tell you sensibly . 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 . We will talk no more of this matter . Till there be more matter in the shin . Sirrah Costard , I will enfranchise thee . O ! marry me to one Frances : I smell some l'envoy , some goose , in this . By my sweet soul , I mean setting thee at liberty , enfreedoming thy person : thou wert immured , restrained , captivated , bound . True , true , and now you will be my purgation and let me loose . I give thee thy liberty , set thee from durance ; and in lieu thereof , impose upon thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta . [Giving money .] There is remuneration ; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents . Moth , follow . Like the sequel , I . Signior Costard , adieu . My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my incony Jew ! 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 ?' 'One 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 . O ! my good knave Costard , exceedingly well met . Pray you , sir , how much carnation riband may a man buy for a remuneration ? What is a remuneration ? Marry , sir , halfpenny farthing . Why then , three-farthing-worth of silk . I thank your worship . God be wi' you ! Stay , slave ; I must employ thee : As thou wilt win my favour , good my knave , Do one thing for me that I shall entreat . When would you have it done , sir ? O , this afternoon . Well , I will do it , sir ! fare you well . O , thou knowest not what it is . I shall know , sir , when I have done it . Why , villain , thou must know first . I will come to your worship to-morrow morning . 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 . Gardon , O sweet gardon ! better than remuneration ; a 'leven-pence farthing better . Most sweet gardon ! I will do it , sir , in print Gardon ! remuneration ! 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 senior-junior , giant-dwarf , Dan Cupid ; Regent of love-rimes , lord of folded arms , The 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 ! 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 watch'd that it may still go right ! Nay , to be perjur'd , which is worst of all ; And , among three , to love the worst of all ; A wightly 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 . Was that the king , that spurr'd his horse so hard Against the steep uprising of the hill ? I know not ; but I think it was not he . 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 ? Hereby , upon the edge of yonder coppice ; A stand where you may make the fairest shoot . I thank my beauty , I am fair that shoot , And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot . Pardon me , madam , for I meant not so . What , what ? first praise me , and again say no ? O short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe ! Yes , madam , fair . Nay , never paint me now : Where fair is not , praise cannot mend the brow . Here , good my glass : Take this for telling true : Fair payment for foul words is more than due . Nothing but fair is that which you inherit . See , see ! my beauty will be sav'd by merit . O heresy in fair , fit for these days ! A giving hand , though foul , shall have fair praise . But come , the bow : now mercy goes to kill , And shooting well is then accounted ill . Thus will I save my credit in the shoot : Not wounding , pity would not let me do't ; If wounding , then it was to show my skill , That more for praise than purpose meant to kill . And out of question so it is sometimes , Glory grows guilty of detested crimes , When , for fame's sake , for praise , an outward part , We bend to that the working of the heart ; As I for praise alone now seek to spill The poor deer's blood , that my heart means no ill . Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty Only for praise' sake , when they strive to be Lords o'er their lords ? Only for praise ; and praise we may afford To any lady that subdues a lord . Here comes a member of the commonwealth . God dig-you-den all ! Pray you , which is the head lady ? Thou shalt know her , fellow , by the rest that have no heads . Which is the greatest lady , the highest ? The thickest , and the tallest . 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 . What's your will , sir ? what's your will ? I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline . O ! thy letter , thy letter ; he's a good friend of mine . Stand aside , good bearer . Boyet , you can carve ; Break up this capon . I am bound to serve . This letter is mistook ; it importeth none here : It is writ to Jaquenetta . We will read it , I swear . Break the neck of the wax , and every one give ear . 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 anatomize 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 . Whom overcame he ? the beggar . The conclusion is victory : on whose side ? the king's ; the captive is enriched : on whose side ? the beggar's . The catastrophe is a 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 . What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter ? What vane ? what weathercock ? did you ever hear better ? I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style . Else your memory is bad , going o'er it erewhile . This Armado is a Spaniard , that keeps here in court ; A phantasime , a Monarcho , and one that makes sport To the prince and his book-mates . Thou , fellow , a word . Who gave thee this letter ? I told you ; my lord . To whom shouldst thou give it ? From my lord to my lady . From which lord , to which lady ? From my lord Berowne , a good master of mine , To a lady of France , that he call'd Rosaline . Thou hast mistaken his letter . Come , lords , away . Here , sweet , put up this : 'twill be thine another day . Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ? Shall I teach you to know ? Ay , my continent of beauty . Why , she that bears the bow . Finely put off ! My lady goes to kill horns ; but , if thou marry , Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry . Finely put on ! Well then , I am the shooter . And who is your deer ? If we choose by the horns , yourself : come not near . Finely put on , indeed ! You still wrangle with her , Boyet , and she strikes at the brow . But she herself is hit lower : have I hit her now ? 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 ? So may I answer thee with one as old , that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench , as touching the hit it . Thou canst not hit it , hit it , hit it , Thou canst not hit it , my good man . An I cannot , cannot , cannot , An I cannot , another can . By my troth , most pleasant : how both did fit it ! A mark marvellous well shot , for they both did hit it . 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 . Wide o' the bow hand ! i' faith your hand is out . Indeed a' must shoot nearer , or he'll ne'er hit the clout . An' if my hand be out , then belike your hand is in . Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin . Come , come , you talk greasily ; your lips grow foul . She's too hard for you at pricks , sir : challenge her to bowl . I fear too much rubbing . Good night , my good owl . 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' the one side , O ! a most dainty man . To see him walk before a lady , and to bear her fan ! To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a' will swear ! And his page o' t'other side , that handful of wit ! Ah ! heavens , it is a most pathetical nit . Sola , sola ! Very reverend sport , truly : and done in the testimony of a good conscience . The deer was , as you know , sanguis , in blood ; ripe as a pomewater , who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of c lo , the sky , the welkin , the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra , the soil , the land , the earth . 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 . Sir Nathaniel , haud credo . 'Twas not a haud credo ; 'twas a pricket . 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 undressed , unpolished , uneducated , unpruned , untrained , or , rather , unlettered , or , ratherest , unconfirmed fashion ,to insert again my haud credo for a deer . I said the deer was not a haud credo ; 'twas a pricket . Twice sod simplicity , bis coctus ! O ! thou monster Ignorance , how deformed dost thou look ! Sir , he hath not fed of the dainties that are bred of a book ; he hath not eat paper , as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal , only sensible in the duller parts : And such barren plants are set before us , that we thankful should be , Which we of taste and feeling are , for those parts that do fructify in us more than he ; For as it would ill become me to be vain , indiscreet , or a fool : So , were there a patch set on learning , to see him in a school : But , omne bene , say I ; being of an old Father's mind , Many can brook the weather that love not the wind . 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 ? Dictynna , goodman Dull : Dictynna , goodman Dull . What is Dictynna ? A title to Ph be , to Luna , to the moon . The moon was a month old when Adam was no more ; And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score . The allusion holds in the exchange . 'Tis true indeed : the collusion holds in the exchange . God comfort thy capacity ! I say , the allusion holds in the exchange . 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 killed . Sir Nathaniel , will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and , to humour the ignorant , I have call'd the deer the princess killed , a pricket . Perge , good Master Holofernes , perge ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility . I will something affect the letter ; for it argues facility . The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ; Some say a sore ; but not a sore , till now made sore with shooting . The dogs did yell ; put l to sore , then sorel jumps from thicket ; Or pricket , sore , or else sorel ; the people fall a hooting . If sore be sore , then l to sore makes fifty sores one sorel ! Of one sore I a hundred make , by adding but one more l . A rare talent ! If a talent be a claw , look how he claws him with a talent . This is a gift that I have , simple , simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit , full of forms , figures , shapes , objects , ideas , apprehensions , motions , revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory , nourished in the womb of pia mater , and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion . But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute , and I am thankful for it . Sir , I praise the Lord for you , and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutored by you , and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth . Mehercle ! if their sons be ingenuous , 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 . God give you good morrow , Master parson . Master parson , quasi pers-on . An if one should be pierced , which is the one ? Marry , Master schoolmaster , he that is likest to a hogshead . 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 . Good Master parson 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 . Fauste , precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra 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 te 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 ? Ay , sir , and very learned . Let me hear a staff , a stanze , a verse : lege , domine . 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 heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue ! You find not the apostrophas , 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 ? Ay , sir ; from one Monsieur Berowne , one of the strange queen's lords . 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 , Good Costard , go with me . Sir , God save your life ! Have with thee , my girl . Sir , you have done this in the fear of God , very religiously ; and , as a certain Father saith Sir , tell not me of the Father ; I do fear colourable colours . But to return to the verses : did they please you , Sir Nathaniel ? Marvellous well for the pen . 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 . And thank you too ; for society saith the text is the happiness of life . And , certes , the text most infallibly concludes it .[To The king he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself : they have pitched a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch ,pitch that defiles : defile ! a foul word ! Well , sit 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 melancholy ; and here is part of my rime , and here my melancholy . 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 ! Ah me ! Shot , by heaven ! Proceed , sweet Cupid : thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap . In faith , secrets ! So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not To those fresh morning drops upon the rose , As thy eye-beams , when their fresh rays have smote The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows : Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 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 thou dost 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 ? What , Longaville ! and reading ! listen , ear . Now , in thy likeness , one more fool appear ! Ay me ! I am forsworn . Why , he comes in like a perjure , wearing papers . In love , I hope : sweet fellowship in shame ! One drunkard loves another of the name . Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ? I could put thee in comfort : not by two that I know : Thou mak'st the triumviry , the corner-cap of society , The shape of love's Tyburn , that hangs up simplicity . 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 . O ! rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose : Disfigure not his slop . This same shall go . Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye , 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument , Persuade my heart to this false perjury ? Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment . A woman I forswore ; but I will prove , Thou being a goddess , I forswore 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 , Exhal'st 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 ! This is the liver-vein , which makes flesh a deity ; A green goose a goddess ; pure , pure idolatry . God amend us , God amend ! we are much out o' the way . By whom shall I send this ?Company ! stay . All hid , all hid ; an old infant play . Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky , And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye . More sacks to the mill ! O heavens ! I have my wish . Dumaine transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish ! O most divine Kate ! O most profane coxcomb ! By heaven , the wonder of a mortal eye ! By earth , she is but corporal ; there you lie . Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted . An amber-colour'd raven was well noted . As upright as the cedar . Stoop , I say ; Her shoulder is with child . As fair as day . Ay , as some days ; but then no sun must shine . O ! that I had my wish . And I had mine ! And I mine too , good Lord ! Amen , so I had mine . Is not that a good word ? I would forget her ; but a fever she Reigns in my blood , and will remember'd be . A fever in your blood ! why , then incision Would let her out in saucers : sweet misprision ! Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ . Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit . 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 , 'gan passage find ; That the lover , sick to death , Wish'd 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 e'en 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 perjur'd note ; For none offend where all alike do dote . 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 . 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 mark'd you both , and for you both did blush . I heard your guilty rimes , observ'd 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 ; And Jove , for your love , would infringe an oath . 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 . Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy . 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 perjur'd , 'tis a hateful thing : Tush ! none but minstrels like of sonneting . But are you not asham'd ? 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 ! Too bitter is thy jest . Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ? 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 men , 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 , leg , a limb ? Soft ! Whither away so fast ? true man or a thief that gallops so ? I post from love ; good lover , let me go . God bless the king ! What present hast thou there ? Some certain treason . What makes treason here ? Nay , it makes nothing , sir . If it mar nothing neither , The treason and you go in peace away together . I beseech your Grace , let this letter be read : Our parson misdoubts it ; 'twas treason , he said . Berowne , read it over There hadst thou it ? Of Costard . Where hadst thou it ? Of Dun Adramadio , Dun Adramadio . How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ? A toy , my liege , a toy : your Grace needs not fear it . It did move him to passion , and therefore let's hear it . It is Berowne's writing , and here is his name . Ah , you whoreson logger-head , you were born to do me shame . Guilty , my lord , guilty ; I confess , I confess . What ? That you three fools lack'd 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 . Now the number is even . True , true ; we are four . Will these turtles be gone ? Hence , sirs ; away ! Walk aside the true folk , and let the traitors stay . 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 . What ! did these rent lines show some love of thine ? '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 ? What zeal , what fury hath inspir'd thee now ? My love , her mistress , is a gracious moon ; She , an attending star , scarce seen a light . 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 . By heaven , thy love is black as ebony . 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 . O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell , The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night ; And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well . Devils soonest tempt , resembling spirits of light . O ! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd , 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 . To look like her are chimney-sweepers black . And since her time are colliers counted bright . And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack . Dark needs no candles now , for dark is light . Your mistresses dare never come in rain , For fear their colours should be wash'd away . 'Twere good yours did ; for , sir , to tell you plain , I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day . I'll prove her fair , or talk till doomsday here . No devil will fright thee then so much as she . I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear . Look , here's thy love : my foot and her face see . O ! if the streets were paved with thine eyes , Her feet were much too dainty for such tread . O vile ! then , as she goes , what upward lies The street should see as she walk'd over head . But what of this ? Are we not all in love ? Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn . Then leave this chat ; and good Berowne , now prove Our loving lawful , and our faith not torn . Ay , marry , there ; some flattery for this evil . O ! some authority how to proceed ; Some tricks , some quillets , how to cheat the devil . Some salve for perjury . O , 'tis more than need . Have at you , then , affection's men-at-arms : Consider what you first did swear unto , To fast , to study , and to see no woman ; Flat treason '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 hath forsworn his book , Can you still dream and pore and thereon look ? For when would you , my lord , or you , or you , Have found the ground of study's excellence Without the beauty of a woman's face ? From women's eyes this doctrine I derive : They are the ground , the books , the academes , From whence doth spring the true 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 enrich'd 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 stopp'd : 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 Makes 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 ? Saint Cupid , then ! and , soldiers , to the field ! Advance your standards , and upon them , lords ! Pell-mell , down with them ! but be first advis'd , In conflict that you get the sun of them . Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by ; Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ? And win them too : therefore let us devise Some entertainment for them in their tents . 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 . Away , away ! no time shall be omitted , That will betime , and may by us be fitted . 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 . Satis quod sufficit . 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 called , Don Adriano de Armado . Novi hominem tanquam te : his humour is lofty , his discourse peremptory , his tongue field , his eye ambitious , his gait majestical , and his general behaviour vain , ridiculous , and thrasonical . He is too picked , too spruce , too affected , too odd , as it were , too peregrinate , as I may call it . A most singular and choice epithet . He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument . I abhor such fanatical phantasimes , such insociable and point-devise 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 vocatur nebour , neigh abbreviated ne . This is abhominable , which he would call abominable ,it insinuateth me of insanie : anne intelligis , domine ? To make frantic , lunatic . Laus Deo bone intelligo . Bone ? bone , for bene : Priscian a little scratched ; 'twill serve . Videsne quis venit ? Video , et gaudeo . Chirrah ! Quare Chirrah , not sirrah ? Men of peace , well encountered . Most military sir , salutation . They have been at a great feast of languages , and stolen the scraps . O ! they have lived long on the almsbasket 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 swallowed than a flap-dragon . Peace ! the peal begins . Monsieur , are you not lettered ? Yes , yes ; he teaches boys the hornbook . What is a , b , spelt backward , with the horn on his head ? Ba , pueritia , with a horn added . Ba ! most silly sheep with a horn . You hear his learning . Quis , quis , thou consonant ? The third of the five vowels , if you repeat them ; or the fifth , if I . I will repeat them ,a , e , i , The sheep ; the other two concludes it ,o , u . Now , by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum , a sweet touch , a quick venew of wit ! snip , snap , quick and home ! it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit ! Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old . What is the figure ? what is the figure ? Horns . Thou disputest like an infant ; go , whip thy gig . Lend me your horn to make one , and I will whip about your infamy circum circa . A gig of a cuckold's horn . 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 . O ! I smell false Latin ; dunghill for unguem . Arts-man , pr ambula : we will be singled from the barbarous . Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ? Or mons , the hill . At your sweet pleasure , for the mountain . I do , sans question . Sir , it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day , which the rude multitude call the afternoon . The posterior of the day , most generous sir , is liable , congruent , and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well culled , chose , sweet and apt , I do assure you , sir ; I do assure . 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 curtsy ; 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 fire-work . Now , understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth , as it were , I have acquainted you withal , to the end to crave your assistance . Sir , you shall present before her the Nine Worthies . Sir Nathaniel , as concerning some entertainment of time , some show in the posterior of this day , to be rendered by our assistance , at 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 . Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ? Joshua , yourself ; myself , or this gallant gentleman , Judas Maccab us ; this swain , because of his great limb , or joint , shall pass Pompey the Great ; the page , Hercules , Pardon , sir ; error : he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club . 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 . 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 . For the rest of the Worthies ? I will play three myself . Thrice-worthy gentleman ! Shall I tell you a thing ? We attend . We will have , if this fadge not , an antick . I beseech you , follow . Via , goodman Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while . Nor understood none neither , sir . Allons ! we will employ thee . I'll make one in a dance , or so ; or I will play the tabor to the Worthies , and let them dance the hay . Most dull , honest Dull , to our sport , away ! Sweet hearts , we shall be rich ere we depart , If fairings come thus plentifully in : lady wall'd about with diamonds ! Look you what I have from the loving king . Madam , came nothing else along with that ? 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 . That was the way to make his godhead wax ; For he hath been five thousand years a boy . Ay , and a shrewd unhappy gallows too . You'll ne'er be friends with him : a' kill'd your sister . 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 . What's your dark meaning , mouse , of this light word ? A light condition in a beauty dark . We need more light to find your meaning out . You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ; Therefore , I'll darkly end the argument . Look , what you do , you do it still i' the dark . So do not you , for you are a light wench . Indeed I weigh not you , and therefore light . You weigh me not . O ! that's you care not for me . Great reason ; for , 'past cure is still past care .' Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd . But Rosaline , you have a favour too : Who sent it ? and what is it ? 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 compar'd to twenty thousand fairs . O ! he hath drawn my picture in his letter . Anything like ? Much in the letters , nothing in the praise . Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion . Fair as a text B in a copy-book . 'Ware pencils ! how ? let me not die your debtor . My red dominical , my golden letter : O , that your face were not so full of O's ! A pox of that jest ! and beshrew all shrows ! But what was sent to you from fair Dumaine ? Madam , this glove . Did he not send you twain ? Yes , madam ; and moreover , Some thousand verses of a faithful lover : A huge translation of hypocrisy , Vilely compil'd , profound simplicity . This , and these pearls to me sent Longaville : The letter is too long by half a mile . I think no less . Dost thou not wish in heart The chain were longer and the letter short ? Ay , or I would these hands might never part . We are wise girls to mock our lovers so . 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 the week ! How I would make him fawn , and beg , and seek , And wait the season , and observe the times , And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes , And shape his service wholly to my hests , And make him proud to make me proud that jests ! So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state That he should be my fool , and I his fate . None are so surely caught , when they are catch'd , As wit turn'd fool : folly , in wisdom hatch'd , Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool . The blood of youth burns not with such excess As gravity's revolt to wantonness . 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 . Here comes Boyet , and mirth is in his face . O ! I am stabb'd with laughter . Where's her Grace ? Thy news , Boyet ? Prepare , madam , prepare ! Arm , wenches , arm ! encounters mounted are Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd , Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd : Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ; Or hide your heads like cowards , and fly hence . Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What are they That charge their breath against us ? say , scout , say . Under the cool shade of a sycamore I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour , When , lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest , Toward that shade I might behold addrest The king and his companions : warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by , And overheard what you shall overhear ; That , by and by , disguis'd they will be here . Their herald is a pretty knavish page , That well by heart hath 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 laugh'd and clapp'd 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 , Cry'd '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 . But what , but what , come they to visit us ? 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 . And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd : For , ladies , we will every one be mask'd , And not a man of them shall have the grace , Despite of suit , to see a lady's face . Hold , 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 , deceiv'd by these removes . Come on , then ; wear the favours most in sight . But in this changing what is your intent ? The effect of my intent is , to cross theirs : They do it but in mocking merriment ; And mock for mock is only my intent . Their several counsels they unbosom shall To loves mistook and so be mock'd withal Upon the next occasion that we meet , With visages display'd , to talk and greet . But shall we dance , if they desire us to't ? 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 . Why , that contempt will kill the speaker's heart , And quite divorce his memory from his part . 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 mock'd , depart away with shame . The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the maskers come . All hail , the richest beauties on the earth ! Beauties no richer than rich taffeta . A holy parcel of the fairest dames , That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views ! 'Their eyes ,' villain , 'their eyes .' That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views ! Out True ; 'out ,' indeed . 'Out of your favours , heavenly spirits , vouchsafe Not to behold' 'Once to behold ,' rogue . 'Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes , with your sun-beamed eyes' They will not answer to that epithet ; You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes .' They do not mark me , and that brings me out . Is this your perfectness ? be gone , you rogue ! 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 . What would you with the princess ? Nothing but peace and gentle visitation . What would they , say they ? Nothing but peace and gentle visitation . Why , that they have ; and bid them so be gone . She says , you have it , and you may be gone . Say to her , we have measur'd many miles , To tread a measure with her on this grass . They say , that they have measur'd many a mile , To tread a measure with you on this grass . It is not so . Ask them how many inches Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many , The measure then of one is easily told . If to come hither you have measur'd miles , And many miles , the princess bids you tell How many inches do fill up one mile . Tell her we measure them by weary steps . She hears herself . How many weary steps , Of many weary miles you have o'ergone , Are number'd in the travel of one mile ? 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 . My face is but a moon , and clouded too . Blessed are clouds , to do as such clouds do ! Vouchsafe , bright moon , and these thy stars , to shine , Those clouds remov'd , upon our wat'ry eyne . O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water . Then , in our measure but vouchsafe one change . Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange . Play , music , then ! Nay , you must do it soon . Not yet ! no dance ! thus change I like the moon . Will you not dance ? How come you thus estrang'd ? You took the moon at full , but now she's chang'd . Yet still she is the moon , and I the man . The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it . Our ears vouchsafe it . But your legs should do it . Since you are strangers , and come here by chance , We'll not be nice : take hands : we will not dance . Why take we hands then ? Only to part friends . Curtsy , sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends . More measure of this measure : be not nice . We can afford no more at such a price . Prize you yourselves ? what buys your company ? Your absence only . That can never be . Then cannot we be bought : and so , adieu ; Twice to your visor , and half once to you ! If you deny to dance , let's hold more chat . In private , then . I am best pleas'd with that . White-handed mistress , one sweet word with thee . Honey , and milk , and sugar ; there are three . Nay then , two treys , an if you grow so nice , Metheglin , wort , and malmsey : well run , dice ! There's half a dozen sweets . Seventh sweet , adieu : Since you can cog , I'll play no more with you . One word in secret . Let it not be sweet . Thou griev'st my gall . Gall ! bitter . Therefore meet . Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ? Name it . Fair lady , Say you so ? Fair lord , Take that for your fair lady . Please it you , As much in private , and I'll bid adieu . What ! was your visor made without a tongue ? I know the reason , lady , why you ask . O ! for your reason ; quickly , sir ; I long . You have a double tongue within your mask , And would afford my speechless visor half . 'Veal ,' quoth the Dutchman . Is not 'veal' a calf ? A calf , fair lady ! No , a fair lord calf . Let's part the word . No , I'll not be your half : Take all , and wean it : it may prove an ox . Look , how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks . Will you give horns , chaste lady ? do not so . Then die a calf , before your horns do grow . One word in private with you , ere I die . Bleat softly then ; the butcher hears you cry . 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 . Not one word more , my maids : break off , break off . By heaven , all dry-beaten with pure scoff ! Farewell , mad wenches : you have simple wits . Twenty adieus , my frozen Muscovits . Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ? Tapers they are , with your sweet breaths puff'd out . Well-liking wits they have ; gross , gross ; fat , fat . O poverty in wit , kingly-poor flout ! Will they not , think you , hang themselves to-night ? Or ever , but in visors , show their faces ? This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite . O ! they were all in lamentable cases . The king was weeping-ripe for a good word . Berowne did swear himself out of all suit . Dumaine was at my service , and his sword : 'No point ,' quoth I : my servant straight was mute . Lord Longaville said , I came o'er his heart ; And trow you what he call'd me ? Qualm , perhaps . Yes , in good faith . Go , sickness as thou art ! Well , better wits have worn plain statutecaps . But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn . And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me . And Longaville was for my service born . Dumaine is mine , as sure as bark on tree . 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 . Will they return ? 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 . How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood . Fair ladies mask'd , are roses in their bud : Dismask'd , their damask sweet commixture shown , Are angels vailing clouds , or roses blown . Avaunt perplexity ! What shall we do If they return in their own shapes to woo ? Good madam , if by me you'll be advis'd , Let's mock them still , as well known as disguis'd . Let us complain to them what fools were here , Disguis'd like Muscovites , in shapeless 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 . Ladies , withdraw : the gallants are at hand . Whip to your tents , as roes run over land . Fair sir , God save you ! Where is the princess ? Gone to her tent . Please it your majesty , Command me any service to her thither ? That she vouchsafe me audience for one word . I will ; and so will she , I know , my lord . 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 : He can carve too , and lisp : why , this is he That kiss'd 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-tongu'd Boyet . A blister on his sweet tongue , with my heart , That put Armado's page out of his part ! See where it comes ! Behaviour , what wert thou , Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ? All hail , sweet madam , and fair time of day ! 'Fair ,' in 'all hail ,' is foul , as I conceive . Construe my speeches better , if you may . Then wish me better : I will give you leave . We came to visit you , and purpose now To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then . This field shall hold me , and so hold your vow : Nor God , nor I , delights in perjur'd men . Rebuke me not for that which you provoke : The virtue of your eye must break my oath . You nick-name virtue ; vice you should have spoke ; For virtue's office never breaks men's troth . Now , by my maiden honour , yet as pure As the unsullied lily , I protest , 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 . O ! you have liv'd in desolation here , Unseen , unvisited , much to our shame . Not so , my lord ; it is not so , I swear ; We have had pastime here and pleasant game . A mess of Russians left us but of late . How , madam ! Russians ? Ay , in truth , my lord ; Trim gallants , full of courtship and of state . Madam , speak true . It is not so , my lord : My lady , to the manner of the days , In courtesy gives undeserving praise . We four , indeed , confronted were with four In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour , And talk'd apace ; and in that hour , my lord , They did not bless us with one happy word . I dare not call them fools ; but this I think , When they are thirsty , fools would fam have drink . 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 . This proves you wise and rich , for in my eye I am a fool , and full of poverty . But that you take what doth to you belong , It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue . O ! I am yours , and all that I possess . All the fool mine ? I cannot give you less . Which of the visors was it that you wore ? Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand you this ? There , then , that visor ; that superfluous case That hid the worse , and show'd the better face . We are descried : they'll mock us now downright . Let us confess , and turn it to a jest . Amaz'd , my lord ? Why looks your highness sad ? Help ! hold his brows ! he'll swound . Why look you pale ? Sea-sick , I think , coming from Muscovy . 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 school-boy's tongue , Nor never come in visor to my friend , Nor woo in rime , like a blind harper's song , Taffeta phrases , silken terms precise , Three-pil'd 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 express'd 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 . Sans 'sans ,' I pray you . 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 . No , they are free that gave these tokens to us . Our states are forfeit : seek not to undo us . It is not so . For how can this be true , That you stand forfeit , being those that sue ? Peace ! for I will not have to do with you . Nor shall not , if I do as I intend . Speak for yourselves : my wit is at an end . Teach us , sweet madam , for our rude transgression Some fair excuse . The fairest is confession . Were you not here , but even now , disguis'd ? Madam , I was . And were you well advis'd ? I was , fair madam . When you then were here , What did you whisper in your lady's ear ? That more than all the world I did respect her . When she shall challenge this , you will reject her . Upon mine honour , no . Peace ! peace ! forbear ; Your oath once broke , you force not to forswear . Despise me , when I break this oath of mine . I will ; and therefore keep it . Rosaline , What did the Russian whisper in your ear ? 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 . God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord Most honourably doth uphold his word . What mean you , madam ? by my life , my troth , I never swore this lady such an oath . By heaven you did ; and to confirm it plain , You gave me this : but take it , sir , again . My faith and this the princess I did give : I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve . 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 ? 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 dispos'd , Told our intents before ; which once disclos'd , 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 Forestall our sport , to make us thus untrue ? Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire , And laugh upon the apple of her eye ? And stand between her back , sir , and the fire , Holding a trencher , jesting merrily ? You put our page out : go , you are allow'd ; Die when you will , a smock shall be your shroud . You leer upon me , do you ? there's an eye Wounds like a leaden sword . Full merrily Hath this brave manage , this career , been run . Lo ! he is tilting straight . Peace ! I have done . Welcome , pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray . O Lord , sir , they would know Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no . What , are there but three ? No , sir ; but it is vara fine , For every one pursents three . And three times thrice is nine . 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 , Is not nine . Under correction , sir , we know whereuntil it doth amount . By Jove , I always took three threes for nine . O Lord , sir ! it were pity you should get your living by reckoning , sir . How much is it ? 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 , Pompion the Great , sir . Art thou one of the Worthies ? It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great : for mine own part , I know not the degree of the Worthy , but I am to stand for him . Go , bid them prepare . We will turn it finely off , sir ; we will take some care . Berowne , they will shame us ; let them not approach . We are shame-proof , my lord ; and 'tis some policy To have one show worse than the king's and his company . I say they shall not come . 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 Die in the zeal of those which it presents ; Their form confounded makes most form in mirth , When great things labouring perish in their birth . A right description of our sport , my lord . Anointed , I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words . Doth this man serve God ? Why ask you ? He speaks not like a man of God's making , That's all one , my fair , sweet , honey monarch ; for , I protest , the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too-too vain ; too-too vain : but we will put it , as they say , to fortuna de la guerra . I wish you the peace of mind , most royal couplement ! 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 Maccab us : And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive , These four will change habits and present the other five . There is five in the first show . You are deceived , 'tis not so . The pedant , the braggart , the hedgepriest , 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 . The ship is under sail , and here she comes amain . I Pompey am , You lie , you are not he . I Pompey am , With libbard's head on knee . Well said , old mocker : I must needs be friends with thee . I Pompey am , Pompey surnam'd the Big , 'The Great .' It is 'Great ,' sir ; Pompey surnam'd 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 . Great thanks , great Pompey . 'Tis not so much worth ; but I hope I was perfect . I made a little fault in 'Great .' My hat to a halfpenny , Pompey proves the best Worthy . When in the world I liv'd , 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 , Your nose says , no , you are not ; for it stands too right . Your nose smells 'no ,' in this , most tender-smelling knight . The conqueror is dismay'd . Proceed , good Alexander . When in the world I liv'd , I was the world's commander ; Most true ; 'tis right : you were so , Alisander . Pompey the Great , Your servant , and Costard . Take away the conqueror , take away Alisander . There , an't shall please you : a foolish mild man ; an honest man , look you , and soon dashed ! 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 . Stand aside , good Pompey . 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 . Judas I am . A Judas ! Not Iscariot , sir . Judas I am , ycleped Maccab us . Judas Maccab us clipt is plain Judas . A kissing traitor . How art thou prov'd Judas ? Judas I am . The more shame for you , Judas . What mean you , sir ? To make Judas hang himself . Begin , sir ; you are my elder . Well follow'd : Judas was hanged on an elder . I will not be put out of countenance . Because thou hast no face . What is this ? A cittern-head . The head of a bodkin . A death's face in a ring . The face of an old Roman coin , scarce seen . The pommel of C sar's falchion . The carved-bone face on a flask . Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch . Ay , and in a brooch of lead . Ay , and worn in the cap of a toothdrawer . And now forward ; for we have put thee in countenance . You have put me out of countenance . False : we have given thee faces . But you have outfaced them all . An thou wert a lion , we would do so . Therefore , as he is an ass , let him go . And so adieu , sweet Jude ! nay , why dost thou stay ? For the latter end of his name . For the ass to the Jude ? give it him :Jud-as , away ! This is not generous , not gentle , not humble . A light for Monsieur Judas ! it grows dark , he may stumble . Alas ! poor Maccab us , how hath he been baited . Hide thy head , Achilles : here comes Hector in arms . Though my mocks come home by me , I will now be merry . Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this . But is this Hector ? I think Hector was not so clean-timbered . His calf is too big for Hector . More calf , certain . No ; he is best indued in the small . This cannot be Hector . He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces . The armipotent Mars , of lances the almighty , Gave Hector a gift , A gilt nutmeg . A lemon . Stuck with cloves . No , cloven . Peace ! The armipotent Mars , of lances the almighty , Gave Hector a gift , the heir of Ilion ; A man so breath'd , that certain he would fight ye From morn till night , out of his pavilion . I am that flower , That mint . That columbine . Sweet Lord Longaville , rein thy tongue . I must rather give it the rein , for it runs against Hector . Ay , and Hector's a greyhound . 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 . Sweet royalty , bestow on me the sense of hearing . Speak , brave Hector ; we are much delighted . I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper . Loves her by the foot . He may not by the yard . This Hector far surmounted Hannibal , The party is gone ; fellow Hector , she is gone ; she is two months on her way . What meanest thou ? 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 . Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? Thou shalt die . Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him , and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him . Most rare Pompey ! Renowned Pompey ! Greater than great , great , great , great Pompey ! Pompey the Huge ! Hector trembles . Pompey is moved . More Ates , more Ates ! stir them on ! stir them on ! Hector will challenge him . Ay , if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea . By the north pole , I do challenge thee . 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 . Room for the incensed Worthies ! I'll do it in my shirt . Most resolute Pompey ! 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 . Gentlemen and soldiers , pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt . You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the challenge . Sweet bloods , I both may and will . What reason have you for't ? The naked truth of it is , I have no shirt . I go woolward for penance . True , and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen ; since when , I'll be sworn , he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's , and that a' wears next his heart for a favour . God save you , madam ! Welcome , Marcade ; But that thou interrupt'st our merriment . I am sorry , madam ; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue . The king your father Dead , for my life ! Even so : my tale is told . Worthies , away ! The scene begins to cloud . For my 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 . How fares your majesty ? Boyet , prepare : I will away to-night . Madam , not so : I do beseech you , stay . 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 nimble tongue , Excuse me so , coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd . The extreme part 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 purpos'd ; since , to wail friends lost Is not by much so wholesome-profitable As to rejoice at friends but newly found . I understand you not : my griefs are double . 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 stray 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 misbecome 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 . We have receiv'd your letters full of love ; Your favours , the embassadors 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 . Our letters , madam , show'd much more than jest . So did our looks . We did not quote them so . Now , at the latest minute of the hour , Grant us your loves . A time , methinks , too short To make a world-without-end bargain in . No , no , my lord , your Grace is perjur'd much , Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this : If for my love ,as there is no such cause , You will do aught , this shall you do for me : Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed To some 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 me by these deserts , And , by this virgin palm now kissing thine , I will be thine ; and , till that instant , shut My woful self up in a mourning house , Raining the tears of lamentation For the remembrance of my father's death . If this thou do deny , let our hands part ; Neither intitled in the other's heart . 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 ever then my heart is in thy breast . And what to me , my love ? and what to me ? You must be purged too , your sins are rack'd : 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 . But what to me , my love ? but what to me ? A wife ! A beard , fair health , and honesty ; With three-fold love I wish you all these three . O ! shall I say , I thank you , gentle wife ? Not so , my lord . A twelvemonth and a day I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say : Come when the king doth to my lady come ; Then , if I have much love , I'll give you some . I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then . Yet swear not , lest you be forsworn again . What says Maria ? At the twelvemonth's end I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend . I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long . The liker you ; few taller are so young . 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 . 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 . To move wild laughter in the throat of death ? It cannot be ; it is impossible : Mirth cannot move a soul in agony . 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 lics 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 them , 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 . A twelvemonth ! well , befall what will befall , I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital . Ay , sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave . No , madam ; we will bring you on your way . Our wooing doth not end like an old play ; Jack hath not Jill ; these ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy . Come , sir , it wants a twelvemonth and a day , And then 'twill end . That's too long for a play . Sweet majesty , vouchsafe me , Was not that Hector ? The worthy knight of Troy . I will kiss thy royal finger , and take leave . I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years . But , most esteemed greatness , will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo ? it should have followed in the end of our show . Call them forth quickly ; we will do so . Holla ! approach . This side is Hiems , Winter ; this Ver , the Spring ; the one maintained by the owl , the other by the cuckoo . Ver , begin . SPRING . I 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 ! II . 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 . III . When icicles hang by the wall , And Dick the shepherd blows his nail , And Tom bears logs into the hall , And milk comes frozen home in pail , When blood is nipp'd , and ways be foul , Then nightly sings the staring owl , Tu-who ; Tu-whit , tu-who a merry note , While greasy Joan doth keel the pot . IV 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-who ; Tu-whit , tu-who a merry note , While greasy Joan doth keel the pot . The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo . You , that way : we , this way . MEASURE FOR MEASURE Escalus . My lord ? Of government the properties to unfold , Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse , Since I am put to know that your own science Exceeds , in that , the lists of all advice My strength can give you : then no more remains , But that , to your sufficiency , as your worth is able , And let them work . The nature of our people , Our city's institutions , and the terms For common justice , you're as pregnant in , As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember . There is our commission , From which we would not have you warp . Call hither , I say , bid come before us Angelo . What figure of us think you he will bear ? For you must know , we have with special soul Elected him our absence to supply , Lent him our terror , drest him with our love , And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power : what think you of it ? If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour , It is Lord Angelo . Look where he comes . Always obedient to your Grace's will , I come to know your pleasure . Angelo , There is a kind of character in thy life , That , to th' observer doth thy history Fully unfold . Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper , as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues , they on thee . Heaven doth with us as we with torches do , Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues Did not go forth of us , 'twere all alike As if we had them not . Spirits are not finely touch'd But to fine issues , nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence , But , like a thrifty goddess , she determines Herself the glory of a creditor , Both thanks and use . But I do bend my speech To one that can my part in him advertise ; Hold , therefore , Angelo : In our remove be thou at full ourself ; Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart . Old Escalus , Though first in question , is thy secondary . Take thy commission . Now , good my lord , Let there be some more test made of my metal , Before so noble and so great a figure Be stamp'd upon it . No more evasion : We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours . Our haste from hence is of so quick condition That it prefers itself , and leaves unquestion'd Matters of needful value . We shall write to you , As time and our concernings shall importune , How it goes with us ; and do look to know What doth befall you here . So , fare you well : To the hopeful execution do I leave you Of your commissions . Yet , give leave , my lord , That we may bring you something on the way . My haste may not admit it ; Nor need you , on mine honour , have to do With any scruple : your scope is as mine own , So to enforce or qualify the laws As to your soul seems good . Give me your hand ; I'll privily away : I love the people , But do not like to stage me to their eyes . Though it do well , I do not relish well Their loud applause and Aves vehement , Nor do I think the man of safe discretion That does affect it . Once more , fare you well . The heavens give safety to your purposes ! Lead forth and bring you back in happiness ! I thank you . Fare you well . I shall desire you , sir , to give me leave To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me To look into the bottom of my place : A power I have , but of what strength and nature I am not yet instructed . 'Tis so with me . Let us withdraw together , And we may soon our satisfaction have Touching that point . I'll wait upon your honour . If the Duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary , why then , all the dukes fall upon the king . Heaven grant us its peace , but not the King of Hungary's ! Amen . Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate , that went to sea with the Ten Commandments , but scraped one out of the table . 'Thou shalt not steal ?' Ay , that he razed . Why , 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions : they put forth to steal . There's not a soldier of us all , that , in the thanksgiving before meat , doth relish the petition well that prays for peace . I never heard any soldier dislike it . I believe thee , for I think thou never wast where grace was said . No ? a dozen times at least . What , in metre ? In any proportion or in any language . I think , or in any religion . Ay ; why not ? Grace is grace , despite of all controversy : as , for example , thou thyself art a wicked villain , despite of all grace . Well , there went but a pair of shears between us . I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet : thou art the list . And thou the velvet : thou art good velvet ; thou art a three-piled piece , I warrant thee . I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled , as thou art piled , for a French velvet . Do I speak feelingly now ? I think thou dost ; and , indeed , with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will , out of thine own confession , learn to begin thy health ; but , whilst I live , forget to drink after thee . I think I have done myself wrong , have I not ? Yes , that thou hast , whether thou art tainted or free . Behold , behold , where Madam Mitigation comes ! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to To what , I pray ? Judge . To three thousand dolours a year . Ay , and more . A French crown more . Thou art always figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error : I am sound . Nay , not as one would say , healthy ; but so sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee . How now ! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ? Well , well ; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all . Who's that , I pray thee ? Marry , sir , that's Claudio , Signior Claudio . Claudio to prison ! 'tis not so . Nay , but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw him carried away ; and , which is more , within these three days his head to be chopped off . But , after all this fooling , I would not have it so . Art thou sure of this ? I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child . Believe me , this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since , and he was ever precise in promise-keeping . Besides , you know , it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose . But most of all , agreeing with the proclamation . Away ! let's go learn the truth of it . Thus , what with the war , what with the sweat , what with the gallows and what with poverty , I am custom-shrunk . How now ! what's the news with you ? Yonder man is carried to prison . Well : what has he done ? A woman . But what's his offence ? Groping for trouts in a peculiar river . What , is there a maid with child by him ? No ; but there's a woman with maid by him . You have not heard of the proclamation , have you ? What proclamation , man ? All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down And what shall become of those in the city ? They shall stand for seed : they had gone down too , but that a wise burgher put in for them . But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down ? To the ground , mistress . Why , here's a change indeed in the commonwealth ! What shall become of me ? Come ; fear not you : good counsellors lack no clients : though you change your place , you need not change your trade ; I'll be your tapster still . Courage ! there will be pity taken on you ; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service , you will be considered . What's to do here , Thomas tapster ? Let's withdraw . Here comes Signior Claudio , led by the provost to prison ; and there's Madam Juliet . Fellow , why dost thou show me thus to the world ? Bear me to prison , where I am committed . I do it not in evil disposition , But from Lord Angelo by special charge . Thus can the demi-god Authority Make us pay down for our offence' by weight . The words of heaven ; on whom it will , it will ; On whom it will not , so : yet still 'tis just . Why , how now , Claudio ! whence comes this restraint ? From too much liberty , my Lucio , liberty : As surfeit is the father of much fast , So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint . Our natures do pursue Like rats that ravin down their proper bane , A thirsty evil , and when we drink we die . If I could speak so wisely under an arrest , I would send for certain of my creditors . And yet , to say the truth , I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment . What's thy offence , Claudio ? What but to speak of would offend again . What , is't murder ? No . Lechery ? Call it so . Away , sir ! you must go . One word , good friend . Lucio , a word with you . A hundred , if they'll do you any good . Is lechery so looked after ? Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract I got possession of Julietta's bed : You know the lady ; she is fast my wife , Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order : this we came not to , Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends , From whom we thought it meet to hide our love Till time had made them for us . But it chances The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet . With child , perhaps ? Unhappily , even so . And the new deputy now for the duke , Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness , Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride , Who , newly in the seat , that it may know He can command , lets it straight feel the spur ; Whether the tyranny be in his place , Or in his eminence that fills it up , I stagger in :but this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties Which have , like unscour'd armour , hung by the wall So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round , And none of them been worn ; and , for a name , Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name . I warrant it is : and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid , if she be in love , may sigh it off . Send after the duke and appeal to him . I have done so , but he's not to be found . I prithee , Lucio , do me this kind service . This day my sister should the cloister enter , And there receive her approbation : Acquaint her with the danger of my state ; Implore her , in my voice , that she make friends To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him : I have great hope in that ; for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect , Such as move men ; beside , she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse , And well she can persuade . I pray she may : as well for the encouragement of the like , which else would stand under grievous imposition , as for the enjoying of thy life , who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack . I'll to her . I thank you , good friend Lucio . Within two hours . Come , officer , away ! No , holy father ; throw away that thought : Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom . Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour , hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth . May your Grace speak of it ? My holy sir , none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd , And held in idle price to haunt assemblies Where youth , and cost , and witless bravery keeps . I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo A man of stricture and firm abstinence My absolute power and place here in Vienna , And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear , And so it is receiv'd . Now , pious sir , You will demand of me why I do this ? Gladly , my lord . We have strict statutes and most biting laws , The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds , Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep ; Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave , That goes not out to prey . Now , as fond fathers , Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch , Only to stick it in their children's sight For terror , not to use , in time the rod Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ; so our decrees , Dead to infliction , to themselves are dead , And liberty plucks justice by the nose ; The baby beats the nurse , and quite athwart Goes all decorum . It rested in your Grace T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd ; And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd Than in Lord Angelo . I do fear , too dreadful : Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope , 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done , When evil deeds have their permissive pass And not the punishment . Therefore , indeed , my father , I have on Angelo impos'd the office , Who may , in the ambush of my name , strike home , And yet my nature never in the sight To do it slander . And to behold his sway , I will , as 'twere a brother of your order , Visit both prince and people : therefore , I prithee , Supply me with the habit , and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar . Moe reasons for this action At our more leisure shall I render you ; Only , this one : Lord Angelo is precise ; Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses That his blood flows , or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see , If power change purpose , what our seemers be . And have you nuns no further privileges ? Are not these large enough ? Yes , truly : I speak not as desiring more , But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood , the votarists of Saint Clare . Ho ! Peace be in this place ! Who's that which calls ? It is a man's voice . Gentle Isabella , Turn you the key , and know his business of him : You may , I may not ; you are yet unsworn . When you have vow'd , you must not speak with men But in the presence of the prioress : Then , if you speak , you must not show your face , Or , if you show your face , you must not speak . He calls again ; I pray you , answer him . Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ? Hail , virgin , if you be , as those cheek-roses Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me As bring me to the sight of Isabella , A novice of this place , and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio ? Why 'her unhappy brother ?' let me ask ; The rather for I now must make you know I am that Isabella and his sister . Gentle and fair , your brother kindly greets you : Not to be weary with you , he's in prison . Woe me ! for what ? For that which , if myself might be his judge , He should receive his punishment in thanks : He hath got his friend with child . Sir , make me not your story . It is true . I would not , though 'tis my familiar sin With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest , Tongue far from heart , play with all virgins so : I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted ; By your renouncement an immortal spirit , And to be talk'd with in sincerity , As with a saint . You do blaspheme the good in mocking me . Do not believe it . Fewness and truth , 'tis thus : Your brother and his lover have embrac'd : As those that feed grow full , as blossoming time That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To teeming foison , even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry . Some one with child by him ? My cousin Juliet ? Is she your cousin ? Adoptedly ; asschool-maids change their names By vain , though apt affection . She it is . O ! let him marry her . This is the point . The duke is very strangely gone from hence ; Bore many gentlemen , myself being one , In hand and hope of action ; but we do learn By those that know the very nerves of state , His givings out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design . Upon his place , And with full line of his authority , Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense , But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind , study and fast . He ,to give fear to use and liberty , Which have for long run by the hideous law , As mice by lions , hath pick'd out an act , Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it , And follows close the rigour of the statute , To make him an example . All hope is gone , Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo ; and that's my pith of business Twixt you and your poor brother . Doth he so seek his life ? He's censur'd him Already ; and , as I hear , the provost hath A warrant for his execution . Alas ! what poor ability's in me To do him good ? Assay the power you have . My power ? alas ! I doubt Our doubts are traitors , And make us lose the good we oft might win , By fearing to attempt . Go to Lord Angelo , And let him learn to know , when maidens sue , Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel , All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them . I'll see what I can do . But speedily . I will about it straight ; No longer staying but to give the Mother Notice of my affair . I humbly thank you : Commend me to my brother ; soon at night I'll send him certain word of my success . I take my leave of you . Good sir , adieu . We must not make a scarecrow of the law , Setting it up to fear the birds of prey , And let it keep one shape , till custom make it Their perch and not their terror . Ay , but yet Let us be keen and rather cut a little , Than fall , and bruise to death . Alas ! this gentleman , Whom I would save , had a most noble father . Let but your honour know , Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue , That , in the working of your own affections , Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing , Or that the resolute acting of your blood Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose , Whether you had not , some time in your life , Err'd in this point which now you censure him , And pull'd the law upon you . 'Tis one thing to be tempted , Escalus , Another thing to fall . I not deny , The jury , passing on the prisoner's life , May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try ; what's open made to justice , That justice seizes : what know the laws That thieves do pass on thieves ? 'Tis very pregnant , The jewel that we find , we stoop and take it Because we see it ; but what we do not see We tread upon , and never think of it . You may not so extenuate his offence For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me , When I , that censure him , do so offend , Let mine own judgment pattern out my death , And nothing come in partial . Sir , he must die . Be it as your wisdom will . Where is the provost ? Here , if it like your honour . See that Claudio Be executed by nine to-morrow morning : Bring him his confessor , let him be prepar'd ; For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage . Well , heaven forgive him , and forgive us all ! Some rise by sin , and some by virtue fall : Some run from brakes of ice , and answer none , And some condemned for a fault alone . Come , bring them away : if these be good people in a common-weal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses , I know no law : bring them away . How now , sir ! What's your name , and what's the matter ? If it please your honour , I am the poor duke's constable , and my name is Elbow : I do lean upon justice , sir ; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors . Benefactors ! Well ; what benefactors are they ? are they not malefactors ? If it please your honour , I know not well what they are ; but precise villains they are , that I am sure of , and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have . This comes off well : here's a wise officer . Go to : what quality are they of ? Elbow is your name ? why dost thou not speak , Elbow ? He cannot , sir : he's out at elbow . What are you , sir ? He , sir ! a tapster , sir ; parcel-bawd ; one that serves a bad woman , whose house , sir , was , as they say , plucked down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house , which , I think , is a very ill house too . How know you that ? My wife , sir , whom I detest before heaven and your honour , How ! thy wife ? Ay , sir ; whom , I thank heaven , is an honest woman , Dost thou detest her therefore ? I say , sir , I will detest myself also , as well as she , that this house , if it be not a bawd's house , it is pity of her life , for it is a naughty house . How dost thou know that , constable ? Marry , sir , by my wife ; who , if she had been a woman cardinally given , might have been accused in fornication , adultery , and all uncleanliness there . By the woman's means ? Ay , sir , by Mistress Overdone's means ; but as she spit in his face , so she defied him . Sir , if it please your honour , this is not so . Prove it before these varlets here , thou honourable man , prove it . Do you hear how he misplaces ? Sir , she came in , great with child , and longing ,saving your honour's reverence ,for stewed prunes . Sir , we had but two in the house , which at that very distant time stood , as it were , in a fruit-dish , a dish of some three-pence ; your honours have seen such dishes ; they are not China dishes , but very good dishes . Go to , go to : no matter for the dish , sir . No , indeed , sir , not of a pin ; you are therein in the right : but to the point . As I say , this Mistress Elbow , being , as I say , with child , and being great-bellied , and longing , as I said , for prunes , and having but two in the dish , as I said , Master Froth here , this very man , having eaten the rest , as I said , and , as I say , paying for them very honestly ; for , as you know , Master Froth , I could not give you three-pence again . No , indeed . Very well : you being then , if you be remembered , cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes , Ay , so I did , indeed . Why , very well : I telling you then , if you be remembered , that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of , unless they kept very good diet , as I told you , All this is true . Why , very well then . Come , you are a tedious fool : to the purpose . What was done to Elbow's wife , that he hath cause to complain of ? Come me to what was done to her . Sir , your honour cannot come to that yet . No , sir , nor I mean it not . Sir , but you shall come to it , by your honour's leave . And , I beseech you , look into Master Froth here , sir ; a man of fourscore pound a year , whose father died at Hallowmas . Was't not at Hallowmas , Master Froth ? All-hallownd eve . Why , very well : I hope here be truths . He , sir , sitting , as I say , in a lower chair , sir ; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes , where indeed , you have a delight to sit , have you not ? I have so , because it is an open room and good for winter . Why , very well then : I hope here be truths . This will last out a night in Russia , When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave , And leave you to the hearing of the cause , Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all . I think no less . Good morrow to your lordship . Now , sir , come on : what was done to Elbow's wife , once more ? Once , sir ? there was nothing done to her once . I beseech you , sir , ask him what this man did to my wife . I beseech your honour , ask me . Well , sir , what did this gentleman to her ? I beseech you , sir , look in this gentleman's face . Good Master Froth , look upon his honour ; 'tis for a good purpose . Doth your honour mark his face ? Ay , sir , very well . Nay , I beseech you , mark it well . Well , I do so . Doth your honour see any harm in his face ? Why , no . I'll be supposed upon a book , his face is the worst thing about him . Good , then ; if his face be the worst thing about him , how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honour . He's in the right . Constable , what say you to it ? First , an' it like you , the house is a respected house ; next , this is a respected fellow , and his mistress is a respected woman . By this hand , sir , his wife is a more respected person than any of us all . Varlet , thou liest : thou liest , wicked varlet . The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man , woman , or child . Sir , she was respected with him before he married with her . Which is the wiser here ? Justice , or Iniquity ? Is this true ? O thou caitiff ! O thou varlet ! O thou wicked Hannibal ! I respected with her before I was married to her ? If ever I was respected with her , or she with me , let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer . Prove this , thou wicked Hannibal , or I'll have mine action of battery on thee . If he took you a box o' th' ear , you might have your action of slander too . Marry , I thank your good worship for it . What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff ? Truly , officer , because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou couldst , let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are . Marry , I thank your worship for it . Thou seest , thou wicked varlet , now , what's come upon thee : thou art to continue now , thou varlet , thou art to continue . Where were you born , friend ? Here in Vienna , sir . Are you of fourscore pounds a year ? Yes , an't please you , sir . So . What trade are you of , sir ? A tapster ; a poor widow's tapster . Your mistress' name ? Mistress Overdone . Hath she had any more than one husband ? Nine , sir ; Overdone by the last . Nine !Come hither to me , Master Froth . Master Froth , I would not have you acquainted with tapsters ; they will draw you , Master Froth , and you will hang them . Get you gone , and let me hear no more of you . I thank your worship . For mine own part , I never come into any room in a taphouse , but I am drawn in . Well : no more of it , Master Froth : farewell . Come you hither to me , Master tapster . What's your name , Master tapster ? Pompey . What else ? Bum , sir . Troth , and your bum is the greatest thing about you , so that , in the beastliest sense , you are Pompey the Great . Pompey , you are partly a bawd , Pompey , howsoever you colour it in being a tapster , are you not ? come , tell me true : it shall be the better for you . Truly , sir , I am a poor fellow that would live . How would you live , Pompey ? by being a bawd ? What do you think of the trade , Pompey ? is it a lawful trade ? If the law would allow it , sir . But the law will not allow it , Pompey ; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna . Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city ? No , Pompey . Truly , sir , in my humble opinion , they will to't then . If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves , you need not to fear the bawds . There are pretty orders beginning , I can tell you : it is but heading and hanging . If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together , you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads . If this law hold in Vienna ten year , I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay . If you live to see this come to pass , say , Pompey told you so . Thank you , good Pompey ; and , in requital of your prophecy , hark you : I advise you , let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever ; no , not for dwelling where you do : if I do , Pompey , I shall beat you to your tent , and prove a shrewd C sar to you . In plain dealing , Pompey , I shall have you whipt . So , for this time , Pompey , fare you well . I thank your worship for your good counsel ; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine . Whip me ! No , no ; let carman whip his jade ; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade . Come hither to me , Master Elbow ; come hither , Master constable . How long have you been in this place of constable ? Seven year and a half , sir . I thought , by your readiness in the office , you had continued in it some time . You say , seven years together ? And a half , sir . Alas ! it hath been great pains to you ! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't . Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ? Faith , sir , few of any wit in such matters . As they are chosen , they are glad to choose me for them : I do it for some piece of money , and go through with all . Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven , the most sufficient of your parish . To your worship's house , sir ? To my house . Fare you well . What's o'clock , think you ? Eleven , sir . I pray you home to dinner with me . I humbly thank you . It grieves me for the death of Claudio ; But there is no remedy . Lord Angelo is severe . It is but needful : Mercy is not itself , that oft looks so ; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe . But yet , poor Claudio ! There's no remedy . Come , sir . He's hearing of a cause : he will come straight : I'll tell him of you . Pray you , do . I'll know His pleasure ; may be he will relent . Alas ! He hath but as offended in a dream : All sects , all ages smack of this vice , and he To die for it ! Now , what's the matter , provost ? Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ? Did I not tell thee , yea ? hadst thou not order ? Why dost thou ask again ? Lest I might be too rash . Under your good correction , I have seen , When , after execution , Judgment hath Repented o'er his doom . Go to ; let that be mine : Do you your office , or give up your place , And you shall well be spar'd . I crave your honour's pardon . What shall be done , sir , with the groaning Juliet ? She's very near her hour . Dispose of her To some more fitter place ; and that with speed . Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you . Hath he a sister ? Ay , my good lord ; a very virtuous maid , And to be shortly of a sisterhood , If not already . Well , let her be admitted . See you the fornicatress be remov'd : Let her have needful , but not lavish , means ; There shall be order for't . God save your honour ! Stay a little while . You're welcome : what's your will ? I am a woful suitor to your honour , Please but your honour hear me . Well ; what's your suit ? There is a vice that most I do abhor , And most desire should meet the blow of justice , For which I would not plead , but that I must ; For which I must not plead , but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not . Well ; the matter ? I have a brother is condemn'd to die : I do beseech you , let it be his fault , And not my brother . Heaven give thee moving graces ! Condemn the fault , and not the actor of it ? Why , every fault's condemn'd ere it be done . Mine were the very cipher of a function , To fine the faults whose fine stands in record , And let go by the actor . O just , but severe law ! I had a brother , then .Heaven keep your honour ! Give't not o'er so : to him again , entreat him ; Kneel down before him , hang upon his gown ; You are too cold ; if you should need a pin , You could not with more tame a tongue desire it . To him . I say ! Must he needs die ? Maiden , no remedy . Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him , And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy . I will not do't . But can you , if you would ? Look , what I will not , that I cannot do . But might you do't , and do the world no wrong , If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him ? He's sentenc'd : 'tis too late . You are too cold . Too late ? why , no ; I , that do speak a word , May call it back again . Well , believe this , No ceremony that to great ones 'longs , Not the king's crown , nor the deputed sword , The marshal's truncheon , nor the judge's robe , Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does . If he had been as you , and you as he , You would have slipt like him ; but he , like you , Would not have been so stern . Pray you , be gone . I would to heaven I had your potency , And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ? No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge , And what a prisoner . Ay , touch him ; there's the vein . Your brother is a forfeit of the law , And you but waste your words . Alas ! alas ! Why , all the souls that were were forfeit once ; And He that might the vantage best have took , Found out the remedy . How would you be , If He , which is the top of judgment , should But judge you as you are ? O ! think on that , And mercy then will breathe within your lips , Like man new made . Be you content , fair maid ; It is the law , not I , condemn your brother : Were he my kinsman , brother , or my son , It should be thus with him : he must die to-morrow . To-morrow ! O ! that's sudden ! Spare him , spare him ! He's not prepar'd for death . Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves ? Good , good my lord , bethink you : Who is it that hath died for this offence ? There's many have committed it . Ay , well said . The law hath not been dead , though it hath slept : Those many had not dar'd to do that evil , If that the first that did th' edict infringe Had answer'd for his deed : now 'tis awake , Takes note of what is done , and , like a prophet , Looks in a glass , that shows what future evils , Either new , or by remissness new-conceiv'd , And so in progress to be hatch'd and born , Are now to have no successive degrees , But , ere they live , to end . Yet show some pity . I show it most of all when I show justice ; For then I pity those I do not know , Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall , And do him right , that , answering one foul wrong , Lives not to act another . Be satisfied : Your brother dies to-morrow : be content . So you must be the first that gives this sentence , And he that suffers . O ! it is excellent To have a giant's strength , but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant . That's well said . Could great men thunder As Jove himself does , Jove would ne'er be quiet , For every pelting , petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder . Merciful heaven ! Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak Than the soft myrtle ; but man , proud man , Drest in a little brief authority , Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd , His glassy essence , like an angry ape , Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven As make the angels weep ; who , with our spleens , Would all themselves laugh mortal . O , to him , to him , wench ! He will relent : He's coming : I perceive't . Pray heaven she win him ! We cannot weigh our brother with ourself : Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them , But , in the less foul profanation . Thou'rt in the right , girl : more o' that . That in the captain's but a choleric word , Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy . Art advis'd o' that ? more on 't . Why do you put these sayings upon me ? Because authority , though it err like others , Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself , That skins the vice o' the top . Go to your bosom ; Knock there , and ask your heart what it doth know That's like my brother's fault : if it confess A natural guiltiness such as is his , Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue Against my brother's life . She speaks , and 'tis Such sense that my sense breeds with it . Fare you well . Gentle my lord , turn back . I will bethink me . Come again to-morrow . Hark how I'll bribe you . Good my lord , turn back . How ! bribe me ? Ay , with such gifts that heaven shall share with you . You had marr'd all else . Not with fond sicles of the tested gold , Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor As fancy values them ; but with true prayers That shall be up at heaven and enter there Ere sun-rise : prayers from preserved souls , From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate To nothing temporal . Well ; come to me to-morrow . Go to ; 'tis well : away ! Heaven keep your honour safe ! Amen : For I am that way going to temptation , Where prayers cross . At what hour to-morrow Shall I attend your lordship ? At any time 'fore noon . Save your honour ! From thee ; even from thy virtue ! What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ? The tempter or the tempted , who sins most ? Ha ! Not she ; nor doth she tempt : but it is I , That , lying by the violet in the sun , Do as the carrion does , not as the flower , Corrupt with virtuous season . Can it be That modesty may more betray our sense Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough , Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary , And pitch our evils there ? O , fie , fie , fie ! What dost thou , or what art thou , Angelo ? Dost thou desire her foully for those things That make her good ? O , let her brother live ! Thieves for their robbery have authority When judges steal themselves . What ! do I love her , That I desire to hear her speak again , And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ? O cunning enemy , that , to catch a saint , With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous Is that temptation that doth goad us on To sin in loving virtue : never could the strumpet , With all her double vigour , art and nature , Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid Subdues me quite . Ever till now , When men were fond , I smil'd and wonder'd how . Hail to you , provost ! so I think you are . I am the provost . What's your will , good friar ? Bound by my charity and my bless'd order , I come to visit the afflicted spirits Here in the prison : do me the common right To let me see them and to make me know The nature of their crimes , that I may minister To them accordingly . I would do more than that , if more were needful . Look , here comes one : a gentlewoman of mine , Who , falling in the flaws of her own youth , Hath blister'd her report . She is with child , And he that got it , sentenc'd ; a young man More fit to do another such offence , Than die for this . When must he die ? As I do think , to-morrow . I have provided for you : stay a while , And you shall be conducted . Repent you , fair one , of the sin you carry ? I do , and bear the shame most patiently . I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience , And try your penitence , if it be sound , Or hollowly put on . I'll gladly learn . Love you the man that wrong'd you ? Yes , as I love the woman that wrong'd him . So then it seems your most offenceful act Was mutually committed ? Mutually . Then was your sin of heavier kind than his . I do confess it , and repent it , father . 'Tis meet so , daughter : but lest you do repent , As that the sin hath brought you to this shame , Which sorrow is always toward ourselves , not heaven , Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it , But as we stand in fear , I do repent me , as it is an evil , And take the shame with joy . There rest . Your partner , as I hear , must die to-morrow , And I am going with instruction to him . God's grace go with you ! Benedicite ! Must die to-morrow ! O injurious love , That respites me a life , whose very comfort Is still a dying horror ! 'Tis pity of him . When I would pray and think , I think and pray To several subjects : heaven hath my empty words , Whilst my invention , hearing not my tongue , Anchors on Isabel : heaven in my mouth , As if I did but only chew his name , And in my heart the strong and swelling evil Of my conception . The state , whereon I studied , Is like a good thing , being often read , Grown fear'd and tedious ; yea , my gravity , Wherein , let no man hear me , I take pride , Could I with boot change for an idle plume , Which the air beats for vain . O place ! O form ! How often dost thou with thy case , thy habit , Wrench awe from fools , and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming ! Blood , thou art blood : Let's write good angel on the devil's horn , 'Tis not the devil's crest . How now ! who's there ? One Isabel , a sister , Desires access to you . Teach her the way . O heavens ! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart , Making both it unable for itself , And dispossessing all my other parts Of necessary fitness ? So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds ; Come all to help him , and so stop the air By which he should revive : and even so The general , subject to a well-wish'd king , Quit their own part , and in obsequious fondness Crowd to his presence , where their untaught love Must needs appear offence . How now , fair maid ! I am come to know your pleasure . That you might know it , would much better please me , Than to demand what 'tis . Your brother cannot live . Even so . Heaven keep your honour ! Yet may he live awhile ; and , it may be , As long as you or I : yet he must die . Under your sentence ? Yea . When , I beseech you ? that in his reprieve , Longer or shorter , he may be so fitted That his soul sicken not . Ha ! fie , these filthy vices ! It were as good To pardon him that hath from nature stolen A man already made , as to remit Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made , As to put metal in restrained means To make a false one . 'Tis set down so in heaven , but not in earth . Say you so ? then I shall pose you quickly . Which had you rather , that the most just law Now took your brother's life ; or , to redeem him , Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness As she that he hath stain'd ? Sir , believe this , I had rather give my body than my soul . I talk not of your soul . Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than for accompt . How say you ? Nay , I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak Against the thing I say . Answer to this : I , now the voice of the recorded law , Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life : Might there not be a charity in sin To save this brother's life ? Please you to do't , I'll take it as a peril to my soul ; It is no sin at all , but charity . Pleas'd you to do't , at peril of your soul , Were equal poise of sin and charity . That I do beg his life , if it be sin , Heaven let me bear it ! you granting of my suit , If that be sin , I'll make it my morn prayer To have it added to the faults of mine , And nothing of your answer . Nay , but hear me . Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant , Or seem so craftily ; and that's not good . Let me be ignorant , and in nothing good , But graciously to know I am no better . Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder Than beauty could , display'd . But mark me ; To be received plain , I'll speak more gross : Your brother is to die . So . And his offence is so , as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain . True . Admit no other way to save his life , As I subscribe not that , nor any other , But in the loss of question ,that you , his sister , Finding yourself desir'd of such a person , Whose credit with the judge , or own great place , Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-building law ; and that there were No earthly mean to save him , but that either You must lay down the treasures of your body To this suppos'd , or else to let him suffer ; What would you do ? As much for my poor brother , as myself : That is , were I under the terms of death , Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies , And strip myself to death , as to a bed That , longing , have been sick for , ere I'd yield My body up to shame . Then must your brother die . And 'twere the cheaper way : Better it were a brother died at once , Than that a sister , by redeeming him , Should die for ever . Were not you then as cruel as the sentence That you have slander'd so ? Ignomy in ransom and free pardon Are of two houses : lawful mercy Is nothing kin to foul redemption . You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ; And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother A merriment than a vice . O , pardon me , my lord ! it oft falls out , To have what we would have , we speak not what we mean . I something do excuse the thing I hate , For his advantage that I dearly love . We are all frail . Else let my brother die , If not a feodary , but only he Owe and succeed thy weakness . Nay , women are frail too . Ay , as the glasses where they view themselves , Which are as easy broke as they make forms . Women ! Help heaven ! men their creation mar In profiting by them . Nay , call us ten times frail , For we are soft as our complexions are , And credulous to false prints . I think it well : And from this testimony of your own sex , Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames ,let me be bold ; I do arrest your words . Be that you are , That is , a woman ; if you be more , you're none ; If you be one , as you are well express'd By all external warrants , show it now , By putting on the destin'd livery . I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord , Let me entreat you speak the former language . Plainly conceive , I love you . My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell me That he shall die for't . He shall not , Isabel , if you give me love . I know your virtue hath a licence in't . Which seems a little fouler than it is , To pluck on others . Believe me , on mine honour , My words express my purpose . Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd , And most pernicious purpose ! Seeming , seeming ! I will proclaim thee , Angelo ; look for't : Sign me a present pardon for my brother , Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud What man thou art . Who will believe thee , Isabel ? My unsoil'd name , the austereness of my life , My vouch against you , and my place i' the state , Will so your accusation overweigh , That you shall stifle in your own report And smell of calumny . I have begun ; And now I give my sensual race the rein : Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes , That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother By yielding up thy body to my will , Or else he must not only die the death , But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance . Answer me to-morrow , Or , by the affection that now guides me most , I'll prove a tyrant to him . As for you , Say what you can , my false o'erweighs your true . To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this , Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths ! That bear in them one and the self-same tongue , Either of condemnation or approof , Bidding the law make curt'sy to their will ; Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite , To follow as it draws . I'll to my brother : Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood , Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour , That , had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks , he'd yield them up , Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhorr'd pollution . Then , Isabel , live chaste , and , brother , die : More than our brother is our chastity . I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request , And fit his mind to death , for his soul's rest . So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ? The miserable have no other medicine But only hope : I have hope to live , and am prepar'd to die . Be absolute for death ; either death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter . Reason thus with life : If I do lose thee , I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art , Servile to all the skyey influences , That dost this habitation , where thou keep'st , Hourly afflict . Merely , thou art death's fool ; For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun , And yet run'st toward him still . Thou art not noble : For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness . Thou art by no means valiant ; For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm . Thy best of rest is sleep , And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st Thy death , which is no more . Thou art not thyself ; For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains That issue out of dust . Happy thou art not ; For what thou hast not , still thou striv'st to get , And what thou hast , forget'st . Thou art not certain ; For thy complexion shifts to strange effects , After the moon . If thou art rich , thou'rt poor ; For , like an ass whose back with ingots bows , Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey , And death unloads thee . Friend hast thou none ; For thine own bowels , which do call thee sire , The mere effusion of thy proper loins , Do curse the gout , serpigo , and the rheum , For ending thee no sooner . Thou hast nor youth nor age ; But , as it were , an after-dinner's sleep , Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth Becomes as aged , and doth beg the alms Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich , Thou hast neither heat , affection , limb , nor beauty , To make thy riches pleasant . What's yet in this That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life Lie hid moe thousand deaths : yet death we fear , That makes these odds all even . I humbly thank you . To sue to live , I find I seek to die , And , seeking death , find life : let it come on . What ho ! Peace here ; grace and good company ! Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves a welcome . Dear sir , ere long I'll visit you again . Most holy sir , I thank you . My business is a word or two with Claudio . And very welcome . Look , signior ; here's your sister . Provost , a word with you . As many as you please . Bring me to hear them speak , where I may be conceal'd . Now , sister , what's the comfort ? Why , as all comforts are ; most good , most good indeed . Lord Angelo , having affairs to heaven , Intends you for his swift ambassador , Where you shall be an everlasting leiger : Therefore , your best appointment make with speed ; To-morrow you set on . Is there no remedy ? None , but such remedy , as to save a head To cleave a heart in twain . But is there any ? Yes , brother , you may live : There is a devilish mercy in the judge , If you'll implore it , that will free your life , But fetter you till death . Perpetual durance ? Ay , just ; perpetual durance , a restraint , Though all the world's vastidity you had , To a determin'd scope . But in what nature ? In such a one as , you consenting to't , Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear , And leave you naked . Let me know the point . O , I do fear thee , Claudio ; and I quake , Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain , And six or seven winters more respect Than a perpetual honour . Dar'st thou die ? The sense of death is most in apprehension , And the poor beetle , that we tread upon , In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great As when a giant dies . Why give you me this shame ? Think you I can a resolution fetch From flowery tenderness ? If I must die , I will encounter darkness as a bride , And hug it in mine arms . There spake my brother : there my father's grave Did utter forth a voice . Yes , thou must die : Thou art too noble to conserve a life In base appliances . This outward-sainted deputy , Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i' the head , and follies doth enmew As falcon doth the fowl , is yet a devil ; His filth within being cast , he would appear A pond as deep as hell . The prenzie Angelo ? O , 'tis the cunning livery of hell , The damned'st body to invest and cover In prenzie guards ! Dost thou think , Claudio ? If I would yield him my virginity , Thou mightst be freed . O heavens ! it cannot be . Yes , he would give't thee , from this rank offence , So to offend him still . This night's the time That I should do what I abhor to name , Or else thou diest to-morrow . Thou shalt not do't . O ! were it but my life , I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin . Thanks , dear Isabel . Be ready , Claudio , for your death to-morrow . Yes . Has he affections in him , That thus can make him bite the law by the nose , When he would force it ? Sure , it is no sin ; Or of the deadly seven it is the least . Which is the least ? If it were damnable , he being so wise , Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fin'd ? O Isabel ! What says my brother ? Death is a fearful thing . And shamed life a hateful . Ay , but to die , and go we know not where ; To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ; This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods , or to reside In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ; To be imprison'd in the viewless winds , And blown with restless violence round about The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible ! The weariest and most loathed worldly life That age , ache , penury and imprisonment Can lay on nature is a paradise To what we fear of death . Alas ! alas ! Sweet sister , let me live : What sin you do to save a brother's life , Nature dispenses with the deed so far That it becomes a virtue . O you beast ! O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch ! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ? Is't not a kind of incest , to take life From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ? Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair ; For such a warped slip of wilderness Ne'er issu'd from his blood . Take my defiance ; Die , perish ! Might but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate , it should proceed . I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death , No word to save thee . Nay , hear me , Isabel . O , fie , fie , fie ! Thy sin's not accidental , but a trade . Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd : 'Tis best that thou diest quickly . O hear me , Isabella . Vouchsafe a word , young sister , but one word . What is your will ? Might you dispense with your leisure , I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit . I have no superfluous leisure : my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while . Son , I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister . Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures . She , having the truth of honour in her , hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo , and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death . Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees and make ready . Let me ask my sister pardon . I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it . Hold you there : farewell . Provost , a word with you . What's your will , father ? That now you are come , you will be gone . Leave me awhile with the maid : my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company . In good time . The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace , being the soul of your complexion , shall keep the body of it ever fair . The assault that Angelo hath made to you , fortune hath conveyed to my understanding ; and , but that frailty hath examples for his falling , I should wonder at Angelo . How would you do to content this substitute , and to save your brother ? I am now going to resolve him ; I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born . But O , how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever he return and I can speak to him . I will open my lips in vain , or discover his government . That shall not be much amiss : yet , as the matter now stands , he will avoid your accusation ; 'he made trial of you only .' Therefore , fasten your ear on my advisings : to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself . I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit , redeem your brother from the angry law , do no stain to your own gracious person , and much please the absent duke , if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business . Let me hear you speak further . I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit . Virtue is bold , and goodness never fearful . Have you not heard speak of Mariana , the sister of Frederick , the great soldier who miscarried at sea ? I have heard of the lady , and good words went with her name . She should this Angelo have married ; was affianced to her by oath , and the nuptial appointed : between which time of the contract , and limit of the solemnity , her brother Frederick was wracked at sea , having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister . But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman : there she lost a noble and renowned brother , in his love toward her ever most kind and natural ; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune , her marriage-dowry with both , her combinate husband , this well-seeming Angelo . Can this be so ? Did Angelo so leave her ? Left her in her tears , and dried not one of them with his comfort ; swallowed his vows whole , pretending in her discoveries of dishonour : in few , bestowed her on her own lamentation , which she yet wears for his sake ; and he , a marble to her tears , is washed with them , but relents not . What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world ! What corruption in this life , that it will let this man live ! But how out of this can she avail ? It is a rupture that you may easily heal ; and the cure of it not only saves your brother , but keeps you from dishonour in doing it . Show me how , good father . This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection : his unjust unkindness , that in all reason should have quenched her love , hath , like an impediment in the current , made it more violent and unruly . Go you to Angelo : answer his requiring with a plausible obedience : agree with his demands to the point ; only refer yourself to this advantage , first , that your stay with him may not be long , that the time may have all shadow and silence in it , and the place answer to convenience . This being granted in course , and now follows all , we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment , go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter , it may compel him to her recompense ; and here by this is your brother saved , your honour untainted , the poor Mariana advantaged , and the corrupt deputy scaled . The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt . If you think well to carry this , as you may , the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof . What think you of it ? The image of it gives me content already , and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection . It lies much in your holding up . Haste you speedily to Angelo : if for this night he entreat you to his bed , give him promise of satisfaction . I will presently to St . Luke's ; there , at the moated grange , resides this dejected Mariana : at that place call upon me , and dispatch with Angelo , that it may be quickly . I thank you for this comfort . Fare you well , good father . Nay , if there be no remedy for it , but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts , we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard . O heavens ! what stuff is here ? 'Twas never merry world , since , of two usuries , the merriest was put down , and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm ; and furred with fox and lamb skins too , to signify that craft , being richer than innocency , stands for the facing . Come your way , sir . Bless you , good father friar . And you , good brother father . What offence hath this man made you , sir ? Marry , sir , he hath offended the law : and , sir , we take him to be a thief too , sir ; for we have found upon him , sir , a strange picklock , which we have sent to the deputy . Fie , sirrah : a bawd , a wicked bawd ! The evil that thou causest to be done , That is thy means to live . Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice : say to thyself , From their abominable and beastly touches I drink , I eat , array myself , and live . Canst thou believe thy living is a life , So stinkingly depending ? Go mend , go mend . Indeed , it does stink in some sort , sir ; but yet , sir , I would prove Nay , if the devil have given thee proofs for sin , Thou wilt prove his . Take him to prison , officer ; Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit . He must before the deputy , sir ; he has given him warning . The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster : if he be a whoremonger , and comes before him , he were as good go a mile on his errand . That we were all , as some would seem to be , From our faults , as faults from seeming , free ! His neck will come to your waist ,a cord , sir . I spy comfort : I cry , bail . Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine . How now , noble Pompey ! What , at the wheels of C sar ? Art thou led in triumph ? What , is there none of Pygmalion's images , newly made woman , to he had now , for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched ? What reply ? ha ? What say'st thou to this tune , matter and method ? Is't not drowned i' the last rain , ha ? What sayest thou Trot ? Is the world as it was , man ? Which is the way ? Is it sad , and few words , or how ? The trick of it ? Still thus , and thus , still worse ! How doth my dear morsel , thy mistress ? Procures she still , ha ? Troth , sir , she hath eaten up all her beef , and she is herself in the tub . Why , 'tis good ; it is the right of it ; it must be so : ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd : an unshunned consequence ; it must be so . Art going to prison , Pompey ? Yes , faith , sir . Why , 'tis not amiss , Pompey . Farewell . Go , say I sent thee thither . For debt , Pompey ? or how ? For being a bawd , for being a bawd . Well , then , imprison him . If imprisonment be the due of a bawd , why , 'tis his right : bawd is he , doubtless , and of antiquity too ; bawd-born . Farewell , good Pompey . Commend me to the prison , Pompey . You will turn good husband now , Pompey ; you will keep the house . I hope , sir , your good worship will be my bail . No , indeed will I not , Pompey ; it is not the wear . I will pray , Pompey , to increase your bondage : if you take it not patiently , why , your mettle is the more . Adieu , trusty Pompey . Bless you , friar . And you . Does Bridget paint still , Pompey , ha ? Come your ways , sir ; come . You will not bail me then , sir ? Then , Pompey , nor now . What news abroad , friar ? What news ? Come your ways , sir ; come . Go to kennel , Pompey ; go . What news , friar , of the duke ? I know none . Can you tell me of any ? Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia ; other some , he is in Rome : but where is he , think you ? I know not where ; but wheresoever , I wish him well . It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state , and usurp the beggary he was never born to . Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to't . He does well in't . A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way , friar . It is too general a vice , and severity must cure it . Yes , in good sooth , the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well allied ; but it is impossible to extirp it quite , friar , till eating and drinking be put down . They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation : is it true , think you ? How should he be made , then ? Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him ; some that he was begot between two stock-fishes . But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice ; that I know to be true ; and he is a motion generative ; that's infallible . You are pleasant , sir , and speak apace . Why , what a ruthless thing is this in him , for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man ! Would the duke that is absent have done this ? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards , he would have paid for the nursing a thousand : he had some feeling of the sport ; he knew the service , and that instructed him to mercy . I never heard the absent duke much detected for women ; he was not inclined that way . O , sir , you are deceived . 'Tis not possible . Who ? not the duke ? yes , your beggar of fifty , and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish ; the duke had crotchets in him . He would be drunk too ; that let me inform you . You do him wrong , surely . Sir , I was an inward of his . A shy fellow was the duke ; and , I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing . What , I prithee , might be the cause ? No , pardon ; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips ; but this I can let you understand , the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise . Wise ! why , no question but he was . A very superficial , ignorant , unweighing fellow . Either this is envy in you , folly , or mistaking : the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must , upon a warranted need , give him a better proclamation . Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth , and he shall appear to the envious a scholar , a statesman and a soldier . Therefore you speak unskilfully ; or , if your knowledge be more , it is much darkened in your malice . Sir , I know him , and I love him . Love talks with better knowledge , and knowledge with dearer love . Come , sir , I know what I know . I can hardly believe that , since you know not what you speak . But , if ever the duke return ,as our prayers are he may ,let me desire you to make your answer before him : if it be honest you have spoke , you have courage to maintain it . I am bound to call upon you ; and , I pray you , your name ? Sir , my name is Lucio , well known to the duke . He shall know you better , sir , if I may live to report you . I fear you not . O ! you hope the duke will return no more , or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite . But indeed I can do you little harm ; you'll forswear this again . I'll be hanged first : thou art deceived in me , friar . But no more of this . Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no ? Why should he die , sir ? Why ? for filling a bottle with a tundish . I would the duke we talk of were returned again : this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves , because they are lecherous . The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered ; he would never bring them to light : would he were returned ! Marry , this Claudio is condemned for untrussing . Farewell , good friar ; I prithee , pray for me . The duke , I say to thee again , would eat mutton on Fridays . He's not past it yet , and I say to thee , he would mouth with a beggar , though she smelt brown bread and garlic : say that I said so . Farewell . No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape : back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes . What king so strong Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ? But who comes here ? Go ; away with her to prison ! Good my lord , be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man ; good my lord . Double and treble admonition , and still forfeit in the same kind ? This would make mercy swear , and play the tyrant . A bawd of eleven years' continuance , may it please your honour . My lord , this is one Lucio's information against me . Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time ; he promised her marriage ; his child is a year and a quarter old , come Philip and Jacob : I have kept it myself , and see how he goes about to abuse me ! That fellow is a fellow of much licence : let him be called before us . Away with her to prison ! Go to ; no more words . Provost , my brother Angelo will not be altered ; Claudio must die to-morrow . Let him be furnished with divines , and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity , it should not be so with him . So please you , this friar hath been with him , and advised him for the entertainment of death . Good even , good father . Bliss and goodness on you ! Of whence are you ? Not of this country , though my chance is now To use it for my time : I am a brother Of gracious order , late come from the See , In special business from his Holiness . What news abroad i' the world ? None , but there is so great a fever on goodness , that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course , as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking : there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure , but security enough to make fellowships accursed . Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world . This news is old enough , yet it is every day's news . I pray you , sir , of what disposition was the duke ? One that , above all other strifes , contended especially to know himself . What pleasure was he given to ? Rather rejoicing to see another merry , than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance . But leave we him to his events , with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared . I am made to understand , that you have lent him visitation . He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge , but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice ; yet had he framed to himself , by the instruction of his frailty , many deceiving promises of life , which I , by my good leisure have discredited to him , and now is he resolved to die . You have paid the heavens your function , and the prisoner the very debt of your calling . I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe , that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice . If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding , it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail , he hath sentenced himself . I am going to visit the prisoner . Fare you well . Peace be with you ! He , who the sword of heaven will bear Should be as holy as severe ; Pattern in himself to know , Grace to stand , and virtue go ; More nor less to others paying Than by self offences weighing . Shame to him whose cruel striking Kills for faults of his own liking ! Twice treble shame on Angelo , To weed my vice and let his grow ! O , what may man within him hide , Though angel on the outward side ! How many likeness made in crimes , Making practice on the times , To draw with idle spiders' strings Most pond'rous and substantial things ! Craft against vice I must apply : With Angelo to-night shall lie His old betrothed but despis'd : So disguise shall , by the disguis'd , Pay with falsehood false exacting , And perform an old contracting . Take , O take those lips away , That so sweetly were forsworn ; And those eyes , the break of day , Lights that do mislead the morn : But my kisses bring again , bring again , Seals of love , but seal'd in vain , seal'd in vain . Break off thy song , and haste thee quick away : Here comes a man of comfort , whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent . I cry you mercy , sir ; and well could wish You had not found me here so musical : Let me excuse me , and believe me so , My mirth it much displeas'd , but pleas'd my woe . 'Tis good ; though music oft hath such a charm To make bad good , and good provoke to harm . I pray you tell me , hath anybody inquired for me here to-day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet . You have not been inquired after : I have sat here all day . I do constantly believe you . The time is come even now . I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be I will call upon you anon , for some advantage to yourself . I am always bound to you . Very well met , and well come . What is the news from this good deputy ? He hath a garden circummur'd with brick , Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ; And to that vineyard is a planched gate , That makes his opening with this bigger key ; This other doth command a little door Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ; There have I made my promise Upon the heavy middle of the night To call upon him . But shall you on your knowledge find this way ? I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't : With whispering and most guilty diligence , In action all of precept , he did show me The way twice o'er . Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed concerning her observance ? No , none , but only a repair i' the dark ; And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief ; for I have made him know I have a servant comes with me along , That stays upon me , whose persuasion is I come about my brother . 'Tis well borne up . I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this . What ho ! within ! come forth . I pray you , be acquainted with this maid ; She comes to do you good . I do desire the like . Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ? Good friar , I know you do , and oft have found it . Take then this your companion by the hand , Who hath a story ready for your ear . I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ; The vaporous night approaches . Will't please you walk aside ? O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report Run with these false and most contrarious quests Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream , And rack thee in their fancies ! Welcome ! How agreed ? She'll take the enterprise upon her , father , If you advise it . It is not my consent , But my entreaty too . Little have you to say When you depart from him , but , soft and low , 'Remember now my brother .' Fear me not . Nor , gentle daughter , fear you not at all . He is your husband on a pre-contract : To bring you thus together , 'tis no sin , Sith that the justice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceit . Come , let us go : Our corn's to reap , for yet our tithe's to sow . Come hither , sirrah . Can you cut off a man's head ? If the man be a bachelor , sir , I can ; but if he be a married man , he is his wife's head , and I can never cut off a woman's head . Come , sir , leave me your snatches , and yield me a direct answer . To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine . Here is in our prison a common executioner , who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him , it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not , you shall have your full time of imprisonment , and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping , for you have been a notorious bawd . Sir , I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman . I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner . What ho , Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson , there ? Do you call , sir ? Sirrah , here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution . If you think it meet , compound with him by the year , and let him abide here with you ; if not , use him for the present , and dismiss him . He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd . A bawd , sir ? Fie upon him ! he will discredit our mystery . Go to , sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale . Pray , sir , by your good favour for surely , sir , a good favour you have , but that you have a hanging look ,do you call , sir , your occupation a mystery ? Ay , sir ; a mystery . Painting , sir , I have heard say , is a mystery ; and your whores , sir , being members of my occupation , using painting , do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging , if I should be hanged , I cannot imagine . Sir , it is a mystery . Proof ? Every true man's apparel fits your thief . If it be too little for your thief , your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief , your thief thinks it little enough : so , every true man's apparel fits your thief . Are you agreed ? Sir , I will serve him ; for I do find that your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd , he doth often ask forgiveness . You , sirrah , provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock . Come on , bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow . I do desire to learn , sir ; and , I hope , if you have occasion to use me for your own turn , you shall find me yare ; for , truly , sir , for your kindness I owe you a good turn . Call hither Barnardine and Claudio : The one has my pity ; not a jot the other , Being a murderer , though he were my brother . Look , here's the warrant , Claudio , for thy death : 'Tis now dead midnight , and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal . Where's Barnardine ? As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones ; He will not wake . Who can do good on him ? Well , go ; prepare yourself . But hark , what noise ? Heaven give your spirits comfort ! By and by . I hope it is some pardon or reprieve For the most gentle Claudio . Welcome , father . The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night Envelop you , good provost ! Who call'd here of late ? None since the curfew rung . Not Isabel ? No . They will , then , ere't be long . What comfort is for Claudio ? There's some in hope . It is a bitter deputy . Not so , not so : his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice : He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself which he spurs on his power To qualify in others : were he meal'd with that Which he corrects , then were he tyrannous ; But this being so , he's just . Now are they come . This is a gentle provost : seldom when The steeled gaoler is the friend of men . How now ! What noise ? That spirit's possess'd with haste That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes . There he must stay until the officer Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up . Have you no countermand for Claudio yet , But he must die to-morrow ? None , sir , none . As near the dawning , provost , as it is , You shall hear more ere morning . Happily You something know ; yet , I believe there comes No countermand : no such example have we . Besides , upon the very siege of justice , Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary . This is his lordship's man . And here comes Claudio's pardon . My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me this further charge , that you swerve not from the smallest article of it , neither in time , matter , or other circumstance . Good morrow ; for , as I take it , it is almost day . I shall obey him . This is his pardon , purchased by such sin For which the pardoner himself is in ; Hence hath offence his quick celerity , When it is borne in high authority . When vice makes mercy , mercy's so extended , That for the fault's love is the offender friended . Now , sir , what news ? I told you ; Lord Angelo , belike thinking me remiss in mine office , awakens me with this unwonted putting on ; methinks strangely , for he hath not used it before . Pray you , let's hear . Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary , let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and , in the afternoon , Barnardine . For my better satisfaction , let me have Claudio's head sent me by five . Let this be duly performed ; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver . Thus fail not to do your office , as you will answer it at your peril . What say you to this , sir ? What is that Barnardine who is to be executed this afternoon ? A Bohemian born , but here nursed up and bred ; one that is a prisoner nine years old . How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him ? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so . His friends still wrought reprieves for him ; and , indeed , his fact , till now in the government of Lord Angelo , came not to an undoubtful proof . It is now apparent ? Most manifest , and not denied by himself . Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? How seems he to be touched ? A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep ; careless , reckless , and fearless of what's past , present , or to come ; insensible of mortality , and desperately mortal . He wants advice . He will hear none . He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison : give him leave to escape hence , he would not : drunk many times a day , if not many days entirely drunk . We have very oft awaked him , as if to carry him to execution , and showed him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not moved him at all . More of him anon . There is written in your brow , provost , honesty and constancy ; if I read it not truly , my ancient skill beguiles me ; but , in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard . Claudio , whom here you have warrant to execute , is no greater forfeit to the law than Angalo who hath sentenced him . To make you understand this in a manifested effect , I crave but four days' respite , for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy . Pray , sir , in what ? In the delaying death . Alack ! how may I do it , having the hour limited , and an express command , under penalty , to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's to cross this in the smallest . By the vow of mine order I warrant you , if my instructions may be your guide . Let this Barnardine be this morning executed , and his head borne to Angelo . Angelo hath seen them both , and will discover the favour . O ! death's a great disguiser , and you may add to it . Shave the head , and tie the beard ; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death : you know the course is common . If anything fall to you upon this , more than thanks and good fortune , by the saint whom I profess , I will plead against it with my life . Pardon me , good father ; it is against my oath . Were you sworn to the duke or to the deputy ? To him , and to his substitutes . You will think you have made no offence , if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing ? But what likelihood is in that ? Not a resemblance , but a certainty . Yet since I see you fearful , that neither my coat , integrity , nor persuasion can with ease attempt you , I will go further than I meant , to pluck all fears out of you . Look you , sir ; here is the hand and seal of the duke : you know the character , I doubt not , and the signet is not strange to you . I know them both . The contents of this is the return of the duke : you shall anon over-read if at your pleasure , where you shall find within these two days , he will be here . This is a thing that Angelo knows not , for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour ; perchance of the duke's death ; perchance , his entering into some monastery ; but , by chance , nothing of what is writ . Look , the unfolding star calls up the shepherd . Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known . Call your executioner , and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place . Yet you are amaz'd , but this shall absolutely resolve you . Come away ; it is almost clear dawn . I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house , for here be many of her old customers . First , here's young Master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger , nine-score and seventeen pounds , of which he made five marks , ready money : marry , then ginger was not much in request , for the old women were all dead . Then is there here one Master Caper , at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer , for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin , which now peaches him a beggar . Then have we young Dizy , and young Master Deep-vow , and Master Copperspur , and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man , and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding , and Master Forthlight , the tilter , and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller , and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots , and , I think , forty more ; all great doers in our trade , and are now 'for the Lord's sake .' Sirrah , bring Barnardine hither . Master Barnardine ! you must rise and be hanged , Master Barnardine . What ho ! Barnardine ! A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ? Your friends , sir ; the hangman . You must be so good , sir , to rise and be put to death . Away ! you rogue , away ! I am sleepy . Tell him he must awake , and that quickly too . Pray , Master Barnardine , awake till you are executed , and sleep afterwards . Go in to him , and fetch him out . He is coming , sir , he is coming ; I hear his straw rustle . Is the axe upon the block , sirrah ? Very ready , sir . How now , Abhorson ! what's the news with you ? Truly , sir , I would desire you to clap into your prayers ; for , look you , the warrant's come . You rogue , I have been drinking all night ; I am not fitted for't . O , the better , sir ; for he that drinks all night , and is hang'd betimes in the morning , may sleep the sounder all the next day . Look you , sir ; here comes your ghostly father : do we jest now , think you ? Sir , induced by my charity , and hearing how hastily you are to depart , I am come to advise you , comfort you , and pray with you . Friar , not I : I have been drinking hard all night , and I will have more time to prepare me , or they shall beat out my brains with billets . I will not consent to die this day , that's certain . O , sir , you must ; and therefore , I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go . I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion . But hear you . Not a word : if you have anything to say to me , come to my ward ; for thence will not I to day . Unfit to live or die . O , gravel heart ! After him fellows : bring him to the block . Now , sir , how do you find the prisoner ? A creature unprepar'd , unmeet for death ; And , to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable . Here in the prison , father , There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine , a most notorious pirate , A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head Just of his colour . What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd , And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine , more like to Claudio ? O , 'tis an accident that heaven provides ! Dispatch it presently : the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo . See this be done , And sent according to command , whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die . This shall be done , good father , presently . But Barnardine must die this afternoon : And how shall we continue Claudio , To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive ? Let this be done : Put them in secret holds , both Barnardine and Claudio : Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation , you shall find Your safety manifested . I am your free dependant . Quick , dispatch , And send the head to Angelo . Now will I write letters to Angelo , The provost , he shall bear them ,whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home , And that , by great injunctions , I am bound To enter publicly : him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount A league below the city ; and from thence , By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form , We shall proceed with Angelo . Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself . Convenient is it . Make a swift return , For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours . I'll make all speed . Peace , ho , be here ! The tongue of Isabel . She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither ; But I will keep her ignorant of her good , To make her heavenly comforts of despair , When it is least expected . Ho ! by your leave . Good morning to you , fair and gracious daughter . The better , given me by so holy a man . Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ? He hath releas'd him , Isabel , from the world : His head is off and sent to Angelo . Nay , but it is not so . It is no other : show your wisdom , daughter , In your close patience . O ! I will to him and pluck out his eyes ! You shall not be admitted to his sight . Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel ! Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo ! This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ; Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven . Mark what I say , which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity . The duke comes home to-morrow ; nay , dry your eyes : One of our covent , and his confessor , Gives me this instance : already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo , Who do prepare to meet him at the gates , There to give up their power . If you can , pace your wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go , And you shall have your bosom on this wretch , Grace of the Duke , revenges to your heart , And general honour . I am directed by you . This letter then to Friar Peter give ; 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return : Say , by this token , I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night . Her cause and yours , I'll perfect him withal , and he shall bring you Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home , and home . For my poor self , I am combined by a sacred vow And shall be absent . Wend you with this letter . Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart : trust not my holy order , If I pervert your course . Who's here ? Good even . Friar , where is the provost ? Not within , sir . O pretty Isabella , I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient . I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't . But they say the duke will be here to-morrow . By my troth , Isabel , I loved thy brother : if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home , he had lived . Sir , the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports ; but the best is , he lives not in them . Friar , thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman than thou takest him for . Well , you'll answer this one day . Fare ye well . Nay , tarry ; I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke . You have told me too many of him already , sir , if they be true ; if not true , none were enough . I was once before him for getting a wench with child . Did you such a thing ? Yes , marry , did I ; but I was fain to forswear it : they would else have married me to the rotten medlar . Sir , your company is fairer than honest . Rest you well . By my troth , I'll go with thee to the lane's end . If bawdy talk offend you , we'll have very little of it . Nay , friar , I am a kind of burr ; I shall stick . Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other . In most uneven and distracted manner . His actions show much like to madness : pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates , and redeliver our authorities there ? I guess not . And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering , that if any crave redress of injustice , they should exhibit their petitions in the street ? He shows his reason for that : to have a dispatch of complaints , and to deliver us from devices hereafter , which shall then have no power to stand against us . Well , I beseech you , let it be proclaim'd : Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house ; Give notice to such men of sort and suit As are to meet him . I shall , sir : fare you well . Good night . This deed unshapes me quite , makes me unpregnant And dull to all proceedings . A deflower'd maid , And by an eminent body that enforc'd The law against it ! But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss , How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her no : For my authority bears so credent bulk , That no particular scandal once can touch : But it confounds the breather . He should have liv'd , Save that his riotous youth , with dangerous sense , Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge , By so receiving a dishonour'd life With ransom of such shame . Would yet he had liv'd ! Alack ! when once our grace we have forgot , Nothing goes right : we would , and we would not . These letters at fit time deliver me . The provost knows our purpose and our plot . The matter being afoot , keep your instruction , And hold you ever to our special drift , Though sometimes you do blench from this to that , As cause doth minister . Go call at Flavius' house , And tell him where I stay : give the like notice To Valentinus , Rowland , and to Crassus , And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ; But send me Flavius first . It shall be speeded well . I thank thee , Varrius ; thou hast made good haste . Come , we will walk . There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon , my gentle Varrius . To speak so indirectly I am loath : I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so , That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ; He says , to veil full purpose . Be rul'd by him . Besides , he tells me that if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side , I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physic That's bitter to sweet end . I would , Friar Peter O , peace ! the friar is come . Come ; I have found you out a stand most fit , Where you may have such vantage on the duke , He shall not pass you . Twice have the trumpets sounded : The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates , and very near upon The duke is ent'ring : therefore hence , away ! My very worthy cousin , fairly met ! Our old and faithful friend , we are glad to see you . Happy return be to your royal Grace ! Happy return be to your royal Grace ! Many and hearty thankings to you both . We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear Such goodness of your justice , that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks , Forerunning more requital . You make my bonds still greater . O ! your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it , To lock it in the wards of covert bosom , When it deserves , with characters of brass , A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time And razure of oblivion . Give me your hand , And let the subject see , to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours that keep within . Come , Escalus , You must walk by us on our other hand ; And good supporters are you . Now is your time : speak loud and kneel before him . Justice , O royal duke ! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd , I'd fain have said , a maid ! O worthy prince ! dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object Till you have heard me in my true complaint And given me justice , justice , justice , justice ! Relate your wrongs : in what ? by whom ? Be brief ; Here is Lord Angelo , shall give you justice : Reveal yourself to him . O worthy duke ! You bid me seek redemption of the devil . Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak Must either punish me , not being believ'd , Or wring redress from you . Hear me , O , hear me , here ! My lord , her wits , I fear me , are not firm : She hath been a suitor to me for her brother Cut off by course of justice , By course of justice ! And she will speak most bitterly and strange . Most strange , but yet most truly , will I speak . That Angelo's forsworn , is it not strange ? That Angelo's a murderer , is't not strange ? That Angelo is an adulterous thief , A hypocrite , a virgin-violator ; Is it not strange , and strange ? Nay , it is ten times strange . It is not truer he is Angelo Than this is all as true as it is strange ; Nay , it is ten times true ; for truth is truth To the end of reckoning . Away with her ! poor soul , She speaks this in the infirmity of sense . O prince , I conjure thee , as thou believ'st There is another comfort than this world , That thou neglect me not , with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness . Make not impossible That which but seems unlike . 'Tis not impossible But one , the wicked'st caitiff on the ground , May seem as shy , as grave , as just , as absolute As Angelo ; even so may Angelo , In all his dressings , characts , titles , forms , Be an arch-villain . Believe it , royal prince : If he be less , he's nothing ; but he's more , Had I more name for badness . By mine honesty , If she be mad ,as I believe no other , Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense , Such a dependency of thing on thing , As e'er I heard in madness . O gracious duke ! Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason For inequality ; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear where it seems hid , And hide the false seems true . Many that are not mad Have , sure , more lack of reason . What would you say ? I am the sister of one Claudio , Condemn'd upon the act of fornication To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo . I , in probation of a sisterhood , Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio As then the messenger , That's I , an't like your Grace : I came to her from Claudio , and desir'd her To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo For her poor brother's pardon . That's he indeed . You were not bid to speak . No , my good lord ; Nor wish'd to hold my peace . I wish you now , then ; Pray you , take note of it ; and when you have A business for yourself , pray heaven you then Be perfect . I warrant your honour . The warrant's for yourself : take heed to it . This gentleman told somewhat of my tale , Right . It may be right ; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time . Proceed . I went To this pernicious caitiff deputy . That's somewhat madly spoken . Pardon it ; The phrase is to the matter . Mended again : the matter ; proceed . In brief , to set the needless process by , How I persuaded , how I pray'd , and kneel'd , How he refell'd me , and how I replied , For this was of much length ,the vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter . He would not , but by gift of my chaste body To his concupiscible intemperate lust , Release my brother ; and , after much debatement , My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour , And I did yield to him . But the next morn betimes , His purpose surfeiting , he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head . This is most likely ! O , that it were as like as it is true ! By heaven , fond wretch ! thou know'st not what thou speak'st , Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour In hateful practice . First , his integrity Stands without blemish ; next , it imports no reason That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself : if he had so offended , He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself , And not have cut him off . Some one hath set you on : Confess the truth , and say by whose advice Thou cam'st here to complain . And is this all ? Then , O you blessed ministers above , Keep me in patience ; and , with ripen'd time Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance ! Heaven shield your Grace from woe , As I , thus wrong'd , hence unbelieved go ! I know you'd fain be gone . An officer ! To prison with her ! Shall we thus permit A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice . Who knew of your intent and coming hither ? One that I would were here , Friar Lodowick . A ghostly father , belike . Who knows that Lodowick ? My lord , I know him ; 'tis a meddling friar ; I do not like the man : had he been lay , my lord , For certain words he spake against your Grace In your retirement , I had swing'd him soundly . Words against me ! This' a good friar , belike ! And to set on this wretched woman here Against our substitute ! Let this friar be found . But yesternight , my lord , she and that friar , I saw them at the prison : a saucy friar , A very scurvy fellow . Bless'd be your royal Grace ! I have stood by , my lord , and I have heard Your royal ear abus'd . First , hath this woman Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute , Who is as free from touch or soil with her , As she from one ungot . We did believe no less . Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of ? I know him for a man divine and holy ; Not scurvy , nor a temporary meddler , As he's reported by this gentleman ; And , on my trust , a man that never yet Did , as he vouches , misreport your Grace . My lord , most villanously ; believe it . Well ; he in time may come to clear himself , But at this instant he is sick , my lord , Of a strange fever . Upon his mere request , Being come to knowledge that there was complaint Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo , came I hither , To speak , as from his mouth , what he doth know Is true and false ; and what he with his oath And all probation will make up full clear , Whensoever he's convented . First , for this woman , To justify this worthy nobleman , So vulgarly and personally accus'd , Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes , Till she herself confess it . Good friar , let's hear it . Do you not smile at this , Lord Angelo ? O heaven , the vanity of wretched fools ! Give us some seats . Come , cousin Angelo ; In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge Of your own cause . Is this the witness , friar ? First , let her show her face , and after speak . Pardon , my lord ; I will not show my face Until my husband bid me . What , are you married ? No , my lord . Are you a maid ? No , my lord . A widow , then ? Neither , my lord . Why , you Are nothing , then : neither maid , widow , nor wife ? My lord , she may be a punk ; for many of them are neither maid , widow , nor wife . Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause To prattle for himself . Well , my lord . My lord , I do confess I ne'er was married ; And I confess besides I am no maid : I have known my husband yet my husband knows not That ever he knew me . He was drunk then my lord : it can be no better . For the benefit of silence , would thou wert so too ! Well , my lord . This is no witness for Lord Angelo . Now I come to't , my lord : She that accuses him of fornication , In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ; And charges him , my lord , with such a time , When , I'll depose , I had him in mine arms , With all th' effect of love . Charges she moe than me ? Not that I know . No ? you say your husband . Why , just , my lord , and that is Angelo , Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's . This is a strange abuse . Let's see thy face . My husband bids me ; now I will unmask . This is that face , thou cruel Angelo , Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on : This is the hand which , with a vow'd contract , Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body That took away the match from Isabel , And did supply thee at thy garden-house In her imagin'd person . Know you this woman ? Carnally , she says . Sirrah , no more ! Enough , my lord . My lord , I must confess I know this woman ; And five years since there was some speech of marriage Betwixt myself and her , which was broke off , Partly for that her promised proportions Came short of composition ; but , in chief For that her reputation was disvalu'd In levity : since which time of five years I never spake with her , saw her , nor heard from her , Upon my faith and honour . Noble prince , As there comes light from heaven and words from breath , As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue , I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly As words could make up vows : and , my good lord , But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house He knew me as a wife . As this is true , Let me in safety raise me from my knees Or else for ever be confixed here , A marble monument . I did but smile till now : Now , good my lord , give me the scope of justice ; My patience here is touch'd . I do perceive These poor informal women are no more But instruments of some more mightier member That sets them on . Let me have way , my lord , To find this practice out . Ay , with my heart ; And punish them unto your height of pleasure . Thou foolish friar , and thou pernicious woman , Compact with her that's gone , think'st thou thy oaths , Though they would swear down each particular saint , Were testimonies against his worth and credit That's seal'd in approbation ? You , Lord Escalus , Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse , whence 'tis deriv'd . There is another friar that set them on ; Let him be sent for . Would he were here , my lord ; for he indeed Hath set the women on to this complaint : Your provost knows the place where he abides And he may fetch him . Go do it instantly . And you , my noble and well-warranted cousin , Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth , Do with your injuries as seems you best , In any chastisement : I for awhile will leave you ; But stir not you , till you have well determin'd Upon these slanderers . My lord , we'll do it throughly . Signior Lucio , did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person ? Cucullus non facit monachum : honest in nothing , but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke . We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him . We shall find this friar a notable fellow . As any in Vienna , on my word . Call that same Isabel here once again : I would speak with her . Pray you , my lord , give me leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle her . Not better than he , by her own report . Say you ? Marry , sir , I think , if you handled her privately , she would sooner confess : perchance , publicly , she'll be ashamed . I will go darkly to work with her . That's the way : for women are light at midnight . Come on , mistress : here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said . My lord , here comes the rascal I spoke of ; here with the provost . In very good time : speak not you to him , till we call upon you . Mum . Come , sir . Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo ? they have confessed you did . 'Tis false . How ! know you where you are ? Respect to your great place ! and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne . Where is the duke ? 'tis he should hear me speak . The duke's in us , and we will hear you speak : Look you speak justly . Boldly , at least . But , O , poor souls ! Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ? Good night to your redress ! Is the duke gone ? Then is your cause gone too . The duke's unjust , Thus to retort your manifest appeal , And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse . This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of . Why , thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar ! Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man , but , in foul mouth , And in the witness of his proper ear , To call him villain ? And then to glance from him to the duke himself . To tax him with injustice ? take him hence ; To the rack with him ! We'll touse you joint by joint , But we will know his purpose . What ! 'unjust' ? Be not so hot ; the duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own : his subject am I not , Nor here provincial . My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna , Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble Till it o'er-run the stew : laws for all faults , But faults so countenanc'd , that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop , As much in mock as mark . Slander to the state ! Away with him to prison ! What can you vouch against him , Signior Lucio ? Is this the man that you did tell us of ? 'Tis he , my lord . Come hither , goodman bald-pate : do you know me ? I remember you , sir , by the sound of your voice : I met you at the prison , in the absence of the duke . O ! did you so ? And do you remember what you said of the duke ? Most notedly , sir . Do you so , sir ? And was the duke a flesh-monger , a fool , and a coward , as you then reported him to be ? You must , sir , change persons with me , ere you make that my report : you , indeed , spoke so of him ; and much more , much worse . O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches ? I protest I love the duke as I love myself . Hark how the villain would close now , after his treasonable abuses ! Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal . Away with him to prison ! Where is the provost ? Away with him to prison ! Lay bolts enough on him , let him speak no more . Away with those giglots too , and with the other confederate companion ! Stay , sir ; stay awhile . What ! resists he ? Help him , Lucio . Come , sir ; come , sir ; come , sir ; foh ! sir . Why , you bald-pated , lying rascal , you must be hooded , must you ? show your knave's visage , with a pox to you ! show your sheepbiting face , and be hanged an hour ! Will't not off ? Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke . First , provost , let me bail these gentle three . Sneak not away , sir ; for the friar and you Must have a word anon . Lay hold on him . This may prove worse than hanging . What you have spoke I pardon ; sit you down : We'll borrow place of him . Sir , by your leave . Hast thou or word , or wit , or impudence , That yet can do thee office ? If thou hast , Rely upon it till my tale be heard , And hold no longer out . O my dread lord ! I should be guiltier than my guiltiness , To think I can be undiscernible When I perceive your Grace , like power divine , Hath look'd upon my passes . Then , good prince , No longer session hold upon my shame , But let my trial be mine own confession : Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg . Come hither , Mariana , Say , wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ? I was , my lord . Go take her hence , and marry her instantly . Do you the office , friar ; which consummate , Return him here again . Go with him , provost . My lord , I am more amaz'd at his dishonour Than at the strangeness of it . Come hither , Isabel . Your friar is now your prince : as I was then Advertising and holy to your business , Not changing heart with habit , I am still Attorney'd at your service . O , give me pardon , That I , your vassal , have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty ! You are pardon'd , Isabel : And now , dear maid , be you as free to us . Your brother's death , I know , sits at your heart ; And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself , Labouring to save his life , and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power Than let him so be lost . O most kind maid ! It was the swift celerity of his death , Which I did think with slower foot came on , That brain'd my purpose : but , peace be with him ! That life is better life , past fearing death , Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort , So happy is your brother . I do , my lord . For this new-married man approaching here , Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour , you must pardon For Mariana's sake . But as he adjudg'd your brother , Being criminal , in double violation Of sacred chastity , and of promise-breach , Thereon dependent , for your brother's life , The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible , even from his proper tongue , 'An Angelo for Claudio , death for death !' Haste still pays haste , and leisure answers leisure , Like doth quit like , and Measure still for Measure . Then , Angelo , thy fault's thus manifested , Which , though thou wouldst deny , denies thee vantage . We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death , and with like haste . Away with him ! O , my most gracious lord ! I hope you will not mock me with a husband . It is your husband mock'd you with a husband . Consenting to the safeguard of your honour , I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation , For that he knew you , might reproach your life And choke your good to come . For his possessions , Although by confiscation they are ours , We do instate and widow you withal , To buy you a better husband . O my dear lord ! I crave no other , nor no better man . Never crave him ; we are definitive . Gentle my liege , You do but lose your labour . Away with him to death ! Now , sir , to you . O my good lord ! Sweet Isabel , take my part : Lend me your knees , and , all my life to come , I'll lend you all my life to do you service , Against all sense you do importune her : Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact , Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break , And take her hence in horror . Isabel , Sweet Isabel , do yet but kneel by me : Hold up your hands , say nothing , I'll speak all . They say best men are moulded out of faults , And , for the most , become much more the better For being a little bad : so may my husband . O , Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ? He dies for Claudio's death . Most bounteous sir , Look , if it please you , on this man condemn'd , As if my brother liv'd . I partly think A due sincerity govern'd his deeds , Till he did look on me : since it is so , Let him not die . My brother had but justice , In that he did the thing for which he died : For Angelo , His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ; And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way . Thoughts are no subjects ; Intents but merely thoughts . Merely , my lord . Your suit's unprofitable : stand up , I say . I have bethought me of another fault . Provost , how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour ? It was commanded so . Had you a special warrant for the deed ? No , my good lord ; it was by private message . For which I do discharge you of your office : Give up your keys . Pardon me , noble lord : I thought it was a fault , but knew it not , Yet did repent me , after more advice ; For testimony whereof , one in the prison , That should by private order else have died I have reserv'd alive . What's he ? His name is Barnardine . I would thou hadst done so by Claudio . Go , fetch him hither : let me look upon him . I am sorry , one so learned and so wise As you , Lord Angelo , have still appear'd , Should slip so grossly , both in the heat of blood , And lack of temper'd judgment afterward . I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ; And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart That I crave death more willingly than mercy : 'Tis my deserving , and I do entreat it . Which is that Barnardine ? This , my lord . There was a friar told me of this man . Sirrah , thou art said to have a stubborn soul , That apprehends no further than this world , And squar'st thy life according . Thou'rt condemn'd : But , for those earthly faults , I quit them all , And pray thee take this mercy to provide For better times to come . Friar , advise him : I leave him to your hand .What muffled fellow's that ? This is another prisoner that I sav'd , That should have died when Claudio lost his head , As like almost to Claudio as himself . If he be like your brother , for his sake Is he pardon'd ; and , for your lovely sake Give me your hand and say you will be mine , He is my brother too . But fitter time for that . By this , Lord Angelo perceives he's safe : Methinks I see a quickening in his eye . Well , Angelo , your evil quits you well : Look that you love your wife ; her worth worth yours . I find an apt remission in myself , And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon . You , sirrah , that knew me for a fool , a coward , One all of luxury , an ass , a madman : Wherein have I so deserv'd of you , That you extol me thus ? 'Faith , my lord , I spoke it but according to the trick . If you will hang me for it , you may ; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped . Whipp'd first , sir , and hang'd after . Proclaim it , provost , round about the city , If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow , As I have heard him swear himself there's one Whom he begot with child , let her appear , And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd , Let him be whipp'd and hang'd . I beseech your highness , do not marry me to a whore . Your highness said even now , I made you a duke : good my lord , do not recompense me in making me a cuckold . Upon mine honour , thou shalt marry her . Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits . Take him to prison , And see our pleasure herein executed . Marrying a punk , my lord , is pressing to death , whipping , and hanging . Slandering a prince deserves it . She , Claudio , that you wrong'd , look you restore . Joy to you , Mariana ! love her , Angelo : I have confess'd her and I know her virtue . Thanks , good friend Escalus , for thy much goodness : There's more behind that is more gratulate . Thanks , provost , for thy care and secrecy ; We shall employ thee in a worthier place . Forgive him , Angelo , that brought you home The head of Ragozine for Claudio's : The offence pardons itself . Dear Isabel , I have a motion much imports your good ; Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline , What's mine is yours , and what is yours is mine . So , bring us to our palace ; where we'll show What's yet behind , that's meet you all should know . MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina . He is very near by this : he was not three leagues off when I left him . How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ? But few of any sort , and none of name . A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers . I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio . Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro . He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age , doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion : he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how . He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it . I have already delivered him letters , and there appears much joy in him ; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness . Did he break out into tears ? In great measure . A kind overflow of kindness . There are no faces truer than those that are so washed : how much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping ! I pray you is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no ? I know none of that name , lady : there was none such in the army of any sort . What is he that you ask for , niece ? My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua . O ! he is returned , and as pleasant as ever he was . 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 killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for , indeed , I promised to eat all of his killing . Faith , niece , you tax Signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you , I doubt it not . He hath done good service , lady , in these wars . You had musty victual , and he hath holp to eat it : he is a very valiant trencherman ; he hath an excellent stomach . And a good soldier too , lady . And a good soldier to a lady ; but what is he to a lord ? A lord to a lord , a man to a man , stuffed with all honourable virtues . It is so , indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man ; but for the stuffing ,well , we are all mortal . 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 . Alas ! he gets nothing by that . In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off , and now is the whole man governed with one ! so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm , let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature . Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother . Is't possible ? Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block . I see , lady , the gentleman is not in your books . 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 ? He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio . 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 . I will hold friends with you , lady . Do , good friend . You will never run mad , niece . No , not till a hot January . Don Pedro is approached . Good Signior Leonato , you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost , and you encounter it . 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 . You embrace your charge too willingly . I think this is your daughter . Her mother hath many times told me so . Were you in doubt , sir , that you asked her ? Signior Benedick , no ; for then you were a child . 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 . If Signior Leonato be her father , she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina , as like him as she is . I wonder that you will still be talking , Signior Benedick : nobody marks you . What ! my dear Lady Disdain , are you yet living ? 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 . Then is courtesy a turncoat . But it is certain I am loved of all ladies , only you excepted ; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for , truly , I love none . 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 . God keep your ladyship still in that mind ; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face . Scratching could not make it worse , an 'twere such a face as yours were . Well , you are a rare parrot-teacher . A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours . 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 . You always end with a jade's trick : I know you of old . 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 . 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 . I thank you : I am not of many words , but I thank you . Please it your Grace lead on ? Your hand , Leonato ; we will go together . Benedick , didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato ? I noted her not ; but I looked on her . Is she not a modest young lady ? Do you question me , as an honest man should do , for my simple true judgment ; or would you have me speak after my custom , as being a professed tyrant to their sex ? No ; I pray thee speak in sober judgment . 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 . Thou thinkest I am in sport : I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her . Would you buy her , that you inquire after her ? Can the world buy such a jewel ? 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 ? In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on . I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter : there's her cousin an she were not possessed 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 ? I would scarce trust myself , though I had sworn to the contrary , if Hero would be my wife . Is't come to this , i' faith ? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again ? Go to , i' faith ; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke , wear the print of it , and sigh away Sundays . Look ! Don Pedro is returned to seek you . What secret hath held you here , that you followed not to Leonato's ? I would your Grace would constrain me to tell . I charge thee on thy allegiance . 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 . If this were so , so were it uttered . Like the old tale , my lord : 'it is not so , nor 'twas not so ; but , indeed , God forbid it should be so .' If my passion change not shortly , God forbid it should be otherwise . Amen , if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy . You speak this to fetch me in , my lord . By my troth , I speak my thought . And in faith , my lord , I spoke mine . And by my two faiths and troths , my lord , I spoke mine . That I love her , I feel . That she is worthy , I know . 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 . Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty . And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will . 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 . I shall see thee , ere I die , look pale with love . With anger , with sickness , or with hunger , my lord ; not with love : prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking , pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen , and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid . Well , if ever thou dost fall from this faith , thou wilt prove a notable argument . If I do , hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me ; and he that hits me , let him be clapped on the shoulder , and called Adam . Well , as time shall try : 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke .' The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it , pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead ; 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 .' If this should ever happen , thou wouldst be horn-mad . Nay , if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice , thou wilt quake for this shortly . I look for an earthquake too then . 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 . I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage ; and so I commit you To the tuition of God : from my house , if I had it , The sixth of July : your loving friend , 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 . My liege , your highness now may do me good . 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 . Hath Leonato any son , my lord ? No child but Hero ; she's his only heir . Dost thou affect her , Claudio ? O ! my lord , When you went onward on this ended action , I looked upon her with a soldier's eye , That lik'd , 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 lik'd her ere I went to wars . 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 ? How sweetly do you minister to love , That know love's grief by his complexion ! But lest my liking might too sudden seem , I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise . What need the bridge much broader than the flood ? The fairest grant is the necessity . Look , what will serve is fit : 'tis once , thou lov'st , And I will fit thee with the remedy . I know we shall have revelling to-night : I will assume thy part in some disguise , And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart , And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale : Then , after to her father will I break ; And the conclusion is , she shall be thine . In practice let us put it presently . How now , brother ! Where is my cousin , your son ? Hath he provided this music ? He is very busy about it . But , brother , I can tell you strange news that you yet dreaint not of . Are they good ? As the event stamps them : but they have a good cover ; they show well outward . The prince and Count Claudio , walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard , were thus much overheard by a man of mine : the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter , and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance ; and , if he found her accordant , he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it . Hath the fellow any wit that told you this ? A good sharp fellow : I will send for him ; and question him yourself . 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 . 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 . What the good-year , my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ? There is no measure in the occasion that breeds ; therefore the sadness is without limit . You should hear reason . And when I have heard it , what blessing brings it ? It not a present remedy , at least a patient sufferance . 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 . 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 . I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdained 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 meantime , let me be that I am , and seek not to alter me . Can you make no use of your discontent ? I make all use of it , for I use it only . Who comes here ? What news , Borachio ? I came yonder from a great supper : the prince , your brother , is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage . Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness ? Marry , it is your brother's right hand . Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ? Even he . A proper squire ! And who , and who ? which way looks he ? Marry , on Hero , the daughter and heir of Leonato . A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ? Being entertained 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 obtained her , give her to Count Claudio . 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 ? To the death , my lord . To the death , my lord . 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 ? We'll wait upon your lordship . Was not Count John here at supper ? I saw him not . How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after . He is of a very melancholy disposition . He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image , and says nothing ; and the other too like my lady's eldest son , evermore tattling . Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth , and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face , 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 . By my troth , niece , thou wilt never get thee a husband , if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue . In faith , she's too curst . 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 . So , by being too curst , God will send you no horns ? 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 . You may light on a husband that hath no beard . 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 . Well then , go you into hell ? 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 . Well , niece , I trust you will be ruled by your father . Yes , faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy , and say , 'Father , as it please you :' but yet for all that , cousin , let him be a handsome fellow , or else make another curtsy , and say , 'Father , as it please me .' Well , niece , I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband . Not till God make men of some other metal than earth . Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust ? to 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 . Daughter , remember what I told you : if the prince do solicit you in that kind , you know your answer . 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 everything , and so dance out the answer . For , hear me , Hero : wooing , wedding , and repenting , is as a Scotch jig , a measure , and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and 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 . Cousin , you apprehend passing shrewdly . I have a good eye , uncle : I can see a church by daylight . The revellers are entering , brother : make good room . Lady , will you walk about with your friend ? So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing , I am yours for the walk ; and especially when I walk away . With me in your company ? I may say so , when I please . And when please you to say so ? When I like your favour ; for God defend the lute should be like the case ! My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove . Why , then , your visor should be thatch'd . Speak low , if you speak love . Well , I would you did like me . So would not I , for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities . Which is one ? I say my prayers aloud . I love you the better ; the hearers may cry Amen . God match me with a good dancer ! Amen . And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done ! Answer , clerk . No more words : the clerk is answered . I know you well enough : you are Signior Antonio . At a word , I am not . I know you by the waggling of your head . To tell you true , I counterfeit him . 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 . At a word , I am not . 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 . Will you not tell me who told you so ? No , you shall pardon me . Nor will you not tell me who you are ? Not now . 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 . What's he ? I am sure you know him well enough . Not I , believe me . Did he never make you laugh ? I pray you , what is he ? 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 villany ; 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 ! When I know the gentleman , I'll tell him what you say . Do , do : he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which , peradventure not marked or not laughed at , strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge wing saved , for the fool will eat no supper that night . We must follow the leaders . In every good thing . Nay , if they lead to any ill , I will leave them at the next turning . 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 . And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing . Are you not Signior Benedick ? You know me well ; I am he . Signior , you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured 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 . How know you he loves her ? I heard him swear his affection . So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night . Come , let us to the banquet . Thus answer I in name of Benedick , But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio . 'Tis certain so ; the prince woos 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 ! Count Claudio ? Yea , the same . Come , will you go with me ? Whither ? Even to the next willow , about your own business , count . What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck , like a 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 . I wish him joy of her . Why , that's spoken like an honest drovier : so they sell bullocks . But did you think the prince would have served you thus ? I pray you , leave me . Ho ! now you strike like the blind man : 'twas the boy that stole your meat , and you'll beat the post . If it will not be , I'll leave you . Alas ! poor hurt fowl . Now will he creep into sedges . But , that my lady Beatrice should know me , and not know me ! The prince's fool ! Ha ! it may be I go under that title because I am merry . Yea , but so I am apt to do myself wrong ; I am not so reputed : it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person , and so gives me out . Well , I'll be revenged as I may . Now , signior , where's the count ? Did you see him ? Troth , my lord , I have played 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 offered him my company to a willow tree , either to make him a garland , as being forsaken , or to bind him up a rod , as being worthy to be whipped . To be whipped ! What's his fault ? 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 . Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer . 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 bestowed on you , who , as I take it , have stolen his bird's nest . I will but teach them to sing , and restore them to the owner . If their singing answer your saying , by my faith , you say honestly . The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you : the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you . O ! she misused me past the endurance of a block : an oak but with one green leaf on it , would have answered her : my very visor began to assume life and scold with her . She told me , not thinking I had been myself , that I was the prince's jester ; that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me , that I stood like a man at a mark , with a whole army shooting at me . She speaks poniards , and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations , there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star . I would not marry her , though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned 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 perturbation follow her . Look ! here she comes . 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 ? None , but to desire your good company . O God , sir , here's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my Lady Tongue . Come , lady , come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick . Indeed , my lord , he lent it me awhile ; and I gave him use for it , a double heart for a single one : marry , once before he won it of me with false dice , therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it . You have put him down , lady , you have put him down . 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 . Why , how now , count ! wherefore are you sad ? Not sad , my lord . How then ? Sick ? Neither , my lord . The count is neither sad , nor sick , nor merry , nor well ; but civil count , civil as an orange , and something of that jealous complexion . 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 wooed in thy name , and fair Hero is won ; I have broke with her father , and , his good will obtained ; name the day of marriage , and God give thee joy ! Count , take of me my daughter , and with her my fortunes : his Grace hath made the match , and all grace say Amen to it ! Speak , count , 'tis your cue . 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 . Speak , cousin ; or , if you cannot , stop his mouth with a kiss , and let not him speak neither . In faith , lady , you have a merry heart . 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 . And so she doth , cousin . Good Lord , for alliance ! Thus goes every one to the world but I , and I am sunburnt . I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband ! Lady Beatrice , I will get you one . 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 . Will you have me , lady ? 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 . Your silence most offends me , and to be merry best becomes you ; for , out of question , you were born in a merry hour . 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 ! Niece , will you look to those things I told you of ? I cry you mercy , uncle . By your Grace's pardon . By my troth , a pleasant-spirited lady . 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 dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing . She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband . O ! by no means : she mocks all her wooers out of suit . She were an excellent wife for Benedick . O Lord ! my lord , if they were but a week married , they would talk themselves mad . Count Claudio , when mean you to go to church ? To-morrow , my lord . Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites . 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 . 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 . My lord , I am for you , though it cost me ten nights' watchings . And I , my lord . And you too , gentle Hero ? I will do any modest office , my lord , to help my cousin to a good husband . 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 confirmed honesty . I will teach you how to humour your cousin , that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I , with your two helps , will so practise on Benedick that , in despite of his quick wit and his 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 . It is so ; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato . Yea , my lord ; but I can cross it . 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 ? Not honestly , my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me . Show me briefly how . I think I told your lordship , a year since , how much I am in the favour of Margaret , the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero . I remember . I can , at any unseasonable instant of the night , appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window . What life is in that , to be the death of this marriage ? The poison of that lies in you to temper . Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him , that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio ,whose estimation do you mightily hold up ,to a contaminated stale , such a one as Hero . What proof shall I make of that ? Proof enough to misuse the prince , to vex Claudio , to undo Hero , and kill Leonato . Look you for any other issue ? Only to despite them , I will endeavour any thing . 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 cozened with the semblance of a maid ,that you have discovered thus . They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances , which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window , hear me call Margaret Hero ; hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding : for in the meantime 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 called assurance , and all the preparation overthrown . 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 . Be you constant in the accusation , and my cunning shall not shame me . I will presently go learn their day of marriage . Boy ! Signior ? In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard . I am here already , sir . I know that ; but I would have thee hence , and here again . [Exit Boy .] I do much wonder that one man , seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love , will , after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others , become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio . I have known , when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known , when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake , 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 turned orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet , just so many strange dishes . May I be so converted , and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it , till he 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 . Come , shall we hear this music ? Yea , my good lord . How still the evening is , As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony ! See you where Benedick hath hid himself ? O ! very well , my lord : the music ended , We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth . Come , Balthazar , we'll hear that song again . O ! good my lord , tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once . 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 . Because you talk of wooing , I will sing ; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ; Yet will he swear he loves . Nay , pray thee , come ; Or if thou wilt hold longer argument , Do it in notes . Note this before my notes ; There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting . Why these are very crotchets that he speaks ; Notes , notes , forsooth , and nothing ! Now , divine air ! now is his soul ravished ! 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 . 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 mo Of dumps so dull and heavy ; The fraud of men was ever so , Since summer first was leavy . Then sigh not so , But let them go , And be you blithe and bonny , Converting all your sounds of woe Into Hey nonny , nonny . By my troth , a good song . And an ill singer , my lord . Ha , no , no , faith ; thou singest well enough for a shift . An he had been a dog that should have howled thus , they would have hanged 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 . 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 . The best I can , my lord . Do so : farewell . Come hither , Leonato : what was it you told me of to-day , that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick ? O ! ay : Stalk on , stalk on ; the fowl sits . I did never think that lady would have loved any man . No , nor I neither ; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick , whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor . Is't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ? 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 . May be she doth but counterfeit . Faith , like enough . O God ! counterfeit ! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it . Why , what effects of passion shows she ? Bait the hook well : this fish will bite . What effects , my lord ? She will sit you ; You heard my daughter tell you how . She did , indeed . How , how , I pray you ? You amaze me : I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection . I would have sworn it had , my lord ; especially against Benedick . I should think this a gull , but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery cannot , sure , hide itself in such reverence . He hath ta'en the infection : hold it up . Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ? No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment . 'Tis true , indeed ; so your daughter says : 'Shall I ,' says she , 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn , write to him that I love him ?' 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 . Now you talk of a sheet of paper , I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of . O ! when she had writ it , and was reading it over , she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet ? That . O ! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence ; railed 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 .' Then down upon her knees she falls , weeps , sobs , beats her heart , tears her hair , prays , curses ; 'O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !' She doth indeed ; my daughter says so ; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her , that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself . It is very true . It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other , if she will not discover it . To what end ? he would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse . An he should , it were an alms to hang him . She's an excellent sweet lady , and , out of all suspicion , she is virtuous . And she is exceeding wise . In everything but in loving Benedick . 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 . I would she had bestowed this dotage on me ; I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself . I pray you , tell Benedick of it , and hear what a' will say . Were it good , think you ? Hero thinks surely she will die ; for she says she will die if he love her not , and she will die ere she make her love known , and she will die if he woo her , rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness . 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 . he is a very proper man . He hath indeed a good outward happiness . 'Fore God , and in my mind , very wise . He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit . And I take him to be valiant . 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 . If he do fear God , a' must necessarily keep peace : if he break the peace , he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling . 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 ? Never tell him , my lord : let her wear it out with good counsel . Nay , that's impossible : she may wear her heart out first . 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 to have so good a lady . My lord , will you walk ? dinner is ready . If he do not dote on her upon this , I will never trust my expectation . Let there be the same net spread for her ; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman 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 dumbshow . Let us send her to call him in to dinner . 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 railed so long against marriage ; but doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age . Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour ? No ; the world must be 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 . Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner . Fair Beatrice , I thank you for your pains . 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 . You take pleasure then in the message ? 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 . 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 . 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 honey-suckles , ripen'd by the sun , Forbid the sun to enter ; like favourites , Made proud by princes , that advance their pride Against that power that bred it . There will she hide her , To listen our propose . This is thy office ; Bear thee well in it and leave us alone . I'll make her come , I warrant you , presently . 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 ; For look where Beatrice , like a lapwing , runs Close by the ground , to hear our conference . 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 . Then go we near her , that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it . No , truly , Ursula , she is too disdainful ; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggerds of the rock . But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ? So says the prince , and my new-trothed lord . And did they bid you tell her of it , madam ? They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ; But I persuaded them , if they lov'd Benedick , To wish him wrestle with affection , And never to let Beatrice know of it . Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ? O god of love ! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man ; But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes , 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 . Sure , I think so ; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love , lest she make sport at it . Why , you speak truth . I never yet saw man , How wise , how noble , young , how rarely featur'd , But she would spell him backward : if fair-fac'd , She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ; If black , why , Nature , drawing of an antick , 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 . Sure , sure , such carping is not commendable . 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 . Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say . 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 . O ! do not do your cousin such a wrong . She cannot be so much without true judgment , Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is priz'd to have ,as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick . He is the only man of Italy , Always excepted my dear Claudio . 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 . Indeed , he hath an excellent good name . His excellence did earn it , ere he had it . When are you married , madam ? 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 . She's lim'd , I warrant you : we have caught her , madam . If it prove so , then loving goes by haps : Some Cupid kills with arrows , some with traps . 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 . I do but stay till your marriage be consummate , and then go I toward Arragon . I'll bring you thither , my lord , if you'll vouchsafe me . Nay , that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage , as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it . I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for , from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot , he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string , and the little hangman dare not shoot at him . He hath a heart as sound as a bell , and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks . Gallants , I am not as I have been . So say I : methinks you are sadder . I hope he be in love . Hang him , truant ! there's no true drop of blood in him , to be truly touched with love . If he be sad , he wants money . I have the tooth-ache . Draw it . Hang it . You must hang it first , and draw it afterwards . What ! sigh for the tooth-ache ? Where is but a humour or a worm ? Well , every one can master a grief but he that has it . Yet say I , he is in love . 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 . If he be not in love with some woman , there is no believing old signs : a' brushes his hat a mornings ; what should that bode ? Hath any man seen him at the barber's ? No , but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls . Indeed he looks younger than he did , by the loss of a beard . Nay , a' rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ? That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love . The greatest note of it is his melancholy . And when was he wont to wash his face ? Yea , or to paint himself ? for the which , I hear what they say of him . Nay , but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lute-string , and new-governed by stops . Indeed , that tells a heavy tale for him . Conclude , conclude he is in love . Nay , but I know who loves him . That would I know too : I warrant , one that knows him not . Yes , and his ill conditions ; and in despite of all , dies for him . She shall be buried with her face upwards . Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache . Old signior , walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you , which these hobby-horses must not hear . For my life , to break with him about Beatrice . 'Tis even so . Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice , and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet . My lord and brother , God save you ! Good den , brother . If your leisure served , I would speak with you . In private ? If it please you ; yet Count Claudio may hear , for what I would speak of concerns him . What's the matter ? Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ? You know he does . I know not that , when he knows what I know . If there be any impediment , I pray you discover it . 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 bestowed ! Why , what's the matter ? I came hither to tell you ; and circumstances shortened ,for she hath been too long a talking of ,the lady is disloyal . Who , Hero ? Even she : Leonato's Hero , your Hero , every man's Hero . Disloyal ? The word's 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 entered , even the night before her wedding-day : if you love her then , to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind . May this be so ? I will not think it . 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 . If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow , in the congregation , where I should wed , there will I shame her . And , as I wooed for thee to obtain her , I will join with thee to disgrace her . I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight , and let the issue show itself . O day untowardly turned ! O mischief strangely thwarting ! O plague right well prevented ! So will you say when you have seen the sequel . Are you good men and true ? Yea , or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation , body and soul . Nay , that were a punishment too good for them , if they should have any allegiance in them , being chosen for the prince's watch . Well , give them their charge , neighbour Dogberry . First , who think you the most desartless man to be constable ? Hugh Oatcake , sir , or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read . Come hither , neighbour Seacoal . God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature . Both which , Master constable , 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 lanthorn . This is your charge : you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand , in the prince's name . How , if a' will not stand ? 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 . If he will not stand when he is bidden , he is none of the prince's subjects . 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 to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured . We will rather sleep than talk : we know what belongs to a watch . 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 alehouses , and bid those that are drunk get them to bed . How if they will not ? 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 . Well , sir . 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 . If we know him to be a thief , shall we not lay hands on him ? 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 . You have been always called a merciful man , partner . Truly , I would not hang a dog by my will , much more a man who hath any honesty in him . If you hear a child cry in the night , you must call to the nurse and bid her still it . How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us ? 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 . 'Tis very true . 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 . Nay , by 'r lady , that I think , a' cannot . 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 . By 'r lady , I think it be so . 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 . Well , masters , we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two , and then all go to bed . 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 . What , Conrade ! Peace ! stir not . Conrade , I say ! Here , man , I am at thy elbow . Mass , and my elbow itched ; I thought there would a scab follow . I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale . Stand thee close then under this penthouse , for it drizzles rain , and I will , like a true drunkard , utter all to thee . Some treason , masters ; yet stand close . Therefore know , I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats . Is it possible that any villany should be so dear ? Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones , poor ones may make what price they will . I wonder at it . That shows thou art unconfirmed . Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet , or a hat , or a cloak , is nothing to a man . Yes , it is apparel . I mean , the fashion . Yes , the fashion is the fashion . Tush ! I may as well say the fool's the fool . But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ? I know that Deformed ; a' has been a vile thief this seven years ; a' goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name . Didst thou not hear somebody ? No : 'twas the vane on the house . Seest thou not , I say , what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty ? sometime 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 smirched worm-eaten tapestry , where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club ? 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 ? Not so , neither ; but know , that I have to-night wooed Margaret , the Lady Hero's gentlewoman , by the name of Hero : she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window , bids me a thousand times good night ,I tell this tale vilely :I should first tell thee how the prince , Claudio , and my master , planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John , saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter . And thought they Margaret was Hero ? Two of them did , the prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master , knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths , which first possessed them , partly by the dark night , which did deceive them , but chiefly by my villany , which did confirm 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'er night , and send her home again without a husband . We charge you in the prince's name , stand ! Call up the right Master constable . We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth . And one Deformed is one of them : I know him , a' wears a lock . Masters , masters ! You'll be made bring Deformed forth , I warrant you . Masters , Never speak : we charge you let us obey you to go with us . We are like to prove a goodly commodity , being taken up of these men's bills . A commodity in question , I warrant you . Come , we'll obey you . Good Ursula , wake my cousin Beatrice , and desire her to rise . I will , lady . And bid her come hither . Well . Troth , I think your other rabato were better . No , pray thee , good Meg , I'll wear this . By my troth's not so good ; and I warrant your cousin will say so . My cousin's a fool , and thou art another : I'll wear none but this . 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 . O ! that exceeds , they say . 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 . God give me joy to wear it ! for my heart is exceeding heavy . 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man . Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ? 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 . Good morrow , coz . Good morrow , sweet Hero . Why , how now ! do you speak in the sick tune ? I am out of all other tune , methinks . Clap's into 'Light o' love ;' that goes without a burden : do you sing it , and I'll dance it . Ye light o' love with your heels ! then , if your husband have stables enough , you'll see he shall lack no barns . O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels . 'Tis almost five o'clock , cousin ; 'tis time you were ready . By my troth , I am exceeding ill . Heigh-ho ! For a hawk , a horse , or a husband ? For the letter that begins them all , H . Well , an you be not turned Turk , there's no more sailing by the star . What means the fool , trow ? Nothing I ; but God send every one their heart's desire ! These gloves the count sent me ; they are an excellent perfume . I am stuffed , cousin , I cannot smell . A maid , and stuffed ! there's goodly catching of cold . O , God help me ! God help me ! how long have you professed apprehension ? Ever since you left it . Doth not my wit become me rarely ! It is not seen enough , you should wear it in your cap . By my troth , I am sick . Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus , and lay it to your heart : it is the only thing for a qualm . There thou prick'st her with a thistle . Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you have some moral in this Benedictus . 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 . What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ? Not a false gallop . Madam , withdraw : the prince , the count , Signior Benedick , Don John , and all the gallants of the town , are come to fetch you to church . Help to dress me , good coz , good Meg , good Ursula . What would you with me , honest neighbour ? Marry , sir , I would have some confidence with you , that decerns you nearly . Brief , I pray you ; for you see it is a busy time with me . Marry , this it is , sir . Yes , in truth it is , sir . What is it , my good friends ? 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 . Yes , I thank God , I am as honest as any man living , that is an old man and no honester than I . Comparisons are odorous : palabras , neighbour Verges . Neighbours , you are tedious . 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 . All thy tediousness on me ! ha ? Yea , an't were 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 . And so am I . I would fain know what you have to say . Marry , sir , our watch to-night , excepting your worship's presence , ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina . 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 worshipped : all men are not alike ; alas ! good neighbour . Indeed , neighbour , he comes too short of you . Gifts that God gives . I must leave you . One word , sir : our watch , sir , hath indeed comprehended two aspicious persons , and we would have them this morning examined before your worship . Take their examination yourself , and bring it me : I am now in great haste , as may appear unto you . It shall be suffigance . Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well . My lord , they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband . I'll wait upon them : I am ready . 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 . And we must do it wisely . 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 . Come , Friar Francis , be brief : only to the plain form of marriage , and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards . You come hither , my lord , to marry this lady ? No . To be married to her , friar ; you come to marry her . Lady , you come hither to be married to this count ? I do . If either of you know any inward impediment , why you should not be conjoined , I charge you , on your souls , to utter it . Know you any , Hero ? None , my lord . Know you any , count ? I dare make his answer ; none . O ! what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do , not knowing what they do ! How now ! Interjections ? Why then , some be of laughing , as ah ! ha ! he ! Stand thee by , friar . Father , by your leave : Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid , your daughter ? As freely , son , as God did give her me . And what have I to give you back whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ? Nothing , unless you render her again . 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 . What do you mean , my lord ? Not to be married , Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton . Dear my lord , if you , in your own proof , Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth , And made defeat of her virginity , I know what you would say : if I have known her , You'll say she did embrace me as a husband , And so extenuate the 'forehand sin : No , Leonato , I never tempted her with word too large ; But , as a brother to his sister , show'd Bashful sincerity and comely love . And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ? 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 . Is my lord well , that he doth speak so wide ? Sweet prince , why speak not you ? What should I speak ? I stand dishonour'd , that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale . Are these things spoken , or do I but dream ? Sir , they are spoken , and these things are true . This looks not like a nuptial . True ! O God ! Leonato , stand I here ? Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ? Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ? All this is so ; but what of this , my lord ? 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 . I charge thee do so , as thou art my child . O , God defend me ! how am I beset ! What kind of catechizing call you this ? To make you answer truly to your name . Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name With any just reproach ? Marry , that can Hero : Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue . What man was he talk'd with you yesternight Out at your window , betwixt twelve and one ? Now , if you are a maid , answer to this . I talk'd with no man at that hour , my lord . 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 , Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret . Fie , fie ! they are not to be nam'd , my lord , Not to be spoke of ; There is not chastity enough in language Without offence to utter them . Thus , pretty lady , I am sorry for thy much misgovernment . O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou been , If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart ! But fare thee well , most foul , most fair ! farewell , Thou pure impiety , and impious purity ! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love , And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang , To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm , And never shall it more be gracious . Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ? Why , how now , cousin ! wherefore sink you down ? Come , let us go . These things , come thus to light , Smother her spirits up . How doth the lady ? Dead , I think ! help , uncle ! Hero ! why , Hero ! Uncle ! Signior Benedick ! Friar ! O Fate ! take not away thy heavy hand : Death is the fairest cover for her shame That may be wish'd for . How now , cousin Hero ! Have comfort , lady . Dost thou look up ? Yea ; wherefore should she not ? 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 . Griev'd 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 mine eyes ? Why had I not with charitable hand Took up a beggar's issue at my gates , Who smirched thus , and mir'd with infamy , I might have said , 'No part of it is mine ; This shame derives itself from unknown loins ?' But mine , and mine I lov'd , and mine I prais'd , And mine that I was proud on , mine so much That I myself was to myself not mine , Valuing of her ; why , she O ! she is fallen Into a pit of ink , that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her clean again , And salt too little which may season give To her foul-tainted flesh . Sir , sir , be patient . For my part , I am so attir'd in wonder , I know not what to say . O ! on my soul , my cousin is belied ! Lady , were you her bedfellow last night ? No , truly , not ; although , until last night , I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow . Confirm'd , confirm'd ! O ! that is stronger made , Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron . Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie , Who lov'd her so , that , speaking of her foulness , Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ! let her die . Hear me a little ; For I have only been silent so long , And given way unto this course of fortune , By noting of the lady : I have mark'd A thousand blushing apparitions To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ; And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire , To burn the errors that these princess 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 . Friar , it cannot be . Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left Is , that she will not add to her damnation A sin of perjury : she not denies it . Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse That which appears in proper nakedness ? Lady , what man is he you are accus'd of ? They know that do accuse me , I know none ; If I know more of any man alive Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant , Let all my sins lack mercy ! O , my father ! Prove you that any man with me convers'd At hours unmeet , or that I yesternight Maintain'd the change of words with any creature , Refuse me , hate me , torture me to death . There is some strange misprision in the princes . Two of them have the very bent of honour ; And if their wisdoms be misled in this , The practice of it lives in John the bastard , Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies . I know not . If they speak but truth of her , These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour , The proudest of them shall well hear of it . Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine . Nor age so eat up my invention , Nor fortune made such havoc of my means , Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends , But they shall find , awak'd in such a kind , Both strength of limb and policy of mind , Ability in means and choice of friends , To quit me of them throughly . 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 . What shall become of this ? What will this do ? Marry , this well carried shall on her behalf Change slander to remorse ; that is some good : But not for that dream I on this strange course , But on this travail look for greater birth . She dying , as it must be so maintain'd , Upon the instant that she was accus'd , Shall be lamented , pitied and excus'd Of every hearer ; for it so falls out That what we have we prize not to the worth Whiles we enjoy it , but being lack'd and lost , Why , then we rack the value , then we find The virtue that possession would not show us Whiles it was ours . So will it fare with Claudio : When he shall hear she died upon his words , The idea of her life shall sweetly creep Into his study of imagination , And every lovely organ of her life Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit , More moving-delicate , and full of life Into the eye and prospect of his soul , Than when she liv'd indeed : then shall he mourn , If ever love had interest in his liver , And wish he had not so 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 . 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 . Being that I flow in grief , The smallest twine may lead me . '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 . Lady Beatrice , have you wept all this while ? Yea , and I will weep a while longer . I will not desire that . You have no reason ; I do it freely . Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged . Ah ! how much might the man deserve of me that would right her . Is there any way to show such friendship ? A very even way , but no such friend . May a man do it ? It is a man's office , but not yours . I do love nothing in the world so well as you : is not that strange ? As strange as the thing I know not . It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as your , but believe me not , and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing , not I deny nothing . I am sorry for my cousin . By my sword , Beatrice , thou lovest me . Do not swear by it , and eat it . I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you . Will you not eat your word ? With no sauce that can be devised to it . I protest I love thee . Why then , God forgive me ! What offence , sweet Beatrice ? You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was about to protest I loved you . And do it with all thy heart . I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest . Come , bid me do anything for thee . Kill Claudio . Ha ! not for the wide world . You kill me to deny it . Farewell . Tarry , sweet Beatrice . I am gone , though I am here : there is no love in you : nay , I pray you , let me go . Beatrice , In faith , I will go . We'll be friends first . You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy . Is Claudio thine enemy ? Is he not approved in the height a villain , that hath slandered , scorned , dishonoured my kinswoman ? O ! that I were a man . What ! bear her in hand until they come to take hands , and then , with public accusation , uncovered slander , unmitigated rancour ,O God , that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place . Hear me , Beatrice , Talk with a man out at a window ! a proper saying ! Nay , but Beatrice , Sweet Hero ! she is wronged , she is slandered , she is undone . Beat Princes and counties ! Surely , a princely testimony , a goodly 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 turned into tongue , and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules , that only tells a lie and swears it . I cannot be a man with wishing , therefore I will die a woman with grieving . Tarry , good Beatrice . By this hand , I love thee . Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it . Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ? Yea , as sure as I have a thought or a soul . Enough ! I am engaged , I will challenge him . I will kiss your hand , and so leave you . By this hand , Claudio shall render me a dear account . As you hear of me , so think of me . Go , comfort your cousin : I must say she is dead ; and so , farewell . Is our whole dissembly appeared ? O ! a stool and a cushion for the sexton . Which be the malefactors ? Marry , that am I and my partner . Nay , that's certain : we have the exhibition to examine . But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before Master constable . Yea , marry , let them come before me . What is your name , friend ? Borachio . Pray write down Borachio . Yours , sirrah ? I am a gentleman , sir , and my name is Conrade . Write down Master gentleman Conrade . Masters , do you serve God ? Yea , sir , we hope . Yea , sir , we hope . 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 ? Marry , sir , we say we are none . 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 . Sir , I say to you we are none . Well , stand aside . 'Fore God , they are both in a tale . Have you writ down , that they are none ? Master constable , you go not the way to examine : you must call forth the watch that are their accusers . Yea , marry , that's the eftest way . Let the watch come forth . Masters , I charge you , in the prince's name , accuse these men . This man said , sir , that Don John , the prince's brother , was a villain . Write down Prince John a villain . Why , this is flat perjury , to call a prince's brother villain . Master constable , Pray thee , fellow , peace : I do not like thy look , I promise thee . What heard you him say else ? Marry , that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully . Flat burglary as ever was committed . Yea , by the mass , that it is . What else , fellow ? And that Count Claudio did mean , upon his words , to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly , and not marry her . O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this . What else ? This is all . 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 . Come , let them be opinioned . Let them be in the hands Off , coxcomb ! God's my life ! where's the sexton ? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb . Come , bind them . Thou naughty varlet ! Away ! you are an ass ; you are an ass . 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 ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns , and everything handsome about him . Bring him away . O that I had been writ down an ass ! If you go on thus , you will kill yourself ; And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself . I pray thee , cease thy counsel , Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine : Bring me a father that so lov'd his child , Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine , And bid him speak of patience ; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine , And let it answer every strain 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 . Therein do men from children nothing differ . 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 . Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ; Make those that do offend you suffer too . 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 . Here come the prince and Claudio hastily . Good den , good den . Good day to both of you . Hear you , my lords , We have some haste , Leonato . Some haste , my lord ! well , fare you well , my lord : Are you so hasty now ?well , all is one . Nay , do not quarrel with us , good old man . If he could right himself with quarrelling , Some of us would lie low . Who wrongs him ? Marry , thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler , thou . Nay , never lay thy hand upon thy sword ; I fear thee not . Marry , beshrew my hand , If it should give your age such cause of fear . In faith , my hand meant nothing to my sword . 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 forc'd 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 , fram'd by thy villany ! My villany ? Thine , Claudio ; thine , I say . You say not right , old man . 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 . Away ! I will not have to do with you . Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child ; If thou kill'st me , boy , thou shalt kill a man . 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 . Brother , Content yourself . God knows I lov'd 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 ! Brother Antony , Hold you content . What , man ! I know them , yea , And what they weigh , even to the utmost scruple , Scrambling , out-facing , fashion-monging 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 ! But , brother Antony , Come , 'tis no matter : Do not you meddle , let me deal in this . Gentlemen both , we will not wake your patience . My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ; But , on my honour , she was charg'd with nothing But what was true and very full of proof . My lord , my lord I will not hear you . No ? Come , brother , away . I will be heard . And shall , or some of us will smart for it . See , see ; here comes the man we went to seek . Now , signior , what news ? Good day , my lord . Welcome , signior : you are almost come to part almost a fray . We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth . Leonato and his brother . What thinkest thou ? Had we fought , I doubt we should have been too young for them . In a false quarrel there is no true valour . I came to seek you both . 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 ? It is in my scabbard ; shall I draw it ? Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ? 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 . As I am an honest man , he looks pale . Art thou sick , or angry ? What , courage , man ! What though care killed a cat , thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care . Sir , I shall meet your wit in the career , an you charge it against me . I pray you choose another subject . Nay then , give him another staff : this last was broke cross . By this light , he changes more and more : I think he be angry indeed . If he be , he knows how to turn his girdle . Shall I speak a word in your ear ? God bless me from a challenge ! 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 killed a sweet lady , and her death shall fall heavy on you . Let me hear from you . Well I will meet you , so I may have good cheer . What , a feast , a feast ? 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 ? Sir , your wit ambles well ; it goes easily . 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 ,' said 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 . For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not . 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 . All , all ; and moreover , God saw him when he was hid in the garden . But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ? Yea , and text underneath , 'Here dwells Benedick the married man !' 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 thanked , 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 , killed a sweet and innocent lady . For my Lord Lack-beard there , he and I shall meet ; and till then , peace be with him . He is in earnest . In most profound earnest ; and , I'll warrant you , for the love of Beatrice . And hath challenged thee ? Most sincerely . What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit ! He is then a giant to an ape ; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man . But , soft you ; let me be : pluck up , my heart , and be sad ! Did he not say my brother was fled ? 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 looked to . How now ! two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio , one ! Hearken after their offence , my lord . Officers , what offence have these men done ? Marry , sir , they have committed false report ; moreover , 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 . 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 ? Rightly reasoned , and in his own division ; and , by my troth , there's one meaning well suited . 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 ? 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 villany 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 . Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ? I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it . But did my brother set thee on to this ? Yea ; and paid me richly for the practice of it . He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery : And fled he is upon this villany . Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first . Come , bring away the plaintiffs : by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter . And masters , do not forget to specify , when time and place shall serve , that I am an ass . Here , here comes Master Signior Leonato , and the sexton too . 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 ? If you would know your wronger , look on me . Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child ? Yea , even I alone . 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 . 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 . 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 . 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 . O noble sir , Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me ! I do embrace your offer ; and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudio . 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 pack'd in all this wrong , Hir'd to it by your brother . No , by my soul she was not ; Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me ; But always hath been just and virtuous In anything that I do know by her . 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 remembered in his punishment . And also , the watch heard them talk of one Deformed : they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock 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 . I thank thee for thy care and honest pains . Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth , and I praise God for you . There's for thy pains . God save the foundation ! Go , I discharge thee of thy prisoner , and I thank thee . I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; which I beseech your worship to corect yourself , for the example of others . God keep your worship ! I wish your worship well ; God restore you to health ! I humbly give you leave to depart , and if a merry meeting may be wished , God prohibit it ! Come , neighbour . Until to-morrow morning , lords , farewell . Farewell , my lords : we look for you to-morrow . We will not fail . To-night I'll mourn with Hero . Bring you these fellows on . We'll talk with Margaret , How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow . Pray thee , sweet Mistress Margaret , deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice . Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ? In so high a style , Margaret , that no man living shall come over it ; for , in most comely truth , thou deservest it . To have no man come over me ! why , shall I always keep below stairs ? Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth ; it catches . And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils , which hit , but hurt not . A most manly wit , Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman : and so , I pray thee , call Beatrice . I give thee the bucklers . Give us the swords , we have bucklers of our own . If you use them , Margaret , you must put in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids . Well , I will call Beatrice to you , who I think hath legs . And therefore will come . 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 turned 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 . Sweet Beatrice , wouldst thou come when I called thee ? Yea , signior ; and depart when you bid me . O , stay but till then ! 'Then' is spoken ; fare you well now : and yet , ere I go , let me go with that I came for ; which is , with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio . Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee . Foul words is but foul wind , and foul wind is but foul breath , and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkissed . 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 ? For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them . But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ? 'Suffer love ,' a good epithet ! I do suffer love indeed , for I love thee against my will . 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 . Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably . It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself . 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 . And how long is that think you ? Question : why , an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum : therefore it is 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 ? Very ill . And how do you ? Very ill too . Serve God , love me , and mend . There will I leave you too , for here comes one in haste . 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 ? Will you go hear this news , signior ? 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 . Is this the monument of Leonato ? It is , my lord . 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 doath with glorious fame . Hang thou there upon the tomb , Praising her when I am dumb . Now , music , sound , and sing your solemn hymn . 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 . Now , unto thy bones good night ! Yearly will I do this rite . Good morrow , masters : put your torches out . The wolves have prey'd ; and look , the gentle day , Before the wheels of Ph bus , round about Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey . Thanks to you all , and leave us : fare you well Good morrow , masters : each his several way . Come , let us hence , and put on other weeds ; And then to Leonato's we will go . And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's , Than this for whom we render'd up this woe ! Did I not tell you she was innocent ? So are the prince and Claudio , who accus'd her Upon the error that you heard debated : But Margaret was in some fault for this , Although against her will , as it appears In the true course of all the question . Well , I am glad that all things sort so well . And so am I , being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it . Well , daughter , and you gentlewomen all , Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves , And when I send for you , come hither mask'd : The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour To visit me . You know your office , brother ; You must be father to your brother's daughter , And give her to young Claudio . Which I will do with confirm'd countenance . Friar , I must entreat your pains , I think . To do what , signior ? 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 . That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis most true . And I do with an eye of love requite her . The sight whereof I think , you had from me , From Claudio , and the prince . But what's your will ? 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 . My heart is with your liking . And my help . Here come the prince and Claudio . Good morrow to this fair assembly . Good morrow , prince ; good morrow , Claudio : We here attend you . Are you yet determin'd To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ? I'll hold my mind , were she an Ethiop . Call her forth , brother : here's the friar ready . Good morrow , Benedick . Why , what's the matter , That you have such a February face , So full of frost , of storm and cloudiness ? 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 . Bull Jove , sir , had an amiable low : And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow , And got a calf in that same noble feat , Much like to you , for you have just his bleat . For this I owe you : here come other reckonings . Which is the lady I must seize upon ? This same is she , and I do give you her . Why , then she's mine . Sweet , let me see your face . No , that you shall not , till you take her hand Before this friar , and swear to marry her . Give me your hand : before this holy friar , I am your husband , if you like of me . And when I liv'd , I was your other wife : And when you lov'd , you were my other husband . Another Hero ! Nothing certainer : One Hero died defil'd , but I do live , And surely as I live , I am a maid . The former Hero ! Hero that is dead ! She died , my lord , but whiles her slander liv'd . 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 . Soft and fair , friar . Which is Beatrice ? I answer to that name . What is your will ? Do not you love me ? Why , no ; no more than reason . Why , then , your uncle and the prince and Claudio Have been deceived ; for they swore you did . Do not you love me ? Troth , no ; no more than reason . Why , then , my cousin , Margaret , and Ursula , Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did . They swore that you were almost sick for me . They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me . 'Tis no such matter . Then , you do not love me ? No , truly , but in friendly recompense . Come , cousin , I am sure you love the gentleman . 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 . And here's another , Writ in my cousin's hand , stolen from her pocket , Containing her affection unto 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 . 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 . Peace ! I will stop your mouth . How dost thou , Benedick , the married man ? I'll tell thee what , prince ; a college of witcrackers 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 . I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice , that I might have cudgelled 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 . 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 . We'll have dancing afterward . 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 tipped with horn . My lord , your brother John is ta'en in flight , And brought with armed men back to Messina . Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll devise thee brave punishments for him . Strike up , pipers ! PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE To sing a song that old was sung , From ashes ancient Gower is come , Assuming man's infirmities , To glad your ear , and please your eyes . It hath been sung at festivals , On ember-eves , and holy-ales ; And lords and ladies in their lives Have read it for restoratives : The purchase is to make men glorious ; Et bonum quo antiquius , eo melius . If you , born in these latter times , When wit's more ripe , accept my rimes , And that to hear an old man sing May to your wishes pleasure bring , I life would wish , and that I might Waste it for you like taper-light . This Antioch , then , Antiochus the Great Built up , this city , for his chiefest seat , The fairest in all Syria , I tell you what mine authors say : This king unto him took a fere , Who died and left a female heir , So buxom , blithe , and full of face As heaven had lent her all his grace ; With whom the father liking took , And her to incest did provoke . Bad child , worse father ! to entice his own To evil should be done by none . By custom what they did begin Was with long use account no sin . The beauty of this sinful dame Made many princes thither frame , To seek her as a bed-fellow , In marriage-pleasures play-fellow : Which to prevent , he made a law , To keep her still , and men in awe , That whoso ask'd her for his wife , His riddle told not , lost his life : So for her many a wight did die , As yon grim looks do testify . What now ensues , to the judgment of your eye I give , my cause who best can justify . Young Prince of Tyre , you have at large receiv'd The danger of the task you undertake . I have , Antiochus , and , with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise , Think death no hazard in this enterprise . Bring in our daughter , clothed like a bride , For the embracements even of Jove himself ; At whose conception , till Lucina reign'd , Nature this dowry gave , to glad her presence , The senate-house of planets all did sit , To knit in her their best perfections . See , where she comes apparell'd like the spring , Graces her subjects , and her thoughts the king Of every virtue gives renown to men ! Her face the book of praises , where is read Nothing but curious pleasures , as from thence Sorrow were ever raz'd , and testy wrath Could never be her mild companion . You gods , that made me man , and sway in love , That hath inflam'd desire in my breast To taste the fruit of you celestial tree Or die in the adventure , be my helps , As I am son and servant to your will , To compass such a boundless happiness ! Prince Pericles , That would be son to great Antiochus . Before thee stands this fair Hesperides , With golden fruit , but dangerous to be touch'd ; For death-like dragons here affright thee hard : Her face , like heaven , enticeth thee to view Her countless glory , which desert must gain ; And which , without desert , because thine eye Presumes to reach , all thy whole heap must die . Yon sometime famous princes , like thyself , Drawn by report , adventurous by desire , Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale , That without covering , save yon field of stars , They here stand martyrs , slain in Cupid's wars ; And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist For going on death's net , whom none resist . Antiochus , I thank thee , who hath taught My frail mortality to know itself , And by those fearful objects to prepare This body , like to them , to what I must ; For death remember'd should be like a mirror , Who tells us life's but breath , to trust it error . I'll make my will then ; and as sick men do , Who know the world , see heaven , but feeling woe , Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did : So I bequeath a happy peace to you And all good men , as every prince should do ; My riches to the earth from whence they came , But my unspotted fire of love to you . Thus ready for the way of life or death , I wait the sharpest blow . Scorning advice , read the conclusion then ; Which read and not expounded , 'tis decreed , As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed . Of all say'd yet , mayst thou prove prosperous ! Of all say'd yet , I wish thee happiness ! Like a bold champion , I assume the lists , Nor ask advice of any other thought But faithfulness and courage . I am no viper , yet I feed On mother's flesh which did me breed ; I sought a husband , in which labour I found that kindness in a father . He's father , son , and husband mild , I mother , wife , and yet his child . How they may be , and yet in two , As you will live , resolve it you . Sharp physic is the last : but , O you powers ! That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts , Why cloud they not their sights perpetually , If this be true , which makes me pale to read it ? Fair glass of light , I lov'd you , and could still , Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill : But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt ; For he's no man on whom perfections wait That , knowing sin within , will touch the gate . You're a fair viol , and your sense the strings , Who , finger'd to make men his lawful music , Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken ; But being play'd upon before your time , Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime . Good sooth , I care not for you . Prince Pericles , touch not , upon thy life , For that's an article within our law , As dangerous as the rest . Your time's expir'd : Either expound now or receive your sentence . Great king , Few love to hear the sins they love to act ; 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it . Who has a book of all that monarchs do , He's more secure to keep it shut than shown ; For vice repeated is like the wandering wind , Blows dust in others' eyes , to spread itself ; And yet the end of all is bought thus dear , The breath is gone , and the sore eyes see clear To stop the air would hurt them . The blind mole casts Copp'd hills towards heaven , to tell the earth is throng'd By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die for 't . Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's their will ; And if Jove stray , who dares say Jove doth ill ? It is enough you know ; and it is fit , What being more known grows worse , to smother it . All love the womb that their first being bred , Then give my tongue like leave to love my head . Heaven ! that I had thy head ; he has found the meaning ; But I will gloze with him . Young Prince of Tyre , Though by the tenour of our strict edict , Your exposition misinterpreting , We might proceed to cancel of your days ; Yet hope , succeeding from so fair a tree As your fair self , doth tune us otherwise : Forty days longer we do respite you ; If by which time our secret be undone , This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son : And until then your entertain shall be As doth befit our honour and your worth . How courtesy would seem to cover sin , When what is done is like a hypocrite , The which is good in nothing but in sight ! If it be true that I interpret false , Then were it certain you were not so bad As with foul incest to abuse your soul ; Where now you're both a father and a son , By your untimely claspings with your child , Which pleasure fits a husband , not a father ; And she an eater of her mother's flesh , By the defiling of her parent's bed ; And both like serpents are , who though they feed On sweetest flowers , yet they poison breed . Antioch , farewell ! for wisdom sees , those men Blush not in actions blacker than the night , Will shun no course to keep them from the light . One sin , I know , another doth provoke ; Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke . Poison and treason are the hands of sin , Ay , and the targets , to put off the shame : Then , lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear , By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear . He hath found the meaning , for which we mean To take his head . He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy , Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin In such a loathed manner ; And therefore instantly this prince must die , For by his fall my honour must keep high . Who attends us there ? Doth your highness call ? Thaliard , You're of our chamber , and our mind partakes Her private actions to your secrecy ; And for your faithfulness we will advance you . Thaliard , behold , here's poison , and here's gold ; We hate the Prince of Tyre , and thou must kill him : It fits thee not to ask the reason why , Because we bid it . Say , is it done ? My lord , 'tis done . Enough . Let your breath cool yourself , telling your haste . My lord , Prince Pericles is fled . As thou Wilt live , fly after ; and , as an arrow shot From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark His eye doth level at , so thou ne'er return Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead .' My lord , If I can get him within my pistol's length , I'll make him sure enough : so , farewell to your highness . Thaliard , adieu ! Till Pericles be dead , My heart can lend no succour to my head . Let none disturb us . Why should this change of thoughts , The sad companion , dull-ey'd melancholy , Be my so us'd a guest , as not an hour In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night The tomb where grief should sleep can breed me quiet ? Here pleasures court mine eyes , and mine eyes shun them , And danger , which I feared , is at Antioch , Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ; Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits , Nor yet the other's distance comfort me . Then it is thus : the passions of the mind , That have their first conception by mis-dread , Have after-nourishment and life by care ; And what was first but fear what might be done , Grows elder now and cares it be not done . And so with me : the great Antiochus , 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend , Since he's so great can make his will his act , Will think me speaking , though I swear to silence ; Nor boots it me to say I honour him , If he suspect I may dishonour him ; And what may make him blush in being known , He'll stop the course by which it might be known . With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land , And with the ostent of war will look so huge , Amazement shall drive courage from the state , Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist , And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence : Which care of them , not pity of myself , Who am no more but as the tops of trees , Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them , Make both my body pine and soul to languish , And punish that before that he would punish . Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast ! And keep your mind , till you return to us , Peaceful and comfortable . Peace , peace ! and give experience tongue . They do abuse the king that flatter him ; For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ; The thing the which is flatter'd , but a spark , To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing ; Whereas reproof , obedient and in order , Fits kings , as they are men , for they may err : When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace , He flatters you , makes war upon your life . Prince , pardon me , or strike me , if you please ; I cannot be much lower than my knees . All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook What shipping and what lading's in our haven , And then return to us . Helicanus , thou Hast mov'd us ; what seest thou in our looks ? An angry brow , dread lord . If there be such a dart in prince's frowns , How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ? How dare the plants look up to heaven , from whence They have their nourishment ? Thou know'st I have power To take thy life from thee . I have ground the axe myself ; Do you but strike the blow . Rise , prithee , rise ; Sit down ; thou art no flatterer : I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid ! Fit counsellor and servant for a prince , Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant , What wouldst thou have me do ? To bear with patience Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself . Thou speak'st like a physician , Helicanus , That minister'st a potion unto me That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself . Attend me then : I went to Antioch , Where as thou know'st , against the face of death I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty , From whence an issue I might propagate Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects . Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ; The rest , hark in thine ear , as black as incest ; Which by my knowledge found , the sinful father Seem'd not to strike , but smooth ; but thou know'st this , 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss . Which fear so grew in me I hither fled , Under the covering of a careful night , Who seem'd my good protector ; and , being here , Bethought me what was past , what might succeed . I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears Decrease not , but grow faster than the years . And should he doubt it , as no doubt he doth , That I should open to the listening air How many worthy princes' bloods were shed , To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope , To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms , And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ; When all , for mine , if I may call 't , offence , Must feel war's blow , who spares not innocence : Which love to all , of which thyself art one , Who now reprov'st me for it , Alas ! sir . Drew sleep out of mine eyes , blood from my cheeks , Musings into my mind , with thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest , ere it came ; And finding little comfort to relieve them , I thought it princely charity to grieve them . Well , my lord , since you have given me leave to speak , Freely will I speak . Antiochus you fear , And justly too , I think , you fear the tyrant , Who either by public war or private treason Will take away your life . Therefore , my lord , go travel for a while , Till that his rage and anger be forgot , Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life . Your rule direct to any ; if to me , Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be . I do not doubt thy faith ; But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ? We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth , From whence we had our being and our birth . Tyre , I now look from thee then , and to Tarsus Intend my travel , where I'll hear from thee , And by whose letters I'll dispose myself . The care I had and have of subjects' good On thee I'll lay , whose wisdom's strength can bear it . I'll take thy word for faith , not ask thine oath ; Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both . But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe , That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince , Thou show'dst a subject's shine , I a true prince . So this is Tyre , and this the court . Here must I kill King Pericles ; and if I do not , I am sure to be hanged at home : 'tis dangerous . Well , I perceive he was a wise fellow , and had good discretion , that , being bid to ask what he would of the king , desired he might know none of his secrets : now do I see he had some reason for it ; for if a king bid a man be a villain , he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one . Hush ! here come the lords of Tyre . You shall not need , my fellow peers of Tyre , Further to question me of your king's departure : His seal'd commission , left in trust with me , Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel . How ! the king gone ! If further yet you will be satisfied , Why , as it were unlicens'd of your loves , He would depart , I'll give some light unto you . Being at Antioch What from Antioch ? Royal Antiochus on what cause I know not Took some displeasure at him , at least he judg'd so ; And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd , To show his sorrow he'd correct himself ; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil , With whom each minute threatens life or death . Well , I perceive I shall not be hang'd now , although I would ; But since he's gone , the king it sure must please : He 'scap'd the land , to perish at the sea . I'll present myself . Peace to the lords of Tyre . Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome . From him I come , With message unto princely Pericles ; But since my landing I have understood Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels , My message must return from whence it came . We have no reason to desire it , Commended to our master , not to us : Yet , ere you shall depart , this we desire , As friends to Antioch , we may feast in Tyre . My Dionyza , shall we rest us here , And by relating tales of others' griefs , See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ? That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ; For who digs hills because they do aspire Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher . O my distressed lord ! even such our griefs are ; Here they're but felt , and seen with mischief's eyes , But like to groves , being topp'd , they higher rise . O Dionyza , Who wanteth food , and will not say he wants it , Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ? Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; That if heaven slumber while their creatures want , They may awake their helps to comfort them . I'll then discourse our woes , felt several years , And wanting breath to speak help me with tears . I'll do my best , sir . This Tarsus , o'er which I have the government , A city on whom plenty held full hand , For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ; Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds , And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at ; Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd , Like one another's glass to trim them by : Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight , And not so much to feed on as delight ; All poverty was scorn'd , and pride so great , The name of help grew odious to repeat . O ! 'tis too true , But see what heaven can do ! By this our change , These mouths , whom but of late earth , sea , and air Were all too little to content and please , Although they gave their creatures in abundance , As houses are defil'd for want of use , They are now starv'd for want of exercise ; Those palates who , not yet two summers younger , Must have inventions to delight the taste , Would now be glad of bread , and beg for it ; Those mothers who , to nousle up their babes , Thought nought too curious , are ready now To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd . So sharp are hunger's teeth , that man and wife Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life . Here stands a lord , and there a lady weeping ; Here many sink , yet those which see them fall Have scarce strength left to give them burial . Is not this true ? Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it . O ! let those cities that of plenty's cup And her prosperities so largely taste , With their superfluous riots , hear these tears : The misery of Tarsus may be theirs . Where's the lord governor ? Here . Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste , For comfort is too far for us to expect . We have descried , upon our neighbouring shore , A portly sail of ships make hitherward . I thought as much . One sorrow never comes but brings an heir That may succeed as his inberitor ; And so in ours . Some neighbouring nation , Taking advantage of our misery , Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power , To beat us down , the which are down already ; And make a conquest of unhappy me , Whereas no glory's got to overcome . That's the least fear ; for by the semblance Of their white flags display'd , they bring us peace , And come to us as favourers , not as foes . Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat : Who makes the fairest show means most deceit . But bring they what they will and what they can , What need we fear ? The ground's the lowest and we are half way there . Go tell their general we attend him here , To know for what he comes , and whence he comes , And what he craves . I go , my lord . Welcome is peace if he on peace consist ; If wars we are unable to resist . Lord governor , for so we hear you are , Let not our ships and number of our men , Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes . We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre , And seen the desolation of your streets : Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears , But to relieve them of their heavy load ; And these our ships , you happily may think Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within With bloody veins , expecting overthrow , Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread , And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead . The gods of Greece protect you ! And we'll pray for you . Arise , I pray you , rise : We do not look for reverence , but for love , And harbourage for ourself , our ships , and men . The which when any shall not gratify , Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought , Be it our wives , our children , or ourselves , The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils ! Till when the which , I hope , shall ne'er be seen Your Grace is welcome to our town and us . Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here awhile , Until our stars that frown lend us a smile . Here have you seen a mighty king His child , I wis , to incest bring ; A better prince and benign lord , That will prove awful both in deed and word . Be quiet , then , as men should be , Till he hath pass'd necessity . I'll show you those in troubles reign , Losing a mite , a mountain gain . The good in conversation , To whom I give my benison , Is still at Tarsus , where each man Thinks all is writ he speken can ; And , to remember what he does , Build his statue to make him glorious : But tidings to the contrary Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ? Good Helicane hath stay'd at home , Not to eat honey like a drone From others' labours ; for though he strive To killen bad , keep good alive , And to fulfil his prince' desire , Sends word of all that haps in Tyre : How Thaliard came full bent with sin And had intent to murder him ; And that in Tarsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest . He , doing so , put forth to seas , Where when men been , there's seldom ease ; For now the wind begins to blow ; Thunder above and deeps below Make such unquiet , that the ship Should house him safe is wrack'd and split ; And he , good prince , having all lost , By waves from coast to coast is tost . All perishen of man , of pelf , Ne aught escapen but himself ; Till Fortune , tir'd with doing bad , Threw him ashore , to give him glad ; And here he comes . What shall be next , Pardon old Gower , this longs the text . Yet cease your ire , you angry stars of heaven ! Wind , rain , and thunder , remember , earthly man Is but a substance that must yield to you ; And I , as fits my nature , do obey you . Alas ! the sea hath cast me on the rocks , Wash'd me from shore to shore , and left me breath Nothing to think on but ensuing death : Let it suffice the greatness of your powers To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ; And having thrown him from your watery grave , Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave . What , ho , Pilch ! Ha ! come and bring away the nets . What , Patch-breech , I say ! What say you , master ? Look how thou stirrest now ! come away , or I'll fetch thee with a wannion . Faith , master , I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now . Alas ! poor souls ; it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them , when , well-a-day , we could scarce help ourselves . Nay , master , said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled ? they say they're half fish half flesh ; a plague on them ! they ne'er come but I look to be washed . Master , I marvel how the fishes live in the sea . Why , as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones ; I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; a' plays and tumbles , driving the poor fry before him , and at last devours them all at a mouthful . Such whales have I heard on o' the land , who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish , church , steeple , bells , and all . A pretty moral . But master , if I had been the sexton , I would have been that day in the belfry . Why , man ? Because he should have swallowed me too ; and when I had been in his belly , I would have kept such a jangling of the bells , that he should never have left till he cast bells , steeple , church , and parish , up again . But if the good King Simonides were of my mind , Simonides ! We would purge the land of these drones , that rob the bee of her honey . How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men ; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve or men detect ! Peace be at your labour , honest fishermen . Honest ! good fellow , what's that ? if it be a day fits you , search out of the calendar , and nobody look after it . Y' may see the sea hath cast me on your coast . What a drunken knave was the sea , to cast thee in our way ! A man whom both the waters and the wind , In that vast tennis-court , have made the ball For them to play upon , entreats you pity him ; He asks of you , that never us'd to beg . No , friend , cannot you beg ? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working . Canst thou catch any fishes then ? I never practised it . Nay then thou wilt starve , sure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for 't . What I have been I have forgot to know , But what I am want teaches me to think on ; A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill , And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ; Which if you shall refuse , when I am dead , For that I am a man , pray see me buried . Die , quoth-a ? Now , gods forbid ! I have a gown here ; come , put it on ; keep thee warm . Now , afore me , a handsome fellow ! Come , thou shalt go home , and we'll have flesh for holidays , fish for fasting-days , and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be welcome . I thank you , sir . Hark you , my friend ; you said you could not beg . I did but crave . But crave ! Then I'll turn craver too , and so I shall 'scape whipping . Why , are all your beggars whipped , then ? O ! not all , my friend , not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped , I would wish no better office than to be beadle . But , master , I'll go draw up the net . How well this honest mirth becomes their labour ! Hark you , sir ; do you know where ye are ? Not well . Why , I'll tell you : this is called Pentapolis , and our king the good Simonides . The good King Simonides do you call him ? Ay , sir ; and he deserves to be so called for his peaceable reign and good government . He is a happy king , since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government . How far is his court distant from this shore ? Marry , sir , half a day's journey ; and I'll tell you , he hath a fair daughter , and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love . Were my fortunes equal to my desires , I could wish to make one there . O ! sir , things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get , he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul , Help , master , help ! here's a fish hangs in the net , like a poor man's right in the law ; 'twill hardly come out . Ha ! bots on 't , 'tis come at last , and 'tis turned to a rusty armour . An armour , friends ! I pray you , let me see it . Thanks , Fortune , yet , that after all my crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself ; And though it was mine own , part of mine heritage , Which my dead father did bequeath to me , With this strict charge , even as he left his life , 'Keep it , my Pericles , it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death ;' and pointed to this brace ; 'For that it sav'd me , keep it ; in like necessity The which the gods protect thee from !'t may defend thee .' It kept where I kept , I so dearly lov'd it ; Till the rough seas , that spare not any man , Took it in rage , though calm'd they have given 't again . I thank thee for 't ; my shipwrack now 's no ill , Since I have here my father's gift in 's will . What mean you , sir ? To beg of you , kind friends , this coat of worth , For it was sometime target to a king ; I know it by this mark . He lov'd me dearly , And for his sake I wish the having of it ; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court , Where with it I may appear a gentleman ; And if that ever my low fortunes better , I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debtor . Why , wilt thou tourney for the lady ? I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms . Why , do'e take it ; and the gods give thee good on 't ! Ay , but hark you , my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water ; there are certain condolements , certain vails . I hope , sir , if you thrive , you'll remember from whence you had it . Believe it , I will . By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ; And spite of all the rapture of the sea , This jewel holds his biding on my arm : Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser , whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread . Only , my friend , I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases . We'll sure provide ; thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair , and I'll bring thee to the court myself . Then honour be but a goal to my will ! This day I'll rise , or else add ill to ill . Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ? They are , my liege ; And stay your coming to present themselves . Return them , we are ready ; and our daughter , In honour of whose birth these triumphs are , Sits here , like beauty's child , whom nature gat For men to see , and seeing wonder at . It pleaseth you , my royal father , to express My commendations great , whose merit's less . 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are A model , which heaven makes like to itself : As jewels lose their glory if neglected , So princes their renowns if not respected . 'Tis now your honour , daughter , to explain The labour of each knight in his device . Which , to preserve mine honour , I'll perform . Who is the first that doth prefer himself ? A knight of Sparta , my renowned father ; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun ; The word , Lux tua vita mihi . He loves you well that holds his life of you . Who is the second that presents himself ? A prince of Macedon , my royal father ; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ; The motto thus , in Spanish , Piu por dulzura que por fuerza . And what's the third ? The third of Antioch ; And his device , a wreath of chivalry ; The word , Me pomp provexit apex . What is the fourth ? A burning torch that's turned upside down ; The word , Quod me alit me extinguit . Which shows that beauty hath his power and will , Which can as well inflame as it can kill . The fifth , a hand environed with clouds , Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ; The motto thus , Sic spectanda fides . And what 's The sixth and last , the which the knight himself With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ? He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is A wither'd branch , that's only green at top ; The motto , In hac spe vivo . A pretty moral ; From the dejected state wherein he is , He hopes by you his fortune yet may flourish . He had need mean better than his outward show Can any way speak in his just commend ; For , by his rusty outside he appears To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance . He well may be a stranger , for he comes To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished . And on set purpose let his armour rust Until this day , to scour it in the dust . Opinion's but a fool , that makes us scan The outward habit by the inward man . But stay , the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw Into the gallery . Knights , To say you're welcome were superfluous . To place upon the volume of your deeds , As in a title-page , your worth in arms , Were more than you expect , or more than's fit , Since every worth in show commends itself . Prepare for mirth , for mirth becomes a feast : You are princes and my guests . But you , my knight and guest ; To whom this wreath of victory I give , And crown you king of this day's happiness . 'Tis more by fortune , lady , than by merit . Call it by what you will , the day is yours ; And here , I hope , is none that envies it . In framing an artist art hath thus decreed , To make some good , but others to exceed ; And you're her labour'd scholar . Come , queen o' the feast , For , daughter , so you are ,here take your place ; Marshal the rest , as they deserve their grace . We are honour'd much by good Simonides . Your presence glads our days ; honour we love , For who hates honour , hates the gods above . Sir , yonder is your place . Some other is more fit . Contend not , sir ; for we are gentlemen That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes Envy the great nor do the low despise . You are right courteous knights . Sit , sir ; sit . By Jove , I wonder , that is king of thoughts , These cates resist me , she but thought upon . By Juno , that is queen of marriage , All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury , Wishing him my meat . Sure , he's a gallant gentleman . He's but a country gentleman ; He has done no more than other knights have done ; He has broken a staff or so ; so let it pass . To me he seems like diamond to glass . Yon king's to me like to my father's picture , Which tells me in that glory once he was ; Had princes sit , like stars , about his throne , And he the sun for them to reverence . None that beheld him , but like lesser lights Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ; Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night , The which hath fire in darkness , none in light : Whereby I see that Time's the king of men ; He's both their parent , and he is their grave , And gives them what he will , not what they crave . What , are you merry , knights ? Who can be other in this royal presence ? Here , with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim , As you do love , fill to your mistress' lips , We drink this health to you . We thank your Grace . Yet pause awhile ; Yon knight doth sit too melancholy , As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth . Note it not you , Thaisa ? What is it To me , my father ? O ! attend , my daughter : Princes in this should live like gods above , Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them ; And princes not doing so are like to gnats , Which make a sound , but kill'd are wonder'd at . Therefore to make his entrance more sweet , Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him . Alas ! my father , it befits not me Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ; He may my proffer take for an offence , Since men take women's gifts for impudence . How ! Do as I bid you , or you'll move me else . Now , by the gods , he could not please me better . And further tell him , we desire to know of him , Of whence he is , his name , and parentage . The king , my father , sir , has drunk to you . I thank him . Wishing it so much blood unto your life . I thank both him and you , and pledge him freely . And further he desires to know of you , Of whence you are , your name and parentage . A gentleman of Tyre , my name , Pericles ; My education been in arts and arms ; Who , looking for adventures in the world , Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men , And after shipwrack , driven upon this shore . He thanks your Grace ; names himself Pericles , A gentleman of Tyre , Who only by misfortune of the seas Bereft of ships and men , cast on this shore . Now , by the gods , I pity his misfortune , And will awake him from his melancholy . Come , gentlemen , we sit too long on trifles , And waste the time which looks for other revels . Even in your armours , as you are address'd , Will very well become a soldier's dance . I will not have excuse , with saying this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads Since they love men in arms as well as beds . So this was well ask'd , 'twas so well perform'd . Come , sir ; Here is a lady that wants breathing too : And I have often heard , you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip , And that their measures are as excellent . In those that practise them they are , my lord . O ! that's as much as you would be denied Of your fair courtesy . Unclasp , unclasp ; Thanks , gentlemen , to all ; all have done well , But you the best . Pages and lights , to conduct These knights unto their several lodgings ! Yours , sir , We have given order to be next our own . I am at your Grace's pleasure . Princes , it is too late to talk of love , And that's the mark I know you level at ; Therefore each one betake him to his rest ; To-morrow all for speeding do their best . No , Escanes , know this of me , Antiochus from incest liv'd not free ; For which , the most high gods not minding longer To withhold the vengeance that they had in store , Due to this heinous capital offence , Even in the height and pride of all his glory , When he was seated in a chariot Of an inestimable value , and his daughter with him , A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up Their bodies , even to loathing ; for they so stunk , That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall Scorn now their hand should give them burial . 'Twas very strange . And yet but just ; for though This king were great , his greatness was no guard To bar heaven's shaft , but sin had his reward . 'Tis very true . See , not a man in private conference Or council has respect with him but he . It shall no longer grieve without reproof . And curs'd be he that will not second it . Follow me then . Lord Helicane , a word . With me ? and welcome . Happy day , my lords . Know that our griefs are risen to the top , And now at length they overflow their banks . Your griefs ! for what ? wrong not the prince you love . Wrong not yourself then , noble Helicane ; But if the prince do live , let us salute him , Or know what ground's made happy by his breath . If in the world he live , we'll seek him out ; If in his grave he rest , we'll find him there ; And be resolv'd he lives to govern us , Or dead , give 's cause to mourn his funeral , And leaves us to our free election . Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure : And knowing this kingdom is without a head , Like goodly buildings left without a roof Soon fall to ruin , your noble self , That best know'st how to rule and how to reign , We thus submit unto , our sovereign . Live , noble Helicane ! For honour's cause forbear your suffrages : If that you love Prince Pericles , forbear . Take I your wish , I leap into the seas , Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease . A twelvemonth longer , let me entreat you To forbear the absence of your king ; If in which time expir'd he not return , I shall with aged patience bear your yoke . But if I cannot win you to this love , Go search like nobles , like noble subjects , And in your search spend your adventurous worth ; Whom if you find , and win unto return , You shall like diamonds sit about his crown . To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield ; And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us , We with our travels will endeavour it . Then you love us , we you , and we'll clasp hands : When peers thus knit , a kingdom ever stands . Good morrow to the good Simonides . Knights , from my daughter this I let you know , That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake A married life . Her reason to herself is only known , Which yet from her by no means can I get . May we not get access to her , my lord ? Faith , by no means ; she hath so strictly tied Her to her chamber that 'tis impossible . One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery ; This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd , And on her virgin honour will not break it . Though loath to bid farewell , we take our leaves . So , They're well dispatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter . She tells me here , she'll wed the stranger knight , Or never more to view nor day nor light . 'Tis well , mistress ; your choice agrees with mine ; I like that well : how absolute she's in 't , Not minding whether I dislike or no ! Well , I do commend her choice ; And will no longer have it be delay'd . Soft ! here he comes : I must dissemble it . All fortune to the good Simonides ! To you as much , sir ! I am beholding to you For your sweet music this last night : I do Protest my ears were never better fed With such delightful pleasing harmony It is your Grace's pleasure to commend , Not my desert . Sir , you are music's master . The worst of all her scholars , my good lord . Let me ask you one thing . What do you think of my daughter , sir ? A most virtuous princess . And she is fair too , is she not ? As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair . My daughter , sir , thinks very well of you ; Ay , so well , that you must be her master , And she will be your scholar : therefore look to it . I am unworthy for her schoolmaster . She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else . What's here ? A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre ! 'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life . O ! seek not to entrap me , gracious lord , A stranger and distressed gentleman , That never aim'd so high to love your daughter , But bent all offices to honour her . Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter , and thou art A villain . By the gods , I have not : Never did thought of mine levy offence ; Nor never did my actions yet commence A deed might gain her love or your displeasure . Traitor , thou liest . Traitor ! Ay , traitor . Even in his throat , unless it be the king , That calls me traitor , I return the lie . Now , by the gods , I do applaud his courage . My actions are as noble as my thoughts , That never relish'd of a base descent . I came unto your court for honour's cause , And not to be a rebel to her state ; And he that otherwise accounts of me , This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy . No ? Here comes my daughter , she can witness it . Then , as you are as virtuous as fair , Resolve your angry father , if my tongue Did e'er solicit , or my hand subscribe To any syllable that made love to you . Why , sir , say if you had , Who takes offence at that would make me glad ? Yea , mistress , are you so peremptory ? I am glad on 't , with all my heart . I'll tame you ; I'll bring you in subjection . Will you , not having my consent , Bestow your love and your affections Upon a stranger ? who , for aught I know , May be , nor can I think the contrary , As great in blood as I myself . Therefore , hear you , mistress ; either frame Your will to mine ; and you , sir , hear you , Either be rul'd by me , or I will make you Man and wife : Nay , come , your hands and lips must seal it too ; And being join'd , I'll thus your hopes destroy ; And for a further grief ,God give you joy ! What ! are you both pleas'd ? Yes , if you love me , sir . Even as my life , or blood that fosters it . What ! are you both agreed ? Yes , if 't please your majesty . Yes , if 't please your majesty . It pleaseth me so well , that I will see you wed ; Then with what haste you can get you to bed . Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ; No din but snores the house about , Made louder by the o'er-fed breast Of this most pompous marriage-feast . The cat , with eyne of burning coal , Now couches fore the mouse's hole ; And crickets sing at the oven's mouth , E'er the blither for their drouth . Hymen hath brought the bride to bed , Where , by the loss of maidenhead , A babe is moulded . Be attent ; And time that is so briefly spent With your fine fancies quaintly eche ; What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech . By many a dern and painful perch , Of Pericles the careful search By the four opposing coigns , Which the world together joins , Is made with all due diligence That horse and sail and high expense , Can stead the quest . At last from Tyre , Fame answering the most strange inquire To the court of King Simonides Are letters brought , the tenour these : Antiochus and his daughter dead ; The men of Tyrus on the head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre , but he will none : The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress ; Says to 'em , if King Pericles Come not home in twice six moons , He , obedient to their dooms , Will take the crown . The sum of this , Brought hither to Pentapolis , Yravished the regions round , And every one with claps can sound , 'Our heir-apparent is a king ! Who dream'd , who thought of such a thing ?' Brief , he must hence depart to Tyre : His queen , with child , makes her desire , Which who shall cross ?along to go ; Omit we all their dole and woe : Lychorida , her nurse , she takes , And so to sea . Their vessel shakes On Neptune's billow ; half the flood Hath their keel cut : but Fortune's mood Varies again ; the grisled north Disgorges such a tempest forth , That , as a duck for life that dives , So up and down the poor ship drives . The lady shrieks , and well-a-near Does fall in travail with her fear ; And what ensues in this fell storm Shall for itself itself perform . I nill relate , action may Conveniently the rest convey , Which might not what by me is told . In your imagination hold This stage the ship , upon whose deck The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak . Thou God of this great vast , rebuke these surges , Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou , that hast Upon the winds command , bind them in brass , Having call'd them from the deep . O ! still Thy deafening , dreadful thunders ; gently quench Thy nimble , sulphurous flashes . O ! how Lychorida , How does my queen ? Thou stormest venomously ; Wilt thou spit all thyself ? The seaman's whistle Is as a whisper in the ears of death , Unheard . Lychorida ! Lucina , O ! Divinest patroness , and midwife gentle To those that cry by night , convey thy deity Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs Of my queen's travails ! Now , Lychorida ! Here is a thing too young for such a place , Who , if it had conceit , would die , as I Am like to do : take in your arms this piece Of your dead queen . How , how , Lychorida ! Patience , good sir ; do not assist the storm . Here's all that is left living of your queen , A little daughter : for the sake of it , Be manly , and take comfort . O you gods ! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts , And snatch them straight away ? We here below , Recall not what we give , and therein may Use honour with you . Patience , good sir , Even for this charge . Now , mild may be thy life ! For a more blust'rous birth had never babe : Quiet and gentle thy conditions ! For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world That e'er was prince's child . Happy what follows ! Thou hast as chiding a nativity As fire , air , water , earth , and heaven can make , To herald thee from the womb ; even at the first Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit , With all thou canst find here . Now , the good gods Throw their best eyes upon 't ! What courage , sir ? God save you ! Courage enough . I do not fear the flaw ; It hath done to me the worst . Yet for the love Of this poor infant , this fresh-new sea-farer , I would it would be quiet . Slack the bolins there ! thou wilt not , wilt thou ? Blow , and split thyself . But sea-room , an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon , I care not . Sir , you queen must overboard : the sea works high , the wind is loud , and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead . That's your superstition . Pardon us , sir ; with us at sea it hath been still observed , and we are strong in custom . Therefore briefly yield her , for she must overboard straight . As you think meet . Most wretched queen ! Here she lies , sir . A terrible child-bed hast thou had , my dear ; No light , no fire : the unfriendly elements Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time To give thee hallow'd to thy grave , but straight Must cast thee , scarcely coffin'd , in the ooze ; Where , for a monument upon thy bones , And aye-remaining lamps , the belching whale And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse , Lying with simple shells ! O Lychorida ! Bid Nestor bring me spices , ink and paper , My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe Upon the pillow . Hie thee , whiles I say A priestly farewell to her : suddenly , woman . Sir , we have a chest beneath the hatches , caulk'd and bitumed ready . I thank thee . Mariner , say what coast is this ? We are near Tarsus . Thither , gentle mariner , Alter thy course for Tyre . When canst thou reach it ? By break of day , if the wind cease . O ! make for Tarsus . There will I visit Cleon , for the babe Cannot hold out to Tyrus ; there I'll leave it At careful nursing . Go thy ways , good mariner ; I'll bring the body presently . Philemon , ho ! Doth my lord call ? Get fire and meat for these poor men ; 'T has been a turbulent and stormy night . I have been in many ; but such a night as this Till now I ne'er endur'd . Your master will be dead ere you return ; There's nothing can be minister'd to nature That can recover him . Give this to the 'pothecary , And tell me how it works . Good morrow , sir . Good morrow to your lordship . Gentlemen , Why do you stir so early ? Sir , Our lodgings , standing bleak upon the sea , Shook as the earth' did quake ; The very principals did seem to rend , And all to topple . Pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house . That is the cause we trouble you so early ; 'Tis not our husbandry . O ! you say well . But I much marvel that your lordship , having Rich tire about you , should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose . 'Tis most strange , Nature should be so conversant with pain , Being thereto not compell'd . I hold it ever , Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches ; careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend , But immortality attends the former , Making a man a god . 'Tis known I ever Have studied physic , through which secret art , By turning o'er authorities , I have Together with my practice made familiar To me and to my aid the blest infusions That dwell in vegetives , in metals , stones ; And can speak of the disturbances That nature works , and of her cures ; which doth give me A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tottering honour , Or tie my treasure up in silken bags , To please the fool and death . Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth Your charity , and hundreds call themselves Your creatures , who by you have been restor'd : And not your knowledge , your personal pain , but even Your purse , still open , hath built Lord Cerimon Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay . So ; lift there . What is that ? Sir , even now Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest : 'Tis of some wrack . Set it down ; let's look upon 't . 'Tis like a coffin , sir . Whate'er it be , 'Tis wondrous heavy . Wrench it open straight ; If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold , 'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us . 'Tis so , my lord . How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed ! Did the sea cast it up ? I never saw so huge a billow , sir , As toss'd it upon shore . Come , wrench it open . Soft ! it smells most sweetly in my sense . A delicate odour . As ever hit my nostril . So , up with it . O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse ! Most strange ! Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and entreasur'd With full bags of spices ! A passport too ! Apollo , perfect me i' the characters ! Here I give to understand , If e'er this coffin drive a-land , I , King Pericles , have lost This queen worth all our mundane cost . Who finds her , give her burying ; She was the daughter of a king : Besides this treasure for a fee , The gods requite his charity ! If thou liv'st , Pericles , thou hast a heart That even cracks for woe ! This chanc'd to-night . Most likely , sir . Nay , certainly to-night ; For look , how fresh she looks . They were too rough That threw her in the sea . Make fire within ; Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet . Death may usurp on nature many hours , And yet the fire of life kindle again The overpress'd spirits . I heard Of an Egyptian , that had nine hours lien dead , Who was by good appliances recovered . Well said , well said ; the fire and cloths . The rough and woeful music that we have , Cause it to sound , beseech you . The viol once more ;how thou stirr'st , thou block ! The music there ! I pray you , give her air . Gentlemen , This queen will live ; nature awakes , a warmth Breathes out of her ; she hath not been entranc'd Above five hours . See ! how she 'gins to blow Into life's flower again . The heavens Through you increase our wonder and set up Your fame for ever . She is alive ! behold , Her eyelids , cases to those heavenly jewels Which Pericles hath lost , Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ; The diamonds of a most praised water Do appear , to make the world twice rich . Live , And make us weep to hear your fate , fair creature , Rare as you seem to be ! O dear Diana ! Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ? Is not this strange ? Most rare . Hush , gentle neighbours ! Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear her . Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to , For her relapse is mortal , Come , come ; And sculapius guide us ! Most honour'd Cleon , I must needs be gone ; My twelve months are expir'd , and Tyrus stands In a litigious peace . You and your lady Take from my heart all thankfulness ; the gods Make up the rest upon you ! Your shafts of fortune , though they hurt you mortally , Yet glance full wanderingly on us . O your sweet queen ! That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither , To have bless'd mine eyes with her ! We cannot but obey The powers above us . Could I rage and roar As doth the sea she lies in , yet the end Must be as 'tis . My gentle babe Marina whom , For she was born at sea , I have nam'd so here I charge your charity withal , and leave her The infant of your care , beseeching you To give her princely training , that she may be Manner'd as she is born . Fear not , my lord , but think Your Grace , that fed my country with your corn For which the people's prayers still fall upon you Must in your child be thought on . If neglection Should therein make me vile , the common body , By you reliev'd , would force me to my duty ; But if to that my nature need a spur , The gods revenge it upon me and mine , To the end of generation ! I believe you ; Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't , Without your vows . Till she be married , madam , By bright Diana , whom we honour , all Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain , Though I show ill in 't . So I take my leave . Good madam , make me blessed in your care In bringing up my child . I have one myself , Who shall not be more dear to my respect Than yours , my lord . Madam , my thanks and prayers . We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge o' the shore ; Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and The gentlest winds of heaven . I will embrace Your offer . Come , dearest madam . O ! no tears , Lychorida , no tears : Look to your little mistress , on whose grace You may depend hereafter . Come , my lord . Madam , this letter , and some certain jewels , Lay with you in your coffer ; which are now At your command . Know you the character ? It is my lord's . That I was shipp'd at sea , I well remember , Even on my eaning time ; but whether there Deliver'd , by the holy gods , I cannot rightly say . But since King Pericles , My wedded lord , I ne'er shall see again , A vestal livery will I take me to , And never more have joy . Madam , if this you purpose as you speak , Diana's temple is not distant far , Where you may abide till your date expire . Moreover , if you please , a niece of mine Shall there attend you . My recompense is thanks , that's all ; Yet my good will is great , though the gift small . Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre , Welcom'd and settled to his own desire . His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus , Unto Diana there a votaress . Now to Marina bend your mind , Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tarsus , and by Cleon train'd In music , letters ; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace , Which makes her bath the heart and places Of general wonder . But , alack ! That monster envy , oft the wrack Of earned praise , Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife . And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter , and a wench full grown , Even ripe for marriage-rite ; this maid Hight Philoten , and it is said For certain in our story , she Would ever with Marina be : Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk With fingers , long , small , white as milk , Or when she would with sharp neeld wound The cambric , which she made more sound By hurting it ; when to the lute She sung , and made the night-bird mute , That still records with moan ; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dian ; still This Philoten contends in skill With absolute Marina : so With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white . Marina gets All praises , which are paid as debts , And not as given . This so darks In Philoten all graceful marks , That Cleon's wife , with envy rare , A present murderer does prepare For good Marina , that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter . The sooner her vile thoughts to stead , Lychorida , our nurse , is dead : And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant instrument of wrath Prest for this blow . The unborn event I do commend to your content : Only I carry winged time Post on the lame feet of my rime ; Which never could I so convey , Unless your thoughts went on my way . Dionyza doth appear , With Leonine , a murderer . Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do 't : 'Tis but a blow , which never shall be known . Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon , To yield thee so much profit . Let not conscience , Which is but cold , inflaming love i' thy bosom , Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity , which Even women have cast off , melt thee , but he A soldier to thy purpose . I'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly creature . The fitter , then , the gods should have her . Here She comes weeping for her only mistress' death . Thou art resolv'd ? I am resolv'd . No , I will rob Tellus of her weed , To strew thy green with flowers ; the yellows , blues , The purple violets , and marigolds , Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave , While summer days do last . Ay me ! poor maid , Born in a tempest , when my mother died , This world to me is like a lasting storm , Whirring me from my friends . How now , Marina ! why do you keep alone ? How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not Consume your blood with sorrowing ; you have A nurse of me . Lord ! how your favour's chang'd With this unprofitable woe . Come , Give me your flowers , ere the sea mar it . Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there , And it pierces and sharpens the stomach . Come , Leonine , take her by the arm , walk with her . No , I pray you ; I'll not bereave you of your servant . Come , come ; I love the king your father , and yourself , With more than foreign heart . We every day Expect him here ; when he shall come and find Our paragon to all reports thus blasted , He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ; Blame both my lord and me , that we have taken No care to your best courses . Go , I pray you ; Walk , and be cheerful once again ; reserve That excellent complexion , which did steal The eyes of young and old . Care not for me ; I can go home alone . Well , I will go ; But yet I have no desire to it . Come , come , I know 'tis good for you . Walk half an hour , Leonine , at least . Remember what I have said . I warrant you , madam . I'll leave you , my sweet lady , for a while ; Pray you walk softly , do not heat your blood : What ! I must have care of you . My thanks , sweet madam . Is this wind westerly that blows ? South-west . When I was born , the wind was north . Was 't so ? My father , as nurse said , did never fear , But cried 'Good seamen !' to the sailors , galling His kingly hands haling ropes ; And , clasping to the mast , endur'd a sea That almost burst the deck . When was this ? When I was born : Never were waves nor wind more violent ; And from the ladder-tackle washes off A canvas-climber . 'Ha !' says one , 'wilt out ?' And with a dropping industry they skip From stem to stern ; the boatswain whistles , and The master calls , and trebles their confusion . Come ; say your prayers . What mean you ? If you require a little space for prayer , I grant it . Pray ; but be not tedious , For the gods are quick of ear , and I am sworn To do my work with haste . Why will you kill me ? To satisfy my lady . Why would she have me kill'd ? Now , as I can remember , by my troth , I never did her hurt in all my life . I never spake bad word , nor did ill turn To any living creature ; believe me , la , I never kill'd a mouse , nor hurt a fly ; I trod upon a worm against my will , But I wept for it . How have I offended , Wherein my death might yield her any profit , Or my life imply her any danger ? My commission Is not to reason of the deed , but do 't . You will not do 't for all the world , I hope . You are well favour'd , and your looks foreshow You have a gentle heart . I saw you lately , When you caught hurt in parting two that fought ; Good sooth , it show'd well in you ; do so now ; Your lady seeks my life ; come you between , And save poor me , the weaker . I am sworn , And will dispatch . Hold , villain ! A prize ! a prize ! Half-part , mates , half-part . Come , let's have her aboard suddenly . These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ; And they have seiz'd Marina . Let her go ; There's no hope she'll return . I'll swear she's dead , And thrown into the sea . But I'll see further ; Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her , Not carry her aboard . If she remain , Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain . Boult . Sir ? Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full of gallants ; we lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless . We were never so much out of creatures . We have but poor three , and they can do no more than they can do ; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten . Therefore , let's have fresh ones , whate'er we pay for them . If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade , we shall never prosper . Thou sayst true ; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards , as , I think , I have brought up some eleven Ay , to eleven ; and brought them down again . But shall I search the market ? What else , man ? The stuff we have a strong wind will blow it to pieces , they are so pitifully sodden . Thou sayst true ; they're too unwholesome , o' conscience . The poor Transylvanian is dead , that lay with the little baggage . Ay , she quickly pooped him ; she made him roast-meat for worms . But I'll go search the market . Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly , and so give over . Why to give over , I pray you ? is it a shame to get when we are old ? O ! our credit comes not in like the commodity , nor the commodity wages not with the danger ; therefore , if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate , 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched . Besides , the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over . Come , other sorts offend as well as we . As well as we ! ay , and better too ; we offend worse . Neither is our profession any trade ; it's no calling . But here comes Boult . Come your ways . My masters , you say she's a virgin ? O ! sir , we doubt it not . Master , I have gone through for this piece , you see : if you like her , so ; if not , I have lost my earnest . Boult , has she any qualities ? She has a good face , speaks well , and has excellent good clothes ; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused . What's her price , Boult ? I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces . Well , follow me , my masters , you shall have your money presently . Wife , take her in ; instruct her what she has to do , that she may not be raw in her entertainment . Boult , take you the marks of her , the colour of her hair , complexion , height , age , with warrant of her virginity ; and cry , 'He that will give most , shall have her first .' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing , if men were as they have been . Get this done as I command you . Performance shall follow . Alack ! that Leonine was so slack , so slow . He should have struck , not spoke ; or that these pirates Not enough barbarous had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother ! Why lament you , pretty one ? That I am pretty . Come , the gods have done their part in you . I accuse them not . You are lit into my hands , where you are like to live . The more my fault To 'scape his hands where I was like to die . Ay , and you shall live in pleasure . No . Yes , indeed , shall you , and taste gentlemen of all fashions . You shall fare well ; you shall have the difference of all complexions . What ! do you stop your ears ? Are you a woman ? What would you have me be , an I be not a woman ? An honest woman , or not a woman . Marry , whip thee , gosling ; I think I shall have something to do with you . Come , you are a young foolish sapling , and must be bowed as I would have you . The gods defend me ! If it please the gods to defend you by men , then men must comfort you , men must feed you , men must stir you up . Boult's returned . Now , sir , hast thou cried her through the market ? I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my voice . And I prithee , tell me , how dost thou find the inclination of the people , especially of the younger sort ? Faith , they listened to me , as they would have hearkened to their father's testament . There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered , that he went to bed to her very description . We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on . To-night , to-night . But , mistress , do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams ? Who ? Monsieur Veroles ? Ay ; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it , and swore he would see her to-morrow . Well , well ; as for him , he brought his disease hither : here he does but repair it . I know he will come in our shadow , to scatter his crowns in the sun . Well , if we had of every nation a traveller , we should lodge them with this sign . Pray you , come hither awhile . You have fortunes coming upon you . Mark me : you must seem to do that fearfully , which you commit willingly ; to despise profit where you have most gain . To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers ; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion , and that opinion a mere profit . I understand you not . O ! take her home , mistress , take her home ; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice . Thou sayst true , i' faith , so they must ; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant . Faith , some do , and some do not . But , mistress , if I have bargained for the joint , Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit . I may so ? Who should deny it ? Come , young one , I like the manner of your garments well . Ay , by my faith , they shall not be changed yet . Boult , spend thou that in the town ; report what a sojourner we have ; you'll lose nothing by custom . When nature framed this piece , she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is , and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report . I warrant you , mistress , thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined . I'll bring home some to-night . Come your ways ; follow me . If fires be hot , knives sharp , or waters deep , Untied I still my virgin knot will keep . Diana , aid my purpose ! What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you , will you go with us ? Why , are you foolish ? Can it be undone ? O Dionyza ! such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon . I think You'll turn a child again . Were I chief lord of all this spacious world , I'd give it to undo the deed . O lady ! Much less in blood than virtue , yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth I' the justice of compare . O villain Leonine ! Whom thou hast poison'd too ; If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kindness Becoming well thy fact ; what canst thou say When noble Pericles shall demand his child ? That she is dead . Nurses are not the fates , To foster it , nor ever to preserve . She died at night ; I'll say so . Who can cross it ? Unless you play the pious innocent , And for an honest attribute cry out 'She died by foul play .' O ! go to . Well , well , Of all the faults beneath the heavens , the gods Do like this worst . Be one of those that think The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence , And open this to Pericles . I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are , And of how coward a spirit . To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added , Though not his prime consent , he did not flow From honourable sources . Be it so , then ; Yet none does know but you how she came dead , Nor none can know , Leonine being gone . She did distain my child , and stood between Her and her fortunes ; none would look on her , But cast their gazes on Marina's face , Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin Not worth the time of day . It pierc'd me thorough ; And though you call my course unnatural , You not your child well loving , yet I find It greets me as an enterprise of kindness Perform'd to your sole daughter . Heavens forgive it ! And as for Pericles , What should he say ? We wept after her hearse , And even yet we mourn ; her monument Is almost finish'd , and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her , and care in us At whose expense 'tis done . Thou art like the harpy , Which , to betray , dost with thine angel's face , Seize with thine eagle's talons . You are like one that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies ; But yet I know you'll do as I advise . Thus time we waste , and longest leagues make short ; Sail seas in cockles , have an wish but for 't ; Making to take your imagination From bourn to bourn , region to region . By you being pardon'd , we commit no crime To use one language in each several clime Where our scenes seem to live . I do beseech you To learn of me , who stand i' the gaps to teach you , The stages of our story . Pericles Is now again thwarting the wayward seas , Attended on by many a lord and knight , To see his daughter , all his life's delight . Old Helicanus goes along . Behind Is left to govern it , you bear in mind , Old Escanes , whom Helicanus late Advanc'd in time to great and high estate . Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought This king to Tarsus , think his pilot thought , So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on , To fetch his daughter home , who first is gone . Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ; Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile . See how belief may suffer by foul show ! This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ; And Pericles , in sorrow all devour'd , With sighs shot through , and biggest tears o'ershower'd , Leaves Tarsus and again embarks . He swears Never to wash his face , nor cut his hairs ; He puts on sackcloth , and to sea . He bears A tempest , which his mortal vessel tears , And yet he rides it out . Now please you wit The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyza . the fairest , sweet'st , and best lies here , who wither'd in her spring of year : she was of tyrus the king's daughter , on whom foul death hath made this slaughter . marina was she call'd ; and at her birth , thetis , being proud , swallow'd some part o' the earth : therefore the earth , fearing to be o'erflow'd , hath thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd : wherefore she does , and swears she'll never stint , make raging battery upon shores of flint . No visor does become black villany So well as soft and tender flattery . Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead , And bear his courses to be ordered By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must play His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day In her unholy service . Patience then , And think you now are all in Mitylen . Did you ever hear the like ? No , nor never shall do in such a place as this , she being once gone . But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ? No , no . Come , I am for no more bawdy-houses . Shall's go hear the vestals sing ? I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever . Well , I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here . Fie , fie upon her ! she is able to freeze the god Priapus , and undo a whole generation ; we must either get her ravished , or be rid of her . When she should do for clients her fitment , and do me the kindness of our profession , she has me her quirks , her reasons , her master-reasons , her prayers , her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her . Faith , I must ravish her , or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers , and make all our swearers priests . Now , the pox upon her green-sickness for me ! Faith , there's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox . Here comes the Lord Lysimachus , disguised . We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers . How now ! How a dozen of virginities ? Now , the gods to-bless your honour ! I am glad to see your honour in good health . You may so ; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs . How now ! wholesome iniquity , have you that a man may deal withal , and defy the surgeon ? We have here one , sir , if she would but there never came her like in Mitylene . If she'd do the deed of darkness , thou wouldst say . Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough . Well ; call forth , call forth . For flesh and blood , sir , white and red , you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed if she had but What , prithee ? O ! sir , I can be modest . That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste . Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; never plucked yet , I can assure you . Is she not a fair creature ? Faith , she would serve after a long voyage at sea . Well , there's for you ; leave us . I beseech your honour , give me leave ; a word , and I'll have done presently . I beseech you do . First , I would have you note , this is an honourable man . I desire to find him so , that I may worthily note him . Next , he's the governor of this country , and a man whom I am bound to . If he govern the country , you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that I know not . Pray you , without any more virginal fencing , will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold . What he will do graciously , I will thankfully receive . Ha' you done ? My lord , she's not paced yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage . Come , we will leave his honour and her together . Go thy ways . Now , pretty one , how long have you been at this trade ? What trade , sir ? Why , I cannot name 't but I shall offend . I cannot be offended with my trade . Please you to name it . How long have you been of this profession ? E'er since I can remember . Did you go to 't so young ? Were you a gamester at five or at seven ? Earlier too , sir , if now I be one . Why , the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale . Do you know this house to be a place of such resort , and will come into 't ? I hear say you are of honourable parts , and are the governor of this place . Why , hath your principal made known unto you who I am ? Who is my principal ? Why , your herb-woman ; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity . O ! you have heard something of my power , and so stand aloof for more serious wooing . But I protest to thee , pretty one , my authority shall not see thee , or else look friendly upon thee . Come , bring me to some private place ; come , come . If you were born to honour , show it now ; If put upon you , make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it . How's this ? how's this ? Some more ; be sage . For me , That am a maid , though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me in this sty , where , since I came , Diseases have been sold dearer than physic , O ! that the gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place , Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air ! I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd thou couldst . Had I brought hither a corrupted mind , Thy speech had alter'd it . Hold , here's gold for thee ; Persever in that clear way thou goest , And the gods strengthen thee ! The good gods preserve you ! For me , be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent , for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely . Farewell . Thou art a piece of virtue , and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble . Hold , here's more gold for thee . A curse upon him , die he like a thief , That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost Hear from me , it shall be for thy good . I beseech your honour , one piece for me . Avaunt ! thou damned door-keeper . Your house , But for this virgin that doth prop it , would Sink and overwhelm you . Away ! How's this ? We must take another course with you . If your peevish chastity , which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope , shall undo a whole household , let me be gelded like a spaniel . Come your ways . Whither would you have me ? I must have your maidenhead taken off , or the common hangman shall execute it . Come your ways . We'll have no more gentlemen driven away . Come your ways , I say . How now ! what's the matter ? Worse and worse , mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus . O ! abominable . She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods . Marry , hang her up for ever ! The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman , and she sent him away as cold as a snowball ; saying his prayers too . Boult , take her away ; use her at thy pleasure ; crack the glass of her virginity , and make the rest malleable . An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is , she shall be ploughed . Hark , hark , you gods ! She conjures ; away with her ! Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry , hang you ! She's born to undo us . Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry , come up , my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ! Come , mistress ; come your ways with me . Whither wilt thou have me ? To take from you the jewel you hold so dear . Prithee , tell me one thing first . Come now , your one thing . What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ? Why , I could wish him to be my master , or rather , my mistress . Neither of these are so bad as thou art , Since they do better thee in their command . Thou hold'st a place , for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change ; Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib , To the choleric fisting of every rogue Thy ear is liable , thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs . What would you have me do ? go to the wars , would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg , and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ? Do any thing but this thou doest . Empty . Old receptacles , or common sewers , of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman : Any of these ways are yet better than this ; For what thou professest , a baboon , could he speak , Would own a name too dear . O ! that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place . Here , here's gold for thee . If that thy master would gain by me , Proclaim that I can sing , weave , sew , and dance , With other virtues , which I'll keep from boast ; And I will undertake all these to teach . I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars . But can you teach all this you speak of ? Prove that I cannot , take me home again , And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house . Well , I will see what I can do for thee ; if I can place thee , I will . But , amongst honest women . Faith , my acquaintance lies little amongst them . But since my master and mistress have bought you , there's no going but by their consent ; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose , and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough . Come ; I'll do for thee what I can ; come your ways . Marina thus the brothel 'scapes , and chances Into an honest house , our story says . She sings like one immortal , and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays ; Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her neeld composes Nature's own shape , of bud , bird , branch , or berry , That even her art sisters the natural roses ; Her inkle , silk , twin with the rubied cherry ; That pupils lacks she none of noble race , Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd . Here we her place ; And to her father turn our thoughts again , Where we left him , on the sea . We there him lost , Whence , driven before the winds , he is arriv'd Here where his daughter dwells : and on this coast Suppose him now at anchor . The city striv'd God Neptune's annual feast to keep ; from whence Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies , His banners sable , trimm'd with rich expense ; And to him in his barge with fervour hies . In your supposing once more put your sight Of heavy Pericles ; think this his bark : Where what is done in action , more , if might , Shall be discover'd ; please you , sit and hark . Where's the Lord Helicanus ? he can resolve you . O ! here he is . Sir , there's a barge put off from Mitylene , And in it is Lysimachus , the governor , Who craves to come aboard . What is your will ? That he have his . Call up some gentlemen . Ho , gentlemen ! my lord calls . Doth your lordship call ? Gentlemen , there's some of worth would come aboard ; I pray ye , greet them fairly . Sir , This is the man that can , in aught you would , Resolve you . Hail , reverend sir ! The gods preserve you ! And you , sir , to outlive the age I am , And die as I would do . You wish me well . Being on shore , honouring of Neptune's triumphs , Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us , I made to it to know of whence you are . First , what is your place ? I am the governor of this place you lie before . Sir , Our vessel is of Tyre , in it the king ; A man who for this three months hath not spoken To any one , nor taken sustenance But to prorogue his grief . Upon what ground is his distemperature ? 'Twould be too tedious to repeat ; But the main grief springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife . May we not see him ? You may ; But bootless is your sight : he will not speak To any . Yet let me obtain my wish . Behold him . This was a goodly person , Till the disaster that , one mortal night , Drove him to this . Sir king , all hail ! the gods preserve you ! Hall , royal sir ! It is in vain ; he will not speak to you . Sir , We have a maid in Mitylene , I durst wager , Would win some words of him . 'Tis well bethought . She questionless with her sweet harmony And other chosen attractions , would allure , And make a battery through his deafen'd ports Which now are midway stopp'd : She is all happy as the fair'st of all , And with her fellow maids is now upon The leafy shelter that abuts against The island's side . Sure , all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit , That bears recovery's name . But , since your kindness We have stretch'd thus far , let us beseech you , That for our gold we may provision have , Wherein we are not destitute for want , But weary for the staleness . O ! sir , a courtesy , Which if we should deny , the most just gods For every graff would send a caterpillar , And so afflict our province . Yet once more Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king's sorrow . Sit , sir , I will recount it to you ; But see , I am prevented . O ! here is The lady that I sent for . Welcome , fair one ! Is't not a goodly presence ? She's a gallant lady . She's such a one , that were I well assur'd Came of a gentle kind and noble stock , I'd wish no better choice , and think me rarely wed . Fair one , all goodness that consists in bounty Expect even here , where is a kingly patient : If that thy prosperous and artificial feat Can draw him but to answer thee in aught , Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay As thy desires can wish . Sir , I will use My utmost skill in his recovery , Provided That none but I and my companion maid Be suffer'd to come near him . Come , let us leave her ; And the gods make her prosperous ! Mark'd he your music ? No , nor look'd on us . See , she will speak to him . Hail , sir ! my lord , lend ear . Hum ! ha ! I am a maid , My lord , that ne'er before invited eyes , But have been gaz'd on like a comet ; she speaks , My lord , that , may be , hath endur'd a grief Might equal yours , if both were justly weigh'd . Though wayward Fortune did malign my state , My derivation was from ancestors Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ; But time hath rooted out my parentage , And to the world and awkward casualties Bound me in servitude . I will desist ; But there is something glows upon my cheek , And whispers in mine ear , 'Go not till he speak .' My fortunes parentage good parentage To equal mine !was it not thus ? what say you ? I said , my lord , if you did know my parentage , You would not do me violence . I do think so . Pray you , turn your eyes upon me . You are like something that What country-woman ? Here of these shores ? No , nor of any shores ; Yet I was mortally brought forth , and am No other than I appear . I am great with woe , and shall deliver weeping . My dearest wife was like this maid , and such a one My daughter might have been : my queen's square brows ; Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ; As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like , And cas'd as richly ; in pace another Juno ; Who starves the ears she feeds , and makes them hungry , The more she gives them speech . Where do you live ? Where I am but a stranger ; from the deck You may discern the place . Where were you bred ? And how achiev'd you these endowments , which You make more rich to owe ? Should I tell my history , it would seem Like lies , disdain'd in the reporting . Prithee , speak ; Falseness cannot come from thee , for thou look'st Modest as justice , and thou seem'st a palace For the crown'd truth to dwell in . I believe thee , And make my senses credit thy relation To points that seem impossible ; for thou lookest Like one I lov'd indeed . What were thy friends ? Didst thou not say when I did push thee back , Which was when I perceiv'd thee ,that thou cam'st From good descending ? So indeed I did . Report thy parentage . I think thou saidst Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury , And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine , If both were open'd . Some such thing I said , and said no more but what my thoughts Did warrant me was likely . Tell thy story ; If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part Of my endurance , thou art a man , and I Have suffer'd like a girl ; yet thou dost look Like Patience gazing on kings' graves , and smiling Extremity out of act . What were thy friends ? How lost thou them ? Thy name , my most kind virgin ? Recount , I do beseech thee . Come , sit by me . My name is Marina . O ! I am mock'd , And thou by some incensed god sent hither To make the world to laugh at me . Patience , good sir , Or here I'll cease . Nay , I'll be patient . Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me , To call thyself Marina . The name Was given me by one that had some power ; My father , and a king . How ! a king's daughter ? And call'd Marina ? You said you would believe me ; But , not to be a troubler of your peace , I will end here . But are you flesh and blood ? Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ? Motion !Well ; speak on . Where were you born ? And wherefore call'd Marina ? Call'd Marina For I was born at sea . At sea ! what mother ? My mother was the daughter of a king ; Who died the minute I was born , As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft Deliver'd weeping . O ! stop there a little . This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep Did mock sad fools withal ; this cannot be . My daughter's buried . Well ; where were you bred ? I'll hear you more , to the bottom of your story , And never interrupt you . You'll scorn to believe me ; 'twere best I did give o'er . I will believe you by the syllable Of what you shall deliver . Yet , give me leave : How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ? The king my father did in Tarsus leave me , Till cruel Cleon , with his wicked wife , Did seek to murder me ; and having woo'd A villain to attempt it , who having drawn to do 't , A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me ; Brought me to Mitylene . But , good sir , Whither will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It may be You think me an impostor ; no , good faith ; I am the daughter to King Pericles , If good King Pericles be . Ho , Helicanus ! Calls my lord ? Thou art a grave and noble counsellor , Most wise in general ; tell me , if thou canst , What this maid is , or what is like to be , That thus hath made me weep ? I know not ; but Here is the regent , sir , of Mitylene , Speaks nobly of her . She never would tell Her parentage ; being demanded that , She would sit still and weep . O Helicanus ! strike me , honour'd sir ; Give me a gash , put me to present pain , Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me O'erbear the shores of my mortality , And drown me with their sweetness . O ! come hither , Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget ; Thou that wast born at sea , buried at Tarsus , And found at sea again . O Helicanus ! Down on thy knees , thank the holy gods as loud As thunder threatens us ; this is Marina . What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that , For truth can never be confirm'd enough , Though doubts did ever sleep . First , sir , I pray , What is your title ? I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now My drown'd queen's name , as in the rest you said Thou hast been god-like perfect ; Thou'rt heir of kingdoms , and another life To Pericles thy father . Is it no more to be your daughter than To say my mother's name was Thaisa ? Thaisa was my mother , who did end The minute I began . Now , blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my child , Give me fresh garments . Mine own , Helicanus ; She is not dead at Tarsus , as she should have been , By savage Cleon ; she shall tell thee all ; When thou shalt kneel , and justify in knowledge She is thy very princess . Who is this ? Sir , 'tis the governor of Mitylene , Who , hearing of your melancholy state , Did come to see you . I embrace you . Give me my robes . I am wild in my beholding . O heavens ! bless my girl . But , hark ! what music ? Tell Helicanus , my Marina , tell him O'er , point by point , for yet he seems to doubt , How sure you are my daughter . But , what music ? My lord , I hear none . None ! The music of the spheres ! List , my Marina . It is not good to cross him ; give him way . Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ? My lord , I hear . Most heavenly music : It nips me unto list'ning , and thick slumber Hangs upon mine eyes ; let me rest . A pillow for his head . So , leave him all . Well , my companion friends , If this but answer to my just belief , I'll well remember you . My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee thither , And do upon mine altar sacrifice . There , when my maiden priests are met together , Before the people all , Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife ; To mourn thy crosses , with thy daughter's , call And give them repetition to the life . Perform my bidding , or thou liv'st in woe ; Do it , and happy ; by my silver bow ! Awake , and tell thy dream ! Celestial Dian , goddess argentine , I will obey thee ! Helicanus ! Sir ? My purpose was for Tarsus , there to strike The inhospitable Cleon : but I am For other service first : toward Ephesus Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why . Shall we refresh us , sir , upon your shore , And give you gold for such provision As our intents will need ? Sir , With all my heart ; and when you come ashore , I have another suit . You shall prevail , Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems You have been noble towards her . Sir , lend me your arm . Come , my Marina . Now our sands are almost run ; More a little , and then dumb . This , my last boon , give me , For such kindness must relieve me , That you aptly will suppose What pageantry , what feats , what shows , What minstrelsy , and pretty din , The regent made in Mitylen To greet the king . So he thriv'd , That he is promis'd to be wiv'd To fair Marina ; but in no wise Till he had done his sacrifice , As Dian bade : whereto being bound , The interim , pray you , all confound . In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd , And wishes fall out as they're will'd . At Ephesus , the temple see , Our king and all his company . That he can hither come so soon , Is by your fancy's thankful doom . Hail , Dian ! to perform thy just command , I here confess myself the King of Tyre ; Who , frighted from my country , did wed At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa . At sea in childbed died she , but brought forth A maid-child call'd Marina ; who , O goddess ! Wears yet thy silver livery . She at Tarsus Was nurs'd with Cleon , whom at fourteen years He sought to murder ; but her better stars Brought her to Mitylene , 'gainst whose shore Riding , her fortunes brought the maid aboard us , Where , by her own most clear remembrance , she Made known herself my daughter . Voice and favour ! You are , you are O royal Pericles ! What means the nun ? she dies ! help , gentlemen ! Noble sir , If you have told Diana's altar true , This is your wife . Reverend appearer , no ; I threw her o'erboard with these very arms . Upon this coast , I warrant you . 'Tis most certain . Look to the lady . O ! she's but o'erjoy'd . Early in blustering morn this lady was Thrown upon this shore . I op'd the coffin , Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her , and plac'd her Here in Diana's temple . May we see them ? Great sir , they shall be brought you to my house , Whither I invite you . Look ! Thaisa is Recovered . O ! let me look ! If he be none of mine , my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentious ear , But curb it , spite of seeing . O ! my lord , Are you not Pericles ? Like him you speak , Like him you are . Did you not name a tempest , A birth , and death ? The voice of dead Thaisa ! That Thaisa am I , supposed dead And drown'd . Immortal Dian ! Now I know you better . When we with tears parted Pentapolis , The king my father gave you such a ring . This , this : no more , you gods ! your present kindness Makes my past miseries sport : you shall do well , That on the touching of her lips I may Melt and no more be seen . O ! come , be buried A second time within these arms . My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom . Look , who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh , Thaisa ; Thy burden at the sea , and call'd Marina , For she was yielded there . Bless'd , and mine own ! Hail , madam , and my queen ! I know you not . You have heard me say , when I did fly from Tyre , I left behind an ancient substitute ; Can you remember what I call'd the man ? I have nam'd him oft . 'Twas Helicanus then . Still confirmation ! Embrace him , dear Thaisa ; this is he . Now do I long to hear how you were found , How possibly preserv'd , and whom to thank , Besides the gods , for this great miracle . Lord Cerimon , my lord ; this man , Through whom the gods have shown their power ; that can From first to last resolve you . Reverend sir , The gods can have no mortal officer More like a god than you . Will you deliver How this dead queen re-lives ? I will , my lord . Beseech you , first go with me to my house . Where shall be shown you all was found with her ; How she came placed here in the temple ; No needful thing omitted . Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision ; I Will offer night-oblations to thee . Thaisa , This prince , the fair-betrothed of your daughter , Shall marry her at Pentapolis . And now This ornament Makes me look dismal will I clip to form ; And what this fourteen years no rasor touch'd , To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify . Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit , sir , My father's dead . Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there , my queen , We'll celebrate their nuptials , and ourselves Will in that kingdom spend our following days ; Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign . Lord Cerimon , we do our longing stay To hear the rest untold . Sir , lead's the way . In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard Of monstrous lust the due and just reward : In Pericles , his queen , and daughter , seen Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast , Led on by heaven , and crown'd with joy at last . In Helicanus may you well descry A figure of truth , of faith , of loyalty . In reverend Cerimon there well appears The worth that learned charity aye wears . For wicked Cleon and his wife , when fame Had spread their cursed deed , and honour'd name Of Pericles , to rage the city turn , That him and his they in his palace burn : The gods for murder seemed so content To punish them ; although not done , but meant . So on your patience evermore attending , New joy wait on you ! Here our play hath ending . THE COMEDY OF ERRORS Proceed , Solinus , to procure my fall , And by the doom of death end woes and all . 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 threat'ning looks . For , since the mortal and intestine jars 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us , It hath in solemn synods been decreed , Both by the Syracusians and ourselves , T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns : Nay , more , if any , born at Ephesus Be seen at 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 , valu'd at the highest rate , Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ; Therefore , by law thou art condemn'd to die . Yet this my comfort : when your words are done , My woes end likewise with the evening sun . Well , Syracusian ; say , in brief the cause Why thou departedst from thy native home , And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus . A heavier task could not have been impos'd Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ; Yet , that the world may witness that my end Was wrought by nature , not by vile offence , I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave . In 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 liv'd in joy : our wealth increas'd 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 burden , 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 embrac'd , 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 , Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me . And this it was , for other means was none : The sailors sought for safety by our boat , And left the ship , then sinking-ripe , to us : My wife , more careful for the latter-born , Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast , Such as seafaring men provide for storms ; To him one of the other twins was bound , Whilst I had been like heedful of the other . The children thus dispos'd , my wife and I , Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd , Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ; And floating straight , obedient to the stream , Were carried towards Corinth , as we thought . At length the sun , gazing upon the earth , Dispers'd those vapours that offended us , And , by the benefit of his wished light The seas wax'd calm , and we discovered Two ships from far making amain to us ; Of Corinth that , of Epidaurus this : But ere they came ,O ! let me say no more ; Gather the sequel by that went before . Nay , forward , old man ; do not break off so ; For we may pity , though not pardon thee . 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 seiz'd on us ; And , knowing whom it was their hap to save , Gave healthful welcome to their ship-wrack'd guests ; And would 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 misfortune was my life prolong'd , To tell sad stories of my own mishaps . And , for the sake of them thou sorrowest for , Do me the favour to dilate at full What hath befall'n of them and thee till now . My youngest boy , and yet my eldest care , At eighteen years became inquisitive After his brother ; and importun'd me That his attendant for 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 lov'd . Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece , Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia , And , coasting homeward , came to Ephesus , Hopeless to find , yet loath 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 . Hapless geon , whom the fates have mark'd To bear the extremity of dire mishap ! Now , trust me , were it not against our laws , Against my crown , my oath , my dignity , Which princes , would they , may not 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 . I will , my lord . Hopeless and helpless doth geon wend , But to procrastinate his lifeless end . 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 . 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 . Many a man would take you at your word , And go indeed , having so good a mean . 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 ? 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 afterward consort you till bed-time : My present business calls me from you now . Farewell till then : I will go lose myself , And wander up and down to view the city . Sir , I commend you to your own content . 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 . What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ? Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd 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 . Stop in your wind , sir : tell me this , I pray : Where have you left the money that I gave you ? 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 . I am not in a sportive humour now . Tell me , and dally not , where is the money ? We being strangers here , how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine own custody ? 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 . 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 ? To me , sir ? why , you gave no gold to me . Come on , sir knave , have done your foolishness , And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge . My charge was but to fetch you from the mart Home to your house , the Ph nix , sir , to dinner : My mistress and her sister stays for you . 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 undispos'd . Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ? 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 . Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress , slave , hast thou ? Your worship's wife , my mistress at the Ph nix ; She that doth fast till you come home to dinner , And prays that you will hie you home to dinner . What ! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face , Being forbid ? There , take you that , sir knave . What mean you , sir ? for God's sake , hold your hands ! Nay , an you will not , sir , I'll take my heels . 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 . 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 . 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 . Why should their liberty than ours be more ? Because their business still lies out o' door . Look , when I serve him so , he takes it ill . O ! know he is the bridle of your will . There's none but asses will be bridled so . Why , headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe . There's nothing situate under heaven's eye But hath his bound , in earth , in sea , in sky : The beasts , the fishes , and the winged fowls , Are their males' subjects and at their controls . Men , more divine , the masters of all these , Lords of the wide world , and wild wat'ry seas , Indu'd 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 . This servitude makes you to keep unwed . Not this , but troubles of the marriage-bed . But , were you wedded , you would bear some sway . Ere I learn love , I'll practise to obey . How if your husband start some other where ? Till he come home again , I would forbear . Patience unmov'd ! no marvel though she pause ; They can be meek that have no other cause . A wretched soul , bruis'd with adversity , We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ; But were we burden'd with like weight of pain , As much , or more we should ourselves complain : So thou , that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee , With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me : But if thou live to see like right bereft . This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left . Well , I will marry one day , but to try . Here comes your man : now is your husband nigh . Say , is your tardy master now at hand ? Nay , he's at two hands with me , and that my two ears can witness . Say , didst thou speak with him ? Know'st thou his mind ? Ay , ay , he told his mind upon mine ear . Beshrew his hand , I scarce could understand it . Spake he so doubtfully , thou couldst not feel his meaning ? Nay , he struck so plainly , I could too well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully , that I could scarce understand them . But say , I prithee , is he coming home ? It seems he hath great care to please his wife . Why , mistress , sure my master is horn-mad . Horn-mad , thou villain ! I mean not cuckold-mad ; but , sure , he is stark mad . When I desir'd him to come home to dinner , He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold : ''Tis dinner time ,' quoth I ; 'my gold !' quoth he : 'Your meat doth burn ,' quoth I ; 'my gold !' quoth he : 'Will you come 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 !' Quoth who ? Quoth my master : 'I know ,' quoth he , 'no house , no wife , no mistress .' So that my errand , due unto my tongue , I thank him , I bear home upon my shoulders ; For , in conclusion , he did beat me there . Go back again , thou slave , and fetch him home . Go back again , and be new beaten home ? For God's sake , send some other messenger . Back , slave , or I will break thy pate across . And he will bless that cross with other beating : Between you , I shall have a holy head . Hence , prating peasant ! fetch thy master home . 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 . Fie , how impatience loureth in your face ! His company must do his minions grace , Whilst I at home starve for a merry look . Hath homely age the 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 . Self-harming jealousy ! fie ! beat it hence . Unfeeling fools can with such wrengs dispense . I know his eye doth homage otherwhere , Or else what lets it but he would be here ? Sister , you know he promis'd me a chain : Would that alone , alone he would detain , So he would keep fair quarter with his bed ! I see , the jewel best enamelled Will lose his beauty ; and though gold bides still That others touch , yet often touching will Wear gold ; and no man that hath a name , By falsehood and corruption doth it shame . Since that my beauty cannot please his eye , I'll weep what's left away , and weeping die . How many fond fools serve mad jealousy ! 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 . How now , sir ! is your merry humour alter'd ? As you love strokes , so jest with me again . You know no Centaur ? You receiv'd no gold ? Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ? My house was at the Ph nix ? Wast thou mad , That thus so madly thou didst answer me ? What answer , sir ? when spake I such a word ? Even now , even here , not half-an-hour since . I did not see you since you sent me hence , Home to the Centaur , with the gold you gave me . Villain , thou didst deny the gold's receipt , And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner ; For which , I hope , thou felt'st I was displeas'd . I am glad to see you in this merry vein : What means this jest ? I pray you , master , tell me . Yea , dost thou jeer , and flout me in the teeth ? Think'st thou I jest ? Hold , take thou that , and that . Hold , sir , for God's sake ! now your jest is earnest . Upon what bargain do you give it me ? Because that I familiarly sometimes Do use you for my fool , and chat with you , Your sauciness will jest upon my love , And make a common of my serious hours . 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 . Sconce , call you it ? so you would leave battering , I had rather have it a head : an you use these blows long , I must get a sconce for my head and insconce it too ; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders . But , I pray , sir , why am I beaten ? Dost thou not know ? Nothing , sir , but that I am beaten . Shall I tell you why ? Ay , sir , and wherefore ; for they say every why hath a wherefore . Why , first ,for flouting me ; and then , wherefore , For urging it the second time to me . 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 . Thank me , sir ! for what ? Marry , sir , for this something that you gave me for nothing . I'll make you amends next , to give you nothing for something . But say , sir , is it dinner-time ? No , sir : I think the meat wants that I have In good time , sir ; what's that ? Basting . Well , sir , then 'twill be dry . If it be , sir , I pray you eat none of it . Your reason ? Lest it make you choleric , and purchase me another dry basting . Well , sir , learn to jest in good time : there's a time for all things . I durst have denied that , before you were so choleric . By what rule , sir ? Marry , sir , by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself . Let's hear it . There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature . May he not do it by fine and recovery ? Yes , to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man . Why is Time such a niggard of hair , being , as it is , so plentiful an excrement ? Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts : and what he hath scanted men in hair , he hath given them in wit . Why , but there's many a man hath more hair than wit . Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair . Why , thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit . The plainer dealer , the sooner lost : yet be loseth it in a kind of jollity . For what reason ? For two ; and sound ones too . Nay , not sound , I pray you . Sure ones then . Nay , not sure , in a thing falsing . Certain ones , then . Name them . The one , to save the money that he spends in tiring ; the other , that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge . You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things . Marry , and did , sir ; namely , no time to recover hair lost by nature . But your reason was not substantial , why there is not time to recover . Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald , and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers . I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion . But soft ! who wafts us yonder ? 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 unurg'd wouldst vow That never words were music to thine ear , That never object pleasing in thine eye , That never touch well welcome to thy hand , That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste , Unless I spake , or look'd , or touch'd , or carv'd to thee . How comes it now , my husband , O ! how comes it , That thou art thus 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 possess'd with an adulterate blot ; My blood is mingled with the crime of lust : For if we two be one and thou play false , I do digest the poison of thy flesh , Being strumpeted by thy contagion . Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ; I live unstain'd , thou undishonoured . 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 . Fie , brother : how the world is chang'd with you ! When were you wont to use my sister thus ? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner . By Dromio ? By me ? 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 . Did you converse , sir , with this gentle-woman ? What is the course and drift of your compact ? I , sir ? I never saw her till this time . Villain , thou liest ; for even her very words Didst thou deliver to me on the mart . I never spake with her in all my life . How can she thus then , call us by our names , Unless it be by inspiration ? How ill agrees it with your gravity To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave , A betting 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 . 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 . Dromio , go bid the servants spread for dinner 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 . Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not ? Dromio , thou drone , thou snail , thou slug , thou sot ! I am transformed , master , am not I ? I think thou art , in mind , and so am I . Nay , master , both in mind and in my shape . Thou hast thine own form . No , I am an ape . If thou art chang'd to aught , 'tis to an ass . '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 . 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 . Am I in earth , in heaven , or in hell ? Sleeping or waking ? mad or well-advis'd ? Known unto these , and to myself disguis'd ! I'll say as they say , and persever so , And in this mist at all adventures go . Master , shall I be porter at the gate ? Ay ; and let none enter , lest I break your pate . Come , come , Antipholus ; we dine too late . 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 carkanet , 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 charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold , And that I did deny my wife and house . Thou drunkard , thou , what didst thou mean by this ? 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 . I think thou art an ass . Marry , so it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear . I should kick , being kick'd ; and , being at that pass , You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass . You are sad , Signior Balthazar : pray God , our cheer May answer my good will and your good welcome here . I hold your dainties cheap , sir , and your welcome dear . O , Signior Balthazar , either at flesh or fish , A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish . Good meat , sir , is common ; that every churl affords . And welcome more common , for that's nothing but words . Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast . 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 lock'd . Go bid them let us in . Maud , Bridget , Marian , Cicely , Gillian , Ginn ! 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 . What patch is made our porter ?My master stays in the street . Let him walk from whence he came , lest he catch cold on's feet . Who talks within there ? ho ! open the door . Right , sir ; I'll tell you when , an you'll tell me wherefore . Wherefore ? for my dinner : I have not din'd to-day . Nor to-day here you must not ; come again when you may . What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe ? The porter for this time , sir , and my name is Dromio . O villain ! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name : The one ne'er got me credit , the other mickle blame . If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place , Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name , or thy name for an ass . What a coil is there , Dromio ! who are those at the gate ? Let my master in , Luce . Faith , no ; he comes too late ; And so tell your master . O Lord ! I must laugh . Have at you with a proverb : Shall I set in my staff ? Have at you with another : that's when ? can you tell ? If thy name be call'd Luce ,Luce , thou hast answer'd him well . Do you hear , you minion ? you'll let us in , I trow ? I thought to have ask'd you . And you said , no . So come , help : well struck ! there was blow for blow . Thou baggage , let me in . Can you tell for whose sake ? Master , knock the door hard . Let him knock till it ache . You'll cry for this , minion , if I beat the door down . What needs all that , and a pair of stocks in the town ? Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise ? By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys . Are you there , wife ? you might have come before . Your wife , sir knave ! go , get you from the door . If you went in pain , master , this 'knave' would go sore . Here is neither cheer , sir , nor welcome : we would fain have either . In debating which was best , we shall part with neither . They stand at the door , master : bid them welcome hither . There is something in the wind , that we cannot get in . You would say so , master , if your garments were thin . Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold : It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold . Go fetch me something : I'll break ope the gate . Break any breaking here , and I'll break your knave's pate . 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 . It seems thou wantest breaking : out upon thee , hind ! Here's too much 'out upon thee !' I pray thee , let me in . Ay , when fowls have no feathers , and fish have no fin . Well , I'll break in . Go borrow me a crow . 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 . Go get thee gone : fetch me an iron crow . Have patience , sir ; O ! let it not be so ; Herein you war against your reputation , And draw within the compass of suspect The 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 rul'd 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 . 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 . I'll meet you at that place some hour hence . Do so . This jest shall cost me some expense . 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 are doubled with an evil word . Alas ! poor women , make us but believe , Being compact of credit , that you love us ; Though others have the arm , show us the sleeve ; We in your motion turn , and you may move us . Then , gentle brother , get you in again ; Comfort my sister , cheer her , call her wife : 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain , When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife . 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 words' deceit . Against my soul's pure truth why labour you To make it wander in an unknown field ? Are you a god ? would you create me new ? Transform me then , and to your power I'll yield . But if that I am I , then well I know Your weeping sister is no wife of mine , Nor to her bed no homage do I owe : Far more , far more , to you do I decline . O ! train me not , sweet mermaid , with thy note , To drown me in thy sister flood of tears : Sing , siren , for thyself , and I will 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 ! What ! are you mad , that you do reason so ? Not mad , but mated ; how , I do not know . It is a fault that springeth from your eye . For gazing on your beams ; fair sun , being by . Gaze where you should , and that will clear your sight . As good to wink , sweet love , as look on night . Why call you me love ? call my sister so . Thy sister's sister . That's my sister . 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 . All this my sister is , or else should be . 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 . O ! soft , sir ; hold you still : I'll fetch my sister , to get her good will . Why , how now , Dromio ! where run'st thou so fast ? Do you know me , sir ? am I Dromio ? am I your man ? am I myself ? Thou art Dromio , thou art my man , thou art thyself . I am an ass , I am a woman's man and besides myself . What woman's man ? and how besides thyself ? Marry , sir , besides myself , I am due to a woman ; one that claims me , one that haunts me , one that will have me . What claim lays she to thee ? 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 . What is she ? A very reverent body ; aye , 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 . How dost thou mean a fat marriage ? 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 . What complexion is she of ? 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 . That's a fault that water will mend . No , sir , 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it . What's her name ? Nell , sir ; but her name and three quarters ,that is , an ell and three quarters ,will not measure her from hip to hip . Then she bears some breadth ? No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip : she is spherical , like a globe ; I could find out countries in her . In what part of her body stands Ireland ? Marry , sir , in her buttocks : I found it out by the bogs . Where Scotland ? I found it by the barrenness ; hard in the palm of the hand . Where France ? In her forehead ; armed and reverted , making war against her heir . Where England ? I looked 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 . Where Spain ? Faith , I saw not ; but I felt it hot in her breath . Where America , the Indies ? O , sir ! upon her nose , all o'er embellished with rubies , carbuncles , sapphires , declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain , who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose . Where stood Belgia , the Netherlands ? 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' the wheel . 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 . As from a bear a man would run for life , So fly I from her that would be my wife . 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 , Possess'd 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 . Master Antipholus ! Ay , that's my name . I know it well , sir : lo , here is the chain . I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine ; The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long . What is your will that I shall do with this ? What please yourself , sir : I have made it for you . Made it for me , sir ! I bespoke it not 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 . I pray you , sir , receive the money now , For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more . You are a merry man , sir : fare you well . 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 . You know since Pentecost the sum is due , And since I have not much importun'd you ; Nor now I had not , but that I am bound To Persia , and want guilders for my voyage : Therefore make present satisfaction , Or I'll attach you by this officer . 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 . That labour may you save : see where he comes . While I go to the goldsmith's house , go thou And buy a rope's end , that I will 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 . I buy a thousand pound a year : I buy a rope ! A man is well holp up that trusts to you : I promised your presence and the chain ; But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me . Belike you thought our love would last too long , If it were chain'd together , and therefore came not . 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 discharg'd , For he is bound to sea and stays but for it . 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 . Then , you will bring the chain to her yourself ? No ; bear it with you , lest I come not time enough . Well , sir , I will . Have you the chain about you ? An if I have not , sir , I hope you have , Or else you may return without your money . 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 . Good Lord ! you use this dalliance to excuse Your breach of promise to the Porpentine . I should have child you for not bringing it , But , like a shrew , you first begin to brawl . The hour steals on ; I pray you , sir , dispatch . You hear how he importunes me : the chain ! Why , give it to my wife and fetch your money . Come , come ; you know I gave it you even now . Either send the chain or send by me some token . Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath . Come , where's the chain ? I pray you , let me see it . 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 . I answer you ! what should I answer you ? The money that you owe me for the chain . I owe you none till I receive the chain . You know I gave it you half an hour since . You gave me none : you wrong me much to say so . You wrong me more , sir , in denying it : Consider how it stands upon my credit . Well , officer , arrest him at my suit . I do ; And charge you in the duke's name to obey me . This touches me in reputation . Either consent to pay this sum for me , Or I attach you by this officer . Consent to pay thee that I never had ! Arrest me , foolish fellow , if thou dar'st . Here is thy fee : arrest him , officer . I would not spare my brother in this case , If he should scorn me so apparently . I do arrest you , sir : you hear the suit . 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 . Sir , sir , I shall have law in Ephesus , To your notorious shame , I doubt it not . Master , there is 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-vit . The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind Blows fair from land ; they stay for nought at all But for their owner , master , and yourself . How now ! a madman ! Why , thou peevish sheep , What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ? A ship you sent me to , to hire waftage . Thou drunken slave , I sent thee for a rope ; And told thee to what purpose , and what end . You sent me for a rope's end as soon : You sent me to the bay , sir , for a bark . 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 . To Adriana ! that is where we din'd , 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 . Ah ! Luciana , did he tempt thee so ? Mights 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 mad'st thou in this case Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ? First he denied you had in him no right . He meant he did me none ; the more my spite . Then swore he that he was a stranger here . And true he swore , though yet forsworn he were . Then pleaded I for you . And what said he ? That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me . With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ? With words that in an honest suit might move . First , he did praise my beauty , then my speech . Didst speak him fair ? Have patience , I beseech . 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-fac'd , worse bodied , shapeless every where : Vicious , ungentle , foolish , blunt , unkind , Stigmatical in making , worse in mind . Who would be jealous then , of such a one ? No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone . 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 . Here , go : the desk ! the purse ! sweet , now , make haste . How hast thou lost thy breath ? By running fast . Where is thy master , Dromio ? is he well ? 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 judgment , carries poor souls to hell . Why , man , what is the matter ? I do not know the matter : he is 'rested on the case . What , is he arrested ? tell me at whose suit . I know not at whose suit he is arrested well ; But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him , that can I tell . Will you send him , mistress , redemption , the money in his desk ? Go fetch it , sister . This I wonder at : That he , unknown to me , should be in debt : Tell me , was he arrested on a band ? Not on a band , but on a stronger thing ; A chain , a chain . Do you not hear it ring ? What , the chain ? No , no , the bell : 'tis time that I were gone : It was two ere I left him , and now the clock strikes one . The hours come back ! that did I never hear . O yes ; if any hour meet a sergeant , a' turns back for very fear . As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou reason ! Time is a very bankrupt , and owes more than he's worth to season . Nay , he's a thief too : have you not heard men say , That Time comes stealing on by night and day ? If Time be in debt and theft , and a sergeant in the way , Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ? Go , Dromio : there's the money , bear it straight , And bring thy master home immediately . Come , sister ; I am press'd down with conceit ; Conceit , my comfort and my injury . 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 . Master , here's the gold you sent me for . What ! have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled ? What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou mean ? Not that Adam that kept the Paradise , but that Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal : he that came behind you , sir , like an evil angel , and bid you forsake your liberty . I understand thee not . 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 fob , and 'rests them ; he , sir , that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance ; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike . What , thou meanest an officer ? 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 !' Well , sir , there rest in your foolery . Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ? Why , sir , I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay . Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you . The fellow is distract , and so am I ; And here we wander in illusions : Some blessed power deliver us from hence ! Well met , well met , Master Antipholus . I see , sir , you have found the goldsmith now : Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ? Satan , avoid ! I charge thee tempt me not ! Master , is this Mistress Satan ? It is the devil . 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 . Your man and you are marvellous merry , sir . Will you go with me ? we'll mend our dinner here . Master , if you do , expect spoon-meat , so bespeak a long spoon . Why , Dromio ? Marry , he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil . Avoid thee , fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ? Thou art , as you are all , a sorceress : I conjure thee to leave me and be gone . Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner , Or , for my diamond , the chain you promis'd , And I'll be gone , sir , and not trouble you . 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 . I pray you , sir , my ring , or else the chain : I hope you do not mean to cheat me so . Avaunt , thou witch ! Come , Dromio , let us go . 'Fly pride ,' says the peacock : mistress , that you know . Now , out of doubt , Antipholus is mad , Else would he never so demean himself . A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats , And for the same he promis'd me a chain : Both one and other he denies me now . The reason that I gather he is mad , Besides this present instance of his rage , Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner , Of his own doors being shut against his entrance Belike his wife , acquainted with his fits , On purpose 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 . 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 . How now , sir ! have you that I sent you for ? Here's that , I warrant you , will pay them all . But where's the money ? Why , sir , I gave the money for the rope . Five hundred ducats , villain , for a rope ? I'll serve you , sir , five hundred at the rate . To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ? To a rope's end , sir ; and to that end am I return'd . And to that end , sir , I will welcome you . Good sir , be patient . Nay , 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity . Good now , hold thy tongue . Nay , rather persuade him to hold his hands . Thou whoreson , senseless villain ! I would I were senseless , sir , that I might not feel your blows . Thou art sensible in nothing but blows , and so is an ass . 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 it 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 . Come , go along ; my wife is coming yonder . Mistress , respice finem , respect your end ; or rather , to prophesy like the parrot , 'Beware the rope's end .' Wilt thou still talk ? How say you now ? is not your husband mad ? 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 . Alas ! how fiery and how sharp he looks . Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy ! Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse . There is my hand , and let it feel your ear . I charge thee , Satan , hous'd within this man , To yield possession to my holy prayers , And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight : I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven . Peace , doting wizard , peace ! I am not mad . O ! that thou wert not , poor distressed soul ! 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 ? O husband , God doth know you din'd at home ; Where would you had remain'd until this time . Free from these slanders and this open shame ! Din'd at home ! Thou villain , what say'st thou ? Sir , sooth to say , you did not dine at home . Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out ? Perdy , your doors were lock'd and you shut out . And did not she herself revile me there ? Sans fable , she herself revil'd you there . Did not her kitchen-maid rail , taunt , and scorn me ? Certes , she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you . And did not I in rage depart from thence ? In verity you did : my bones bear witness , That since have felt the vigour of his rage . Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ? It is no shame : the fellow finds his vein , And , yielding to him humours well his frenzy . Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me . Alas ! I sent you money to redeem you , By Dromio here , who came in haste for it . Money by me ! heart and good will you might ; But surely , master , not a rag of money . Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ? He came to me , and I deliver'd it . And I am witness with her that she did . God and the rope-maker bear me witness That I was sent for nothing but a rope ! Mistress , both man and master is possess'd : I know it by their pale and deadly looks . They must be bound and laid in some dark room . Say , wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day ? And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ? I did not , gentle husband , lock thee forth . And , gentle master , I receiv'd no gold ; But I confess , sir , that we were lock'd out . Dissembling villain ! thou speak'st false in both . 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 . O ! bind him , bind him , let him not come near me . More company ! the fiend is strong within him . Ay me ! poor man , how pale and wan he looks ! What , will you murder me ? Thou gaoler , thou , I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue ? Masters , let him go : He is my prisoner , and you shall not have him . Go bind this man , for he is frantic too . What wilt thou do , thou peevish officer ? Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself ? He is my prisoner : if I let him go , The debt he owes will be requir'd of me . 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 ! O most unhappy strumpet ! Master , I am here enter'd in bond for you . Out on thee , villain ! wherefore dost thou mad me ? Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad , good master ; cry , 'the devil !' God help , poor souls ! how idly do they talk . Go bear him hence . Sister , go you with me . Say now , whose suit is he arrested at ? One Angelo , a goldsmith ; do you know him ? I know the man . What is the sum he owes ? Two hundred ducats . Say , how grows it due ? Due for a chain your husband had of him . He did bespeak a chain for me , but had it not . When as 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 . 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 . God , for thy mercy ! they are loose again . And come with naked swords . Let's call more help To have them bound again . Away ! they'll kill us . I see , these witches are afraid of swords . She that would be your wife now ran from you . Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from thence : I long that we were safe and sound aboard . 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 . I will not stay to-night for all the town ; Therefore away , to get our stuff aboard . 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 . How is the man esteem'd here in the city ? Of very reverend reputation , sir , Of credit infinite , highly belov'd , Second to none that lives here in the city : His word might bear my wealth at any time . Speak softly : yonder , as I think , he walks . '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 ? I think I had : I never did deny it . Yes , that you did , sir , and forswore it too . Who heard me to deny it or forswear it ? These ears of mine , thou know'st , did hear thee . Fie on thee , wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st To walk where any honest men resort . Thou art a villain to impeach me thus : I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty Against thee presently , if thou dar'st stand . I dare , and do defy thee for a villain . 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 . Run , master , run ; for God's sake , take a house ! This is some priory : in , or we are spoil'd . Be quiet , people . Wherefore throng you hither ? To fetch my poor distracted husband hence . Let us come in , that we may bind him fast , And bear him home for his recovery . I knew he was not in his perfect wits . I am sorry now that I did draw on him . How long hath this possession held the man ? 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 . 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 ? To none of these , except it be the last ; Namely , some love that drew him oft from home . You should for that have reprehended him . Why , so I did . Ay , but not rough enough . As roughly as my modesty would let me . Haply , in private . And in assemblies too . Ay , but not enough . 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 . And thereof came it that the man was mad : The venom clamours of a jealous woman Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth . It seems , his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing , And thereof comes it that his head is light . Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings : Unquiet meals make ill digestions ; Thereof the raging fire of fever bred : And what's a fever but a fit of madness ? Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls : Sweet recreation barr'd , what doth ensue But moody moping , 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 scar'd thy husband from the use of wits . She never reprehended him but mildly When he demean'd himself rough , rude , and wildly . Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ? She did betray me to my own reproof . Good people , enter , and lay hold on him . No ; not a creature enters in my house . Then , let your servants bring my husband forth . 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 . 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 . Be patient ; for I will not let him stir Till I have us'd the approved means I have , With wholesome syrups , drugs , and holy prayers , To make of him a formal man again . It is a branch and parcel of mine oath , A charitable duty of my order ; Therefore depart and leave him here with me . I will not hence and leave my husband here ; And ill it doth beseem your holiness To separate the husband and the wife . Be quiet , and depart : thou shalt not have him . Complain unto the duke of this indignity . 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 . 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 . Upon what cause ? 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 . See where they come : we will behold his death . Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey . Yet once again proclaim it publicly , If any friend will pay the sum for him , He shall not die ; so much we tender him . Justice , most sacred duke , against the abbess ! She is a virtuous and a reverend lady : It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong . May it please your Grace , Antipholus , my husband , Whom I made lord of me and all I had , At your important letters , this ill day A most outrageous fit of madness took him , That desperately he hurried through the street , With him his bondman , all as mad as he , Doing displeasure to the citizens By rushing in their houses , bearing thence Rings , jewels , anything his rage did like . Once did I get him bound and sent him home , Whilst to take 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 with his mad attendant and himself , Each one with ireful passion , with drawn swords Met us again , and , madly bent on us Chas'd us away , till , raising of more aid We came again to bind them . Then they fled Into this abbey , whither we pursu'd them ; And here the abbess shuts the gates on us , And will not suffer us to fetch him out , Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence . Therefore , most gracious duke , with thy command Let him be brought forth , and borne hence for help . Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars , And I to thee engag'd a prince's word , When thou didst make him master of thy bed , To do him all the grace and good I could . Go , some of you , knock at the abbey gate And bid the lady abbess come to me . I will determine this before I stir . O mistress , mistress ! shift and save yourself ! My master and his man are both broke loose , Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor , Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ; And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair . My master preaches patience to him , and the while His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ; And sure , unless you send some present help , Between them they will kill the conjurer . Peace , fool ! thy master and his man are here , And that is false thou dost report to us . Mistress , upon my life , I tell you true ; I have not breath'd almost , since I did see it . He cries for you and vows , if he can take you , To scotch your face , and to disfigure you . Hark , hark ! I hear him , mistress : fly , be gone ! Come , stand by me ; fear nothing . Guard with halberds ! Ay me , it is my husband ! Witness you , That he is borne about invisible : Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here , And now he's here , past thought of human reason . 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 . Unless the fear of death doth make me dote , I see my son Antipholus and Dromio ! Justice , sweet prince , against that woman there ! She whom thou gav'st 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 . Discover how , and thou shalt find me just . This day , great duke , she shut the doors upon me , While she with harlots feasted in my house . A grievous fault ! Say , woman , didst thou so ? 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 ! Ne'er may I look on day , nor sleep on night , But she tells to your highness simple truth ! O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn : In this the madman justly chargeth them ! My liege , I am advised what I say : Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine , Nor heady-rash , provok'd with raging ire , Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad . This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner : That goldsmith there , were he not pack'd with her , Could witness it , for he was with me then ; Who 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 perjur'd goldsmith swear me down That I this day of him receiv'd the chain , Which , God he knows , I saw not ; for the which He did arrest me with an officer . I did obey , and sent my 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 the way we met My wife , her sister , and a rabble more Of vile confederates : along with them They brought one Pinch , a hungry lean-fac'd villain , A mere anatomy , a mountebank , A threadbare juggler , and a fortune-teller , A needy , hollow-ey'd , sharp-looking wretch , A living-dead man . This pernicious slave , Forsooth , took on him as a conjurer , And , gazing in mine eyes , feeling my pulse , And with no face , as 'twere , out-facing me , Cries out , I was possess'd . Then , altogether 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 . My lord , in truth , thus far I witness with him , That he din'd not at home , but was lock'd out . But had he such a chain of thee , or no ? He had , my lord ; and when he ran in here , These people saw the chain about his neck . 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 . 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 . Why , what an intricate impeach is this ! I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup . If here you hous'd him , here he would have been ; If he were mad , he would not plead so coldly ; You say he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here Denies that saying . Sirrah , what say you ? Sir , he din'd with her there , at the Porpentine . He did , and from my finger snatch'd that ring . 'Tis true , my liege ; this ring I had of her . Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ? As sure , my liege , as I do see your Grace . Why , this is strange . Go call the abbess hither . I think you are all mated or stark mad . 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 . Speak freely , Syracusian , what thou wilt . Is not your name , sir , called Antipholus ? And is not that your bondman Dromio ? 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 . I am sure you both of you remember me . 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 ? Why look you strange on me ? you know me well . I never saw you in my life till now . O ! grief hath chang'd 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 ? Neither . Dromio , nor thou ? No , trust me , sir , not I . I am sure thou dost . Ay , sir ; but I am sure I do not ; and whatsoever a man denies , you are now bound to believe him . 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 untun'd 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 . I never saw my father in my life . But seven years since , in Syracusa , boy , Thou know'st we parted : but perhaps , my son , Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery . 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 . 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 . Most mighty duke , behold a man much wrong'd . I see two husbands , or mine eyes deceive me ! 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 ? I , sir , am Dromio : command him away . I , sir , am Dromio : pray let me stay . geon art thou not ? or else his ghost ? O ! my old master ; who hath bound him here ? Whoever bound him , I will loose his bonds , And gain a husband by his liberty . Speak , old geon , if thou be'st the man That hadst a wife once call'd milia , That bore thee at a burden two fair sons . O ! if thou be'st the same geon , speak , And speak unto the same milia ! If I dream not , thou art milia : If thou art she , tell me where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft ? 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 . 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 cam'st from Corinth first ? No , sir , not I ; I came from Syracuse . Stay , stand apart ; I know not which is which . I came from Corinth , my most gracious lord , And I with him . Brought to this town by that most famous warrior , Duke Menaphon , your most renowned uncle . Which of you two did dine with me to-day ? I , gentle mistress . And are not you my husband ? No ; I say nay to that . And so do I ; yet did she call me so ; And this fair gentlewoman , her sister here , Did call me brother . What I told you then , I hope I shall have leisure to make good , If this be not a dream I see and hear . That is the chain , sir , which you had of me . I think it be , sir ; I deny it not . And you , sir , for this chain arrested me . I think I did , sir ; I deny it not . I sent you money , sir , to be your bail , By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not . No , none by me . This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you , And Dromio , my man , did bring them me . I see we still did meet each other's man , And I was ta'en for him , and he for me , And thereupon these errors are arose . These ducats pawn I for my father here . It shall not need : thy father hath his life . Sir , I must have that diamond from you . There , take it ; and much thanks for my good cheer . 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 burdens 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 festivity ! With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast . Master , shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard ? Dromio , what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ? Your goods that lay at host , sir , in the Centaur . 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 . 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 . Methinks you are my glass , and not my brother : I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth . Will you walk in to see their gossiping ? Not I , sir ; you are my elder . That's a question : how shall we try it ? We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then lead thou first . Nay , then , thus : We came into the world like brother and brother ; And now let's go hand in hand , not one before another . THE MERCHANT OF VENICE In sooth , I know not why I am so sad : It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ; But how I caught it , found it , or came by it , What stuff 'tis made of , whereof it is born , I am to learn ; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me , That I have much ado to know myself . Your mind is tossing on the ocean ; There , where your argosies with portly sail , Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood , Or , as it were , the pageants of the sea , Do overpeer the petty traffickers , That curtsy to them , do them reverence , As they fly by them with their woven wings . Believe me , sir , had I such venture forth , The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad . I should be still Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind ; Peering in maps for ports , and piers , and roads ; And every object that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures , out of doubt Would make me sad . My wind , cooling my broth , Would blow me to an ague , when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea . I should not see the sandy hour-glass run But I should think of shallows and of flats , And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs To kiss her burial . Should I go to church And see the holy edifice of stone , And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks , Which touching but my gentle vessel's side Would scatter all her spices on the stream , Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ; And , in a word , but even now worth this , And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought To think on this , and shall I lack the thought That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad ? But tell not me : I know Antonio Is sad to think upon his merchandise . Believe me , no : I thank my fortune for it , My ventures are not in one bottom trusted , Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year : Therefore , my merchandise makes me not sad . Why , then you are in love . Fie , fie ! Not in love neither ? Then let's say you are sad , Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy For you to laugh and leap , and say you are merry , Because you are not sad . Now , by two-headed Janus , Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time : Some that will evermore peep through their eyes And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper , And other of such vinegar aspect That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile ,