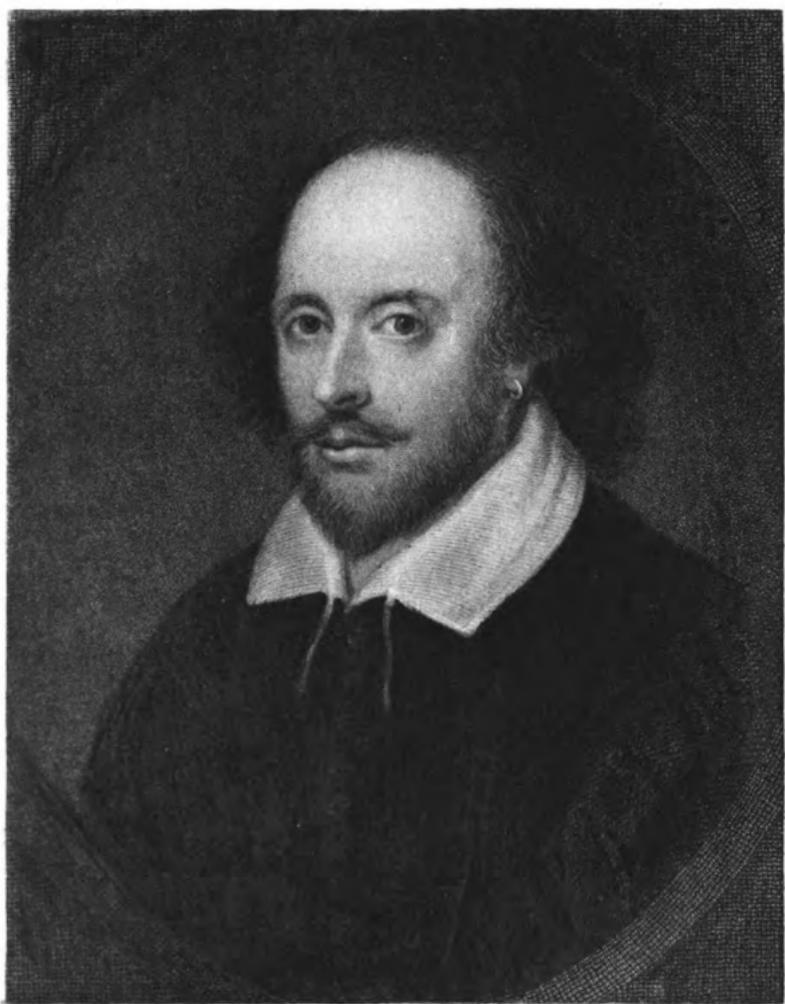


THE ACTORS' EDITION

SHAKESPEARE

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

VOLUME I



THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

The celebrated original portrait of which this engraving is an excellent reproduction, once belonged to Shakespeare's reputed son, Sir William Davenant, and afterwards to Betterton, the actor. It has been engraved and copied by many famous artists, notably : Vertue, Houbraken, and Kneller. It takes its name from the Duke of Chandos, into whose possession it came by marriage, and now belongs to the Buckingham family.

THE ACTORS' EDITION

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE
EDITED BY CLARK & WRIGHT

WITH HIS LIFE
AN HISTORICAL SUMMARY OF THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS
AND VARIORUM READINGS TO EACH PLAY

BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.
THE EMINENT SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR GEMS FROM SHAKESPEARE
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THE
PLAYS, GLOSSARY, INDEX, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY-ONE PHOTOGRAVURES
OF SCENES AFTER CELEBRATED PAINTINGS, AND PORTRAITS
IN COSTUME OF EMINENT ACTORS AND ACTRESSES
OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

VOLUME ONE

PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE BARRIE & SON, PUBLISHERS

PREFACE.

In preparing the text of this edition, we have in general followed the same rules as in our "Cambridge Shakespeare:" rules which we adopted originally after much deliberation, and of which the soundness has been confirmed by our subsequent experience.

As however the two editions differ in plan, the one recording in foot notes all the various readings and conjectural emendations, the other giving only the text, we have in some particulars modified our rules.

For instance, in cases where the text of the earliest editions is manifestly faulty, but where it is impossible to decide with confidence which, if any, of several suggested emendations is right, we have in the "Cambridge Shakespeare" left the original reading in our text, mentioning in our notes all the proposed alterations; in this edition, we have substituted in the text the emendation which seemed most probable, or in cases of absolute equality, the earliest suggested. But the whole number of such variations between the texts of the two editions is very small.

In this edition whenever the original text has been corrupted in such a way as to affect the sense, no admissible emendation having been pro-

PREFACE.

posed, or whenever a lacuna occurs too great to be filled up with any approach to certainty by conjecture, we have marked the passage with an obelus (†).

As in the larger work, we have numbered the lines of each scene for convenience of reference.

In the stage directions we have preserved as far as we could, consistently with clearness, the language of the oldest texts.

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

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THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of
Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
Nymphs,
Reapers, } presented by Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.
SCENE—*A ship at sea: an island.*



THE TEMPEST.

Act IV. Scene 1.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

Few of the great historic painters have equaled Wilhelm von Kaulbach in the medium of black-and-white illustration. Among his most famous works in this kind are the illustrations to Shakespeare, from which this beautiful conception of the Enchanted Tale is taken.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain !

Boats. Here, master : what cheer ?* *Fortune.

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to't,
yarely,* or we run ourselves aground : bestir,
bestir. *Readily. [Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly,
my hearts ! yare, yare !* Take in the topsail.
Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou
burst thy wind, if room enough ! *Ready.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's
the master ? Play the men. II

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain ?

Boats. Do you not hear him ? You mar our
labour : keep your cabins : you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence ! What cares
these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin :
silence ! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast
aboard. 21

Boats. None that I more love than myself.
You are a counsellor ; if you can command these
elements to silence, and work the peace of the
present, we will not hand a rope more ; use your
authority : if you cannot, give thanks you have

lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts ! Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging : make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office. 40

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO.

Yet again ! what do you here ? Shall we give o'er and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

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

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur ! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker ! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd* wench. *Incontinent.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold ! set her two courses off to sea again ; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

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

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold ?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers ! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards :

*Absolutely.

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst
lie drowning 60
The washing of ten tides !

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut* him. *Swallow.
[*A confused noise within*: 'Mercy on us!'
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and
children!'

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*]

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

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer; a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting* souls within her. *Freighted.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

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

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther: Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort. [*Lays down his mantle.*]

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision* in mine art *Forecast.
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair 20
Betid† to any creature in the vessel †Happened.
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition.* *Inquiry
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 40
Out* three years old. *Quite.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

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

Mir. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But
how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward* and abysm of time? *Past.
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,

How thou camest here thou mayst. 52

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve
year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan ; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl : 61
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved
thence,
But blessedly holp* hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen* that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you,
farther.

*Helped

*Grief.

Pr. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state ; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend* me ?

*Listen to.

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who 80
To trash* for over-topping, new created *Check.
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed
'em,
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state

To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st
 not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact, like one
 †Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative: hence his ambition grow-
 ing—
 Dost thou hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he
 play'd
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute* Milan. Me, poor man, my library
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royal-
 ties *Complete. 110
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
 So dry† he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown and bend †Thirsty.
 The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !—
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens !

Pros. Mark his condition and the event; then
 tell me
 If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition. 120
 This King of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
 With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of dark-
 ness, 130
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

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

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

Mir. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us ?

Pros. Well demanded, wench:
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
 durst not, 140
 So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business, but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
 To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, 150
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst
smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,* to bear up *Courage.
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded * much; so, of his gen-
tleness, *Profited.
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: [Resumes his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating * in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm? *Meditating.

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,* the deck, in every cabin, *Middle.
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
curors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil*
Would not infect his reason? *Tumult.

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is
empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou badest me,

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220
 The king's son have I landed by himself;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
 The mariners say how thou hast disposed
 And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,* there she's hid:
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,†
 Bound sadly home for Naples, *Bermudas.
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
 And his great person perish. †Sea.

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

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
 six and now 240
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

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

Pros. How now? moody?
 What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,
 Remember I have done thee worthy service;
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,
 served
 Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
 promise
 To bate* me a full year. *Except.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread
the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
speak; tell me. 260

Ari. Sir, in Argier.* *Algiers.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,* she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers *Commands.
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift† †split.
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans 280
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with

A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pr. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do? 300

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:
be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

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

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

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

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

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

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

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

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

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

320

Enter CALIBAN.

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

*Curiously beautiful.

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-strokes that shall pen thy breath up; urchins*
Shall, for that vast† of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

*Hedgehogs. †Dead.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. 330
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,

Thou strokedst me and madest much of me,
wouldst give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, 341
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty* me

*Lodge.

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have
used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged
thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! wouldt had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave.

THIS FILE IS FOR INFORMATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY.

Pros. Abhorred slave,

Pros. Abhorred slave,

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

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

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures race,* *Inherited nature.

good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock, 361
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid* you
For learning me your language! *Erysipelas destroy-

Pros. Hag-seed* hence!

Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugs't thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly *Offspring.
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar 370
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
[Aside] I must obey : his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,*
And make a vassal of him. *Fiend's name.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,* *Silent.
Foot it feately† here and there; †Nimbly. 380
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

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

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or
the earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck, 390
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change 400
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.* I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.[†]

Mir. What is't? a spirit?^{*Owns.}

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd*
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

^{*Disfigured.}

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee

420

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best? 430
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

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

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [Aside] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control* thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight 440
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [To Fer.] A word, good
sir; *Confute.

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

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

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but
this swift business 450
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [To Fer.] One word more;
I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

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

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: 461
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and
husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment* till *Treatment.
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.]

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle* and not fearful.† *Noble. †Timorous.

Pros. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy
conscience 470
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,*
For I can here disarm thee with this stick, *Guard.
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

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

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban 480
And they to him are angels.

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

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day 490
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.] Fol-
low me.

[To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable. 500
Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

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

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

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so. 11

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

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One; tell.*

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
offer'd, *Count.

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have
spoken truer than you purposed. 20

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

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

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

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

- Seb.* The old cock. 30 .
- Ant.* The cockerel.
- Seb.* Done. The wager?
- Ant.* A laughter.
- Seb.* A match!
- Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—
- Seb.* Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.
- Adr.* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—
- Seb.* Yet,—
- Adr.* Yet,—
- Ant.* He could not miss't. 40
- Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.* *Temperature.
- Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.
- Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
- Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
- Seb.* As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
- Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
- Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.
- Ant.* True; save means to live. 50
- Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.
- Gon.* How lush* and lusty the grass looks! how green! *Luxuriant.
- Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.
- Seb.* With an eye* of green in't. *Shade.
- Ant.* He misses not much.
- Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
- Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
- Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.
- Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
- Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
- Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
- Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 71

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple. 91

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

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

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

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

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

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

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach* of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate,† she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed *Inclination. 110
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee? †Judgment.

Fran. Sir, he may live:
 I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold
 head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd*
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt 121
 He came alive to land. *As with oars.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
 loss,
 That would not bless our Europe with your
 daughter,
 But rather lose her to an African;
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importuned
 otherwise
 By all of us, and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at 130
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have
 lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
 Moe* widows in them of this business' making
 Than we bring men to comfort them: *More.
 The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

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

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.* *Surgeonly. 140
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
 When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation* of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed. *Colonizing.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth,* vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; *Tillage.
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, 160
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine*
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,† all abundance,
To feed my innocent people. *Rack. †Plenty.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. God save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me. 171

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given! 180

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

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

*Catching birds with a clap-net by night.

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

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

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

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[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find

They are inclined to do so.

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

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

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why 200
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee,
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st 211
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do 220
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

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

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed 230
Which throes* thee much to yield. *Agonizes.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

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

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even 241
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with
me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom?

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again,

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And by that destiny to perform an act

Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

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

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no
worse

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

Seb. Methinks I do.

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

*Esteem.

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

270

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;

Much feater* than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience? *More neatly.

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,*
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon, 281
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour. *Chilblain.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, 290
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest:
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall* it on Gonzalo. *Let fall.

Seb. O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie, 300
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [They wake.

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

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

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

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

And that a strange one too, which did awake me: I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise, 320 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts! For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

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

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

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

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me; Sometime like apes that mow* and chatter at me

And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which to
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound^t with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. *Grimace. †Twisted.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard* that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
fuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead
or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very
ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the
newest Poor-John.^t A strange fish! Were I in
England now, as once I was, and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday fool there but would give
a piece of silver: there would this monster make
a man; any strange beast there makes a man:
when they will not give a doit^t to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm
o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold
it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that
hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.]
Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine^t there is no other shelter
hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange
bed-fellows. I will here shroud^{||} till the dregs of
the storm be past. *Drunkard. †Herring. †Dutch coin.
 ‡Loose coat. ||Cover up.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—

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

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

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind,* ha? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh! *India.

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

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

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

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

Trin. Stephano!

100

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

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege* of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos? *Stool.

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.* *Settled.

Cal. [Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 121
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle which I

made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

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

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thineague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? 140

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

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

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

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;

And I will kiss thy foot; I prithee, be my god.

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

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

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a
 wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs
 grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
 Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
 To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young scamels* from the rock. Wilt thou go with
 me?

*Probably sea-mell.

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any
 more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our
 company else being drowned, we will inherit
 here; here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo,
 we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring;
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
 Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
 hey-day, freedom! 191

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
 their labour
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
 And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
 baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
 labours,
 †Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
 Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; 20
 He's safe for these three hours.

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

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

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

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

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
 This visitation shows it

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning
 with me
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you—

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest* to say so! *Command.

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: * but you, O you, *Disadvantage.
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

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

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak:

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

Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound
And crown what I profess with kind event

If I speak true! if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now 90
farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]
Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

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

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this
island! They say there's but five upon this isle:

we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

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

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. 20

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

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

Ste. Moon-calf,* speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf. *A nickname.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

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

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

Trin. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!* *An idiot.

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 50

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; 60
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. 70

Cal. What a pied ninny's* this! Thou scurvy patch!† *Motley-coated fool. †Mean fellow.
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes* are. *Springs.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off. 81

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats *Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand* with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them 100
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not *Windpipe.
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my daim and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 110
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

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

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

Trin. Excellent.

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

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste.

Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?* *Little while ago.

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

130

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

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

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us! 141

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling* instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices That, if I then had waked after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show riches 150 *Twanging.

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked, I cried to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

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

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

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I

could see this taborer;* he lays it on.

160

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

*Player on tabor. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

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

Gon. By'r lakin,* I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache; here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rightst† and meanders! By your
patience, *Our Lady. †Straight paths.
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

Ant. [Aside to Seb.] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

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

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] I say, to-night: no more.
[Solemn and strange music.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good
friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several
strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they
dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;
and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these? 20

Seb. A living drollery.* Now I will believe

That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
 At this hour reigning there. *Puppet-show.

Ant. I'll believe both;
 And what does else want credit, come to me,
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true; travellers ne'er did lie,
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
 I should report this now, would they believe me?
 If I should say, I saw such islanders—
 For, certes,* these are people of the island— 30
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
 note, *Certainly.
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [Aside] Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse*
 Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, ex-
 pressing, *Wonder.
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [Aside] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40
 They have left their viands behind; for we have
 stomachs.* *Appetites.
 Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
 were boys,
 Who would believe that there were mountain-
 eers
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
 at 'em
 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
 we find

Each putter-out* of five for one will bring us
 Good warrant of. *Lender of money at interest.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
 Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50

The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle* that's in my plume: my fellow-min-
isters

*Swirl of a feather.

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow 81
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring: Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life And observation strange, my meaner ministers Their several kinds have done. My high charms work

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit 91
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]

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

Adr. Follow, I pray you. *Madness.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,

Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrid* of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again *Fibre.
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it

Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion* shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you. *Sprinkling.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser* genius can, shall never melt *worse.
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are found-
er'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below. 30

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

Enter ARIEL.

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

Pros. Thou and thy meanner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you

In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop* and mow.† *Nod.
Do you love me, master? no? †Grimace.

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

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit. 50

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

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

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,* *Surplus.
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.]

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfie mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,* them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned† and twilled‡ briars, *Fodder.
Which spongy April at thy hest‡ betrims, †Digged.
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom-groves, †Doubtful word. ‡Command.
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;|| thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I, 71

Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
My bosky* acres and my unshrub'd down, *woody.
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsown.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with spar-
rows 100

And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go
with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. [They sing:

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

Cer. Earth's increase, foison* plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty, *Abundance.
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

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

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd* father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise. *Marvellously gifted.

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

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

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

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done!
 avoid; no more!

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

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air: 150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack* behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life *wreck.
Is rounded† with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160
If you be pleased, retire into my cell †finished.
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.

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

Enter ARIEL.

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

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor:
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears, *Small side-drum.

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and
thorns, 180
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale* to catch these thieves. *Decoy.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 190
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering ap-
parel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack* with us. *Mean fellow.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation. 200

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss. 210

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.* O king Stephano! *Old-clothes shop.

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 240

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

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

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles,* or to apes With foreheads villainous low. *Shell-fish. 250

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!

hark! [Cal., Ste. and Trin. are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard* or cat o' mountain. *Leopard.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove, which weather-fends* your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them, *Defends.
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord,
Gonzalo;'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion* as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

*To have feelings.

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel: 30
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore.

And they shall be themselves.

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

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes
and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, 40
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted* Jove's stout oak *Split.
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs† pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, †Roots of trees.
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,

And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh
and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Se-
bastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will disease* me, and myself present *Undress.
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry. 90
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100

And presently, I prithee.

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

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should

Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

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

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[Aside to *Seb.* and *Ant.*] But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require

My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience 140
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

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

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howso'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely 160
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.

My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [Kneels.]

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly* wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods, *Inwardly.
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

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

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

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

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is th news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found 221

Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare* and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea. *Ready.

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

Pros. [Aside to Ari.] My tricksy* spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen *Elegantly quaint.
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches; Where but even now with strange and several noises Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, And moe* diversity of sounds, all horrible, *More. We were awaked; straightway, at liberty; Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to Pros.] Was't well done? 240

Pros. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

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

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [Aside to Ari.]

Come hither, spirit: 251
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remeniber not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio,* bully-monster, coragio! *Courage.

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

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

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

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

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true.* This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch, and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command without her power. 271 These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine. *Honest.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

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

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe:*

where should they *Drunk.

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280
How camest thou in this pickle?

Ari. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowning.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

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

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

Ste. I should 'ave been a sore one then.

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

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell; 291 Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

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

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]
Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your
train

300

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

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

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,
chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw
near.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell

In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands: 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

*THE TWO GENTLEMEN
OF VERONA.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, } PROTEUS, } the two Gentlemen.

ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.

THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.

EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.

HOST, where Julia lodges.

OUTLAWS, with Valentine.

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.

PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.

SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*



THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act II. Scene 5.

SPEED AND LAUNCE.

The servants of "The Two Gentlemen" are met in the streets of Milan and exchange gossip of Launce's master and Madame Julia. The original engraving from which this faithful reproduction is made, has caught the exact character and atmosphere which live forever in the play.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. An open place.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin. 10

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap;* and in thy dan-
ger, *Fortune.

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,* Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep
love: *One who prays prayers for another. 21

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over boots in love.

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

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the
boots.* *Bots, a kind of worm.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots* thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought
with groans; *Avails.
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth 30

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

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

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

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

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

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

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

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

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

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
 thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

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

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
 An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns,
 whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.*

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

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

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton,* and she, a faced

mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

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

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.*

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [First nodding] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.*

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

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

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

Pro. Beshrew* me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

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

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

*Courtesan.

110

*Place to confine lost cattle.

122

*Evil besal.

140

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned* me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.

[*Exit Speed.*

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of JULIA's house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

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

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

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

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

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Egla-mour?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure* thus on lovely gentlemen. *Criticise.

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

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

Jul. Your reason?

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

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

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

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved
me.

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

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but
small.

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

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

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

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

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

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

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

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!*

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth *Agent.
And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

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

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.
[Exit.

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the
letter: 50

It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, 60
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach* on your meat
And not upon your maid. *Passion.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

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

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

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

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

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

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set. 81

Jul. As little by such toys* as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

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

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden
then? *Foolish tricks.

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

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!

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

And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.*

There wanteth but a mean† to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly
bass. *Variation upon a melody. †Tenor.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble
me.

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

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie: 100

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be
best pleased

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

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

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'

Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd;

And thus I search* it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock 121
 And throw it thence into the raging sea !
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia : ' that I'll tear away.
 And yet I will not, sith † so prettily +Sic.
 He couples it to his complaining names.
 Thus will I fold them one upon another :
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, 130
 Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind * to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights
 you see ; *Strong desire.
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come ; will't please you go ? 140
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. ANTONIO'S house.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad * talk was
 that *Serious.
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him ?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
 While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
 Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
 Some to discover islands far away;
 Some to the studious universities. 10
 For any or for all these exercises
 He said that Proteus your son was meet,
 And did request me to importune you
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment* to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me
 to that *Cause of censure.
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.
 I have consider'd well his loss of time
 And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20
 Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
 Experience is by industry achieved
 And perfected by the swift course of time.
 Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
 How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship
 sent him thither:
 There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, 30
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
 And be in eye of every exercise
 Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
 And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
 The execution of it shall make known.
 Even with the speediest expedition
 I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
 Alphonso
 With other gentlemen of good esteem 40
 Are journeying to salute the emperor
 And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
 And in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
 To seal our happiness with their consents!

O heavenly Julia! 50

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading
 there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word
 or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he
 writes

How happily he lives, how well beloved
 And daily graced by the emperor;
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will 61
 And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.
 I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition* thou shalt have from me.
 To-morrow be in readiness to go: *Allowance. 70
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
 Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent
 after thee:
 No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
 Come on, Pantlino: you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of
 burning,
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
 I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And with the vantage* of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 O, how this spring of love resembleth *Advantage.
 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
 He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go. 89
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
 And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this
 is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook. 10

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being
 too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam
 Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first,
 you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath
 your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-
 song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like
 one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-
 boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a

young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 50

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite. 60

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed? 70

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then? 80

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. 90

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [Aside] O excellent motion!* O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

*Puppet.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-mornings.

Speed. [Aside] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [Aside] He should give her interest,
and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.

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

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

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so
much pains?

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

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

Speed. [Aside] And yet you will; and yet
another 'yet.'

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not
like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them. 130

Val. Madam, they are for you.

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

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

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

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

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your
labour:

And so, good morrow, servant. [Exit. 140]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

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

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason. 150

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

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

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 160

Val. No, believe me.

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

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

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

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

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.* Conclusion.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well: 170
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Verona. JULIA'S house.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.

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

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy; And when that hour o'erslips me in the day Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! My father stays my coming; answer not; The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears; That tide will stay me longer than I should. Julia, farewell!

[Exit Julia.

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind* of the Launces have

this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood† woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Kindred. †Mad.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'l lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 51

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. 60

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Milan. The DUKE'S palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO and SPEED.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*]

Sil. Servant, you are sad.*

*Serious.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote* you my folly? *Observe.

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

20

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30

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

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

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

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. 40

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

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

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

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: 50
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

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

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

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

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father. 60

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe; 70
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he makes this
good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile: 80
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had
been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his
worth.

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

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

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised
them 90

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

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

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

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

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

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

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

Enter PROTEUS. [*Exit Thurio.*]

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you, ICO

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome . . . hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

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

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

Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability: Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110

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

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:^{*} Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

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

Sil. That you are welcome? Reward.

Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.

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

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home affairs:

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

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

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

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

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

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

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

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love; 140
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you. 150

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss 160
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, 170
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more,
our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight, 180
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine.] 190

Even as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
 †Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
 That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
 She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd; 200
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
 And that I love him not as I was wont.
 O, but I love his lady too too much,
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I dote on her with more advice,*
 That thus without advice† begin to love her!
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, *Consideration.
 And that hath dazzled my reason's light; 210
 But when I look on her perfections, †Discretion.
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V. *The same. A street.**Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.*

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

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot* of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? *Reckoning at alehouse.

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

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

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

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

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

Speed. What thou sayest?

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

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

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

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

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

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

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

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me. 50

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

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

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale* with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

*Alehouse.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. The DUKE's palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsown;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsown;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsown;
And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; 20
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopé.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross 40
 By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Verona. JULIA'S house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
 And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd* and engraved, *Carved.
 To lesson me and tell me some good mean
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; 10
 Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my
 soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly* touch of love, *Inward.
 Thou wouldest as soon go kindle fire with snow
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
 fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou danim'st it up, the more
 it burns.
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
 rage;
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

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

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

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

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

Jul. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucecca.

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

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

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth
a pin,

Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ! 60
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

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

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:

I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears

And instances of infinite of love

70

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

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

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong

80

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come, answer not, but to it presently!

I am impatient of my tarriance.*

*Delay. 90

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

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

[*Exit Thu.*

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

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;

But when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave. 21

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest
care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim* might err *Guess.
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 30
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou **mayst** perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,†
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, †Tempted.
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down; 40
For which the youthful lover now is gone
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good **my** lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed* at; *Guessed
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[Exit. 50]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

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

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me
awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought 61
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

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

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,
froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child 70
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do
in this? 80

Duke. +There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—

How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

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

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

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

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe, 111

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets* but one may enter at her window? *Hinders.

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia!'

And here an engine fit for my proceeding.

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.

'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,

And slaves they are to me that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that hither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord would be.'

What's here?

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.' 150

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son.—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
 And think my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence; 160
 Thank me for this more than for all the favours
 Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
 Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
 But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from
 hence. [Exit.

Val. And why not death rather than living
 torment? 170
 To die is to be banish'd from myself;
 And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
 There is no day for me to look upon;
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho!
Pro. What seest thou? 190
Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
 on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldest thou strike? 200

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

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

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine. 210

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia. Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me. What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—

From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 220 Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—

Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire; 231
 But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that
 thou speak'st
 Have some malignant power upon my life:
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
 help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250
 The time now serves not to expostulate:
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
 As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me!

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

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valen-
 tine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260
 [Exeunt *Val.* and *Pro.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet
 I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a
 knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.
 He lives not now that knows me to be in love;

yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian. [Pulling out a paper.] Here is the cate-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? 280

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

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

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou hearest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read. 291

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother; this proves that thou canst not read.

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

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! 301

Speed. [Reads] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb:
'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

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

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

310

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

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'

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

Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

320

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

Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

330

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

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

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

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

340

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

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

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

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

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'* *Licitous.

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

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

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

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

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

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

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

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then? 380

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner! pox of your love-letters!

[Exit. 391

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. The DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

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

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,

Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched* in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. *Carved.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

Enter PROTEUS.

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

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

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

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit* I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee. *Opinion.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace. 21

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would
effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter

Pro. I do, my lord.

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

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

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres* so.
What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio? 30

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

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

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

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander
him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advant-
age him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do
it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from
him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish,* heavy, melancholy, *Dull.
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

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

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
 You must lay lime* to tangle her desires *Bird-lime.
 By wailful† sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

Duke. Ay, †Lamentable.
 Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
 Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
 Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
 That may discover such integrity:
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame and huge leviathans 80
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert; to their instruments
 Tune a deplored dump:† the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet-complaining griev-
 ance. *Complaint.

This, or else nothing, will inherit† her. †Possess.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been
 in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in
 practice.
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn *Choose.
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

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

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you.
 [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*
Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a pas-
 senger.

Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.

SPEED. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

First Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

Sec. Out. Peace! we'll hear him.

Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:

A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Sec. Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

First Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

Sec. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to re-hearce:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an
honourable kind of thievery. 40

Val. Peace, villain!

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to
take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are
gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful* men:
Myself was from Verona banished *Worshipful.
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentle-
man, 50
Who, in my mood,* I stabl'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes
as these. *Anger.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd
man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: 60
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of
our consort?* *Company.
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy,
thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer and will live with you, Provided that you do no outrages 71 On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews, And show thee all the treasure we have got; Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.*

*Disposal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the DUKE's palace, under SILVIA'S chamber.*

Enter PROTEUS

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commanding him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,*
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to the window, *Sharp jests.
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're
 allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be
 merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
 you where you shall hear music and see the gentle-
 man that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [Music plays.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her? 40

Holy, fair and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing 50
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you
 were before? How do you, man? the music
 likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings? 60

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves
my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me
have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

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

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but
one thing? 71

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

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

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told
me: he loved her out of all nick.* *Reckoning.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-mor-
row, by his master's command, he must carry for
a present to his lady. 80

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*]

Enter SILVIA above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his
voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

90

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

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

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

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, 100
I am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

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

Jul. [Aside] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, 110

I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

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

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

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre* thine. *Bury.

Jul. [Aside] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, 121
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside] If 'twere a substance, you would,
sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes, 131
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom,* I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest. 141
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

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

Enter SILVIA above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good
morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,* *Command.
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholy match, 30
 Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
 plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company and go with me:
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
 Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
 I give consent to go along with you,
 Recking as little what betideth me 40
 As much I wish all good beforune you.
 When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

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

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good
 morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself

in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. ‘Out with the dog!’ says one: ‘What cur is that?’ says another: ‘Whip him out’ says the third: ‘Hang him up’ says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: ‘Friend,’ quoth I, ‘you mean to whip the dog?’ ‘Ay, marry, do I,’ quoth he ‘You do him the more wrong,’ quoth I; ‘twas I did the thing you wot of.’ He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

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

Jul. In what you please: I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia
the dog you bade me. 50

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur,
and tells you currish thanks is good enough for
such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

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

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

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

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog
again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

[Exit *Launce.*

A slave, that still an end* turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee, *In the end.
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business, 70
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

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

She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives. 80

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you
as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.

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

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

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

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me; 100
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 110
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

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

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

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

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture. 120

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

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

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

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

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

Sil. There hold!

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

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends
it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure. 140
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

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

Sil. Dost thou know her?

*Consider.

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times. 150

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath for-
sook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,

As if the garment had been made for me:
 Therefore I know she is about my height,
 And at that time I made her weep agood,* 170
 For I did play a lamentable part: *Plenteously.
 Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
 Which I so lively acted with my tears
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
 Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
 Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
 I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180
 Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest
 her.

Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er
 you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
 Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
 If I had such a tire,* this face of mine 190
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers: *Head-dress.
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
 What should it be that he respects in her
 But I can make respective† in myself, 200
 If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
 And, were there sense in his idolatry, †Corresponding.
 My substance should be statue‡ in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, ‡Image.
 That used me so; or, else, by Jove I vow.

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An Abbey.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

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

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies. 10

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

SCENE II. *The same. The DUKE's palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

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

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

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

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

Jul. [Aside] But love will not be spurr'd to
what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is
black. 10

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old say-
ing is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [Aside] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out
ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and
peace?
Jul. [Aside] But better, indeed, when you
hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20
Jul. [Aside] She needs not, when she knows
it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [Aside] True; from a gentleman to a
fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [Aside] That such an ass should owe*
them. *Own.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke. 30

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now,
Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; 40
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she
was not;

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

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

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua.*
The forest.

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

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

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

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

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath
outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's
fled; 10

The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

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

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record* my woes. *Sing.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was! 10
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills
their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes
here?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant
doth.

To hazard life and rescue you from him 21
That would have forced your honour and your
love;

Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [Aside] How like a dream is this I see
and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy. 30

Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most
unhappy.

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

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false perjured Proteus.

Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look!

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
 When women cannot love where they're beloved!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury, to love me.
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two;
 And that's far worse than none; better have none
 Than plural faith which is too much by one:
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
 Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

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

Sil. O heaven!

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

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

Pro. Valentine! 61

Val. Thou common friend, that's without
 faith or love,
 For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
 Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine
 eye

Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
 I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
 Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
 Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
 I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
 The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did comit.

Val. Then I am paid;
 And once again I do receive thee honest.
 Who by repentance is not satisfied
 Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased: 81
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,
 All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done. 90

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

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

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
 I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
 And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

100

Jul. Behold her that gave ain to all thy oaths,
 And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
 How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
 O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
 Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
 Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
 In a disguise of love:
 It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
the sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish
for ever.

Jul. And I mine. 120

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord
the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death;

Come not within the measure* of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again, *Reach.
†Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch: 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art
thou,
To make such means* for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions. *Interest.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal^t thee home again,
 Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman and well derived;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made
 me happy. +Reverse sentence of exile.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. 150

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept
 withal

Are men endued with worthy qualities:
 Forgive them what they have committed here
 And let them be recall'd from their exile:
 They are reformed, civil, full of good
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them
 and thee:

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
 Come, let us go: we will include* all jars 160
 With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
 With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
 What think you of this page, my lord? *conclude.

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
 blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than
 boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
 That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
 Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear 170
 The story of your loves discovered:
 That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

*THE MERRY WIVES
OF WINDSOR.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, a gentleman.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.

HOST of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } sharpers attending on Falstaff
NYM,

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, her daughter.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE: *Windsor, and the neighbourhood.*



THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MISSES DREHER AND REHAN AS MRS. FORD
AND MRS. PAGE.

The parts of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have seldom met with more sympathetic rendition than that accorded them by Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Dreher in Augustin Daly's production of this play. These admirable likenesses are from a photograph of the original scene.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before PAGE's house.*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'*

**Quorum.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'*

Slen. Ay, and 'Rato-lorum'† too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,'‡ in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

II

**Custos Rotulorum.* †*Rotulorum.* ‡*Armiger,* Latin for Esquire.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces* in their coat.

**Fresh-water fish.*

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant;* it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

21 **Heraldic.*

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself,

in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments* in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it. *Advisement. 41

Evans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 6c

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilites is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.]

What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within] Who's there?

Enter PAGE.

Evans. Here is Got's blessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow. 81

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better: it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. 90

Slen. How does your fallow* greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall. *Fawn-colored.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John. 111

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM,
and PISTOL.*

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this.

That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this. 120

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba,* Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts,† good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Few words. †Cabbages.

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching* rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. *Pilfering.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

130

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

150

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear?' why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would

I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences,* and two Edward shovel-boards,† that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves. *Milled sixpences. 161

Fal. Is this true, Pistol? †Shuffle-boards.

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten* bilbo.† *Brass. Word of denial in thy labras‡ here! †Sword from Bilboa. Word of denial! froth and scum, thou liest! ‡Lips.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap'* with you, if you run the nuthook's† humour on me; that is the very note of it. *An oath. †Thiefs.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences. 180

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,* sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.†

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves. *Drunk. †Horse's curveting. 190

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. 200

[*Kisses her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been! I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir. 220

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slen-der: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the ques-tion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let

us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her? 240

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 260

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely:' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely:' his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company. 271

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's* blessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well. ^{*God's.}

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. ²⁹¹

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys* for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town? ^{*Bouts at fencing.}

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of. ³⁰¹

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie,* you shall not choose,
sir! come, come. *An oath.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on 321

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I
will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than trouble-
some. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor
Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells
one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner
of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or
his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is better yet. Give her this
letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's ac-
quaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the
letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your
master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray
you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner;
there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM,
PISTOL, and ROBIN.*

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook?* speak scho-
larly and wisely. *Cheater.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away
some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let
them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar,*
and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he

shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Emperor.

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime:^{*} I am at a word; follow.

*To mix lime with beer. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

20

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

31

Pist. 'Convey,'^{*} the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico† for the phrase!

*Filch. †Fig.

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes^{*} ensue. *Chilblains.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch;^{*} I must shift.

*Cheat.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

41

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistoll! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thirst. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment^{*} in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

*Disposition to entertain proposal.

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels. 60

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious* ceillades,† sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Critical. †Amorous glances.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine. 70

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater* to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive. *Escheator.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour* of reputation. *Behaviour.

Fal. [To Robin] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly.* *Briskly. Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd*
and fullam† holds, *A game. †Loaded dice.
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of
revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

100

Nym. By welkin* and her star!

*sky.

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense* Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,† for the † revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Incite.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. †Jealousy. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A room in DOCTOR CAIUS' house.*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old* abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

*Great.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset tor't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate:* his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

*Breeder of debate.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,
like a glover's paring-knife? 21

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee
face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured*
beard. *Red.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of
his hands as any is between this and his head;
he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you? O, I should remem-
ber him: does he not hold up his head, as it
were, and strut in his gait? 31

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse
fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do
what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl,
and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent.* Run in here,
good young man; go into this closet: he will not
stay long. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] What,
John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go,
john, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be
not well, that he comes not home. *Reprimanded. 43
[Singing] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des
toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet
un boitier vert,* a box, a green-a box: do intend
vat I speak? a green-a box. *Green box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [Aside]
I am glad he went not in himself: if he had
found the young man, he would have been horn-
mad.* *Brain-mad. 52

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud.
Je m'en vais a la cour—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: depe-
che, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court. 62

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublie! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [Pulling *Simple* out.] Rugby, my rapier! 72

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh. 81

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not. 91

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baile me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

[*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep

his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [Aside to *Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [Aside to *Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scury jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend. 120

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jartere to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!*

*Venereal disease.

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you. 141

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it. 151

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot? [Exit. 180]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's house.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters

in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [Reads.]

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay* me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings. *Test.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. 50

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack,* and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry. *Become common.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 70

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first: for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more, —and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Felion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the

very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain* in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. ‘Boarding,’ call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Disposition.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

100

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

110

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NVM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail* dog in some affairs:

Sir John affects† thy wife. *Dog that misses game.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. †Loves.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves the gallimaufry.* Ford, perpend.†

Ford. Love my wife! *Ridiculous medley.

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,

†Consider.

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this. 131

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.* 141]

Page. 'The humour of it,' quoth a'! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,* though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 150

*Native of Cathay.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*]

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to *Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne? 170

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Quickly.*]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head. 191

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook!* thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say! *Cheater. 201

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor. 210

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. *[Drawing him aside.]*

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. *[To Page]* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. *[They converse apart.]*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire? 221

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, [†]An-heires?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier. 231

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes,* and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. ^{*}Thrusts in fencing. 240

[Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and

stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not
fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch!* Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour. Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch, and yet you, rogue, will ensconce† your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice‡ phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

*Place noted for brothels. 30

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of
man?

†Cover. ‡Alehouse.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with
you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word
or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll
vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I
pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself
dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray
your worship, come a little nearer this ways. 50

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own
people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them and
make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord,
Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven
forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long
of it; you have brought her into such a canaries
as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all,
when the court lay at Windsor, could never have
brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been
knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their
coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter
after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly,
all musk, and so rushling,* I warrant you, in silk
and gold; and in such ailigant terms; and in

such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels^t given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as ^{*Rustling.} sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

^{†Coins.} 80

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampond* life with him, good heart. ^{*Unquiet.}

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous* a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth. ^{*Virtuous.}

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

III

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word,* that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers: Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights.* Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

*Clothes hung around a ship. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be ac-

quainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!*
*Off with you.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

160

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours, not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

181

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection:

but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

200

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

221

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose:

you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic* in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Clothed with authority.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

250

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance* and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

*Reason. 261

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth.

Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir? 280

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding,

than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

*A contented cuckold. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came. II

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor! 20

Slen. Give you good Morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,* to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead,

my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion*-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Native of Castile.

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair* of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Order.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt* of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

*Taste.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

60

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly*; bully.

*Promptly.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

70

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

100

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently* desire you you will also look that way. ^{*Vehemently.}

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.* 10]

Evans. 'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trembling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard* when I have good opportunities for the ork. 'Pless my soul!

^{*Head.} [*Sings.*]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. 20

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.
[*Sings.*]

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
When as I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow &c.

Re-enter SIMPLE.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome. [*Sings.*]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 40

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Evans. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson. 50

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician. 61

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him. 71

Slen. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English. 80

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jartere,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint? 95

Evans. As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer! 100

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no: he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlotting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall,* scury, cogging companion, the host of the Garter. *Scab.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He pro-

mise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he
deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray
you, follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gal-
lant; you were wont to be a follower, but now
you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead
mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like
a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I
see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go
you? 10

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is
she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang to-
gether, for want of company. I think, if your hus-
bands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other hus-
bands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his
name is my husband had him of. What do you
call your knight's name, sirrah? 21

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's
name. There is such a league between my good
man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till
I see her. [Exeunt *Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any
eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep;
he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry
a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will
shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out

his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go. 50

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 60

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't. 71

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too

high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary* with him.

*Wine from Canary Islands. [*Exit.*]

Ford. [Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in FORD'S house.*

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—*

*Wash-basket.

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters* in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

*Bleachers.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*] 20

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket!* what news with you? *Nestling of the musket

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,* have you been true to us? *Puppet thrown at in Lent.

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Rob.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*] 41

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpon; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,* I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady. *Dissemble

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. 61

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldest make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it. 71

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it. 81

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind. 91

Rob. [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now! 100

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you! 111

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather;' your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in

here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking:^{*} or—it is whiting-time—† send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do? ^{*Washing. †Bleaching time.}

Fal. [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never— ¹⁵⁰

[Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

[Exit Robin.]

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff?^{*} look, how you drumble![†] Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

*Staff on which a vessel is supported between two men. †Dawdle.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.^{*} ^{*Washing in lye.}

Ford. Buck!^{*} I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll

warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now unceape.[†]

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much. ^{*Suds or lye for washing clothes.} ^{†Throw off the hounds.}

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.* 180]

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends. ²¹⁰

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [Aside to *Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen! 220

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'oman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me. we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding* together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so? *Hawking at partridges.

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. 251

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [Exeunt. 260]

SCENE IV. *A room in PAGE'S house.*

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property. 10

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit 20 Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither! [They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't; 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.*

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you. ³⁰

Anne. I come to him. [Aside] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. ⁴¹

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure. ⁵⁰

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's* heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise. ^{*God's. 62}

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not,

happy man be his dole!* They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes. *Portion. 70

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master; master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth 90

And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Quick. This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I.

'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton: ' this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once*
to-night *Some time.
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy
pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune!
[Exit *Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman
would run through fire and water for such a kind
heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress
Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or,
in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will
do what I can for them all three; for so I have
promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but
speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of
another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two
mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [Exit.

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast
in't. [Exit *Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried
in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and
to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served
such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out
and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-
year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the
river with as little remorse as they would have
drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the
litter: and you may know by my size that I have a
kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as
deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown-
ed, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—
a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man;
and what a thing should I have been when I had
been swelled! I should have been a mountain of
mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak
with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely. 30

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. 41

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn* your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you. *Grieve.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit. 52

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes. 60

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination? 70

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto,* her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. *Cuckold.

Ford. What, while you were there? 80

Fal. While I was there?

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice

what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease; think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake. Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I

will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY,
and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "Od's nouns."

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. ³⁰

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis:' I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? ⁴⁰

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. ⁵¹

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William? ⁶⁰

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horuni, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which

they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call
'horum,' fie upon you! 70

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag* memory. Farewell, Mistress Page. *Quick.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

[*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in FORD'S house.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho! 10

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.
[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes* again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Fits of lunacy.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him? 30

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon. 41

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come? 51

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.*

Fal. Where is it? *Ash hole under kiln. 60

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own sem-blance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him? 70

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed* hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

*Made of coarse ends or tufts.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. 85

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint

my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, Still swine eat all the draf.

[Exit.]

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [Exit.]

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,* a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes,† Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! *Gang. †Exceeds expectation.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed. 131

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery* as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman. 190

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. [Beating him] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon!* out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you. *Term of contempt for woman. 200

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open* again. *Give tongue.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. 211

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

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Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be tomorrow at court. and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away

my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in FORD'S house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: 10
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old woman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree and takes* the cattle
And makes milch-kine yield blood and shakes a
chain

*Bewitches.

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you
know

The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do
fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: 40
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll
come:

And in this shape when you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought
upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes* and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, 50

And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met,

*Fairies.

Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused† song: upon their sight,

We two in great amazedness will fly: †Confused
Then let them all encircle him about

And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, 60
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards. ⁷⁰

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [Aside] And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties* ^{*Theatrical dresses, &c.}
And tricking† for our fairies. ^{†Ornaments.}

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveryes. ⁸¹

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. ^[Exit. 90]

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his

castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian* unto thee: knock, I say.

*Cannibal. II

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian,* calls. *Toper; cant term.

Fal. [Above] How now, mine host! 20

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her? 30

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him. 42

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about

Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

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Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage,* mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto. *Cheating.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 71

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jartcer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit. 91]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exeunt Host and Bard.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

*Game at cards.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed. ¹³⁰
Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Another room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
 And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
 A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, ¹⁰ So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both; fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host. To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; ²⁰ The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, ³⁰

And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
 Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
 She seemingly obedient likewise hath
 Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
 Her father means she shall be all in white,
 And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
 To take her by the hand and bid her go,
 She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
 The better to denote her to the doctor,
 For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, 40
 That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
 With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or
 mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
 And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the
 vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold.
 This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in
 odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is
 divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance,
 or death. Away!

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do
 what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your
 head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.**Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word* how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum;' she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

*Byword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street leading to the Park.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 11

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked. 21

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters* and their lechery Those that betray them do no treachery. *Lewd persons.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve;

the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck,* each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

*Buck given away in presents. [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } *Mrs. Page.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus. 40

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised as before; PISTOL, as Hobgoblin; MISTRESS QUICKLY, ANNE PAGE, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you
airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths un-
swept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery. 50

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them
shall die: *Whortleberry.
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where
you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides
and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out: 60
Strew good luck, ouches,* on every sacred room:
That it may stand till the perpetual doom, *Fairies.
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: 70
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
 Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.[†]
 Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. 80

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set; And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend And turn him to no pain; but if he start, 90 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire? [They burn him with their tapers.]

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire, 100
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
 Pinch him for his villany;
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
 Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; SLENDER another way,

and takes off a boy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the poppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter!' have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man? 160

Page. Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [Aside] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 201

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. 220

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar,
I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the
right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes
Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother,
pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went
not with Master Slender? 231

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master
doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title, 240
Since therein she doth evitate* and shun *Avoid.
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon
her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the
state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a
special stand to strike at me, that your arrow
hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven
give thee joy! 250

What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer
are chased.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further.
Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MR. J. H. HACKETT AS FALSTAFF.



And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

Exeunt

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.

ANGELO, Deputy.

ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fantastic.

Two other gentlemen.

PROVOST.

THOMAS,

PETER,

} two friars.

A JUSTICE.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, a simple constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act II. Scene 4.

ANGELO AND ISABELLA.

One of the finest productions of the brush of A. Spiers, an artist of the Munich school, especially noted for his conceptions of Goethe's, Schiller's and Shakespeare's characters. The picture fitly represents the pictorial gifts of the artist.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put* to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists† of all advice *Compelled.
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
†But that to your sufficiency +Bounds.

. as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms II
For common justice, you're as pregnant‡ in †Ready.
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call
hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs 21
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
 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, 40
 Both thanks and use.* But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise; *Interest.
 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.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure 50
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you: therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
 That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our 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 60
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring* you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it; *Attend.
 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 70
 Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place:
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed. 81

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come
 not to composition with the King of Hungary,
 why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but
 not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal?' 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 31

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt 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?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more. 51

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. 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. ⁷⁰

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. ⁸¹

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence? ⁹⁰

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

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Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. 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.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[Exeunt.]

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

120

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod 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.

Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin* down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die. *Devour.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the poppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again. 140

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed: 150
 You know the lady; she is fast* my wife,*Assuredly.
 Save that we do the denunciation lack
 Of outward order: this we came not to,
 Only for propagation† of a dower †Obtaining.
 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.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so. 160

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 170
 Which have, like unsavour'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.

Lucio. 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. ^{*Ticklish.}

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be
found. ¹⁸⁰

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, ^{*Ready.}
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade. ¹⁹¹

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling* dart of love ^{*weak.}
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever loved the life removed*
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
 I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo, *Sequestered. 11
 A man of stricture† and firm abstinence, †Strictness.
 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 received. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting
 laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
 Which for this nineteen years we have let slip; 21
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
 Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and 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 imposed the office; 40
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
 †And yet my nature never in the fight
 To do in 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. More reasons for this action
 At our more leisure shall I render you;
 Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50
 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. 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

10

But in the presence of the prioress:
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face,
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that
 calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. 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, *Profit.
 A novice of this place and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

Isab. Why 'her unhappy brother?' let me ask,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greets you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true. 30

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.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking
me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embraced: 40
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. *Plenty.
†Tillage.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin
Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
names

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence; 50
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 *Dull.
 With profits of the mind, study and fast. 61
 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. 71

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
 Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?

Lucio. Assay* the power you have. *Attempt.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. 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.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in ANGELO'S house.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Provost,
 Officers, and other Attendants, behind.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentle-
man,

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, ¹⁰
Had time cohered with place or place with
wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two ²⁰
Guiltier than him they try. What's open* made
to justice,

*Plain.
†That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,† ^{†Obvious.}

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. [Aside] 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. 40

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality* are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow. *Rank.

Ang. What are you, sir? 62

Elb. 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. *Brothel.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,— 70

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

Pom. 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,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. 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.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of theforesaid prunes,— 111

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. 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,— *Reminded.

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. 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.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. 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?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

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Pom. 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?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my
leave, 140
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them
all.

Escal. I think no less. Good Morrow to your
lordship. [Exit Angelo.
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's
wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to
her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this
man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me. 150
Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to
her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentle-

man's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face? 160

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. 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.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true? 181

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. 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.

201

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

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Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

220

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [Exit *Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. 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.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

241

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 250

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay.* if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

*Space between main timbers of roof.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you, I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [Aside] 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 is not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit. 270]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me

for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*

What's o'clock, think you?

290

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.* 300]

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*

I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for't!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, 10 When, after execution, judgement hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit Servant.*]

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means,
There shall be order for't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Prov. God save your honour!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You're
welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside] Heaven give thee moving
graces!

Ang. 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, 40
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] 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!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would? 51

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 60
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.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there's
the vein. 70

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-
morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him!
He's not prepared 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, be-
think you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept: 90
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show
justice; 100
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.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,* petty officer *Palty.
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 assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] O, to him, to him,
wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric
word, 130
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Art avised o' that?
more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That 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 140
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall
share with you.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You had marr'd all
else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested* gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor *Pure.
As fancy values them; but with true prayers 151
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.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Go to; 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [Aside] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Ang. 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,

170

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,

180

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 smiled and wonder'd
how.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

*Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are
Prov. I am the provost. What's your will,
good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, 10
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;

And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [To *Juliet*.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most pa-
tiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful
act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you
do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not
heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you, Benedicite! [Exit.

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO'S house.**Enter ANGELO.*

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
Could I with boot* change for an idle plume, *Profit.
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. †Falsehood.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to
you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit *Serv.*] O
heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
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. *Common people.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. 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.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 50
Ang. 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?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this: 60
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul
Were equal poise* of sin and charity. *Balance

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 71
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshied* beauty ten times louder 80
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die. *Hidden.

Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.* *Penalty.

Isab. True.

Ang. 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 desired of such a person, 91
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 supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
The 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'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe* and succeed thy weakness. *Own.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well: 130
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 destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me; on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seem-
ing! 150

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, 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 sinell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein: 160
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your
true. [Exit. 170]

Isab. 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;* *Approbation.
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture† of the
 blood, †Suggestion.
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
 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.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO,
 and PROVOST.Duke. So then you hope of pardon from
 Lord Angelo?Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
 But only hope:
 I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.Duke. Be absolute* for death; either death
 or life *Determined.
 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, 10
 Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
 noble;
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt 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 provokest; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
 thyself; ^{†Serpent.}
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains ²⁰
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
 certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 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, ³⁰
 Do curse the gout, serpigo,[‡] and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
 nor age, ^{†Cutaneous disease.}
 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, ^{¶Old age.}
 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. ⁴¹

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace
 and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish de-
 serves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with
 Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior,
here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I
may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:^{*} *Resident
Therefore your best appointment† make with
speed; †Preparation. 60
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity^{*} you had,
To a determined scope. *Imminency.

Claud. But in what nature? 70

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you
bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80
As when a giant dies.

Claud. 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.

Isab. 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 90
 Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew*
 As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil; *Shut up.
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell. .

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. 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, *Decorations.
 Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this
 rank offence, 100
 So to offend him still. This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
 morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
 That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
 When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurable* fined? O Isabel! *Lastingly.

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become 120
 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, *Invisible.
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment 130
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
 What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far
 That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
 O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? What should I
 think? 140
 Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderness* *Wildness.
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
 Die, perish! Might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 150
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but
 one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*]

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed 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 judgement 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 fable: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

*Attempt.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. 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.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding: and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at

Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most 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.

211

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who mis-carried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

220

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked 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 combinante* husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Betrothed.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This 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?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint 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.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally. 281

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.*

*Raisin wine.

Duke. O heavens, what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usurries, the merriest was put down, and the wos-
er 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 inno-
cency, stands for the facing.

II

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law:
and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for
we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock,
which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done, 21
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.

21

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir;
but yet, sir, I would prove—

30

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs
for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:

Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

+From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! 40

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest 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?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, '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.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar. 81

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [Exit *Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the duke? 91

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't. 101

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. 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? *Extirpate.

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned 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.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece 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.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected* for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived. *Blamed. 131

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. 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.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely. *Beggar's dish.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward* of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. *Intimate friend. 140

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. 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. *Majority.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed* must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice. *Managed.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and
knowledge with dearer love. 160

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you
know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke
return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire
you to make your answer before him. If it be
honest you have spoke, you have courage to
maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and,
I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to
the duke. 170

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I
may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no
more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an op-
posite. But indeed I can do you little harm;
you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. 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? 180

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-
dish.* 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 lecher-
ous. 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.

*Funnel. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

But who comes here?

200

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance. may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] 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.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

**Licentiousness.*

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

230

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be 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 accurst: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing 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.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor 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.

Duke. 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.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
†Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice and let his grow!
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 †How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most ponderous and substantial things! 290
 Craft against vice I must apply:
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed but despised;
 †So disguise shall, by the disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The moated grange at St. LUKE'S.*

Enter MARIANA and a BOY.

BOY sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsown;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again, bring again;
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee
 quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.]

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such
 a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day. 20

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly* believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself. *Firmly.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and well come. What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick, Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planch'd* gate, 30 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 *Made of boards. Upon the heavy middle of the night To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. 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 40 The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark; And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief; for I have made him know I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me, whose persuasion is I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up. I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; 51
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes* of wit *Sallies.
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her,
father,

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith 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.

*Ornament. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your 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.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson,

21

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

[Exit.]

Pom. 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?

*Countenance.

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. 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.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. 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. 50

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. 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. *Ready.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

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?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly* in the traveller's bones: 70 He will not wake. *Stiffly.

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. [Knocking within.] But, hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! [Exit Claudio.
By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the
night
Envelop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of
late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel ?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ? 80

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice :
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his 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. [Knocking within.
Now are they come.

[Exit Provost.

This is a gentle provost : seldom when *Mingled.
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[Knocking within. 90
How now ! what noise ? That spirit's possess'd
with haste
That wounds the unsisting† postern with these
strokes. †Unresting.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio
yet,
But he must die to-morrow ?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we: 100
Besides, upon the very siege* of justice *Seat.
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [Giving a paper] 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.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. [Aside] 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?

Prov. 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. *Instigation. 121

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads]

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in
the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satis-
faction, 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.' 130

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be
executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. 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.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. 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. 161

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under

penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 201

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both. 210

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not your-

self 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 amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.**Enter POMPEY.*

Pom. 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-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty 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.'

21

*Enter ABHORSON.**Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.*Pom.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!*Bar.* [Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?*Pom.* Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.*Bar.* [Within] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

31

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

. *Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

40

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

50

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you

60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*]

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 80

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven pro-
vides!

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.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, pre-
sently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. 90
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.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to
Angelo. [Exit *Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 100
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-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here! 110

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to
know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him Isabel, from
the world:

His head is off and sent to Angelo. 120

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom,
daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you
a jot;

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130

By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry
your eyes;

One of our covent,* and his confessor, *Convent.

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, 140
 And general honour. †Heart's desire.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. 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 *Inform perfectly.
 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? †Bound.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the pro-
 vost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. 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. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little be-
 holding to your reports; but the best is, he lives
 not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so
 well as I do; he's a better woodman* than thou
 takest him for. *Cant term for wencher. 171

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare
 ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exeunt. 190]

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO'S house.*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. 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.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed 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. 20

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [Exit Escalus.]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-pregnant* *stupid.
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
 And by an eminent body that enforced
 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 of a credent† bulk,
 That no particular scandal once can touch 30
 But it confounds the breather. He should have
 lived, †Creditable.
 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
 lived!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.
 [Exit.

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me:

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift;
 Though sometimes you do blench* from this to
 that, *Start off.
 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.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit. 10

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made
 good haste:
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit, IO
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 *Seized.
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The city gate.*

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER,
at their stand. *Enter DUKE, VARRIUS,*
LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST,
Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal grace!
Escal. }
 Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10
 When it deserves, with characters of brass,
 A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
 You must walk by us on our other hand;
 And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail* your regard *Lower. 20

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
 O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
 Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
 Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
 Must either punish me, not being believed, 31
 Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
 She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
 Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
 That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
 That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

40

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world.
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion 50
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 *Positive.
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. †Affected quality.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad—as I believe no other,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would
you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo: 70
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That's I, an't like* your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon. *Likely.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed
to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it; 90
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.

Isab. 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 concupiscent intemperate lust, *Refuted.
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse† confutes mine honour, †Pity.
And I did yield to him: but the next morn be-
times, 101

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
 In hateful practice. First, his integrity
 Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no
 reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself
 And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
 you on:

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
 Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. 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!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An
 officer! 120

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?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar
 Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows
 that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling
 friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
 For certain words he spake against your grace
 In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this is a good friar,
 belike! 131

And to set on this wretched woman here
 Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and
 that friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
 A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace!
 I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear 150
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,
Whosoever he's convented.* First for this wo-
man,

*Summoned.

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly† and personally accused, †Publicly. 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and
Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my
face
Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause 181

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And I confess besides I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 191

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know. 200

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest 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 210
That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this
woman:

And five years since there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition, but in chief 220
For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity: since which time of five years

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. 240
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 derived.
There is another friar that set them on; *Deception
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he indeed 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*] And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. 260 [*Exit Duke.*]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum:' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight. 281

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA; and PROVOST with the DUKE in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentle-

woman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did. 291

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300
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,* *Accusation.
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and 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, 310
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 *Pull.

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.

What, 'unjust!'

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
 Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,³²¹
 But faults so countenanced, that the strong sta-
 tutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
 As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him
 to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Sig-
 nior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
 man baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
 your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence
 of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember
 what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a
 fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then
 reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me,
 ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke
 so of him; and much more, much worse.³⁴¹

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I
 pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love
 myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now,
 after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.
 Away with him to prison! Where is the provost?
 Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon
 him: let him speak no more. Away with those
 giglots* too, and with the other confederate com-
 panion!

*wanton girls.

Duke. [To Provost] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

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 sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 360
 [Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers
the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er
madest a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
 [To *Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and
you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [To *Escalus*] What you have spoke I
pardon; sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [To *Angelo*] 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. 370

Ang. 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.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman? 380

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her
instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter
and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his
dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising* and holy to your business, *Attentive.

Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd† at your service. †Employed as agent.

Isab. O, give me pardon, 390
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured 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, 400
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.

So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. 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 adjudged your
brother,— *Lascivious.

Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity and of promise-break
The last days of her earthly life

Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The man who has got the better of you.

The very mercy of the law cries out
Most wretched—away from his proper

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
‘An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!’

An Angelo for Clitidio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure an

Haste still pays haste, and leisure leisure:

Like doth quit like and MEASURE still FOR

MEASURE.

MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested:

Then, Angelo,

which, though they would deny, gives them
vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste. 42c

Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband.

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 pos-
sessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow* you withal,
To buy you a better husband. *Give a jointure to.

Mari. O my dear lord, 430
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [To Lucio] Now, sir,
to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take
my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, 441
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think 450

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.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up,
 I say. 46c

I have bethought me of another fault.
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
 At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
 deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
 message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
 office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
 I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
 Yet did repent me, after more advice: *Thought.
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison, 470
 That should by private order else have died,
 I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
 Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so
 wise
 As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
 Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
 And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I pro-
 cure:
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 480

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt con-
deinn'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; 490
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*

Duke. [To Isabella] 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. 500
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.

[To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool,
a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ac-
cording to the trick. If you will hang me for it,
you may; but I had rather it would please you I
might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
Is any woman 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 whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I
made you a duke: good my lord, do not recom-
pense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 530
 [Exeunt Officers with *Lucio*.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness:

There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540
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. [Exeunt.

THE ACTORS' EDITION

SHAKESPEARE

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

VOLUME II

THE ACTORS' EDITION

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE
EDITED BY CLARK & WRIGHT

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OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

VOLUME TWO

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attend-
DROMIO of Syracuse. } ants on the two Antiphon-
luses.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

First Merchant, friend to *Antipholus* of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

PINCH, a school master.

ÆMILIA, wife to *Ægeon*, an abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

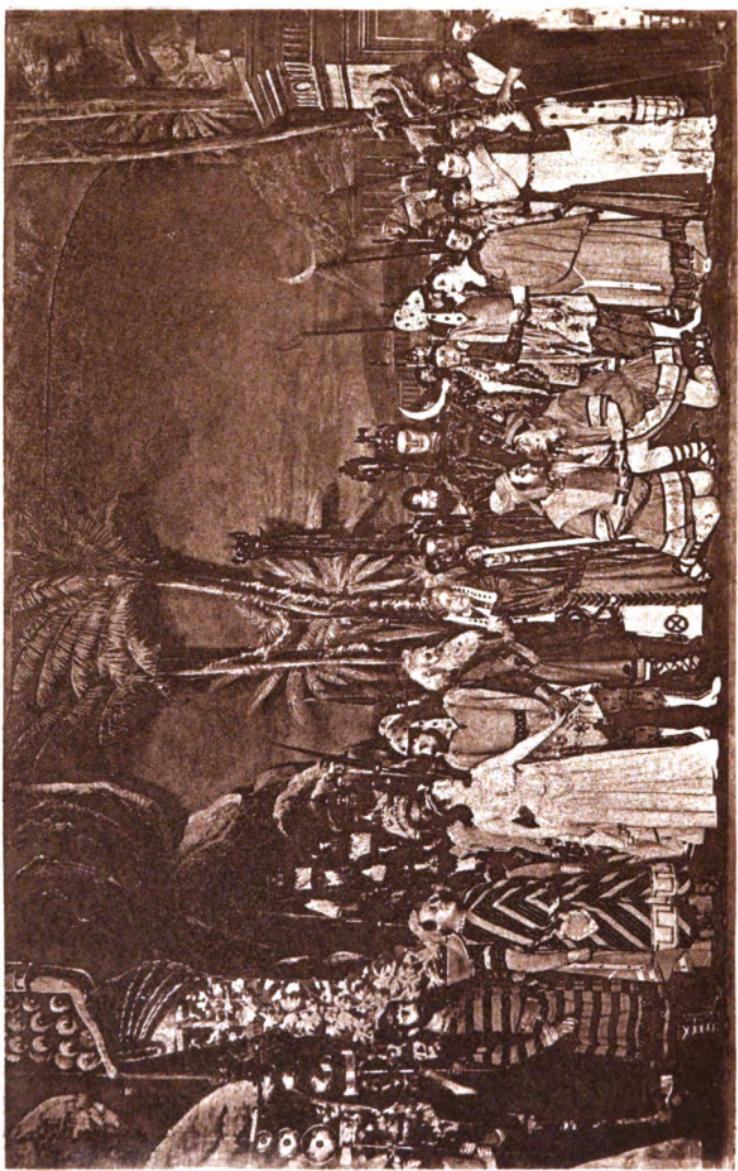
LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Ephesus.*



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

MESSRS. ROBSON AND CRANE AS THE
TWO DROMIOS.

One of the most notable Shakespeare revivals of recent years was the "Comedy of Errors" as presented by Robson and Crane. The illustration is taken from a photograph of the final scene, and shows the entire caste grouped about the Two Dromios as they kneel in recognition of each other.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. 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 *Coins.
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 10
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose, †
Unless a thousand marks be levied, †Disposal.
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

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

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home 30

And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Aege. A heavier task could not have been imposed
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracusa was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me, had not our hap* been bad. *Fortune.
 With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased 40
 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 50
 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: 60
 Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon *Solicitations.
 We came aboard.
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
 But longer did we not retain much hope;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, 71
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was, for other means was none:
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
 The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispersed those vapours that offended us; 90
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break
 off so;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
 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; 110
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seized on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'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 misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow-
est for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 131
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet 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. 140

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have
mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not 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 I will favour thee in what I can. 150
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.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

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

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of
 Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. 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.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
 host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn,
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
 word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain mer-
 chants,
 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.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself 30
 And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water
 That in the ocean 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. 40

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
 What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
 The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
 The clock hath stricken 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 51
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this,
 I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. 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.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
 We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody? 61

Dro. E. 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.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are
out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness

And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

**Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.**

Ant. S. 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 *Head.
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed: 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress,
slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at
the Phoenix;

he that doth fast till you come home to dinner
and prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto
my face,

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,

D.J. 15. White feather, S.H. 16. God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my h-

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device o
The villain is o'er-raught* of all my moncy.
They say this town is full of cozenage, *Overreach
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the n
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.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave r
turn'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to
dinner.

Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours
more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out
door.

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

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

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled s-

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd wit
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:

the divine, the masters of all these, 20
 the wide world and wild watery seas,
 with intellectual sense and souls,
 more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 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
 here? 30
 Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though
 she pause;
 They can be meek that have no other cause.
 A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much or more we should ourselves complain:
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience wouldest relieve me;
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
 Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and
 at my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st
 thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine
 ear:

Ies'hrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not
 feel his meaning? 51

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

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

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is
horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner, 60
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 mis-
tress!'

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master: 70
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mis-
tress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

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

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten
home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

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

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with
other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

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

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in
leather.

[Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your
face!

Adr. 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: 90
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 *Disfigurement.
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.†

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs
dispense.

†Decoy.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still, 110
That others touch, and often touching will
†Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
 By computation and mine host's report.
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
 My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such
 a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an
 hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me
 hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
 receipt

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
 vein: 20

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in
 the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
 that. [Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your
 jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love

And make a commonon of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams. 31

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.* *Head.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave

battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and insconce* it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Fortify. 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

50

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

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

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

60

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

71

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement? 79

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer; the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity. 90

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.*

Dro. S. Certain ones then. *Deceptive.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge. 100

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder? 111

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged wouldest
vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved
to thee. 120

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 unningled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing, 130

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? 140

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.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150
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.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed
with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return
from him,
That he did buffet thee and in his blows 160
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gen-
tlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by
our names,

Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 170
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 180
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for
her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. 190

This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why protest thou to thyself and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape. 200

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. '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.

Adr. 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. 210
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say and persever so
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate. 220

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of ANTIPOHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPOHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet* *Necklace.
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this? io

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand
to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you
gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I
think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of
an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray
God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome 20 here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh
or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

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

Ant. E. 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.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!³¹

Dro. S. [Within] Mome,* malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!† *Stupid fellow. †Mean fellow. Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [Within] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [Within] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.⁴⁰

Dro. S. [Within] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?^{*}*Own.

Dro. S. [Within] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Ant. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle*
blame.^{*Much.}

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldest have changed thy face for a name
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within] What a coil* is there, Dromio ?
who are those at the gate ?

*Tumult.

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

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

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my
staff?

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

Dro. S. [Within] If thy name be call'd Luce,—
Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let
us in, I hope?

Luce. [Within] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [Within] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there
was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [Within] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [Within] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down.

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

60

Adr. [Within] Who is that at the door that
keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [Within] By my troth, your town is
troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might
have come before.

Adr. [Within] Your wife, sir knave! go get
you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this
'knavé' would go sore.

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

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

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope* the gate.

*Open.

Dro. S. [Within] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [Within] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. 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,

90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made* against you.

Be ruled by me: depart in patience, *Barred.
 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, 100
 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.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart
 in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle: 110
 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. [To *Ang.*] 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, 120
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour
 hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some
 expense. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPOHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite
 forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more
 kindness:
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of
 blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's* orator; 10
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger; *Modesty's.
 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. 20
 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.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is
 else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
 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. 40

But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she
sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do rea-
son so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not
know.

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

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

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

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
on night.

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

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No; 60

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.

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

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thhee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit. 70]

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where
runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself? 80

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

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

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

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than

from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs. 121

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. 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.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, 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. *Large ships. 141

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called 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: *Betrothed. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, 150

She had transform'd me to a curtaile dog and made me turn i' the wheel. +Cur.

Ant. S. 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.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit
here; 161

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

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name. 170

Ang. 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.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with
this?

Ang. What pleases yourself, sir: I have made
it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespeak it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times
you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain. 180

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

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

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders* for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction, *Coins.
Or I'll attach† you by this officer. †Seize.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing* to me by Antipholus, *Accruing.
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus from the Courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house,
go thou

And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. 20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I
buy a rope. [Exit.

Ant. E. A man is well holp* up that trusts to
you; *Helped.

I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came
not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present
money;

Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her
yourself? 40

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come
not time enough.

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

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you
have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me
the chain:

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance
to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you,
sir, dispatch.

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

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife and fetch
your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you
even now.

Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of
breath,

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me
see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no: 60
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear 81
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,*
sir, *Freight.

I have convey'd aboard and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind 90

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

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

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.*
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for
a rope *Passage.

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more
leisure 100

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo,*
Officer, and Ant. E.

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

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

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

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

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

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

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. 10

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

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

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. 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,* *Dry.
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; 20
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical^f in making, worse in mind. †Deformed.

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

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

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse!
sweet, now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast. 30
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

†A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-
tersmands

The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot
well;

One that before the judgement carries poor souls
to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is
'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose
suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is ar-
rested 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?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*]

This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger
thing; 50

A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were
gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock
strikes one.

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

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant,
a' turns back for very fear.

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

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes
more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60
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?

Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse.

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

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call 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 10
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent **me** for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on 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. *Moorish.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says 'God give you good rest!'

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

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

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

Enter a Courtezan.

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

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me;' that's as much to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

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

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised, 70
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

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

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he 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, 91
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. A street.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
 And will not lightly* trust the messenger. *Easily.
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the
 money.

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
 them all. 10

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for
 the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for
 a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at
 the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee
 home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end
 am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome
 you. [Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am
 in adversity. 21

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold
 his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I
 might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but
 blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove
 it by my long ears. I have served him from the
 hour of my nativity to this instant, and have
 nothing at his hands for my service but blows.

When I am cold, he heats me with beating, when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am 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.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, †the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beating him.

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

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; 50
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

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

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

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

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [Striking him.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven! 60

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

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

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined
at home;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what
sayest thou? 71

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at
home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I
shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie,* your doors were lock'd and
you shut out. *Par dieu.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me
there? . . .

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you
there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt
and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,* she did; the kitchen-vestal
scorn'd you. *Certainly.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear
witness, 80

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these con-
traries?

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

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to
arrest me.

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

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will
you might;

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse
of ducats? 90

Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

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

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is pos-
sess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me
forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee
forth. 100

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no
gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

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

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in
all

And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He
strives.*

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

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong
within him. 110

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

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou
gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, 120

The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond
for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be
mad, good master: cry 'The devil!' ¹³¹

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they
talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with
me. [Exeunt all but *Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know
him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he
owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had
it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring— ¹⁴¹
The ring I saw upon his finger now—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse with his rapier
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us. ¹⁵⁰
[Exeunt all but *Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff* from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch. 160

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A street before a Priory.*

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly beloved, Second to none that lives here in the city: His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck

Which he forswore most monstrously to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And, 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, 20
 Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
 Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
 This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
 To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
 I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30
 Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. 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.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake,
 take a house!

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hithier?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast 40
 And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck
of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love? 51
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough. 61

Adr. It was the copy* of our conference:

In bed he slept not for my urging it; *Theme.
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.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was
mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy up-
braidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers and foes to life?

In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is then thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When hedemeand himself rough, rude and wildly.
 Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90
 Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

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

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying* it. *Attempting.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney* but myself; *Agent. 100
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal* man again: *Regular.
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:

And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
 To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him. [Exit.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet
 And never rise until my tears and prayers
 Have won his grace to come in person hither
 And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:

Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
 Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
 The place of death and sorry* execution, *Dismal.

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. 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.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, attended; AEGEON bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
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, 141
Doing displeasure to the citizens *Importunate.
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order† for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, †Measures.
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chased us away, till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in
 my wars,

161

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
 And bid the lady abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save
 yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row* and bound the doctor, 170
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands
 of fire;

*In a row.

And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
 My master preaches patience to him and the while
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are
 here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
 I have not breathed almost since I did see it. 181
 He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

[Cry within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

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

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

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant
me justice! 190

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.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,

I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there!

She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury! 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me
just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst
thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my
sister

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night, 210

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both
forsworn:

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised* what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,*considerate
Nor heady†-rash, provoked with raging ire,†violent
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; 220

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, ^tConfederate.
 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 perfidious goldsmith swear me
 down

That I this day of him received the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
 He did arrest me with an officer. 230

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-faced
 villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, 240
 A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom and immediately 250
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
 him,

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

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

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in
 here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears
of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him 260
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.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls.

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach* is this! *Impeachment.

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
If here you housed him, here he would have
been;

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd
that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had
of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the
abbess hither.

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

With one to the Proves.
Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak
a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou
wilt.

Aege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antiphonus?

And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,
sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. 290

Age. I am sure you both of you remember
me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Age. Why look you strange on me? you
know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Age. O, grief hath changed me since you
saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither. 301

Age. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Age. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Age. Not know my voice! O time's extre-
mity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? 310
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.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Age. But seven years since, in Syracusa,
boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in
the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. 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.

*Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [All gather to see them. 33c]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes de-
ceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the
other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: command him
away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me
stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his
ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound
him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his
bonds

And gain a husband by his liberty. 340
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilie
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilie!

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

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up; 350
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
right:

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children, 360
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which
is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gra-
cious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most
famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-
day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [To *Luc.*] What I told
you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had
of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrest-
ed me. 371

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think lie brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from
you

And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.³⁹⁰

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
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 ⁴⁰⁰
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.

The duke, my husband and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [Exeunt all but *Ant. S.*, *Ant. E.*,
Dro. S., and *Dro. E.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. ⁴¹⁰

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[Exeunt *Ant. S.* and *Ant. E.*]
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

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

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we
try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts* for the senior: till
then lead thou first. *Lots.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*

*MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.

CONRADE, } followers of Don John.

BORACHIO, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on

URSULA, } Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Messina.*



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE.

Whatever Miss Terry undertakes upon the stage she renders memorable; but the part of Beatrice so lends itself to her happiest mood that she seems inevitably identified with it. The accompanying illustration, direct from a photograph, affords a characteristic view of the great actress in this part.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before LEONATO's house.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, *with a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio. II

Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no? 31

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. 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. *Mode of practising archery. †Bolt shot from a cross-bow at birds.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal. 60

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits* went halting off, and now is the whole man 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. *Senses,

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith

but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an* he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer† now that will make a voyage with him to the devil? *if. †Quarreller.

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady. 91

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO,
BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR.*

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she

would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? 120

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape* a predestinate scratched face. *Escape.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 141

Bene. 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.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To *Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on? 160

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 170

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. 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.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likkest her. 180

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the 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?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on. 190

Bene. 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?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not

the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be 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.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank

her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a re-cheat* winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle† in an invisible baldric,‡ all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

*Tune sounded to call off the dogs. †Hunting horn. ‡Girdle.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.* 261

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible 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.' *Name of a famous archer. 270

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.* *Brain-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will 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. 280

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded* with 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.

*Trimmed. [*Exit.* 291]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, 310
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her. Wasn't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou
lovest, 320
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt. 330

SCENE II. *A room in LEONATO's house.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. 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 mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this? *Thickly interwoven.

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself. 20

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [Enter attendants.] 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. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year,* my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad? **Goujere, disease.*

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. ^{to}

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest 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. **Flatter.*

Con. 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.

D. John. 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.

*Dog-rose.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

40

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

50

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being 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.

*Serious.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?*

71

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. II

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 21

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. 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.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. 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.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

61

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered 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.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

71

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,* tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,† and a cinque pace:‡ the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig.

and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Importunate. †Stately dance. ‡A dance.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? ⁹⁰

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour,* for God defend† the lute should be like the case! *Countenance.

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove. ^{†Forbid.} ¹⁰⁰

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me. ^[Drawing her aside.]

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen. ¹¹⁰

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signor Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head. 120

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 131

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales:' —well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 140

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. 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. *Accosted.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 151

Beat. 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. [Music.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[*Dance.* Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is 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.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself. 181 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, *Passion. Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio? 190

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you

wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. 200

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a 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.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it. 231

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he

might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she 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 follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. 270

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker 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 em-

bassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 280

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use^{*} for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. *Interest. 291

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

300

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon 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!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I 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. 320

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop

his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world* but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

*To get married.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy! 350

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. *[Exit.]*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 371

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go 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.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,* of approved 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. *Lineage. †Squeamish. [Ex.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be 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?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale,* such a one as Hero. *Prostitute.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend* a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in 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 teall 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.

*Pretend. 51

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

SCENE III. LEONATO'S orchard.

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument* of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange

dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

*Subject. [*Withdraws.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

50

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a woer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes, Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the
noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotches
that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [Air.

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ra-
vished! 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.

The Song.

Balth. 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 70
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well
enough for a shift. 80

Bene. 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.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Bal-
thasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music;
for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady
Hero's chanber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. 90

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit *Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me

of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 101

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. 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.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 111

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment. 130

Claud. '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?'

Leon. This says she now when she is begin-

ning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; 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.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!' ¹⁵¹

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afear'd she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. ¹⁶¹

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood 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.

D. Pedro. 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.

*put off.

Leon. Were it good, think you? ^{*Consideration.}

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate* one breath of her accustomed crossness. ^{*Abate.}

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible* spirit. ^{*Contemptuous.}

Claud. He is a very proper* man. ^{*Handsome.}

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness. ¹⁹¹

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. ²⁰⁰

Leon. 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.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first. ²¹⁰

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. ²²⁰

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [Coming forward] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly* borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have 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.

*Seriously. †Sharp jests.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks

than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing* with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached† bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her, *Discoursing. †Interwoven. II To listen our purpose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. 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. 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds* of the rock. *Wild hawks.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, 41
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 50
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet
saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
tured, 60
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
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. 70

Urs. Sure, such carping is not com-
mendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh
me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signor Benedick. 90

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam? ¹⁰⁰

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed,* I warrant you: we have
caught her, madam. ^{*Ensnared with bird-lime.}

Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

^{*Chances.} [Exeunt *Hero* and *Ursula*.
Beat. [Coming forward] What fire is in mine ears?
Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such. ¹¹⁰

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 reportedly. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A room in LEONATO's house.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his com-

pany; 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.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money. 20

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. 30

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a 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. *Loose breeches.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode? 42

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that? 51

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

81

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

90

D. John. [To *Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear 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.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? 120

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 130

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. 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.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. 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.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills* be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. *Weapons.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. 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. 51

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. 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.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 70

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. 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.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. 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. 81

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. 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.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. 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. *Tumult. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.* 101]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [Aside] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. 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.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed.* Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man. **Unsophisticated.*

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy* painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched† worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club? **Smoky.* †*Soiled.*

Con. 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?

Bora. 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. 161

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm 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, shaine her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills. 191

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.

SCENE IV. HERO'S apartment.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato* were better. ^{*Ruff.}

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so. 10

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire* within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say. *Head-dress.

Marg. 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. *Hanging.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. 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. *If.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 40

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.*

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels. 51 *Children.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire! 61

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?* *Opinion.

Marg. Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely? 70

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral* in this Benedictus. *Hidden meaning.

Marg. 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.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another room in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras,* neighbour Verges. *Words.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

20

Dog. 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 it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. 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!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO,
FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO,
BEATRICE, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to
the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount
their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry
this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come
to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married
to this count. 10

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward
impediment why you should not be conjoined, I
charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men
may do! what men daily do, not knowing what
they do! 21

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then,
some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your
leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back,
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her
again. 30

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble
thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
 Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
 O, what authority and show of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
 Comes not that blood as modest evidence
 To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
 All you that see her, that she were a maid, 40
 By these exterior shows? But she is none:
 She knows the heat of a luxurious* bed; *Lascivious.
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
 Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own
 proof,* *Manly strength.
 Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
 And made defeat† of her virginity,— †Destruction.

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have
 known her,
 You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
 And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: 51
 No, Leonato,
 I never tempted her with word too large;*
 But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
 Bashful sincerity and comely love. *Licentious.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. 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 60
 Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
 That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak
 so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
 I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.*

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but
 dream? *Prostitute.

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these
 things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here? 70
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly* power *Natural.
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art
my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your
name. 80

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour,
my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.
Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grieved count 90
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named,
my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. 100

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for
me? [Hero swoons. 110]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink
you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things,
come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up? 120

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly
thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? 130
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched* thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine; *Soited
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'.
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine, 140
 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!

Bene. 'Sir, sir, be patient.
 For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last
 night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last
 night, 150
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger
 made
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
 Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her
 die.

Friar. Hear me a little; for I have only been
 Silent so long and given way unto
 †This course of fortune. . . .
 By noting of the lady I have mark'd 160
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face, a thousand innocent shaines
 In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
 Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
 Is that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused
of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know
none:

If I know more of any man alive 180
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision* in
the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard, 190
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her
honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case:
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. 210

Leon. What shall become of this? what will
this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth 220
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack* the value, then we find*Overrate.
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, 230
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death 240
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness* and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this *Intimacy.
As secretly and justly as your soul 250
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and
endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*
Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely. 260

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is
wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you: is not that strange? 270

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It
were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie
not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I
am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word? 280

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it.
I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I
was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart
that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee. 290

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. 301

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties!* Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect;† a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, 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.

*Noblemen. †Affected nobleman.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. 330

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 340]

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly* appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors? *Assembly.

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 11

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. 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. 30

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest* way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. *Readiest. 40

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else? 60

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination.

[*Exit.*]

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.* *Pinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands— 70

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let

him write down the prince's officer coxcomb.
Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. 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 is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [Exeunt. 90

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not n^r counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience; 10
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 20
 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 30
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
 My grieves cry louder than advertisement.†

*Persons who sit up all night to drink. †Admonition.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. 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.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
 And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den,* good den. *Good evening.
Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 50

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling.

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beslrew* my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest
at me: *Evil befall.

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag 60
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff* me? Thou hast
kill'd my child: *Befool.

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first; 81
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, fol-
low me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.* *Thrusting.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue: 90
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog* and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, show outward hideousness, *Dissemble.
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter: 100
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both. 121

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 131

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 141

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [Aside to Claudio] 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. 151

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. 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?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'

Bene. 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 Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when

he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad.* Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Serious.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch,
with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

Dog. 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.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. 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.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

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D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed* me to

slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*Incited.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first. 260

Dog. 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.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes, That, when I note another man like him, 270
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself: Here stand a pair of honourable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
 I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
 Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
 Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
 Impose* me to what penance your invention
 Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not *Command.
 But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
 And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
 I would bend under any heavy weight
 That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
 That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
 Possess* the people in Messina here *Acquaint. 290
 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, 300
 And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
 Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
 I do embrace your offer; and dispose
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect 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,
 Hired to it by your brother. *Confederate.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
 But always hath been just and virtuous 311
 In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. 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.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, 34c How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II. LEONATO'S garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs? ¹⁰

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

[*Sings*] The god of love,
 That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
 How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful 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 rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. ⁴¹

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 51

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so 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? 61

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that 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.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of

his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

91

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old 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?

*Stir.

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reading out of a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

10

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.
 Midnight, assist our moan;
 Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily:
 Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
 Till death be uttered,* *Expelled. 20
 Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
 Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your
 torches out:
 The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle
 day,
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
 Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his sev-
 eral way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on
 other weeds; 30
 And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue
 speed's
 Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A room in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEA-
 TRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS,
 and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who
 accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated:
 But Margaret was in some fault for this,
 Although against her will, as it appears
 In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort* so
 well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith en-
 forced *Suit.
 To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

The prince and Claudio promised 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.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?

Bene. 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:

30

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why,
what's the matter, 40
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. 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.

Bene. 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 50
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other
reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let
me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
her hand

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy
friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other
wife: [Unmasking. 60]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is
dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slan-
der lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify,*
When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
 Meantime let wonder seem familiar, 30 70
 And to the chapel let us presently. *Moderate.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [Unmasking] I answer to that name.
 What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the prince
 and Claudio

Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Bene. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and
 Ursula

Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick
 for me. 80

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh
 dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not
 love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
 gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves
 her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,
 A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
 Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another
 Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her
 pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against
 our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this
 light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this
 good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and
 partly to save your life, for I was told you were
 in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[Kissing her.]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? 100

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout 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.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldest 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.

Bene. 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. 121

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. 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.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.* 131
[*Exeunt.*]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET, } lords attending on the Princess
MERCADÉ, } of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO a fantastical
Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown

MOTH, page to Armado.

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE, } ladies attending on the
MARIA, } Princess.
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE : *Navarre.*



LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Act V. Scene 2.

THE NINE WORTHIES.

One of the pleasant conceits of the King and courtiers of Navarre is here represented from the brush of a celebrated painter, Hillingford, who had aptly caught the light and bantering spirit of the text.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *king of NAVARRE*, BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their
lives,

Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate* his scythe's keen
edge.

*Blunt.

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,— 10
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:

Your oaths are pass'd and now subscribe your
names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein: 21
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; '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.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:

The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die; 31
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances;
 As, not to see a woman in that term,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
 And one day in a week to touch no food
 And but one meal on every day beside, 40
 The which I hope is not enrolled there;
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day—
 When I was wont to think no harm all night
 And make a dark night too of half the day—
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
 these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you
 please: 50
 I only swore to study with your grace
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to
 the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore
 in jest.
 What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we
 should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean,
 from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60
 As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid;
 Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,

**Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.**

King. These be the stops that hinder study
quite

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that
most vain,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth; while truth the
while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed 80

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 teach us all which is good.

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Well, he's a tigress, but I'll see her.

Says he has authority from others' books.

Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's light

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star.

That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining, n-

Than those that walk and wet not what

so much to know is to know nought but fame;

King. How well he's read to reason again!

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow
the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping* frost
 That bites the first-born infants of
 the spring. *Nipping. 101
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud
 summer boast
 Before the birds have any cause to
 sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled 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.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron:
 adieu. 110

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to
 stay with you:
 And though I have for barbarism spoke more
 Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore
 And bide the penance of each three years' day.
 Give me the paper; let me read the same;
 And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee
 from shame!

Biron [reads]. 'Item, That no woman shall
 come within a mile of my court:' Hath this been
 proclaimed? 121

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads] 'On pain
 of losing her tongue.' Who devised this
 penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread
 penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[Reads] 'Item, If any man 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 bedrid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain, 140
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie* here on mere necessity. *Reside.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsown
Three thousand times within this three years' space; 151

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 forsown on 'mere necessity.'

So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions* are to other as to me; *Temptations.
But I believe, although I seem so loath, 160
I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick† recreation granted? †Lively.

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know,

is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,* whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: 170
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.

*Accomplishments. †Called.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our
 sport; 180

And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow: what wouldest?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for
 I am his grace's tharborough,* but I would see his
 own person in flesh and blood. *Constable.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
 There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you
 more. 190

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touch-
 ing me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in
 God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God
 grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh
 moderately; or to forbear both. 200

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give
 us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
 Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken
 with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those
 three: I was seen with her in the manor-house,
 sitting with her upon the form, and taken follow-
 ing her into the park; which, put together, is in
 manner and form following. Now, sir, for the

manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh. 220

King [reads]. ‘Great deputy, the welkin’s vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul’s earth’s god, and body’s fostering patron.’

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [reads]. ‘So it is,’—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight! 230

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men’s secrets, I beseech you.

King [reads]. ‘So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did command 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 obscene and most 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,’— *Called. 251

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. ‘that unlettered small-knowing soul,’—

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King [reads]. 'which, as I remember, hight*

Costard,—

*Called.

Cost. O, me!

260

King [reads]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—'

Cost. With a wench.

King [reads]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King [reads]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

290

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir. 301

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Arnado shall be your keeper. My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er: And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*
Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?* **Youth.*

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses* love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar* do call three.

Arm. True. *Common people.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'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.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hercupon confess I am in love:

and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

81

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

101

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known,
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
 And fears by pale white shown:
 Then if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know,
 For still her cheeks possess the same
 Which native she doth owe. III

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason
 of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King
 and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a
 ballad some three ages since: but I think now
 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would
 neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er,
 that I may example my digression* by some
 mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country
 girl that I took in the park with the rational hind
 Costard: she deserves well. *Transgression.

Moth. [Aside] To be whipped; and yet a
 better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
 wench.

Arm. I say, sing. 130

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you
 keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to
 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. *Dairymaid.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge. 140

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

150

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences
ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall
do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fel-
lows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast,
being loose.

161

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou
shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of
desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what
they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too
silent in their words; and therefore I will say
nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as
another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

171 [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect* the very ground, which is
base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by
her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be
forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood,
if I love. And how can that be true love which
is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is
a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet
was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent
strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he
had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft† is too
hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much
odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and sec-
ond cause will not serve my turn; the passado
he respects not, the duello he regards not: his

disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

*Love. †Light arrow. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear 10
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 20
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,

Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours
is so. [Exit *Boyet.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-
feast, 40

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
wills 50

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike;
is't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his hu-
mours know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as
they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accom-
plished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch 70
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.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in
love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord? 80
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair ap-
proach;
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, *prepared.
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON,
and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre. 90

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and
'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court
is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide
fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my
court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else. 100

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out 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. 110

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
'twill tire. 120

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; 130
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,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the
which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140
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 *Part
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine so gilded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far 150
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much
wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word. 160
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
come

Where that and other specialties are bound:

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may 170
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort*
your grace!

*Accompany.

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
place! [Exit.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine
own heart. 180

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I
would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says 'ay.'

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

190

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is
that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her
name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you
well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in
the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her
in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire
her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire
that were a shame. 200

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be.

[*Exit Long.*]

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap. 210

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to
you. [*Exit Biron.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap
lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at
his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was
to board.

Mar. Two hot sheep, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that
finish the jest? 221

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:

My lips are no common, though several* they be.

*Land not common but appropriated.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gen-
tles, agree:

This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis
abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print im-
press'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, 240
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, tendering their own worth from where they
were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent* did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his, *Margin.
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his
eye hath disclosed. 250

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns
news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her
father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel.

[Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately* hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Quickly.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?*

*Dance.

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary* to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat 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.

*Lively dance.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

30

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse?'

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove? 40

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter. 51

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? 60

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then and I flee. [*Exit.*]

Arm. 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 returned. 70

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a costard* broken in a shin. *Head.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy,* begin. *Moral at end of tale or poem.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve

tin the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain!
no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. 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? 80

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse,
to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it: .

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral
again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee, 90
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose:
would you desire more? 101

Cost. 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.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did
this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken
in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came
your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you
bought; 110

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O marry me to one Frances; I smell

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell
some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from
durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee
nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a*
letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is
remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour
is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit*.]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,
adieu.

Cost. My sweet · ounce of man's flesh! my
incony* Jew! *Fine. [Exit Moth.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-
tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings;
three farthings—remuneration.—‘What's the price
of this inkle?’—‘One penny.’—‘No, I'll give you
a remuneration:’ why, it carries it. Remunera-
tion! why, it is a fairer name than French crown.
I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing. 149

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first. 160

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend 169
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[Giving him a shilling.]

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [Exit.]

Biron. 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! 180
This wimpled,* whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents, *Veiled.
Dread prince of plackets,† king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general †Petticoat-fronts.
Of trotting 'paritors:‡—O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal² of his field, tApparitors
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! 190
 What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! gAide-de-camp.
 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 perjured, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A wightly¹ wanton with a velvet brow, Pale-faced.
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed 200
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and
 groan:
 Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester,
BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his
 horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. 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?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder cop-
 pice;
 A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
 And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me and again
say no?

O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 20

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by
merit!

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes, 30
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.

Boy. Do not curst* wives hold that self-
sovereignty *Shrewish.
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may
afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den* all! Pray you, which
is the head lady? *Give you good evening.

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the
rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so;
truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the
thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to
one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good
friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give
ear.

Boyet [reads]. 'By heaven, that thou art fair,
is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous;
truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer
than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than
truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical
vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate*
king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and
indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was
that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to
annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure
vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame:
he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who
came? the king: why did he come? to see: why
did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to
the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who over-
came he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory:
on whose side? the king's. The captive is en-
riched: on whose side? the beggar's. The cata-
strophe 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 90
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

*Illustrious.

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; 100
 A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word: Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine, To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[Exeunt Princess and train.]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know? 110

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now? 120

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. 130

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.* *Mark in middle of target.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike
your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleav-
ing the pin.*

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily;* your
lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir:
challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night,
my good owl. [Exeunt *Boyet and Maria*.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple
clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him
down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony* vul-
gar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as
it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
a' will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! 150
Sola, sola! [Shout within.]

[Exit *Costard*, running.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done
in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in
blood; ripe as the pomewater,* who now hangeth
like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the wel-
kin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab† on
the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. 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.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.*

*Stag of two years.

Hol. 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. 20

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo;
'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties
that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not
drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is
only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts
that do fructify in us more than he. 30

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: *Low fellow.

But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?
Hiram - Bell - No. 2

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna,
goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.
Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam

And raught* not to five weeks when he came to
was no more. 40
five score. He reached

The allusion holds in the exchange

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced 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 sore* jumps from thicket; *Buck of three years. 60

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 an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [Aside] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. 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.

*By Hercules.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. 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.

Hol. 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 ti vede non ti pretia. 100

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?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [reads]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd! 110

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.

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Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, 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?

*Horse adorned with ribbons.

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange* queen's lords. *Foreign.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life! 150

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jag.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.* But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel? *False pretences.

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. 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 theforesaid 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. *Welcome.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To *Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Few words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. 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, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught

me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, 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! [Stands aside.] 20

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt* under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [reads]. *Bolt shot from crossbow.
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 30
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shiniest 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. 40
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the
paper:

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[Steps aside.]

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool
appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forswn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure,*
wearing papers. *Perjured person.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in
shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so? 51

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:

Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. 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.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton
Cupid's hose:

Long. This same shall go. [Reads.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 60
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 How farre hee did me wronge to saye

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
that I am still I f

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace has made me fit to conquer all difficulties.

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Eyes are but breath, and breath a vapour is;

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair sun which on my earth

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
shine.

Exhalest this vapour-vow: in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine.

If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

by me broke; what fool is not so wise
to lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which

Brown. This is the River Vein, flesh a deity,

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[Steps aside.]

Biron. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
 Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye. 80
 More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my
 wish!

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there
 you lie.

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber
 quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well
 noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
 Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day. 90

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun
 must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a
 good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
 Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then
 incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I
 have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can
 vary wit. 100

Dum. [reads].

On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

*Mistake

All unseen, can passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so! 110
 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 forsown for thee;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiope were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love. 120

This will I send and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
 For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [advancing]. Dumain, thy love is far
 from charity,
 That in love's grief desirest society:
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so. 130

King [advancing]. Come, sir, you blush; as
 his your case is such;
 You chide at him, offending twice as much;
 You do not love Maria; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush
 And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
 Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries; 141
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
 [To *Long.*] You would for paradise break faith
 and troth;
 [To *Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would in-
 fringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
 Faith so 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. 150
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[*Advancing.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to re-
 prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears;
 You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? 160
 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!* **Grief.*
 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! 170
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. 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 of inconstancy. 180
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here? 190

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[*Giving him the paper.*

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Biron tears the letter.*

King. How now! what is in you? why dost
thou tear it? 200

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace
needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his
name. [Gathering up the pieces.

Biron. [To Costard] Ah, you whoreson log-
gerhead! you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess:*

*Company of four.

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.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

King.

Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsown.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine? 220

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now? 230

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night:
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
I 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,*Ornament.
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot. 241

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book? 250

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect; 260

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour* turns the fashion of the days, *Aspect.

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers
black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion
crack.*

*Boast.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much
as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so
dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine
eyes,

Her feet were much too daintily for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,* how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury. *Subtle law cases.

Biron. 'Tis more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms. 290
Consider what you first did swear unto,

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,

Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence 300
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 310

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 321
 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, 330
 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, 340
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the
 gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: 350
 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, 360
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
 Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
 For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
 Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
 That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle* reap'd no corn; *Tares.

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men for sworn;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons* at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without 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. *Discourses. †Affection.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,* his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.† He is too picked,‡ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. *Smooth. †Boastful. ‡Foppish.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. 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 abominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth †me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic. *Faultless.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

30

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched, 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah!

[*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-

basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.*

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [To *Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head? 51

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u. 60

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediter-raneuni, a sweet touch, a quick venue* of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit! *Sally.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig. 70

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. 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.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house* on the top of the mountain?

*Free school.

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

91

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important 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 antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Beard.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, 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. 130

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Illustrious.

Hol. †Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

150

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge* not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

*Suit.

Hol. Via,* goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Off with you.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play

160

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.*

*Fencing term.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport,
away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE,
and MARIA.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with
that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in
rhyme

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. *Margin.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead
wax,* *Grow. 10

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd
your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and
heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning
out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;*
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument. *Anger.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the
dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore
light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care
not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past
care.'

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: 30
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
 My favour were as great; be witness this.
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
 The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
 I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
 I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion. 41

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:
 O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
 Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, 50
 A huge translation of hypocrisy,
 Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart

The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go: 60

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 rhymes
 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.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they
are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 70
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace? 80

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are
they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout,
say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest, 91
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:

Action and accent did they teach him there;
 'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear.'
 And ever and anon they made a doubt 101
 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; 110
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;'
 The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit
 us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd
 thus, 120

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parle,* to court and dance;
 And every one his love-feat will advance *Talk.
 Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
 By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be
 task'd;

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130
 And then the king will court thee for his dear;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most
 in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
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.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

Prin. 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.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Duman, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames, 160
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. [Aside to Moth] Their eyes, villain,
their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
views!—

Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. [Aside to *Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet; You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.' 171

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [Exit *Moth*.]

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, *Boyel*:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyel. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? 180

Boyel. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyel. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyel. They say, that they have measured many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches Is in one mile: if they have measured many, The measure then of one is easily told. 190

Boyel. If to come hither you have measured miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyel. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt. 200
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.*

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change. *Eyes.

Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.* 211]

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends: 220
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so,
adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more
chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that.
[They converse apart.]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee. 230

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is
three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow
so nice,

Metheglin,* wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. *Drink of honey and water.
Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog,* I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret. *Dissemble.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.
[They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change
a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, 240
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.]

Kath. What, was your vizard made without
a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your
mask,

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not
'veal' a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do
grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears
you cry. [*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are
as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have
wings 260

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swift-
er things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break
off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure
scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have
simple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet
breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking* wits they have; gross, gross;
fat, fat. *In good condition.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-
night? 270

Or ever, but in wizards, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was
mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his
heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art! 280

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain sta-
tute-caps.* *Citizens' woollen caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith
to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give
ear:

Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, 290
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.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be
understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their
bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture
shown,

†Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.
[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess? 310

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty

Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,

And utters it again when God doth please:

He is wit's pedler, 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; 321
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;

A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy; **Festivities.*

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 †*Backgammon.*
A mean‡ most meanly; and in ushering †*Tenor.*

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, 331
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou

Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure 351

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here, Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:

A mess* of Russians left us but of late. 361

King. How, madam! Russians!

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord; Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady, to the manner of the days, In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

*Company of four.

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word. 370
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have
drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. 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.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380
Ros. But that you take what doth to you
belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you
wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why de-
mand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that super-
fluous case

That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

King. We are described; they'll mock us now
downright.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your high-
ness sad? 391

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!
Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. 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, 400
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
 O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
 Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 I do forswear them; and I here protest, 410
 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.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. 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; 420
 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. *Plague-spots.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens
 to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to
 undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with
 you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an
 end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
 transgression

Some fair excuse.

- Prin.* The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did
respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine. 441
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me
dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life,
my troth, 450
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it
plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did
give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,* 460
Knowing beforehand of our merriment, *Conspiracy.
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
zany,† †Clown.

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours: and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsown, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you

[*To Boyet.*

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,^t
And laugh upon the apple of her eye? ^{tRule.}
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 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is var a fine,

For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. No. 1. Sir, I am sorry to say, Sir, it is.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: 490

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes
for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show 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.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

510

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[Exit.]

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
†Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!*

*Union. [Exit.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

540

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—

†Abate throw at novum,* and the whole world again

*Game at dice.

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he. 550

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's* head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Leopard's.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,'
I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey. 560

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I
was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves
the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the
world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my
conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it
stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most
tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed,
good Alexander. 570

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the
world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so,
Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away
Alisander.

Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have over-
thrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be
scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your
lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-
stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth
Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run
away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires.] 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 Wor-
thies a-coming will speak their mind in some
other sort. *Having too important a part. 590

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH,
for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*Moth retires.*]

Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

600

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, ycliped* Maccabæus. *Called.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved
Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on
an elder. 610

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern*-head.

*Guitar.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 621

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-
drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in coun-
tenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name. 630

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not
humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows
dark, he may stumble. [Hol. retires.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he
been baited!

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me,
I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of
this. 640

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-tim-
bered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes
faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the
almighty, 650
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight;
yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion. 660
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [To the Princess] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 670

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. [Aside to *Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [Aside to *Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

680

Cost. 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.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Pregnant.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

690

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward* for penance. *Shirtless.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADER.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercader; But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud. 731

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
 Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
 In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
 The liberal opposition of our spirits,
 If 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 too short of thanks
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

740

King. The extreme parts of time extremely
 forms

750

All causes to the purpose of his speed,
 And often at his very loose decides
 That which long process could not arbitrate:
 And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 The holy suit which fain it would convince,
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
 From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable

760

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are
 double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the
 ear 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,—

770

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 strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested* us to make. Therefore, ladies, 780
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 *Tempted.
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love:

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy, 790
As bombast* and as lining to the time: *Padding.
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote* them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves. *Regard.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this: 801
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 the 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, *Clothing
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these de-
serts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,

I will be thine; and till that instant shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death. 820
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

[*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what
 to me?

Ros. 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, 830
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to
 me?

A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty:
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and
 a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers
 say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come;
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some. 840

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till
 then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forswn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is
 long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 What humble suit attends thy answer there:
 Impose some service on me for thy love. 850

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
 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 861
 Visit the speechless sick and still converse
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
 death?
 It cannot be; it is impossible:
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing
 spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 871
 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, *Immediate.
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you and that fault withal;
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will
 befall, 880
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord; and
 so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on
 your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old
 play;
 Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and
a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy. 890

Arm. 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.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach. 900

*Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring:
the one maintained by the owl, the other by the
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo; 910
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! 920

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;

Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel* the pot. *skim. 930

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, *Wild-apples.
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;

Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after
the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this
way. [*Exeunt.*

